



*The*  
**RELIEF SOCIETY**  
MAGAZINE

VOL. 37 NO. 1

Lessons for All

JANUARY 1950

# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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## *The Singing Snow*

Lael W. Hill

Beyond low wooded hills the great peaks rise;  
Magnificently robed in shining snow,  
They stand aloof and proud where chill winds blow,  
Their summits glitter-set on silver skies.  
At intervals the winter eagle flies,  
Loosing new silent feathers to the slow  
White velvet hush that wildernesses know;  
Blue-shaded slopes accept this, being wise.  
They are aware of sound that echoes in  
The frosted flakes—that clings, then drifts along  
Too briefly spun, too delicate of mood  
For mortal ears . . . But mountains claim each thin  
Infinitesimal shadow-phrase of song  
To haunt their crystal-cruled solitude.

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The Cover: Frazier Mountain, California, Photograph by Josef Muench.



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MEISSEN VASE PRESENTED TO THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY FOR THE NEW RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING BY THE SAINTS OF THE SWISS-AUSTRIAN MISSION

# *New Year Greetings to Relief Society Women Everywhere*

ONCE again the general board of Relief Society desires to say to the members of our beloved organization throughout the world, *Happy New Year!*

As we glance back upon the past year we may see some things that have caused us to worry and some things that have given us feelings of uncertainty. However, we realize that the greatest things in life have been constant. Nothing of God's goodness has failed. The glories of his creation have been ours to enjoy; home loves, family associations, kindly friendships, and loving services have enriched our days.

And the greatest blessing of all, a testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ burning within us, has sustained us, calmed our fears, and given us hope.

Now, at the dawn of another year, with twelve months of unmarred days before us whose precious hours we may use as we will, let us encourage that spirit of hope. Let us look forward to a greater year, a brighter year, and a happier year because we have learned that to live the gospel of Jesus Christ is the most important thing in the world and the only assurance of happiness throughout the year.

Affectionately and sincerely,

BELLE S. SPAFFORD

MARIANNE C. SHARP

VELMA N. SIMONSEN

General Presidency



# Relief Society Women as Mothers in Zion

*President George Albert Smith*

[Address delivered at the afternoon session of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 29, 1949.]

I would not miss this opportunity to say a few words for anything.

I have been in meetings nearly all day. I just got out of one in time to come over and supposed I would be here for the latter part of the program, but I certainly did not expect to come and take up some of the time.

As I observed the Singing Mothers behind me, my thoughts were taken back to the Indians of the South Seas. I remember upon one occasion when they had a house full of people—there must have been about twelve hundred present—every one of them, natives, who were all sitting on the floor. They did not have a chair to sit on. Each district had its own song that they sang for us in their turn. And I could not help but think when I was down there, that those people were patterning after the Singing Mothers at home. They had heard about them; they had seen the pictures and there they, too, were Singing Mothers.

When I arrived in that mission there were two hundred women who were dressed in light-colored dresses that had been made by them from the bark of the Hippo tree. Their dresses covered the body from the neck down to the ankles, as well as the arms. These women were Relief Society members, and they were the Singing Mothers of that particular conference.

I think it is wonderful to be permitted to be here. I am so grateful when I hear such fine suggestions made as you have just listened to, about the opportunity of woman-kind. Think how many women there are in the world who have had an opportunity to have a family of children but did not assume the responsibility because they preferred to do something else.

It reminds me of the days of Theodore Roosevelt. Somebody, while talking to him in the White House one day, said: "President Roosevelt, I do not know what in the world is the matter with these women. We have a lot of houses here, I do not know just how many; but I have not seen a single child in them, not one. They have poll parrots, pug dogs, canary birds, and cats, and most everything else," he continued, "but there are no children. What do you think about it?"

President Roosevelt replied, "Well, I think that that is all they are entitled to. If they are that kind of women, that is all they are worthy of."

The President himself had a family of children his wife had helped him to raise, or that he had helped her to raise.

I am contrasting the women referred to by Theodore Roosevelt with this group present today. You represent all parts of the country.

I wish we could have a picture of this audience today, and that it might be printed in the place of some of those ridiculous things that are in the current magazines, and just show what the Latter-day Saint women believe in, what they live for, what their privileges are.

Of course, there are no other women in the world who have a place like this to meet in, and I want to say there are very few places in the world where you would find the same sweet influence that you find here in this great Tabernacle.

Referring again to the Indians of the South Seas, I am thinking what an advantage it is to them if we give them the benefit of that which we have learned. They have lost many opportunities in the past. Those of the Polynesian group are descendants of a prophet of God who came from Jerusalem about six hundred years before the birth of Christ, but they drifted and drifted. Very few of them live in what you would call a good house, but they have continued to grow and develop and live. There are thousands of them, and every one of them is a child of our Heavenly Father.

A few months ago the Bushnell hospital at Brigham City was turned over to the United States Department of Indian Affairs, and they advise that by the first of the year they will have two hundred Indian children there attending school. The number will increase as the months go by.

**WHAT** an opportunity for the people of Brigham City and that vicinity! I wonder if they fully realize it. It is an opportunity, and

the government is permitting those children to be brought there, and our mothers and fathers in that part of the world can earn a blessing from our Heavenly Father if they will teach those children, whatever their ages may be, and help to educate them and prepare them that they, too, may be ready for the celestial kingdom when that time comes.

You people here represent large families of children, no doubt. The man talking to you is one of a family of eleven children, and I am sure every one of those children feels as I do, to ask the blessings of our Heavenly Father upon the woman who brought us into the world and gave us our opportunity. The other things that she did in the world were numerous, but they were as nothing compared to giving us the privilege of birth, and I hope that we will all live so that we will be a blessing to her forever.

You good mothers have a lot to do. You have your problems, I am sure, and the least of your problems is not always your husbands, but if you will keep the commandments of the Lord, if you will do as has been suggested, make your homes real homes; rear your children and your grandchildren as they come along so that they may go forward and keep his commandments, there is not a blessing in the world that is worthwhile that you may not have, because there is not anything compared to a family of children that will be more of a blessing.

When I was a child my folks were poor. Mother could not afford any help. She had to wait on the children, rear her family, and

take care of her home. And, by the way, as I have told you a good many times, I was born just across the street, here, so I feel as if I am back home today. But think of what she went through for the rest of us. She never had time to do some of the things that other women could do, but she devoted herself to her family. I want to tell you there are many homes, and one of them will be that home, where our Heavenly Father continues to bless those who came from them because of the training given by the mother.

I congratulate this great organization. There is no other group like it in the world. The Relief Society ranks higher in cultivation of all the things that are worthwhile than any other world organization. I congratulate you.

I wanted to come over here and visit with you just a few minutes and see what you were doing. I feel it is a blessing and a privilege to come and learn that you are preparing now to go on doing the things that will enrich your lives. I would like to emphasize again the fact that brothers and sisters at Brigham City can lay up treasures in heaven, nobody can take from them, if they will devote themselves as far as they can to those Indian children that have had but few opportunities up to now, and help to develop them and encourage them so that our Heavenly Father will be glad to bless.

**T**HIS is our Father's work that we are associated with. This Relief Society was organized by the Lord through the Prophet Joseph Smith. I marvel when I see what a blessing

it has been and realize how many people in the world have been blessed by this organization.

Again I say thank you for the privilege of being with you today. I pray that the blessings of our Heavenly Father may be with you in your homes. Teach your sons and daughters to do their best and not be satisfied with something mediocre, and then you will not only stand at the head of the list as you do now in the United States of America, but you will continue to be at the head of the list all the way down the line under the direction of our Heavenly Father.

I pray that the Lord will bless these general officers who give so much of their time to the Relief Society organization, and the stake officers, and ward officers, and every member, that everyone may feel that it has been a wonderful privilege to be born a daughter of God, and to be able to demonstrate appreciation of her blessings by being what he would have her to be.

I am sure you are rejoicing under the conditions that exist in your homes; your situations are better than in most places in the world right now, and if we keep the commandments of the Lord, he will guide us and protect and lead us, and in due time this will be the celestial kingdom. And wonderful and beautiful as this world is now, it will be so much more wonderful because, as the apostle Paul has said: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

Those are promises from our



Heavenly Father, but I want to say that every blessing is predicated upon obedience to the advice of our Heavenly Father, and if we are wise, we will not waste any of our time running after the things that perish when we may lay up in heaven those treasures that are eternal and that bring us great happiness.

I pray that the Lord may add his blessings, that your conference may conclude with the assurance on the part of each of you that the Lord's Spirit has been with you; that you may take it to your homes wherever

they may be, with a determination that with the Lord's help you will earn the blessings that have been promised the faithful. I pray that you and your loved ones will be among those to whom our Heavenly Father will say in his time: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

My prayer is that this may be your blessing, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

---

## *Request of Years*

Norma Wrathall

Oh, passing years, that press and hurry so,  
 Leave, leave, I pray, some token of your flight—  
 Beloved music; leaf-strewn paths which hold  
 The feel of autumn on a starlit night;  
 Or when remembered firelight flicked the wall,  
 Dancing like dreams of happy things to be—  
 Leave for each heart such moments, bright and warm,  
 Where clings, undimmed, some old expectancy!

## *For the New Year, Twelve O'clock*

Katherine Fernelius Larsen

In the most solemn moment  
 Of ending and beginning,  
 Let my thoughts be stark  
 As January sky—  
 Unremembering, unforgetting—  
 Held suspended on a breath  
 Between a year's birth,  
 And a year's death.

Let my heart be pure as snow,  
 Clean as wind from heaven's height;  
 And my new thoughts lightly go  
 As sparrows scattered forth in flight.

Let my heart be love-warm, holding  
 Sacred promise for the year unfolding.

# Award Winners

## Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Relief Society general board is pleased to announce the names of the three prize winners in the 1949 Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest.

This contest was announced in the June 1949 issue of the *Magazine*, and closed September 15, 1949.

The first prize of twenty-five dollars is awarded to Evelyn H. Hughes, Springdale, Utah, for her poem "Desert Pioneer."

The second prize of twenty dollars is awarded to Caroline Eyring Miner, Riverton, Utah, for her poem "My Recompense."

The third prize of fifteen dollars is awarded to Margery S. Stewart, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her poem "The Broken Day."

This poem contest has been conducted annually by the Relief Society general board since 1932, in honor of Eliza R. Snow, second general president of Relief Society, a gifted poet and beloved leader.

The contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, and is designed to encourage poetry writing, and to increase appreciation for creative writing and the beauty and value of poetry.

Prize-winning poems are the property of the Relief Society general board, and may not be used for publication by others except upon

written permission from the general board. The general board also reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rate. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

There were ninety-seven poems submitted in this year's contest, as compared with seventy-two entered last year. Many of the poems submitted this year revealed beauty of thought, and nearly all of the subjects of the entries were based upon an interesting and significant theme.

One of the 1949 prize winners has received previous awards in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, and two new poets are represented. The general board congratulates the prize winners and expresses appreciation to all entrants for their interest in the contest.

The general board wishes, also, to thank the judges for their care and diligence in selecting the prize-winning poems. The services of the poetry committee of the general board are very much appreciated.

The prize-winning poems, together with photographs and biographical sketches of the prize-winning contestants, are published herewith.

*Prize-Winning Poems*  
*Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest*



EVELYN H. HUGHES

First Prize Poem

*Desert Pioneer*

*Evelyn H. Hughes*

*Dawn*

She stood apart to watch the dawn ascend  
With bold prophetic promise of new day,  
Bringing the doubts of darkness to an end,  
Promising home where pilgrim feet could stay.  
Yet, as the light shot upward, sharp and bright,  
And back the curtain of the morning rolled,  
She felt again old terrors and new fright  
To see the barren desert, eons old,  
Stretch out its lifeless waste to meet the sky;  
To hear the silence shout like restless foam  
Daring humanity the right to try—  
Defying alien man to make his home.  
Torn with despair, her tears fell to the sand—  
What greater courage, God, to win this land!

## Noon

The sun, a lambent flame at sultry noon,  
His evil eye upon the desert turned;  
New grass beside her doorstep, all too soon  
Lay parched, seared brown, and burned.  
With weary eyes she watched the steel blue dome,  
Dreaming of lashing drops of crystal rain;  
Of cool green shadows and a mountain home—  
But dreams are phantom whispers, dreams are pain,  
When one must swelter in the arid air,  
Seeing one's labors snuffed out by a breath,  
Beating one's heart upon an empty prayer,  
Believing silent lands hold naught but death!  
Like khamsin winds from off Sahara sand,  
The white hot desert heat held fast the land.

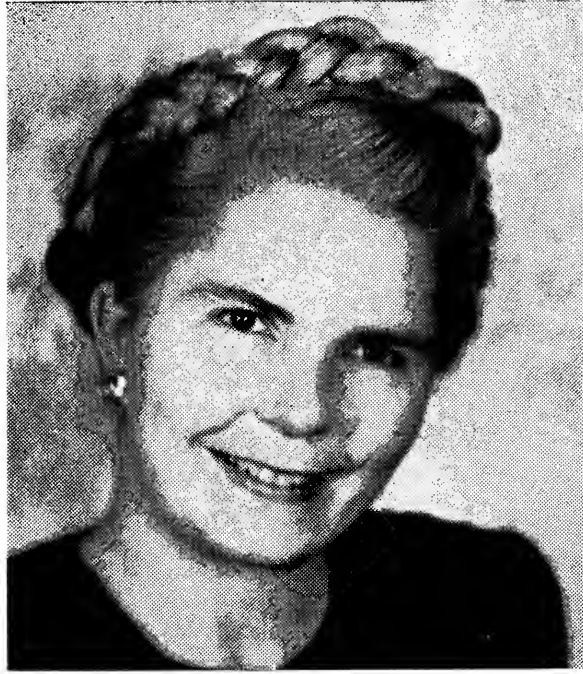
## Dusk

The daylight like a flame is fading out,  
One coal-bright cloud rests on a coral sea,  
The velvet mantled hills are close about;  
This magic moment breathes of witchery.  
The soft far voices of the desert play  
A great symphonic movement to the dusk;  
With muted melody the breezes say,  
"Tomorrow, too, will be a pale white husk."  
This moment only holds the tired heart  
Tenderly against all future sorrow;  
This second is a swift white silver dart  
Whose wound, though deep, will heal and hold the morrow.  
She stood entranced. The desert dusk held power  
To soothe, sustain, uphold her every hour.

### EVELYN H. HUGHES

Evelyn H. Hughes, a writer new to the readers of *The Relief Society Magazine*, is a young wife and mother now living in Springdale, Utah. She writes briefly regarding herself: "My parents are Leroy and Katie Brown Hawkins. I was born in Blanding, Utah, and lived there until I graduated from high school. I attended Dixie Junior College and later graduated from Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah. My husband Owen Hughes is a school teacher and we have a daughter Kathryn, one year old.

"I began writing while I was very young, but have submitted very little for publication. My first published poem appeared in *The Improvement Era* while I was in high school."



CAROLINE EYRING MINER

Second Prize Poem

## *My Recompense*

*Caroline Eyring Miner*

### *Morning*

This morning when I saw the Teton Peaks  
Like glistening spears of ice against the sky—  
A lake-sky at their feet—surrounded by  
A myriad green-speared army in salute,  
I shouted, "This is grandeur, this scene speaks  
A language that I understand, for I  
Am young and strong, and I can amplify  
This wild, clear, vigorous call with absolute  
And perfect faith. My little hand of dust  
Is kindled to a flame and there is nothing  
That I cannot do with work and trust—  
Reach heaven itself, withstand the buffeting.  
No matter that the years may dim my fire;  
This morning I have glimpsed my soul's desire."

### *Midday*

The sun is high and spills its golden light  
Above the beaded fields of ripened grain,  
And not a single shadow makes a stain  
Upon the ground; the air is fetid, sweet

With clover bloom; the katydids make bright  
 Accompaniment to bees in noontime strain  
 Of needled music. Grass hay that has lain  
 In meadows, berries ripened for a treat  
 For kings, frail willow-lace along the brook,  
 All add their special note to midday song.  
 This is the hour when my soul must look  
 Well to its moorings or somewhere along  
 The way in this bright, sensuous, sweet hour  
 I may in error build a leaning tower.

### Evening

The gold of noon has dimmed, and purple mist  
 Is draped with star points as the restless lake  
 At last grows smoother, moving still to take  
 Its exercise in sleep. I, too, may dream:  
 I have known friends whom I could love and trust;  
 I have been given work to do to make  
 The world more blessed, and have known joy and heartache  
 In the two; I have loved simple things: star's gleam,  
 Bird's song, hills pricked with shade, the sea as blue  
 As indigo, a child's sweet trusting ways,  
 Cool water when the day was warm, the dew  
 On lily cup, and gentle word of praise.  
 I am content. These things God gave to me;  
 These joys I sought; this is my destiny.

### CAROLINE EYRING MINER

Caroline Eyring Miner, a gifted writer, has had more than a hundred of her compositions—poems, stories, and articles, published, many of them appearing in the Church magazines. Her poems have also been published by *Alentour*, a national poetry magazine, and by the *Portland Oregonian*. She was awarded second prize in one of the annual poetry contests sponsored by the Utah Federation of Women's Clubs. Readers of *The Relief Society Magazine* are familiar with her poetry and articles which have appeared in the *Magazine* since 1934. Her short articles—small gems of beauty and wisdom—are particularly outstanding and have been greatly enjoyed. A longer article, "Cache Valley—Part of the Mormon Epic," was published in August 1946. Mrs. Miner has placed twice in the Eliza R. Snow Poem contests, having won the third prize in 1944 for her sonnet sequence "That Which Sustains," and third prize in 1945 for another sonnet sequence, "The Good Inheritance."

A note from Mrs. Miner explains her writing hobby and her "real professions": "Writing is my hobby, which I pursue under difficulty, since I have a husband and seven wonderful children of my own, and teach English and speech all day to other people's children. I live in Riverton, Utah, and my husband is Glen B. Miner, school teacher and dairyman. I am first counselor in the West Jordan Stake M.I.A. The poem, "My Recompense," was a direct result of my meditations upon our family's short vacation trip last summer to the Teton country, Star Valley, and Bear Lake, respectively, as shown in the three parts of the poem."



MARGERY S. STEWART

Third Prize Poem

## *The Broken Day*

Margery S. Stewart

It was on the twelfth hour of the day  
The world shattered. We heard  
The rending of the spheres, the breaking  
Of the skies, the trumpet.  
It was a day, like any other day,  
Men read the morning papers, Margaret's  
Son paused to tell me of his marriage,  
Someone died—Phillip, my friend—  
Tears pushed behind my eyes. Death  
Had importance in the morning. At noon  
Men strove to find it, clawed the rocks,  
Prayed the hills would thunder on their  
Flesh. Yet morning gave no sign.  
We went to business, unlocked giant  
Safes, counted coins in little rattling  
Tills. They said Peter, the prophet,  
Was crying on the street corner, hoarse  
From the day before when we had mocked him.

Someone called police—we were expecting  
 A convention. We could not have a man  
 Crying "Repent! Repent!" Pointing out  
 Civic derelictions and private sins.  
 Girls swayed by on hard, quick feet,  
 "If you don't look after yourself," they said,  
 "No one else will. You have to be smart  
 These days." Days. Days. Once there  
 Were days, compact circles of hours,  
 Morning, noon, and evening . . . days . . . .  
 Nights. We thought it would go on forever,  
 Then God closed the book. We found  
 Ourselves between the covers on pages  
 We had never taken time to read.

#### MARGERY S. STEWART

Margery S. Stewart writes with vividness and originality. Her prose and poetry are characterized by authentic emotion and beauty and accuracy of expression. Readers of *The Relief Society Magazine* will remember with pleasure her many excellent contributions, which include the lovely Christmas poem "The Traveler" (frontispiece poem, December 1946) and the outstanding short story "The Intruder" (October 1946). Her story "The Return" was awarded first prize in the Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1946. This is Mrs. Stewart's first appearance as a winner in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. She is an active member of several writers' groups, including The Barnacles (story writing group of Salt Lake City), the National Writers League, the Utah Sonneteers, and other similar organizations.

Mrs. Stewart tells us something about herself, her writing, and her family in this charming and characteristic note: "I have a daughter Sandra, thirteen years old, and a son Russell S. Stewart, Jr., just turned five. We have just moved into Laurelcrest Ward (Salt Lake City) and I have begun to teach a class in the junior Sunday School, which is the most enjoyable work I have ever done. As for literary sales, I've sold to, or been accepted by, *The Relief Society Magazine*, *The Improvement Era*, *Western Review*, *Kaleidograph*, *The Utah Magazine*, *This Week*, *Good Housekeeping*, and several newspapers. I've won some prizes which seem to happen just about the time I'm ready to toss the typewriter out the window. I especially enjoy writing long stories, such as serials. I loved writing 'Joanna' (serialized in *The Relief Society Magazine* during 1949) above anything I've ever done. She (Joanna) is as real to me as my next-door neighbor. Sometimes, when I feel low or faint-hearted, I lie awake at night and remember Joanna and feel uplifted, which goes to prove that writers don't invent people, they just knock on the door some bright morning and say, 'We've come for a good long visit!' And that's all there is to it."



# Award Winners

## Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society general board is pleased to announce the names of the award winners in the short story contest which was announced in the June 1949 issue of the *Magazine*, and which closed September 15, 1949.

The first prize of fifty dollars is awarded to Dorothy Clapp Robinson, Boise, Idaho, for her story "Grass in the Market Place."

The second prize of forty dollars is awarded to Norma Wrathall, Murray, Utah, for her story "The House That Jim Built."

The third prize of thirty dollars is awarded to Florence B. Dunford, Boise, Idaho, for her story "The Hee-Haw Pony."

This contest, first conducted by the Relief Society general board in 1941, as a feature of the Relief Society centennial observance, was made an annual contest in 1942. The contest is open only to Latter-day Saint women who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication by a periodical of recognized merit.

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of the *Magazine* for 1950.

Twenty-four manuscripts were submitted in the contest for 1949. Two of the prize winners for this year have previously placed in the

Relief Society Short Story Contest, and one new writer is represented. Most of the stories entered in this contest were well-written, many of them revealing professional quality in organization and technique.

The contest was initiated to encourage Latter-day Saint women to express themselves in the field of fiction. The general board feels that the response to this opportunity will continue to increase the literary quality of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and will aid the women of the Church in the development of their gifts in creative writing.

The Relief Society Magazine now has a circulation of over 80,000. There are subscribers in every state of the Union, and in many foreign countries, thus providing a varied and interested group of readers. Writers, recognizing this large and appreciative audience, realize the importance of entering in the contest their very best work.

The general board congratulates the prize-winning contestants, and expresses appreciation to all those who submitted stories. Sincere gratitude is extended to the three judges for their discernment and skill in selecting the prize-winning stories. The general board also acknowledges, with appreciation, the work of the short story committee in supervising the contest.

*First Prize Story*  
*Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest*

## Grass in the Market Place

Dorothy Clapp Robinson



DOROTHY CLAPP ROBINSON

STEPPING outside, Kent Turner closed the screen door quietly behind him. He stretched luxuriously and filled his lungs with air that was sharply cool and pungent with the flavor of morning. Three hours' sleep had eased the strain of tired muscles, but that old nagging restlessness was still with him. Would he ever learn? Abruptly he reached for his irrigating shovel and threw it over his shoulder. As he started across the yard, Thane, the collie, rubbed against his legs.

Back of Mt. Putnam, dawn was a faint blush while, below, the river bottoms stretched into a long dark-

ness. From the saddle of the granary a robin was flinging a liquid challenge to a still sleeping world. The notes brought a bitter-sweet nostalgia. Impatiently he lengthened his stride, but stopped abruptly as the throb of a motor broke the morning stillness.

Kent traced the sound as it wound along the rim of the benchland. That was a private road through his field. He waited, premonition tapping hard at his temples. Against the brightening sky he could see the car as it entered the yard. A door opened and a girl stepped out. Jean! The car rolled back to the gate. Kent's long fingers bit hard against the handle of the shovel. Thane whined and the girl came to stand before him.

"Good morning." There was no answer; she tried again. "Kent, I—I—"

Kent waited, his body tall and hard with tension.

"Kent—I've—I've—oh, don't be so stiff."

"Leaving was your idea, not mine."

Her head raised in angry protest. There was a moment of throbbing silence, then her shoulders drooped. "I want to stay—no, wait a moment—for a while, Kent. I heard you needed help."

His laugh was mirthless. "I need a man. I have a housekeeper."

"I know; but there are many things I could do."

"Just what, besides daubing with paint and griping about hard work?"

She turned and went to stand by her bags, but, as he watched, the stiffness went out of her. Slowly she came back. She laid a hand on his arm.

"Won't you give me a chance?"

Because her touch was dry ice in his veins he answered harshly, "Mrs. Bates isn't up yet. You may have the back bedroom. Breakfast at six-thirty as usual."

He whirled, and beyond the corral he straddled the fence and hurried to where water, running between rows of young beets, waited

his attention. By the rapidly spreading light he noted the rows that were well soaked, those that were not. He dammed certain furrows and opened others. He felt the sun on his back and his shirt clung to him with perspiration. All the time his emotions were a battering ram pounding between the past and the present.

Why had she come back? Not because she was ready to give up painting, he had made certain of that with one glance at her bags. Because of love? She had loved him in the beginning, of that he was sure. Then why hadn't they been able to make their marriage work? His one brief year with calm and gentle Barbara, who had died at Tim's birth, had not prepared him

#### DOROTHY CLAPP ROBINSON

Dorothy Clapp Robinson, Boise, Idaho, is well-known for her many excellent contributions to the Church publications. Her short stories have appeared in many other publications as well and she is an active member and past state and chapter president of the Idaho Writers' League.

Relief Society Magazine readers will particularly remember Mrs. Robinson's outstanding serials: "Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd" (1939); "Cathedral of Peace" (1939-1940); and "Forward Without Fear" (1944-1945). Her short story "Though a Host Encamp Against Thee" was awarded third prize in the Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1944. Her recent contributions include "If You Will Drive" (March 1947) and "The Gift" (April 1948). Her prose is characterized by simplicity and naturalness of expression and the people in her stories are presented with such skill that they seem familiar and close to the reader. Mrs. Robinson makes use of the storied West as a background for her writings and many of her best compositions are concerned with ranch families and their problems.

Mrs. Robinson writes briefly regarding her present activities: "Writing should be classed as a hobby with me, for it has always been sandwiched in between family responsibilities and other work; yet it has reached a quarter million words published. I hope to produce that much more. Writing has brought me many of my most cherished contacts and deepest friendships, but Relief Society has been the real love of my life. I have been an officer in it for twenty years. At present I am education counselor on the Boise stake board. We have four daughters, all married. One, recently returned from Germany, lives in North Carolina; one is in Honolulu; one in Utah, and one in Idaho. Our son P. B. Robinson, Jr. is at the present serving in the Finnish Mission."

for Jean. Jean had been a devoted mother to Tim, but she had been a temperamental wife. Painting had been her first love, of that, too, he felt certain. Was there now room in her heart for both, he wondered. No, that was wishful thinking.

Last night, alone with the silence and the water, he had told himself the wound was healed and he was free to marry again—should he ever reach that state of imbecility. But now she was back and he could only guess at her motive; and, fool that he was, he would gamble the opening of that wound against a day, a week, or a month of her presence.

With a savage push, the shovel bit deep into the bank of the ditch. He lifted the released mud and slapped it viciously into the mouth of a furrow.

Next to milking she had hated irrigating most. He straightened with a sudden thought. Well—why not? If her desire to stay was stronger than her dislike for milking—he turned and went slowly toward the house.

Halfway across the field his long legs faltered. He couldn't do it. He had flung an ultimatum at her once and lost. With a groan, he dropped to the bank of the ditch and took his head between his hands.

Three years since she had gone away, and each year counted from one, as Tim would say. Tim! She might be after him—but that was absurd. Tim was his alone. There had been a baby girl, his and Jean's.

It was after her death that their differences had become a vicious wedge. Fear and heartbreak had warped his judgment, just as success and heartbreak had hers. She had won a national contest with a painting and had immediately plunged into plans for going east.

"You're crazy," he had shouted at her. "What would I do in town?"

"What do other men do? You are a college graduate. There are any number of things you might do."

"But I am a farmer. My roots are here and here I am staying; so are you."

"You can't threaten me into staying. I hate this place. I hate—"

"Go on. Say it. Say you hate me."

"No. No, Kent. I just hate your stubbornness. Always, always, the place comes first."

"We get our living from the place. It must come first."

"And I must paint."

In blind fury he had splintered her easel with his boot. One powerful fling had scattered her paints. For a moment she had stared at him, white-lipped, and then had walked out of his life. His cheeks burned at the memory of his uncontrolled anger, but he had been right—well, surely he had been justified. Against the making of a home, her painting was no more than child's play. Besides, he wanted the whole heart and soul of her, not a share. Now she was back and there was milking to be done.

She was sitting on the back steps in slacks and shirt. Thane was lying with his head in her lap.

"Come on." He stood the shovel against the house. "I'll start you on your work."

"Before breakfast?"

"We always milk before breakfast. Have you forgotten?"

She rose abruptly, pushing the dog away.

After they were through, he sent her to the house while he wheeled the cans of milk to the road. When he came in she was sitting on the bench by the breakfast table. Mrs. Bates, the housekeeper, was baking waffles.

"If you had of told me we was having company—," she began.

"We're not," he interrupted. "This is—a—our new hired man."

Mrs. Bates dropped the waffle she was balancing on a knife. She smacked more batter on the iron. Her disapproval swelled to fill the room.

**K**ENT sat down. With seeming indifference, Jean glanced at him, but that glance saw the network of coming wrinkles about his eyes and the straight lines of his mouth. He offered cream for her cereal but she refused.

"You will have to eat if you work."

"I am waiting for a waffle." A few moments later she was buttering the waffle, when she paused abruptly, knife poised in air.

"Morning, Bates. Hiya, Dad." The bathroom door had opened and a boy came through. He had on shoes and levis but no shirt. He had washed hastily, and beads of moisture clung to his cheeks below his ears. A wet comb had leveled a path in the exact center of his riotous curls. Except for the curls, he was a replica of his father. The

smile that passed between them made the girl blink quickly. The boy was slipping into the seat opposite his father when he noticed the stranger. He stopped short, then sat down by Kent.

"We have company already, huh?"

"I am not company, Timmy. I am your father's—hired man." The tone was so—o casual, but Kent could see the throbbing in her throat.

Tim's laughter tumbled over the table. "You are not."

"Cross my heart."

Kent's eyes darkened with misery. Just that easy—the inning was all hers.

"Phooey. Did I see you some place?"

"Uum-m. Could be."

The boy searched for something that eluded him. "How did you know my name?"

"Why—your father must have told me."

"Huh. You're nice. I would like you for a mother."

Kent expelled his breath. He rose abruptly and spoke to Jean. "You may clean the milkhouse. Tomorrow we will see about driving tractor. Tim, don't forget the chickens before you take the cows to pasture." He tousled the boy's hair, and the gesture claimed sole possession. He stopped on the porch to pull on his boots.

When Jean came out Tim was with her, talking excitedly. A momentary exultation swept over Kent. It was so right for Tim to love her. It was so right for the three of them to be together.

"Don't be a dope," he warned

himself. "Women like her never change. They are too self-centered."

She didn't come in to supper. Tim rushed in, ate hurriedly, and rushed out again. At eight, Kent coming in from changing the water, stopped by the barn. She and Tim were still struggling with the milkers.

"Go to the house," he ordered. "I will finish."

She ignored him as completely as she did his command. He hesitated only a moment, then went to the washhouse to change his clothes. In ten minutes they were through.

"This is the end," Kent thought, and strangely was not pleased. "She will be gone with the morning."

He was wrong. At five the next morning she was in the barn. At the end of the week Kent was bewildered. By all the rules she should have been gone. Could she have been sincere in what she said? The cows dropped gallons on their milk, but Jean gave no indication of knowing it. Mrs. Bates protested once.

"That girl is killing herself, and her not weighing a hundred pounds at the best."

"One hundred ten," he corrected. No one need tell him how much she should weigh. At one hundred ten she fit into the curve of his arm when he held it so. . . .

ONE evening when she had been there a month, Kent came in from the field in time to see her and Tim making for the path that led to the river bottoms. Hopes that had grown unacknowledged writhed under a death blow. Well—what had he expected? He cut

across the field to intercept them.

"Where are you going, Tim?"

The boy turned a troubled glance to his father. Ever since Jean had been living with them his father had been cross.

"For the cows, Dad. Jean is going with me after we see her picture. Did you know she paints pictures?"

"Jean wasn't hired to paint."

"Come on, Timmy." Jean ran quickly down the path, but the boy hung back. Kent took his hand, but it was quietly withdrawn. Again the inning was hers.

Not long after that Kent came up behind Tim and Jean as they were bringing the cows out of the meadows. They were not aware of his presence. One cow refused to go with the herd and repeatedly Tim had to bring her back.

"Get back there, you crazy old so-and-so," he yelled, and threw a well-aimed rock at her. The cow jumped and started the herd running. When Tim would have run after them Jean held him back.

"You have excited them. Wait until they are quiet and then we will drive them in."

Tim sensed her disapproval. "You didn't like me doing that, did you?" he asked.

"What do you think?"

"But she is an old—"

"A gentleman doesn't lose his temper and yell."

"Huh-uh. Dad does sometimes."

Kent listened breathlessly for her answer, but it was drowned by the sudden barking of the collie.

SUMMER passed on wings of worry and work. Jean stayed on. Gradually she took over control of

Tim. Slowly, so slowly he was not aware of it, she relieved Kent of many lesser responsibilities, especially those that concerned the running of the home. The hollow places in her cheeks filled out and her skin was a smooth velvety tan; yet, as the summer advanced, she grew increasingly restless. More and more often she followed the path down the bluff.

Kent, watching, wondered at man's capacity for punishment. His arms ached for the feel of her. The irrigating season was over; the stacks of hay had turned brown. The potatoes were sacked and tomorrow he was starting on the beets. After that he would be around the house more and he would not be able to depend on the drugging power of exhaustion for self-control. This farce must end—now. He followed down the path.

Fall had swept the bottoms with a lavish brush. They were a riot of yellow and orange with here and there the flaming red of kinnikinnick. The blue of the river, showing through the partially leafless cottonwoods, duplicated the blue of the cloud-flecked sky. The slightly acrid odor of the meadows brought bitter-sweet memories. Other times they had been here when earth was rich with color and warm with life; when their love had been a living, undivided completeness.

He followed the winding path across the bridge, through the twilight of a cottonwood grove, and came to a clearing. Here the river made a bend and, in the days before he owned this section, someone had built a shack against the bluff. He had rebuilt it into a studio. It

had been their trysting place; it had been the scene of their last bitter quarrel.

As he came into the clearing Kent stopped short. Jean was standing before a canvas. The familiarity of her pose was breath-taking. He went slowly to stand back of her and she accepted his presence as if the lost years had never been. A long minute he looked, while pride and stubbornness fought for control of him. Pride won, but with it came a helplessness greater than he had known. He could no longer deny her art. Here was something that could not be bounded by his narrow acres. Here was vindication for her ambition.

The setting of the picture was similar to this spot. In the foreground a child, a small child with flaxen hair, clutched desperately at the scruff of a brown collie. His shoulders were tense, as if to ward off a blow. In the background a man was broadcasting grain over a rough and impotent ground. The sweep of his arm was both angry and determined. Opposite him a woman, using a stagnant pool as a mirror, was fastening a half-wilted flower in her hair. Between them the grass was rank and untrampled.

"Is it good, Kent?"

"You know it is."

"I thought so but I was afraid to hope. What makes it good?" There was a breathlessness about her question that brought a tightening in his throat. "Once I tried to do this identical composition. The critics were savage."

"Why?"

"No life, no depth, no understanding—to quote the kinder phrases."

She asked again, "What makes it good?"

"I am not sure I can say. The perception is better than the execution. It may be—it must be recognition of life and its relationships. I sensed at once the child's fear and bewilderment, caught as he is between the father's determination and the mother's vanity." He turned slowly to face her. Tears were running unheeded down her cheeks. "What are you trying to tell, Jean? Why are their faces turned from each other and from the richness that lies between them?"

"Just what you have said, Kent. I have grown up. I no longer see just the pool but the entire picture, and that perception has made me a better painter."

"So you came back that you might be a better painter. I knew there was a catch somewhere." His voice ran down to a point that was as bleak and cold as his eyes. "You may take your paints and leave—at once."

"You are still fighting, aren't you, Kent? Do you think painting alone would have kept me here? I tried to tell you that first morning. I want to stay home."

"But—but . . ." The bleakness turned slowly to bewilderment. "You are no longer my wife. We are separated."

Very carefully she laid aside her brush and came back to stand before him.

"We thought we were separated. We thought we could pull those years from our lives but we can't. Between man and wife there can never be complete separation, only untrodden grass. There can be distance between them, yes; misunderstanding, yes, even forgetfulness, but never complete separation. I am your wife. I know now that miles, nor years, nor laws can undo the marriage relationship once it has existed. We may push it into the unaired chambers of our memory but it is still there. Marriage is, irrevocable and everlasting."

Kent's blood was pounding with hope, sweet and promising. He touched her gently, then suddenly she was in his arms, and the heartache and the misunderstanding were but a frightening nightmare. They did not hear the barking of the collie nor Tim's cries until the boy threw himself against them.

"Us three is all together," he cried happily.

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## *The Preface*

Margaret B. Shomaker

Life is a page  
In the book of time—  
Preface only,  
To a future, sublime.



# Dark in the Chrysalis

Alice Morrey Bailey

## Chapter I

EDITH Ashe stood on the landing, not deliberately eavesdropping—she couldn't have moved if she had wanted to—while waves of alternate humiliation and anger shuddered over her. Below, in the living room, Annette's voice was plainly audible, discussing Edith herself.

"I know she's your mother, Kit, but I'm your wife."

"I'm happy to agree with that," said Kit in a that-settles-that tone of voice. It didn't settle anything.

"Kit, something has to be done. I can't go through another day like yesterday. She took my luncheon guests through the whole thing, from your father's first symptom, all the operations, and every detail of his death to the funeral. The oxygen tank, the hypodermics and special nurses—all of it, not a word left out. I was so embarrassed."

Edith caught her breath sharply. Why, she wouldn't have gone to the luncheon at all—she had offered to stay in her room or go to a movie—if Annette hadn't insisted. How could the girl—?

"Well, Annie dear, you must realize mother's not herself," Kit was saying. "You must make allowances. When two people are as close as mother and dad were, it is an awful thing, a shock to—"

"But two years, Kit! You'd think by this time—I know it's hard, and I have made allowances, but I can't stand any more. Can't she go to

Bill's or to some of the others for awhile?"

"No. You know how Bill and Marilyn scrap. Mother's nerves just won't take it. Frank has that big family, and Andy and Ruth are just getting started. Besides, mother's done more for me than for the rest—helping me get my degree. I wouldn't shunt her around for the world. We have the room and we have the money—no, Annette!"

Annette, weeping, whimpered something Edith couldn't hear.

"Now, dearest, you know that isn't true," Kit answered. "I love you and I always will, but you and mother will have to work something out yourselves. If mother had a daughter—daughters and mothers are closer. You don't really know what a peach she was in the old days—helping dad in his practice, Johnny-on-the-spot when any of us had a green-apple stomach-ache or a major crisis like the need for a tuxedo and orchid money. She was jolly fun, too."

"When I get old I hope I have my pride," began Annette.

"Mother's not old," said Kit sharply. "She's not fifty yet. She's tired and sick, and dad's going knocked her for a loop, but there's plenty of spunk left in her yet. You just don't know mother."

Kit's voice was high, belying his words, and his defense of her, placing all her virtues in the past tense, hurt her almost as much as did Annette's

indictment. Edith knew, with sinking heart, that while Kit pretended to put the problem in Annette's domain, he would still worry about it. Why would the girl send him off to work like this?

She crept back to her room, taking care to make no sound, slipped into the still warm bed, and pulled the covers about her. Tears came easily for Edith; they had been her only recourse since Marvin's death, and they came now, scalding and bitter, to dampen the pillow beneath her cheek.

Annette was wrong. She hadn't told the girls everything. She hadn't, for instance, told Annette's guests that every penny they had in the world, Marvin's surgical equipment, their two cars, the equity in the family home, and finally borrowed money, had gone into the hopeless fight for Marvin's life.

Edith didn't begrudge one penny of it, was only glad that the insurance had covered the loan, but that didn't alter the fact that now she was dependent upon her children, nor lessen the bitterness that she was considered a relic, and not wanted.

Annette was unjust. Evidently she'd never noticed how Edith kept to her room to allow more privacy to the young couple, coming down after Kit had gone to work, going upstairs early in the evening to read alone in her room, listening to the radio, or just going to bed to face the awful dark. Perhaps she had said too much yesterday, but if so it was because she was lonely, and because they had seemed interested.

Edith shuddered now to think of it. Polite young women, they were, smooth and well-groomed, hiding their boredom of an older woman's recital of her troubles beneath an exterior of simulated interest. And Annette, smilingly deferent, secretly ashamed of her. She herself, had she lost her sense of perception, that she could have missed the whole atmosphere?

Edith would not say that she wanted to die, but she certainly did not want to live; with all her being she wanted to be out of this house, away from Kit and Annette, no longer an issue between them, a problem to be solved. But what Kit said was true. It was unthinkable to go to any of the other children for more than a short visit.

Edith turned her face into the pillow with a fresh flood of tears, knowing that it was past time for her to go downstairs, knowing, too, that she could not face Annette.

Sometime later Annette knocked softly at her door, a little edge of apprehension in her voice.

"Mother Ashe, are you all right?"

It was on the tip of Edith's tongue to say that no, she was not all right, that she had heard every word of the conversation this morning, and she was very much upset. Annette would feel guilty, Kit would blame Annette, and things could go on from there; but some little point of pride from Kit's defense of her sparked her reply.

"I'm not sick," she controlled her voice to say. "I just feel like lying here a little longer. I hope it won't inconvenience you."

"Surely not," said Annette. "May I come in?"

"Of course," said Edith, thankful that the shades were still drawn.

"You're sure you're not sick?" queried Annette. "I had planned to go to town and have lunch at Cathay's with some of the girls, then shopping for the afternoon and home with Kit, but if you are ill—"

"Nonsense," said Edith, much relieved at the prospect of the rest of the day alone. "Go ahead. I'll be fine. I'll have dinner ready when you get home."

"I'll appreciate that, Mother Ashe, if you're sure. Let me bring you something hot now."

It could be any morning, with nothing changed, except for that hideous ten minutes on the landing. The hot milk and toast, when Annette brought it, tasted surprisingly good, and yet Edith lay there. Kit's words recurred again and again, each time with added force, "She's not old—there's plenty of spunk left in her yet."

Well, if keeping a home like a doctor's home should be kept, bringing up four lively boys, entertaining and taking part in church and civic organizations, was capability, Kit was right. "You're the kind of woman who can do everything, and do it right," Marvin used to say. No need for a woman like that to creep around on the edge of someone else's life. No, Annette didn't know mother!

Kit had met her at school; they had been married that awful summer at the beginning of Marvin's illness, when the knowledge of what they were up against was a stone in her mind. She hadn't told them, fearing to shorten their happiness, and hop-

ing the evil dream would disappear. She must have seemed old and queer to Annette.

In the old days there had been dinners and dances and heart-warming visits. Their home had always been hospitably open, and she had been happy in the midst of her cherished furniture and dishes, her linen and silver. She was lonesome for them now, a part of the ache that was for Marvin. Annette had not wanted any of her things, and they were all stored, swathed in covers, in the spare room at Kit's, in spite of the appeals of the children to "sell the junk," and in spite of Annette's hints that the space could be used for a darkroom for Kit, who was an amateur photographer.

It was not just hard for Annette. A strange house, strange furniture, and different ways of doing things were not easy for Edith either. Moreover, she felt she had no right to invite her friends, even her own children and grandchildren. She had looked forward to the enjoyment of her grandchildren, to helping fill their needs, for children needed the rich wisdom of their grandparents, especially since their parents were caught in the conflicts of youth, of adjusting relationships and making a living, and the fears that were fed by their ignorance.

There was Frank's wife, who had been pretty and popular, and who was now resentful under the burden of four children arriving in rapid succession. She was turning into a scold, nagging the children until they were developing nervous habits, and reproaching Frank for her lack of pretty clothes, the loss of

her looks and of her figure, never remembering that she had pestered Frank for an early marriage when he wanted to wait until he was better equipped to make a living, never seeing what it was doing to the babies. Betty Lynn, the oldest, was an adorable little girl, sensitive and intelligent. Edith longed to give her some of the delights of childhood that she was definitely missing.

Andy had married a sweet girl, and a capable girl, Edith believed. They were in Berkeley, Andy going to school on his G. I. bill, and Ruth working in an office. They had a cubbyhole of an apartment. They would perhaps come home for the holidays if there was a place to come to. As it was, Edith felt their letters were getting fewer and more stereotyped with duty.

Bill's wife, Marilyn, was a high-strung girl, and Bill, Edith had to admit, was hot-headed and unreasonable. The result was that their life together was a series of violent quarrels, followed by ardent reconciliations. Edith was sure they loved each other, and would eventually settle into a working partnership, but being around them while they did was not comfortable. She had just not felt up to it.

Bill, her youngest and stormiest child, had always brought his problems to her, disguised as arguments in which she was always bested. Her only knowledge that she won was when Bill went his way, took her advice, which he had invariably rebelled against, and put it into effective use. He had come to Kit's two or three times, turbulent with questions and doubts, but, naturally,

he couldn't use her emotions for a punching bag, her brains for a sparring partner, before Annette, so he had gone away unsatisfied, to take it out on poor Marilyn, no doubt.

Edith sighed, thinking of him. Below, in the living room, the vacuum had long since stopped humming. Any minute now Annette would come upstairs to dress. Edith, dreading another encounter with her, from pure chagrin went into her own bathroom and started the water for her bath. She bathed long and luxuriously, and when she came out Annette had gone.

She forced herself to sit at the dressing table and look at herself, something she had not really done for a long time. She was beautiful, Marvin used to say, with a look of distinction, with a high-bridged nose, her blue-black hair sculptured high, and her long blue-black eyes. Now she was thin; her face drooped from too much grief. Her courage went out of her as she struggled to make her hair assume its old smartness.

The morning paper was neatly folded on an end table downstairs. Annette was a good housekeeper, and, in fairness, Edith had to admit she was a good daughter-in-law. She would never forget how unselfishly the girl had taken her into her new home. She had never been warmly friendly, but had always been kind and polite. Edith had been disappointed, so much had she hoped to find a daughter in Kit's wife, but she had supposed it was just the girl's way—until to

(Continued on page 37)

# You Can Learn

## Part III

### *E Is for Ernie and F Is for Freckles*

Katherine Kelly

“WELL, Tom, you got a boy!”

I was pretty well spent at the time, but the more I think about it the surer I am that the doctor held my baby up by one leg and said, “Well, Tom, you got a boy!”

Mother insists that it was by both legs, while he taught the baby to breathe, but imagine that! As if I weren't there at all!

Tom was so thrilled that he went straight back to the farm and told Joe and Mary that he had a twelve-pound son! Of course they knew that couldn't be the truth, so they wouldn't believe him at all. But the baby did weigh six pounds and was sound and well. Not so bad for me to do! That same doctor had told Tom when we were married, “You can get babies after you are married, without marrying one.”

And all because Tom was eight years older than I. I don't know why everyone made such a fuss, in a few more weeks I would be twenty. That isn't so young to become a mother.

We named him Ernest, our first-born son. Joe, my brother-in-law, said that in all well-regulated families they had a son first. I was glad that I had accomplished that, although I couldn't see how I could have done much about it.

One morning as I carefully bathed

Ernie I noticed every dimple on his little fat body. He had gained two pounds in the first two months and seemed contented and happy to be here. He was happy while he was in the bath, but when I started to dress him he set up a loud protest. He didn't like being handled so much so early in the morning. Of course it was away off schedule, just barely six o'clock. He didn't usually have his bath until ten.

But this morning we were going to town to wash and we had to get an early start. On the farm we had to haul our water and we didn't have electricity, so we took our clothes to town to wash, and we did our weekly shopping at the same time. Mary, my sister-in-law, who was our closest neighbor on the farm, always went with me. The butter was ready to take to the store, six lovely pounds of it. It wasn't easy to churn butter without any ice, even the first of September. I had got up at four o'clock to do the churning. Mary had taught me how to put the cream outside the night before and soak the churn all night in cold water. This morning it had really been almost cold, coming fall, I guessed.

But by six o'clock the sun was up, flooding the whole earth with glory. The air was fresh and there

was dew on the grass as I took the little tub containing Ernie's bath water out and poured it carefully on the burned spots on the lawn. That was the only way I could keep it alive between water turns.

Yes, I had started a lawn in spite of all the warnings I had received. It wasn't much of a lawn, only about twenty feet square, or maybe twenty-five, and still pretty shaggy, but it looked like heaven to me. I had worked hard that spring, carrying dirt in buckets from the old stackyard over on Joe's and Mary's place. I had put a layer of this mulch a good six inches deep all over the top of that darned clay, and yet it would still stick its white head out in places. Wherever it did, not a spear of grass would grow. I had talked Joe into watering his field that was next to ours at the first instead of the last of his water turn so I could put the waste water on the lawn and the garden and make the turns only one week, instead of two weeks apart. Of course I put the emphasis on the garden in my argument to persuade Joe. He thought I was plenty "highfalutin" anyhow. After I had once got the lawn started it would be easier, but this year it was lucky we had the baby and he had to be bathed every day, so the burned spots in the lawn got water.

But now Ernie was telling me very plainly that everything was not all right. He had not had his breakfast. Just like a man, always wanting to eat! But this little man was so sweet and warm as I took him to my breast, and so grateful

and appreciative, too. Aren't babies the sweetest things! I nursed him while I ate my breakfast. Tom had eaten earlier and gone to work on the thresher.

I guess it was the bath that had upset Ernie's schedule, but for some reason or other he wouldn't eat and go to sleep as he usually did. Try as I would, he just wouldn't settle down. Well, he wasn't so heavy but what I could take him with me to catch Freckles. I put his hood on and a good-sized blanket around him and set forth through the stubbles.

**F**reckles may sound like a funny name for a horse, but he was a white horse with red freckles all over, so his name had to be Freckles. My father had given him to me in the spring. "He isn't so pretty to look at, but he is still a good horse and nice and gentle. You won't have any trouble starting him, or any flat tires, and he can eat grass for gasoline. Maybe that way we will get to see you a little oftener."

Freckles really had helped us out a lot for, although I had driven my father's car, it seemed like Tom's old Chev never did want to go when I did. The men couldn't leave their work, so Mary and I took old Freckles and went to town when we pleased. He was gentle as could be, and I could catch him anywhere and harness and unharness him easily. Although, I admit, when Tom or Joe was around, I could get pretty helpless in this respect.

This morning Freckles would be in the far field because we needed an early start, what with all we had

to do. But the sun turned the stubbles to gold and the meadow larks hailed me from the fence posts. Life is always good in the mornings. Freckles wasn't eating, but stood watching me approach from a distance. Someday I would teach him to come to me when I called and not just stand there.

He stood there all right until I was nearly to him, then he gave a snort and bolted off several yards and stood there looking at me as if I were some strange, frightening thing.

"Whoa, Freckles, whoa-a." I said soothingly, holding out the bridle with one hand and clutching Ernie with the other as I slowly edged closer.

He let me get nearly to him that time, then snorted indignantly and away he went again. I couldn't imagine what was the trouble, he had never acted that way before. This happened several times before it dawned on me that he was afraid of the baby. He wouldn't let me get close to him while I had the baby in my arms!

I pulled the blanket carefully under Ernie's head and arranged it so the sun would not shine in his eyes and laid him carefully on the ground between the rows of stubble. Then I approached the horse again.

"Whoa, Freckles, whoa."

He let me get nearly to him, then tossed his head, cut a circle out around me, and went at a full gallop straight for that baby. I turned faint and weak and stood there frozen with horror. I could just feel those great hoofs on my baby. That horse came within a few feet of where Ernie lay, snorted,

and stopped with a jolt, and stood there pawing the ground and tossing his head. Somehow I was there with the bridle reins around his neck, pushing him back, beating on him with my bare hands while the tears streamed down my face.

Freckles just stood there while I grabbed the baby and held him close to me. Ernie was crying now and I soothed and comforted him as I took the bridle and led the now docile Freckles to the yard. I could hardly make it; my heart was beating like a trip hammer, my knees were made of water.

When I reached the yard Mary was waiting to help me harness the horse.

"What on earth is the matter? You look like you had been through the war. Are you sick?" Mary asked anxiously.

I told her as nearly as I could what had happened.

"Oh, my goodness, why didn't you bring the baby over to me while you caught the horse. You shouldn't carry him clear over there anyway."

"He isn't heavy, I just didn't think. But I never dreamed—what makes a horse act like that anyway? Freckles, you old rascal, you nearly scared me to death."

At last we were loaded and ready to start for town, our butter wrapped in a wet cloth and under the seat where the sun couldn't hit it, the bags of dirty clothes in the back of the buggy, and Ernie now sleeping peacefully on a pillow in a basket at our feet.

"Well, at last we are off. Seems like everything has gone wrong this morning. Mother will be wondering

*(Continued on page 38)*

# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, January 1, and January 15, 1890

“FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE  
WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS”

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER: It has fallen to my lot to labor in the Holy Land. The question here, as I see it, is to gain some foothold, first of all. That being done, a vast field lies before us. The Jews are gathering in thousands. Jaffa or Joppa is the place where the Prophet Jonah went on board a ship in order to escape his mission to Nineveh (Jonah 1:3). And here, Peter had the remarkable vision, which commissioned him to baptize Cornelius in Caesarea. The house where Peter lodged when he had this vision is still shown, and the roof of the house is reached on an ancient stair-case, leading from the yard of the house and to the top of it.—J. M. Sjordahl

## NEW YEAR RESOLVE

We'll gladly welcome New Year's morn  
With firm resolve of right,  
And spend each leisure hour therein  
With heart, and brain, and might;  
In doing all the good we can,  
By making sad hearts bright,  
In scattering rays of sunshine  
Some darkened home to light.

—Amelia White Farnsworth

NOTES AND NEWS: Robert Browning and Mrs. Browning were among the early advocates of equal rights for women in England, and while others are mourning for him as the great poet, the advocates of woman suffrage will sorrow for him also as the friend of women. So says the *Woman's Journal* and so say we.

John G. Whittier, the best beloved of all American poets, passed his eighty-second birthday on the 17th inst. at his home in Amesbury, warmed by the love of millions who are better for his having lived.

## A GLANCE BACKWARD

Where now are those who sang the sweetest songs,  
Or told such wondrous tales of land and sea?  
Do they forget that past to which belongs  
So much, that seemed a prophecy to be?  
Ah me, what vigils, waking or in sleep,—  
Tho' ever silent do our fancies keep.

SALT LAKE STAKE: The Quarterly Conference of the Relief Society of the Salt Lake Stake was held in the 14th Ward Assembly Rooms December 19, 1889. Pres. Geo. Q. Cannon addressed the assembly. “I feel I ought to speak in plainness upon the associations of young people before marriage; it is a wide field for your training. Chastity should be preserved as life, far better for a girl to die than lose her virtue, better is it for a man to die than injure a daughter of Eve. Long courtships are wrong, it leads to great evil. Create a public opinion against long courtships, and get a feeling of early marriages, it is a wrong idea for our girls to get, that they must have every luxury before marriage, love makes a desert place a palace.”—E. Howard, Sec.





# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

**T**WO Utah girls, Mary Patricia Beal, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Beal of Richfield, and Mary Ethel Eccles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Eccles, of Salt Lake City, are in Cairo, Egypt, and Beirut, Lebanon, respectively, working in the foreign service division of our national State Department. Miss Beal is doing secretarial work, while Miss Eccles is in charge of the Voice of America broadcasts, writing, directing, and acting in the radio presentations, all in French and Arabic. Luckily, she was able to fill the varied requirements: proficiency in the French language, graduation from college with a major in radio work, ability to type 100 words a minute. Her programs will cover everything from children's stories to intellectual political polemics. Both girls received months of special training in Washington before leaving.

**S**ARAH DONEY HATCH, who died last September in Ririe, Idaho, was the last survivor of the handcart settlers of Franklin, Idaho. She was two years old when the settlement was made, and had spent most of her life since then in Franklin. So beloved was she by the people of Franklin that when all arrangements had been made for her

burial in Ririe, the family received a petition signed by most of the citizens of Franklin asking that she be brought back there for interment. The family complied with the wishes of the community.

**E**XECUTIVE Director of the Children's Book Council in New York City is a former Utahn, Sybil V. Jacobson. This council sponsors National Book Week and Mrs. Jacobson originated the theme of the Week, "Make Friends with Books," as well as seventeen other publicity ideas. She corresponds with teachers, librarians, parents, and children, and hopes to increase last year's attendance of 25,000 children at the great New York Book Fair to 125,000 this year.

**T**HE death of Marie Anderson Dorius, 88, in September, prevented the planned celebration with her husband, John Dorius, of their seventieth wedding anniversary in October. The couple were noted for their beautiful garden. Their daughter, Hazel D. Moyle, has written many articles about flowers in *The Relief Society Magazine* and for other publications as beautifully as she raises them.



## *Open the Book of the Year*

EACH New Year is like an unopened book lying before us—a book in which all the pages are clear and white, awaiting the written words that will mark the coming days and weeks. On these pages, where now are only the intangibles—hope and expectation and wonder—there will be much written concerning our own decisions and accomplishments in all the ways over which we can exercise control; and there will be written further our reactions and our adjustments to those numerous events which we can neither bring to pass nor yet prevent their coming. Thus, all our activities and all our thoughts and emotions will be conditioned by our free agency within the span of the natural laws which were established with the earth's creation.

During the last century, and particularly during the last fifty years, much has happened which has caused many people to lose confidence in themselves and in their destiny. Some interpretations of scientific theories would lessen the stature of man and confuse the direction of his development. Certain social theories declare that the earth span is all of life and hence there is no necessity to consider the immortal soul. With no former home, and no future goal for aspiration, these theories maintain that man need consider only his adjustments here.

With all the communicative arts

and sciences so highly developed as we find them today, there are none of us who can escape exposure to the ever-changing interpretations of life around us. Nor would we wish to be unaware of our environment nor unconcerned with the problems and perplexities of our time.

In the midst of conflicting theories, it is a comfort and an ever-present help to know that we are given prophetic direction for the conduct of our own lives and for our adjustment to the world as a whole. We may well believe with the poet who said: "What canst thou find with seeking which hath not long been found?" And this is true in the sense that codes of personal conduct have been upon the earth since the far-off beginnings. And these commandments and covenants have been given deeper meaning and more lofty significance by prophets and teachers over the centuries.

An integral part of the life pattern, giving it strength and depth and direction, is this realization that we know our pathway, in its larger aspects, and that there is always opportunity for improvement and development. There are none of us who live as fully as we know how to live, and we realize the truth of Wordsworth's lines:

Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither.

From *Intimations of Immortality*

V. P. C.

# *Notes* TO THE FIELD

## *Relief Society Assigned Evening Meeting of Fast Sunday in March*

**T**HE Sunday night meeting to be held on Fast Day in March 1950, has been assigned by the First Presidency for use by the Relief Society.

Suggestive plans for this evening meeting are being prepared by the general board and will be sent to the stakes in bulletin form.

It is suggested that ward Relief Society presidents confer with their bishops immediately to arrange for this meeting.

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## *Bound Volumes of 1949 Relief Society Magazines*

**R**ELIEF Society officers and members who wish to have their 1949 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* bound may do so through the office of the General Board, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. The cost for binding the twelve issues in a permanent cloth binding is \$1.75, including the index. If the leather binding is preferred the cost is \$2.75. If bound volumes are requested and the *Magazines* for binding are not supplied by the person making the request, the charge for furnishing the *Magazines* will be \$1.50, which will be added to the cost of the binding, thus making the total cost for cloth-bound volumes \$3.25 and for leather-bound volumes \$4.25. Only a limited number of *Magazines* are available for binding.

It is suggested that wards and stakes have one volume of the 1948 *Magazines* bound for preservation in ward and stake Relief Society libraries.

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## *Temporary Binders Available*

**S**UBSTANTIAL temporary binders, into which single copies of the *Magazine* for one year may be inserted or removed at will, are available for \$1.20 postpaid.

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## *Award Subscriptions Presented In April*

**T**HE award subscriptions presented to *Magazine* representatives for having obtained 75 per cent or more subscriptions to the *Magazine* in relation to their enrolled Relief Society members, are not awarded until after the stake *Magazine* representatives' annual reports have been audited. Award cards for these subscriptions for the year 1949 will be mailed to ward and stake *Magazine* representatives about April 1, 1950.



DR. FLORENCE J. MADSEN

Photograph taken at the rehearsal of the Singing Mothers Chorus which furnished music for the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 28 and 29, 1949.

## *Suggestive List of Songs for Singing Mothers*

(Three-part unless otherwise specified)

*Florence J. Madsen*

Member, Relief Society General Board

### SONGS FOR LADIES CHORUS

<i>Title</i>	<i>Composer and Number</i>	<i>Publisher</i>
My Heart Is a Silent Violin (easy range)	Fox-Andrews, No. C.M.5217	Carl Fischer
Jesus Our Lord We Adore Thee	James, No. 8870	G. Schirmer
Rain (easy range)	Russell, No. 3148	Chappell and Co.
Seek Ye the Lord	Roberts, No. 8938	G. Schirmer
A Song Remembered (easy range)	Goates, No. 3105	G. Schirmer
The Charm of Spring	Clarke, No. 3110	G. Schirmer
I Have a Rendezvous With Life	O'Hara, No. 3007	Frank Pallma Music Publishing Co.
Lover Come Back to Me	Romberg, No. 2H3003	Harms, Inc.
Send Forth Thy Spirit	Schuetky, No. 1075	Pro Arts
My Own America	Wrubel, No. R 2260 (three-part chorus)	Robbins Music Corp.

My Own America	Wrubel, No. R 2258 (two-part chorus)	Robbins Music Corp.
How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings	Liddle-Cain, No. 1758	Boosey-Hawkes
I Will Lift Mine Eyes	Spross, No. 35460	John Church Co.
I Do Not Ask, O Lord	Spross, No. 35103	John Church Co.
The Twenty-Third Psalm	Malotte, No. 9471 (three-part chorus)	G. Schirmer
The Twenty-Third Psalm	Malotte, No. 9470 (two-part chorus)	G. Schirmer
Voices of the Sky (Christmas)	Matthews, No. 9519	G. Schirmer
O Saviour of the World (good for Easter)	Goss, No. 9588	G. Schirmer
Send Out Thy Light	Gounod, No. 7858	G. Schirmer
The Birthday of a King (easy range)	Neidlinger, No. 8878 (three-part chorus)	G. Schirmer
The Birthday of a King (easy)	Neidlinger, No. 7246 (two-part chorus)	G. Schirmer
I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked	O'Hara, No. 8723 (three-part chorus)	G. Schirmer
I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked	O'Hara, No. 8933 (two-part chorus)	G. Schirmer

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## *A Letter From Mother*

### MY DEAR CHILDREN:

I have let several days pass since receiving your wonderful letter, and it has not been entirely due to my busy hours. I have been thinking how to answer your question: "How can we teach our little children the right attitude toward life?"

I was almost immediately reminded of one of my friends, who has nearly achieved a doctor's degree in child and parental psychology. Her system in the training of children is to ask "Is that kind?" All else is subject to that one scrutiny. If it is a kind thing to do, that is sufficient cause for doing it. No other correction is given so that, hearing that searching remark constantly, the little folks begin to make their own decisions based upon the thought "Is it kind?" If so, the act is justified.

I believe it applies to most human behavior. If we train ourselves in the philosophy of kindness to others, we are safe. Once we have mastered the art of being kind, it should be easier for us to mold ourselves to the beautiful pattern of life which the Lord has given to us.

I hope this answers your question satisfactorily, because I believe it is an idea that wears well, and can bear studying.

Perhaps that would be a good New Year's resolution—or are you making a list this year as you used to do when you were here at home? One of my most treasured memories is the sight of busy fingers writing pages of resolutions. Remember?

What treasures you were—you are. You have brought me so much happiness.

My New Year's wish for you is that your own dear children will bring you the same joy and satisfaction that you have given to me. I love you.

MOTHER  
Clara Horne Park

# *Suggestions for a Work Meeting Luncheon*

Christine Eaton

## SANDWICH SPREAD

(Makes about 50 sandwiches)

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 2 cans corned beef or any pressed<br>loaves of meat | 3 tbsp. prepared horse radish              |
| ½ tsp. pepper                                       | 2 tbsp. prepared mustard<br>salad dressing |

Grind corned beef, add pepper, horse radish, and mustard and enough salad dressing to make a good paste. I find that in making a spread out of meat it goes much farther than just to slice the meat.

## APPLE, CELERY, AND RAISIN SALAD

(Serves 50)

- |                     |                    |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 4 qts. cut apples   | ½ tsp. salt        |
| 1 ½ qts. cut celery | 1 tsp. paprika     |
| 3 cups raisins      | 1 ½ cups salad oil |
| ½ cup lemon juice   | 2 tbsp. sugar      |

Stew raisins slowly in as little water as possible until plump and tender, but not mushy, then drain and save liquid. Beat together oil, seasoning, lemon, and sugar and six or eight tablespoons of raisin water. Peel apples, quarter, and slice crosswise. The slices should be thick enough not to break. Cut celery in quarter-inch slices. Marinate apples and celery in oil mixture and let stand thirty minutes, drain, add raisins. Serve on shredded lettuce with mayonnaise dressing to which whipped cream has been added. Dates may be used instead of raisins. They need not be cooked.

## GUMDROP BARS

(Makes about 40 cookies)

- |                     |                                     |
|---------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 2 cups sifted flour | 2 cups brown sugar                  |
| 1 tsp. cinnamon     | ¼ cup evaporated milk               |
| ¼ tsp. salt         | 1 cup soft gumdrops (omit licorice) |
| 3 eggs              | ½ cup chopped nut meats             |

Sift flour, salt, and cinnamon together. Beat eggs until light and beat in sugar and milk gradually, then add the flour mixture in thirds, beating until smooth after each addition; add gumdrops and nuts, spread in a greased pan, and bake in oven at 325° F. for 35 minutes. Cut into bars 1 x 3 inch. Spread tops with frosting and decorate with pieces of gumdrops.

## FROSTING

Confectioners Icing

- |                            |                    |
|----------------------------|--------------------|
| 2 cups confectioners sugar | 3 to 4 tbsp. cream |
| 1 tbsp. melted butter      | 1 tsp. vanilla     |

Blend the ingredients thoroughly, using enough cream to make the icing easy to spread. Spread over the cookies while they are still slightly warm.

# Dark in the Chrysalis

(Continued from page 26)

day, when her true feelings had tumbled out in words. Maybe it would be better just to ignore this morning's episode.

Half-heartedly, Edith opened the paper to the want ads. Everything in her rebelled against the thought of trusting herself into the workaday world, where the tides of life run ruthlessly swift. Sliding her fingers down the column was more a gesture of self-pity than a sincere seeking. Housekeepers, waitresses, and saleswomen seemed to be the only openings, none of them suited to her.

As she was laying the paper aside, her eyes caught one item: "Wanted: Companion for aged lady. Very little to do. Comfortable room with salary."

Well, a job like that would certainly solve the difficulty, providing one wanted it. Edith didn't. Since the "Women Want Work" column was twice as long as "Help Wanted, Female," this plum would long since have been plucked, anyway. Nevertheless, to salve her conscience, to say she had tried, she went to the telephone and dialed the number listed. A man's voice answered.

Edith summoned her sweetest voice and said, "My name is Edith Ashe, Mrs. Marvin Ashe. I am calling in answer to your advertisement."

She was prepared for a flood of questions, or to be told that the position was filled. Instead, his breath came out in relief. "Mrs. Marvin Ashe? I'm so glad you cal-

led. No one else has called yet, and I was getting desperate. I have to leave for Chicago at nine o'clock in the morning. Can you be here at eight? Call a cab and come to 1218 North Walnut. I'll pay your fare. Can you do that?"

"I guess so. Yes," said Edith hesitatingly.

"Fine! I'll depend upon that," he said, and hung up.

Edith stood by the telephone, undecided whether to call him back and refuse this preposterous arrangement. What kind of man would hire a person without question? She would call him, yes—later. Now she could still feel the urgency of his voice.

She went upstairs to look over her clothes and toilet articles—just in case, her knees feeling peculiarly weak and her head light with unreality. Kit would make short work of this silliness.

\* \* \* \*

"Well, mother, you just can't do it," declared Kit matter-of-factly when she told them at dinner. Annette's eyes widened apprehensively and sought Kit's. Kit nodded slightly. "What's his number? I'll call him now."

"I've left the poor man depending upon me. No doubt he's told other applicants the place is filled. Of course I shall go."

Annette's eyes filled with tears. "Mother," she said, "I've hoped all day that you didn't hear me this morning. I'm so ashamed, and so sorry. That's it, isn't it?"

(To be continued)

## You Can Learn

(Continued from page 29)

what has happened to us. She always has the water boiling and is ready to start by the time I get there," I said as I guided Freckles through the lane gate.

"Mother does, too; she is such an early riser," Mary assented. "We don't get done any too early, though, and I have to go around the ward for the Relief Society this afternoon."

"Mother has to go, too. She won't be there to worry about me overdoing if I get part of my ironing done while I am down there where I can use the electric iron. She always says I try to kill myself in one day, but I just love to iron with the electric iron. I guess I'm spoiled. She doesn't like me to take the baby's clothes in, a piece here and there as they dry and spoil the looks of her beautiful lines, either," I sighed.

"Well, there is one thing about driving Freckles," Mary said, with her usual optimism, "we can take the short cut and cross the river. It is just about as quick that way with the horse as it is the other way in the car."

"Yes, and that way we come into the east part of town and don't have to be seen on Main Street with this outfit," I teased.

Mary didn't like to be seen driving the horse. She said we and the two old ladies from Scrabble Flats were the only ones who had to go to town in a buggy.

Well, I knew a lot of farm women who didn't get to town unless they

waited for their men folks to take them. At least Freckles got us there.

"Yes, there or someplace," Mary chuckled, reminding me of the time when he took the bit between his teeth and took us right up over the railroad tracks.

We had a good laugh remembering that, although it wasn't funny at the time.

"There isn't much water left in the river this time of the year is there?" I asked dreamily as my eyes wandered appreciatively over the view of the valley before us. Freckles took advantage of me, as usual, and took a short cut up over the bank, very nearly upsetting the whole outfit.

"You'll have to quit daydreaming," Mary said, a trifle reprovingly, as she pushed the pans of butter back under the seat. "How many pounds did you get today?"

"Six. That's two dollars and forty cents. I'll have enough to get that new strainer today. I don't need so many groceries," I answered absently as I watched the clouds sailing happily in the deep blue sky. "They're the kind of clouds my father says spell rain. Hope we get our clothes dry first. Guess we better hurry."

Rain it did. Not till afternoon, and we had our clothes in and dry, but how it did rain! The clouds, which had looked so gay and care-free in the morning, turned black and threatening. It looked like a regular cloudburst off to the east of town. Our buggy didn't have any top, so we were obliged to wait



until the storm had passed before we started home.

The sun had gone down before we left, but the cool air was a treat and we weren't afraid of the dark. That is, we weren't afraid of ordinary dark, but the clouds settled back low over the sky and it soon became so dark that we had to let Freckles find the road for himself. This he seemed perfectly capable of doing, so we let him take his time. The air was thick with blackness and soft and warm. Ernie was sleeping peacefully in his basket in the front of the buggy. We were tired and maybe a little sleepy.

Suddenly Freckles stopped with his usual snort and a jerk, which brought us to attention in a second. It was so dark that we couldn't see what it was all about, but we could see that we were in the bend of the road where a small irrigation ditch usually drained some waste water into what had once been a big wash and which still came too close to the road for comfort even in the daytime. The roadway was really wide enough, though; we had crossed it many times. Now we could hear water running and surmised that the storm had probably swollen the little stream until Freckles hesitated to cross. I urged him gently forward, but he refused to cross, jerking forward a little, then backing up and turning sidewise until the buggy was at a dangerous angle. I backed him up and straightened the buggy, then tightened the lines and urged him forward with determination.

We just had to get home; it looked like it might rain again any moment.

Freckles finally lurched forward into the blackness and we were nearly thrown from our seat. I grabbed Ernie's basket in time to save it from the swirling water. The water was clear up to the floor of the buggy and Freckles was fighting furiously to hold a footing. The rear wheel on my side must have been over the caving side of the wash. Finally, with a great lurch, Freckles dragged the buggy to safety.

I guess it couldn't have taken a minute in all, or we would have gone down that great wash with the flooding waters. But it seemed like hours as I clung to that basket and prayed desperately.

After it was all over and Freckles stood trembling on the other side, and our hearts quieted enough for us to hear, we realized just what we had been saved from. The rain, which had looked so black in the hills east of town, must have brought out a flood and it had followed its old track down to the wash. As we listened to its growing roar, we heard a great thud and splash as another piece of the bank caved into the wild stream below.

Humbly I started Freckles again on the homeward road and as we faced the blackness, I realized that he had more sense than I had. He had known better than to try to cross that stream.

Ernie had wakened and I took him in my arms and held him close to me for the second time that day.

"Oh, thanks, dear God," I silently prayed, "for saving my baby a second time this day. I'll try, I'll try to learn faster."

## *Support the March of Dimes*

Basil O'Connor

President, National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Inc.\*

**T**HROUGH the years, summer in the United States always has been marked by outbreaks of infantile paralysis. And every winter we have come to expect a successful fund-raising campaign to meet the needs of those affected.

The March of Dimes campaign, enthusiastically supported by magazines as well as by the press and radio in the past, has always raised enough to take care of the polio situation. In 1949, for example, although fewer than a hundred persons contributed more than a thousand dollars, the money rolled in . . . . dimes from the millions.

However, this summer saw more than outbreaks of polio. There was a widespread, nationwide epidemic, with more cases than ever before in our history. All resources of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis were pressed into service.

The organization's epidemic treasury was emptied.

Now the bills for the epidemic's aftermath pile up; bills for the treatment of the crippled, those still in hospitals, those who must be rehabilitated, bills to be paid without curtailing the training of medical personnel and scientific research to find a preventative. But funds to pay all of these bills are lacking. And we have no way of knowing how many more cases there will be next year.

We face a possible crisis in polio that will menace every man, woman, and child in the United States unless, this winter, the March of Dimes takes in more money than ever before. Your readers must know the need. That is why I ask that you call the situation to your readers' attention.

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\*Excerpts from a letter to *The Relief Society Magazine*.

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## *Night*

Gene Romolo

Night steps from wraith-like realms of dusk,  
On silent, slippered feet;  
Dew gems glisten in her hair,  
Her breath is cool and sweet;  
And in her soft, dark mantle's folds,  
Hides mystery, strange and deep,  
That brings her greatest gift to man,  
Beneficence of sleep.

# NOTES

# FROM THE FIELD

*Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer*

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for April 1948, page 274.

## RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS, BAZAARS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Elder Kenneth H. Anderson

### BRITISH MISSION (SCOTTISH DISTRICT) AIRDRIE BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, September 23, 1949

Elder Anderson writes: "The bazaar was held in order to raise sufficient funds to pay a 100 per cent assessment on the new Relief Society home in Salt Lake City. Through the diligence of all our Relief Society members, the purpose was fulfilled. Much help was also given freely by the other auxiliaries and a few earnest investigators. Articles, such as aprons, tablecloths, scarves, baby clothes, hot pads, and a quilt were sold. Also, a table was set aside for home baking. Honored guests from London, for the evening, were President and Sister Boyer, who were very much impressed with the large gathering and the success of the sale. Sister Boyer officially opened the sale and it was only a short while until the tables were bare. Immediately after the sale a program was held, presenting a few highlights of Scottish dances. This bazaar was a great success and, in addition to everything else, was a very effective means of proselyting of the gospel."

Gladys S. Boyer is president of the British Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Maurine Nelson

**STAR VALLEY STAKE (WYOMING), AUBURN WARD, FIVE  
RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS**

Seated, left to right: Amelia H. Hillyard; Elizabeth C. Johnson. Standing left to right: Mable H. Lehmborg; Estelle S. Orton; Ada W. Hillyard. These five presidents have served the society for the past thirty-five years.

Nellie B. Jensen is the president of Star Valley Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Leola Crook

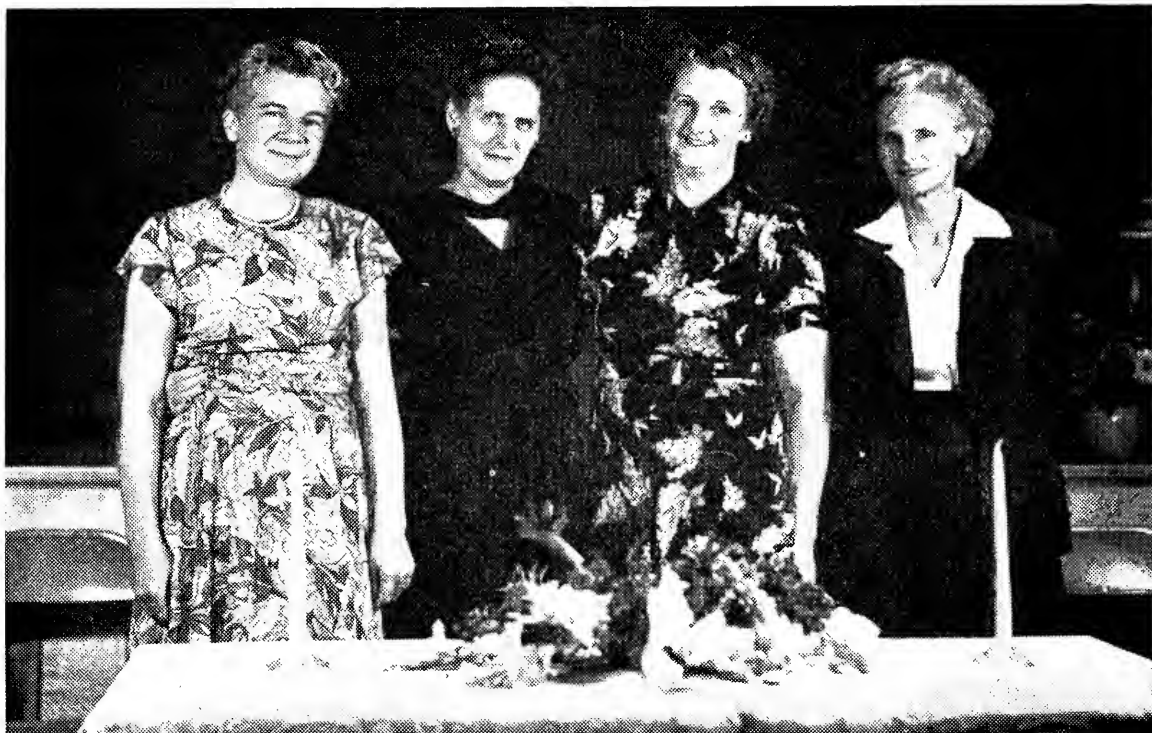
**EMERY STAKE (UTAH), EMERY WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS**

Front row, seated, left to right: Laverne Albrechtsen (1932-34); Adelaide Brinkerhoff (1934-39); Rose Broderick (1939-41); Wynona Olsen (1941-44):

Back row, standing, left to right: Olene Andersen (1944-46); Georgina Andersen (1946-47); Ella Maxfield (1947-48); Leola M. Crook (1948-).

This photograph was taken March 19, 1949, at the Anniversary Day party, honoring all past presidents. Nine of the sixteen presidents are still living. Oldest in office, and missing from the picture, is Lucinda Williams, who is working in the Salt Lake Temple.

Orlinda N. Ware is president of Emery Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Ada Lindquist

**WEBER STAKE (UTAH), WASHINGTON TERRACE BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS AT THEIR FIRST MEETING IN THE NEW CHAPEL.**

Left to right: President Joan Moser; First Counselor Lula Ellis; Second Counselor Edna Buttars; Secretary-Treasurer Aurelia Bosely.

Ada Lindquist is president of Weber Stake Relief Society.

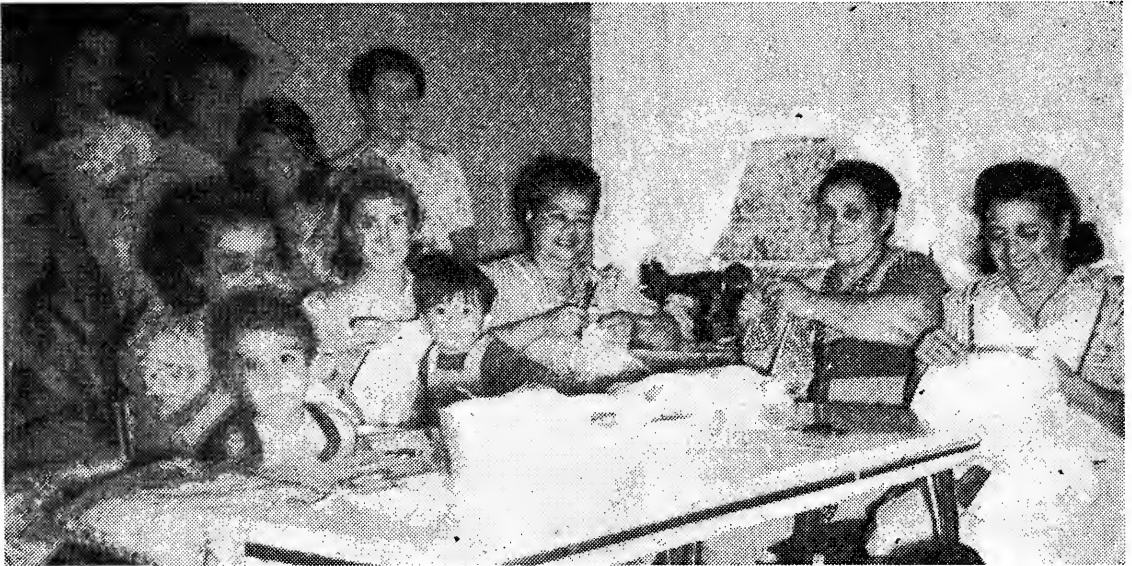


Photograph submitted by Bessie Dahl

**NORTH DAVIS STAKE (UTAH), WEST POINT WARD, FORMER RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENT HONORED AT SOCIAL, July 12, 1949**

Bessie Dahl, present president of the West Point Ward Relief Society, congratulates Sister Comfort E. Flinder, eighty-eight, the oldest living former president of the ward Relief Society. She became president in 1906 and served for over twelve years.

Pearl W. Burton is president of North Davis Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Ivie H. Jones

### SPANISH-AMERICAN MISSION, FRESNO (CALIFORNIA) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS ASSEMBLED AT WORK MEETING

Front row, left to right: Refugio Antillon, organist; Luisa Hernandez, First Counselor; Teresa Pratt, chorister; Ascencion B. Carrillo (shown with scissors in her hand), President; Maria Castillo, Second Counselor; Josephine Ortiz, work director.

Standing at the back, right: Magdalena Ruiz, Secretary.

In 1942, Sister Carrillo was set apart as president of a four-member Relief Society, three of whom belonged to one family. The membership has now increased to fifteen and it is not at all uncommon to have as many non-members of the Church as members in attendance at the meetings. Nearly all of the present officers have had considerable experience in positions of leadership and responsibility in other branches. A beautiful spirit of co-operation and sisterly affection is evident among the members of this society and they are looking forward to the time when they will have a place in which to meet in the new chapel which is being planned for this branch.

Ivie H. Jones is president of the Spanish-American Mission Relief Society.

### SMITHFIELD STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS HONORED AT OPENING SOCIAL, September 27, 1949

At this social President Alta C. Allen gave a tribute to the Singing Mothers who had furnished the music for two sessions of the stake conference, under the able direction of chorister Eunice Ravsten and organist Sara Heggie. The theme of the program given at the social was: "Yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me."

The role of the Singing Mothers was dramatized in three parts:

1. In the home
2. In social meetings
3. In the community

There are seven wards in the stake and each ward president presented each of the Singing Mothers in her ward a corsage of home-grown flowers.

Alta C. Allen is president of Smithfield Stake.



Photograph submitted by Madge P. Fowler

**PASADENA STAKE (CALIFORNIA) RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS  
ASSEMBLED FOR THEIR CLOSING SOCIAL, May 27, 1949**

Front row, left to right: First Counselor Ida Cannon; President Madge P. Fowler; Second Counselor Lily Davis; Secretary-Treasurer, Ethel Gunson.

Back row, left to right: Agnes Heath; Adele Bird; Mary Snyder; Nellie McLeod; Minnie McKeon; Olive Talley; Sadie Liebig; LaVer Millard. Clara Hunter was not present at the time the photograph was taken.

The theme of this unique party was "This year's fashions on last year's budget." The models displayed many lovely made-over articles of clothing for men, women, and children. There was also a display of exceptionally beautiful handwork and quilts made for the welfare assignment, some of which can be seen in the background of the picture. Each member of the stake board made an attractive apron from a man's shirt. These aprons are being modeled in the picture.

Madge P. Fowler is president of Pasadena Stake Relief Society.



Photograph by Glenn West, submitted by Hattie Shurtz

**ST. JOSEPH STAKE (ARIZONA), THATCHER WARD SINGING MOTHERS  
ASSEMBLED FOR THEIR CONCERT, June 23, 1949**

Ward President Lela Udall is shown fifth from the left on the second row.

The director is Marie Farley and the organist Bernice Stowell.

Hattie Shurtz, President, St. Joseph Stake Relief Society, reports that the Singing Mothers of Thatcher Ward have given continuous service for thirteen years. Their first concert, presented June 23, 1949, was very much enjoyed by a large audience.



SWEDISH MISSION, GOTEBORG RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS AND THE LOOM WHICH THEY RECENTLY PURCHASED

Left to right: Anna Sjöholm; Maria Bohlin; Hilma Malmberg.

In reporting from her mission a year ago, former president of the Swedish Mission Relief Society, Ethel E. Blomquist wrote: "Everything is fine here in the Swedish Mission. The weather is very mild and lovely. We have had no snow to speak of yet (January 18, 1949.) At Christmas time we were picking roses outside. I am so thankful for the wonderful opportunity I have had of working with the women in the Swedish Mission. I have learned to love them very much."

Annie B. Johnson is the present president of the Swedish Mission Relief Society.

#### BEAR LAKE STAKE (IDAHO) SPONSORS HOBBY SHOW

A July hobby show, which included many unique exhibits, was sponsored by Bear Lake Stake Relief Society, under direction of the work meeting leader, Sister Gilgen. In the hall was a cleverly dressed dummy representing a person without a hobby. Skills and arts represented included crochet work, hairpin lace doilies, quilts, knitted sweaters, needlepoint, embroidery work, textile painting, hand-painted pictures, free-hand sketches, wall plaques, figurines, a collection of vases and flowers, plastic and nylon lamp shades, wood carvings, baby dresses, children's clothing, scrapbooks, and some very special laces collected by Lizzie Welker on her trip to Europe. The three rooms full of beautiful work indicated that there are not many women in Bear Lake Stake without a hobby.

Clarissa Ward is president of Bear Lake Stake Relief Society.





Photograph submitted by Adriana M. Zappey

NETHERLANDS MISSION, ROTTERDAM DISTRICT RELIEF SOCIETY  
MEMBERS ASSEMBLED AT CONFERENCE August 23, 1949

Sister Adriana M. Zappey, President, Netherlands Mission Relief Society, reports that in each of the seven districts in her mission great progress has been made. "Singing Mothers groups have been organized in all the districts, and at the Relief Society conferences, held semi-annually in each district, these songsters contributed much to the spirit of the meeting." Assisting Sister Zappey in the Relief Society work are the following sisters: Maatje M. D. Schouten; Elizabeth Muyer; Willemiena Wedemeyer; Maria A. van Zeben."



Photograph submitted by Lola M. Shumway

PHOENIX STAKE (ARIZONA), MARICOPA INDIAN RELIEF SOCIETY  
WOMEN MAKING A QUILT

At right end of the quilt, seated, facing the camera: LaSalle Sundust, the first convert in this branch.

In rear, seated: Brother Harry Sundust and daughter Marion, with baby, also members of the branch.

Lola M. Shumway is president of Maricopa Stake Relief Society.



## *Theology*—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

### Lesson 23—"The Close of Our Lord's Public Ministry"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, Chapter 31, by Elder James E. Talmage)

For Tuesday, April 4, 1950

Objective: To convince the prayerful student that Jesus is the Lord, by a careful analysis of his masterly teaching during the period which closed his public ministry.

#### *A Conspiracy of Pharisees and Herodians*

IT is necessary to recall conditions in Jerusalem during the period we are about to study. The Jewish authorities were all united in their efforts to take the life of Jesus. He knew that. He knew that the cross awaited him within a few days and that the words he spoke would be quoted for centuries yet to come. He was pleading for the salvation of God's children everywhere. He knew the hearts of his opponents. The Pharisees were counseling as to "how they might entangle him in his talk" (Matt. 22:15). They joined with their own enemies—the Herodians—in an attempt to find some infringement of either the Jewish or Roman law on which they could charge Jesus with disloyalty. A delegation of men who had not appeared against him was chosen to work out the plan. They sought to entangle him in his talk. This hypocritical group came asking the question:

... Master, we know that thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth, neither carest thou for any man:

for thou regardest not the person of men. Tell us therefore, What thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Caesar, or not? (Matt. 22:16-17).

The student will see at once how subtle and adroit were the questions. These spies used flattering words in paying tribute to the Lord's courage. However, they had chosen, with evil craftiness, the manner of approach for there was nothing more offensive to the Jews than paying poll tax to the Romans. They thought Jesus was in a dilemma and would offend either the Jews or Romans whichever way he answered. "But Jesus perceived their wickedness, and said, Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites?" Then calling for a Roman coin, "... he saith unto them, Whose is this image and superscription?" They could only reply, "Caesar's." "... Then saith he unto them, Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's" (Matt. 22:18-21). That saying has become an aphorism almost everywhere. The Pharisees and Herodians were silenced by the

wisdom of the Lord's reply to their crafty questions. Caesar should be given the coins upon which his image was stamped but "God should be given the souls that bear his image." The king of Israel had no earthly ambition; his mission was to save souls.

### *Sadducees Question About the Resurrection*

The Sadducees then took their turn in trying to entrap the Lord. They did not believe in the resurrection and framed their question to discredit that doctrine. They said unto him:

Master, Moses said, If a man die, having no children, his brother shall marry his wife, and raise up seed unto his brother. Now there were with us seven brethren: and the first, when he had married a wife, deceased, and, having no issue, left his wife unto his brother: Likewise the second also, and the third, unto the seventh. And last of all the woman died also. Therefore in the resurrection whose wife shall she be of the seven? for they all had her (Matt. 22:24-28).

They had stated a case coming within the provision of the Mosaic law.

The writer of these lessons believes that the incident itself sustains a great principle of the gospel, as revealed in this day. The enemies of the Lord were all trying to "entangle him in his talk." If he had not been talking to them on the principle of the eternity of the marriage covenant, why the question and why the answer? They evidently had understood he was talking of marriage or why did they ask "in the resurrection whose wife shall she be?" Then note his answer: ". . . Ye do err, not knowing

the scriptures, nor the power of God" [the Priesthood]. Then he continued: "For in the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven" (Matt. 22:29-30). They had been married under the law of Moses. That did not give the "power to bind on earth and it should be bound in heaven." Marriage is an earthly ordinance and must be performed on earth *under the authority of the Holy Priesthood to be binding in heaven*. In the case considered, if the woman had been sealed the wife of one of the brothers for eternity, she would, of course, have been the wife of that brother.

The Savior then touched upon the resurrection in such a way as to completely silence the Sadducees. They pretended to be followers of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, yet they rejected the doctrine that those worthy men would be resurrected. When Jesus said: "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living," it was a direct assault on their contention and was unanswerable. In fact, certain of the scribes approved the statement of the Savior, saying ". . . Master, thou hast well said" (Luke 20:39).

### *The Great Commandment*

The Pharisees again tried to discomfit the Lord. A scribe of that sect asked: "Which is the first commandment of all?" That was a much debated question among the Jews. The answer of Jesus was prompt and impressive:

. . . The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel; The Lord our God is one Lord: And thou shalt love the Lord thy

God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment. And the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these (Mark 12:29-31).

It was a comprehensive summary of the "law and the prophets." It was beautiful and sound. (The rabbis had worked out over six hundred commandments of the ceremonial and moral law.)

### *Jesus Turns Questioner*

All of the sects and individuals had utterly failed in their attempts to find any lawful charge which they could file against Jesus. He then "turned the tables" and became the interrogator. He asked the Pharisees:

. . . What think ye of Christ? whose son is he? They say unto him, The Son of David. He saith unto them, How then doth David in spirit call him Lord, saying, The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand, till I make thine enemies thy footstool? If David then call him Lord, how is he his son? (Matt. 22:42-45).

The Jews believed in the coming of a Messiah who would be of the lineage of David, but an earthly king. The Lord said that David's song of praise (110 Psalm) was inspired by the Holy Ghost (Mark 12:36).

Jesus the Christ is of the physical lineage of David. However, "He was Jehovah, Lord and God, before David, Abraham, or Adam was known on earth." Do not his teachings proclaim him a God?

### *Wicked Scribes and Pharisees Denounced*

The Lord became more aggressive as he talked of the unworthy representatives of the chosen people. They had completely transgressed the laws and changed the everlasting covenants of the Lord. He denounced the teachers of the false doctrine and the so-called officers of the law in so far as their evil examples would lead the people astray. His disciples were to observe the law but not to follow the evil works of the officials. He made a clear distinction between observance of law and following evil example. Wickedness was not condoned in any one, no matter how high the position held. "Inordinate vanity and irreverent assumption of excessive piety" on the part of rabbis, scribes, and Pharisees were all condemned. He taught against titles given to men to feed their vanity. There is only one master, Christ, and only one Father—our Father in heaven.

Those whom Jesus had called to carry on the work of the Church he had founded were not to seek for titles or the honors of men. They were to render the greatest possible service to the Lord and the people over whom they presided. Jesus said:

But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant. And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted (Matt. 23:11-12).

Before closing his public ministry Jesus made a scathing denunciation of the rulers of the Jews. It is doubtful if more scorching invectives were

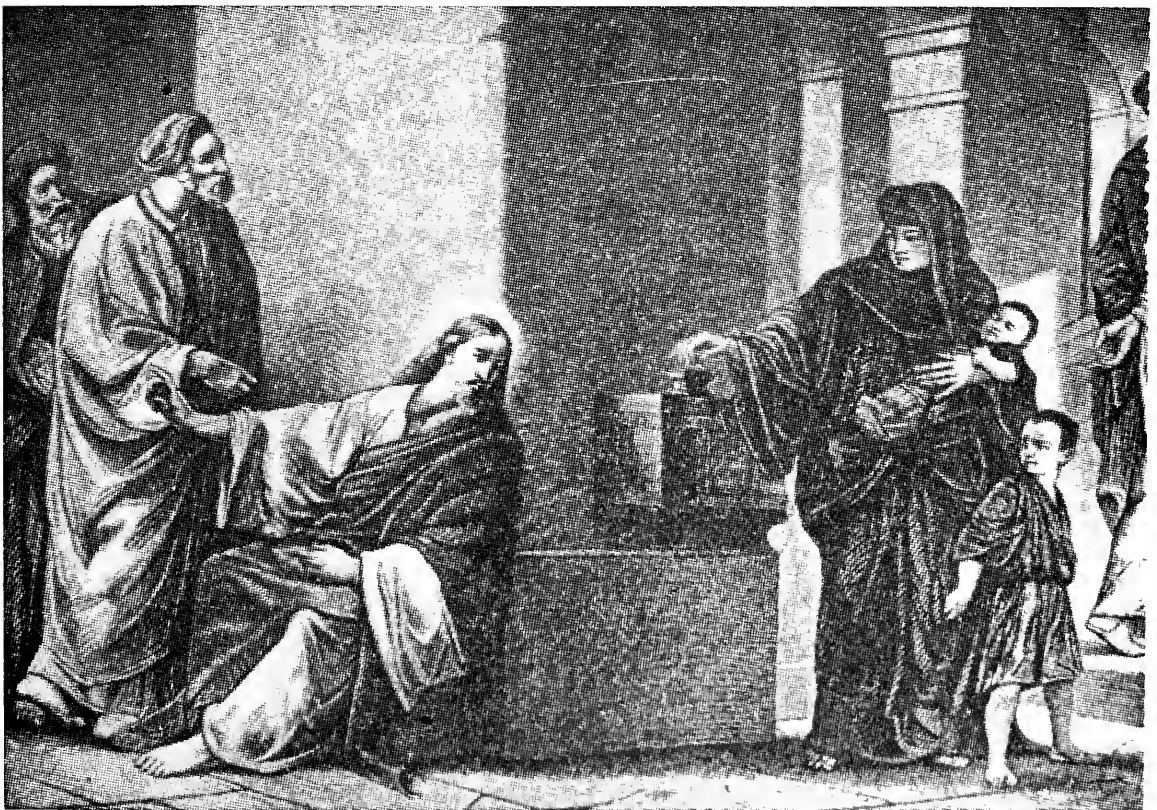
ever uttered. We have space for only a few of them. "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation." The Pharisees he condemned for making proselytes and then making them "twofold more the child of hell," than they themselves were. They were blind guides and blind leaders. Always he called them hypocrites (Matt. 23:13-36). They were sticklers for unimportant matters but ignored the weightier things such as judgment, mercy, and love. He called them serpents, and vipers and asked, "how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" It was truly a case of righteous indignation.

### *The Lord's Lamentation Over Jerusalem*

He must have been filled with profound sorrow when he looked over the recreant city of Jerusalem and uttered his touching lamentation. Its temple was to be destroyed. He no longer referred to it as "his house" but said "your house" which he said would be left desolate. This was all fulfilled about thirty years later during the great war with the Romans.

### *A Widow's Gift*

Jesus left the open courts of the temple and went toward the treasury, where great wealth had been accumulated. He saw a poor widow who dropped into one of the treasury chests what to us would be less



THE WIDOW'S MITE

From a painting by Bida

than half a cent. It was her all. Jesus said unto his disciples:

... Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury: For all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living (Mark 12:43-44).

Elder Talmage states:

In the accounts kept by the recording angels, figured out according to the arithmetic of heaven, entries are made in terms of quality rather than quantity, and values are determined on the basis of capability and intent.

The widow gave all; great will be her reward.

### *Christ's Final Withdrawal From the Temple*

It is noted with sadness that while the Savior was giving his many discourses in the temple during the first half of his final week on earth, many people, including some of the rulers, were converted. They believed him to be the Son of God, but they could not bring themselves to join his Church openly. "For they loved the praise of men more than the praise of God" (John 12:43). Jesus again solemnly proclaimed that he

spoke not for himself but always for his Father.

### *Destruction of the Temple Predicted*

As Jesus was departing from the temple, he made an unqualified prophecy of the utter destruction of the temple.

The Lord's public ministry was probably brought to a close with his final departure from the temple on the Tuesday of that last week.

### *Questions and Suggestions for Discussion*

1. Describe the events leading to the utterance by the Lord of the aphorism: "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's."
2. Relate the incident of the Sadducees trying to confuse the Lord on the doctrine of the resurrection.
3. What were some of the woes pronounced upon the Pharisees, Sadducees and scribes?
4. What lesson can we learn from the story of the widow's gift?

### *References in the Four Gospels*

- Matt. 5:33-37; 22:15-46; 23; 24:1, 2.  
 Mark 3:6; 8:15; 12:13-44; 13:1, 2.  
 Luke 11:44; 20:19-28, 41-47; 21:5-6; 23:2.  
 John 7:49; 12:42-50.

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## *Winter*

Grace Sayre

The streams no longer run on endless errands,  
 The sun is miserly with summer's gold,  
 Snow has sealed the lips of birch and willow;  
 The year is old.

# Visiting Teacher Messages—Our Savior Speaks

Lesson 7—"Nevertheless Not My Will, But Thine, Be Done" (Luke 22:42)

Mary Grant Judd

For Tuesday, April 4, 1950

Objective: To help us accept life as it comes, and not to lose faith during adversity.

**T**HERE are two phases involved in doing the will of God. The larger and more comprehensive was referred to in the perfect prayer when our Savior said: "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven" (Matt. 6:10). Here a united effort of all mankind will bring about the desired result. It will come by keeping the commandments of God.

The second phase is a purely personal one in which each individual accepts the will of God with respect to the events of his own life.

Accepting God's will is not always easy. Our vision is limited. Often we distinguish but part of the scene that is our earth life. We see things in the light of time, but God is dealing with us for both time and eternity. Often our selfish desires obscure the larger vision. It is hard for us to admit that trials may become benefits.

When we are able to say with sincerity "Not my will, but thine, be done" (Luke 22:42), we have gone far on the road to perfection.

We are placing our lives in the keeping of our Heavenly Father and acknowledging our inability always to know what is for our own best good. There may be purpose behind the seeming obstacles that we cannot comprehend. Have you not looked back upon some trying experience through which you have been called to pass, and which you would have shunned had it been possible, and admitted that it has brought you soul-growth? If we can accept with good humor the small irritations of our daily lives, we shall develop patience. Physical hardship will give us endurance. Out of suffering comes understanding of the trials of others and love for them. If we are misunderstood and try not to feel hurt, we develop tolerance for others. And so it goes on and on, as we meet the problems of life from day to day.

Accepting God's will in all things will bring abiding satisfaction and peace to the soul.

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## Well-Seasoned

Thelma Ireland

Most folks prefer a mild, warm clime  
For many varied reasons,  
But I will trade that comfort for  
The drama of the seasons.

# Work Meeting—Sewing

## Children's Clothing

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

### Lesson 7—Coats and Snowsuits

Jean Ridges Jennings

For Tuesday, April 11, 1950

**S**INCE coats and snowsuits are the most expensive items in a child's wardrobe, making them at home can effect the greatest saving. Making a coat takes extra care and time, but the effort spent on such a project is worth while.

In most cases, the first consideration in making these garments is warmth, but this does not necessarily call for heavy fabrics. Contrary to the common idea, some of the warmest outfits are surprisingly light in weight and some of the heaviest are not warm at all. Too much weight is depressing to a child and drags on his shoulders so that it may affect his posture. Fabrics should not irritate the skin at necks and wrists.

Coats and winter playsuits, more than any other garments, must be durable. They are naturally subjected to dirt and grime which would ruin any but strong, closely woven fabrics.

Insist on having material so thoroughly shrunk that it is guaranteed to keep its original shape and size. Only fabrics of colors that are fast to light are practical, since these articles are always worn out of doors.

Colors should be gay, becoming, and pleasing to the youngsters who will wear them. Brighter or neutral

colors do not soil so readily as do dark colors. Bright shades have the added advantage of being more readily seen and, hence, a safeguard against accidents.

Special finishes that are added to make materials water-repellent and windproof are desirable in climates where there is much snow. Sometimes fabrics are available that have been treated for water-repellency. If not, cleaners can treat the finished garment to add this feature.

In making children's coats, tailor them as carefully as you would a garment for a grown person. By doing this they will retain their shape and look better longer. Cut interfacings always to strengthen the front edges and to give them more body. Reinforce front edges and armhole seams with tape so they will be more sturdy and hold their shape better. Always use backing or reinforcement for pockets and buttonholes to insure against having them tear out.

For winter, a wool interlining is advisable. Light weight wool material made expressly for this purpose is best. An easy way to cut and sew interlinings is to baste the cut-out lining, right side up, onto the interlining, cut out, and then sew them together as one.

One idea for a child's coat is to



have a warm lining that zips or snaps into the coat. For milder days the coat is worn without the lining. When weather becomes colder, the lining can easily be put into the coat for added warmth. These lin-

ings are made by the same pattern as the coat itself and finished off on a line where the coat facing ends. This plan does away with the necessity of having an extra coat for spring and fall.

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## *Literature*—The Literature of England

*Elder Briant S. Jacobs*

### Lesson 7—Some Seventeenth Century Poets

For Tuesday, April 18, 1950

**O**UR text includes selections from the works of twelve seventeenth century English poets. Since only a fraction of these can be presented in our limited space, we can do little more than point out important trends and illustrate them with a few poems.

Here we must recall that great literature does not deserve this supreme adjective merely because it is applied by some professor or critic. Before literature can be remembered and loved (both vital preliminaries to permanence) it must be adopted through periods of time by numberless readers. Because here we are so limited, it seems the wise procedure for each teacher to read carefully and aloud all the poems available in our text, and then teach those which appeal most compellingly to her own mind and heart. "Only the spirit can teach," and if you do not know and love any fact or truth, how can it be endearingly valuable to you? How can you hope to create understanding and love in others if first you have not made these values your own?

In a work left uncompleted at his death, John Donne wrote significantly:

Who'er thou beest that reade'st this sullen  
writ,  
Which just so much courts thee as  
thou dost it,  
Let me arrest thy thoughts . . . .

The difficult, almost mythical, process of communicating to the reader the intent and personality of great literature can be accomplished most successfully if the reader, so far as possible, rises to receive it on the same high plane in which it was written. Before our thoughts are ready to be arrested by the poems themselves, we might well prepare ourselves by briefly discussing the turmoils and problems of the violent seventeenth century as they shaped the minds and emotions of its poets. (See text, pp. 564-578, 581.)

The seventeenth century was a period of extremes in the history of English literature. It was the century of Shakespeare's greatest plays, the King James version of the Bible, the century of Bacon and Milton.

Politically, also, it was a period of extremes and expansion. It saw the Pilgrims leave England for Holland and America, the Civil War in England, the beheading of Charles I, the brief heyday of Puritan domination, the Restoration of the Stuarts to the English throne, and, toward its close, the introduction of parliamentary government through the Declaration of Rights.

Thus we see in this period, social, political, and religious revolt. The accompanying revolution in poetry was led by two brilliant and courageous men: Ben Jonson and John Donne (rhymes with sun). In addition to being friends who admired each other's work, the two had much in common. Both were strong-minded, independent, opposed to the former literary traditions. Both were forceful orators and both were satirists. Both hated vigorously what they felt to be the artificial poetry of chivalry and the recent past. To them the dreamy sighings of a lovesick poet for the charms of an imaginary lady-love were silly imitations of current French and Italian literature, which paid far too much honor to formal patterns of expression. These strong individuals condemned the recent poetry because it was so shallow and formal as to be untrue.

### Ben Jonson (1573-1637)

Ben Jonson was one of the foremost literary dictators in English history. He was of humble birth but became one of the most learned men of his time. James I made him "King's Poet," which post later became poet laureate. Always his enemies were ignorance, hypocrisy,

and pride. In his superior dramatic works he was the contemporary and rival of Shakespeare himself. It is said that Dickens liked his comedies better than any others of the Elizabethan period because "his figures were etched in acid"—he individualized them brilliantly. He labored to replace the imagination and sentiment of the romantic style with the dignity and honesty of realism. His poetry is solidly reasoned, lyrical, and made with care and craftsmanship. The purity of his lyrical verse is familiar in his simple, immortal "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes." The truth of reality is expertly caught in:

It is not growing like a tree  
In bulk, doth make men better be;  
Or standing long an oak, three hundred  
year,  
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear:  
A lily of a day  
Is fairer far in May;  
Although it fall and die that night,  
It was the plant and flower of light.  
In small proportions we just beauties see,  
And in short measures life may perfect be.  
("It Is Not Growing Like a Tree," p. 419)

While he did not sing of love in the contemporary manner, he did write much that is lovely. For example, this couplet for a girl:

Underneath this stone doth lie  
As much beauty as could die.  
(Epitaph on Elizabeth L.H., p. 419)

Less well known is his definition of truth:

Truth is the trial of itself  
And needs no other touch;  
And purer than the purest gold,  
Refine it ne'er so much,

It is the life and light of love,  
 The sun that ever shineth,  
 And spirit of that special grace,  
 That faith and love defineth.  
 (not in text)

Also to be recommended is "To the Memory of My Beloved Master William Shakespeare," (p. 419), one of the greatest tributes to Shakespeare ever written.

Jonson was a leader greatly admired by a group which called themselves "the tribe of Ben." Followers of his poetic principles and practices were "sons of Ben." His epitaph is singularly expressive: "O Rare Ben Jonson!"

*John Donne* (1573-1631)

John Donne was the son of a wealthy London merchant, and his mother was a sister of Sir Thomas More. He became famous both as a vigorous, influential poet and as a stirring preacher. He was justly called one of the most famous of English orators. He was born a hated Roman Catholic, but after a careful study of religious questions he joined the Church of England and later was appointed Dean of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in London.

Donne was the founder of the metaphysical school of poetry. Important in this poetic school are points which Donne illustrates ideally: skillful use of satire, or the attempt through biting humor to point out and eliminate human weaknesses; intellectual wit and surprise; and grave concern for values above the physical aspects of life (*meta* means *above*).

Donne's greatest poetic asset is his ability to touch the naked truth

with directness and honesty. His poetry is marked by intellectual power, deep learning, and intense emotion. His intensity and imagery are exquisite, in many respects similar to those of Robert Browning, who knew and loved the magic of Donne's works. By use of violent surprises, puns, play on words, and use of the most unorthodox material for his imagery—the lore of navigation, geography, science, medicine and trade—he endeavored to intellectualize emotion. "The Good Morrow," (p. 585) contains good examples of Donne's fresh, vigorous imagery, particularly in the first stanza. "The Legacy," (p. 586) is delightful because it exemplifies his wit writing. The power of his later religious works is shown in "Death" (p. 585). It is well-constructed, but most of all magnificent in its convincing denial of death's permanence and final triumph:

Death, be not proud, though some have  
 called thee  
 Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;  
 For those whom thou thinkest thou dost  
 overthrow  
 Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou  
 kill me.  
 From rest and sleep, which but thy  
 picture be,  
 Much pleasure; then from thee much more  
 must flow;  
 And soonest our best men with thee do  
 go—  
 Rest of their bones and souls' delivery!  
 Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings and  
 desperate men,  
 And dost with poison, war, and sickness  
 dwell;  
 And poppy or charms can make us sleep  
 as well  
 And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st  
 thou then?  
 One short sleep past, we wake eternally,  
 And Death shall be no more: Death, thou  
 shalt die!

Donne's sacred poems are of great excellence and some of his metaphors are the most vivid in the language. For example, his metaphor of Death in "The Second Anniversary":

Think, then, my soul, that death is but  
 a groom,  
 Who brings a taper to the outward room,  
 Whence thou spyest first a little glim-  
 mering light  
 And brings it nearer to thy sight.  
 (not in text)

Other poets of lesser importance came to write during the seventeenth century, but Jonson and Donne continued to serve as models. Some of these poets who reveal their indebtedness to these two men are among the most popular minor poets in the language. By a rough division we might say that the Cavalier poets, Robert Herrick, Thomas Carew, Sir John Suckling, and Richard Lovelace were influenced most by Jonson; and the writers of sober, sacred poems like George Herbert, Richard Crashaw, Henry Vaughn, and Thomas Traherne were influenced by Donne and his metaphysical school. We can here deal briefly with only a few.

#### Robert Herrick (1591-1674)

Most charming of Cavalier poets, Robert Herrick could well be given the right to preside over the minor seventeenth century poets, as John Milton rules in the higher poetic realm. Herrick was one of the most devoted members of the "Tribe of Ben." His writing treats light subjects with perfect lyrical skill and an originality which is beyond imita-

tion. His genius is of the kind that "carves cherry stones, not of the kind that hews great figures from the living rock." His poems have the delicate finish of cameos.

Herrick wrote with a light and exquisite touch. His words are self-explanatory and beautifully lucid. He could reach heights Jonson could not attain. A perfect master of meter, he had also faultless taste in selecting the inevitable word. The lovely adjectives "graceful, charming, delicate, pictorial imagery," may be applied to his writing. His "Corinna's Going A-Maying" (p. 602) has become a classic of youth and springtime love. From Herrick comes also the well-known phrase "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may."

#### Richard Lovelace (1618-1658)

Richard Lovelace used his time spent in prison to write two of his loveliest poems. Both are memorable because of couplets contained therein which are oft-repeated even in this day. From "To Lucasta, Going to the Wars":

I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
 Loved I not honor more. (p. 597)

And from "To Althea, from Prison," we remember:

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
 Nor iron bars a cage. (p. 597)

#### Andrew Marvell (1621-1678)

Andrew Marvell was the only Puritan lyricist besides Milton who wrote really distinguished poetry. He most deserves to be classed in the same realm with Milton. In "To His Coy Mistress" he catches a tone similar to Donne's. His images and

philosophy also betray Donne's influence. Frequently he writes such excellent lines as:

But at my back I always hear  
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;  
And yonder all before us lie  
Deserts of vast eternity.  
(*"To His Coy Mistress,"* p. 607)

George Herbert (1593-1633)

George Herbert was one of the greatest and most devout writers of religious poetry in all English literature, with beautiful originality and a high degree of technical skill. There is a pervading spirit of moral earnestness and sincere piety in his selections. "The Collar," (p. 611) was inspired by the quotation from Matthew 11:29—"Take my yoke upon you," and is one of his most sincere and devout works. It is useful also for its metaphysical loftiness, the accumulative power which characterizes it, the vigor of its tone, and the unquestioning love of God we feel as we read his conclusion.

Herbert published no poetry in his lifetime, but on his deathbed

gave a bundle of manuscripts to a friend to burn or publish as he saw fit. Grateful we are that the friend presented them to the public. Perhaps by closing with the first stanza from Herbert's "The Flower," we can leave in your poetic mouths that sweet unsatisfied taste which demands more—more of Herbert, and more of his fellow seventeenth-century poets:

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean  
Are Thy returns! Even as the flowers in  
spring,  
To which, besides their own demean,  
The late-past frost tributes of pleasure  
bring.  
Grief melts away  
Like snow in May,  
As if there were no such cold thing!  
(not in text)

### Questions

1. Why are Ben Jonson and John Donne important to seventeenth-century poetry?
2. What contributions did the Puritans make to English literature?
3. What is the metaphysical school of poetry?

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## *Social Science*—Latter-day Saint Political Thought

### Lesson 6—The Conditions for Achieving the Kingdom of God

*Elder G. Homer Durham*

For Tuesday, April 25, 1950

Objective: To show that civil and religious liberty must be maintained for the establishment of the kingdom of God.

#### *Rise of National States*

**T**HERE are in the world today about sixty national States. The national State is the modern form

of political organization. Before national States existed, there were first (so far as our civilization is concerned) the empire states of the

ancient Middle East, then the city-states of ancient Greece, followed by the Roman world in which a single State (Rome) dominated the entire Western world. With the decline of the Roman Empire, the single world government that was Rome disintegrated into thousands of petty principalities and kingdoms. This was the feudal age. Between the ninth century after Christ and the peace of Westphalia (1648 A.D.) the modern national State made its appearance.

### *Sovereignty of National States*

The modern national State is characterized by the doctrine of "sovereignty." This means that each one of the sixty-odd national States extant in the world today, assumes and believes with patriotic zeal and fervor that its own government is the final judge of its course of action. This belief in sovereignty tends to be identified with truth and morality to the extent that each citizen of each national State tends to believe that *his* State is the embodiment of truth and justice—therefore is always in the right and is rarely, if ever, in the wrong. This is the situation which leads to conflict between the United States and the Soviet Union, for example, and between the various national States of the world from time to time. They recognize no appeal to any higher body of authority.

### *Kingdom of God to Be Established*

The scriptures teach that the "kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of our Lord

and of his Christ." In other words, Christianity looks forward to the establishment of a kingdom of God on earth in which the lamb will lie down with the lion, and men will turn their swords into plowshares and will study war no more. This ideal characterizes Latter-day Saint belief in a stronger sense, perhaps, than many fellow-Christian organizations. This is because the Latter-day Saints believe in a restoration of Christ's gospel, the ultimate result of which will be to establish the kingdom of God on earth. Section 65 of the Doctrine and Covenants speaks concerning this matter:

The keys of the kingdom of God are committed unto man on the earth, and from thence shall the gospel roll forth unto the ends of the earth, as the stone which is cut out of the mountain without hands shall roll forth, until it has filled the whole earth.

Modern man is weary and sickened of war. What are the conditions for achieving the kingdom of God?

In a certain sense, the meaning of the first eight verses of the Declaration of Belief concerning government and laws may be summarized as a guarantee of the right to proselyte truth. *Possession and use of truth are the fundamental essentials for achieving the kingdom of God.* The condition necessary for the discovery, use, and application of truth is religious freedom. Without religious freedom there can be no complete and free access to God, the creator of the universe. And if access to the Creator is denied, how can truth be found?

### *Independence of Civil and Religious Government*

Verse nine tends to summarize the Declaration thus far:

*We do not believe it just to mingle religious influence with civil government, whereby one religious society is fostered and another proscribed in its spiritual privileges, and the individual rights of its members, as citizens, denied.*

Analyzing this verse, we see that the Latter-day Saints accept the doctrine of separation of Church and State. Why? As an essential condition for achieving truth and thereby achieving a kingdom of God on earth. Why is this true? Why do we believe it to be unjust to mingle religious influence with civil government? This belief, of course, would apply to the Latter-day Saints and their Church as well as to any other church. In fact, Brigham Young thought that a man, any worthy man, could be a "legislator" in the kingdom of God, and that membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was not necessary to be a legislator in the kingdom of God. This is a remarkable doctrine. Why then do we believe it unjust to mingle religious influence with civil government?

The answer may be given as follows: government is one of the essential elements of the modern national State. The other elements are: (1) people; (2) territory on which the people live; and (3) the sovereign power exercised by government.

The power of government is represented through its army, navy, industrial strength—in short, force. If religious influence were mingled

with civil government, "whereby one religious society is fostered and another proscribed in its spiritual privileges," then the power of the State—force—may be used against the other groups. But, it might be asked, supposing the church, mingling its influence with the force of the civil government, were the true and correct church, and used force to accomplish its purposes as in the case of Islam?

The answer to this is clear in the gospel: *any church which attempted to do so could never qualify as a true and living church because the fundamental principle upon which the gospel is based is the free agency of man.*

### *Communism a Religion Without a God*

Lucifer's plan was to use force in order to save man. The situation described in verse nine is parallel to the plan proposed by Satan. It is also parallel to the situation found in many totalitarian States. Communism is a religion. It is a religion without God which harnesses the material strength, force, and power of the State, wielded by an intellectual elite (so-called) in the interests of "the proletariat."

To date, the record of Communist States demonstrates that they do mingle this devilish religious influence with civil government whereby the Communist party (which might be likened to the "priesthood" of the State) is "fostered" and all other groups are "proscribed," not only in their spiritual privileges but in their political and every other privilege as well! Small wonder then that the Latter-day

Saints do not believe it just to mingle religious influence with civil government.

*Provision of the U. S. Constitution on the Separation of Church and State*

The Constitution of the United States, in limiting the power of the Federal Government, in limiting the power of the states, and in setting forth certain rights and obligations of local and national citizenship, goes a long way in providing a separation of Church and State in order that religious influence shall not be mingled with civil government. The results of this constitutional liberty are that in America there are many religious denominations. In fact, "pluralism" has come to be one of the unique features of American religious society and of its political and economic society as well. In other words, we not only have individual freedom in the United States, but there is group freedom as well.

Thus, man as an individual is left with the essential condition for achieving his individual happiness and making his individual contribution towards a kingdom of God upon earth. But it is not left at that. The constitutional liberty found in the United States, or any other State where there is limited government and freedom of conscience, means that groups of men, man and his fellow man, may co-operate together to achieve a kingdom of God upon earth. But the moment a man, or group of men, use force or constraint in any way, so that religious influence is mingled with civil government to the effect

that others are proscribed in their privileges, then the conditions for achieving the kingdom of God cease to exist.

*Free Agency in the Kingdom of God*

What shall we do with this religious freedom whence flows our political, economic, and social freedom? The entire section 134 is a guide to such conduct. Verse nine is a brief and succinct summary of the essential condition. But, supposing that the Latter-day Saints use their freedom to proselyte the truth, and, supposing, eventually, everyone in the world became a Latter-day Saint, would it then be just to mingle religious influence with civil government? Not so long as one religious society is fostered and others proscribed in their spiritual privileges! On this our doctrine and history is clear.

President Brigham Young once asked the question:

What is the duty of a Latter-day Saint? To do all the good he can upon the earth . . . to build up, not to destroy; to gather together, not to scatter abroad; to take the ignorant and lead them to wisdom; to pick up the poor and bring them to comfortable circumstances. This is our labor—what we have to do (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, 1925 edition, page 655; 1941 edition, page 427).

But President Young warned:

If the Latter-day Saints think, when the Kingdom of God is established on the earth, that all the inhabitants of the earth will join the Church called Latter-day Saints, they are mistaken. I presume there will be as many sects and parties then as now. Still, when the Kingdom of God triumphs, every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus is the



Christ . . . . There are mansions in sufficient numbers to suit the different classes of mankind, and a variety will always exist to all eternity . . . (Ibid., 1925 edition, page 679; 1941 edition, page 439).

### *The Freedom of Conscience*

Freedom of conscience involves an essential recognition that world order must recognize a basic "pluralism" of thought and feeling. The gospel of Jesus Christ does not require the power of the State to maintain it. However, the power of the State could be used to destroy it; at least to drive it underground and render miserable and intolerable the lives of individual men and women. Civil government must be maintained in its essential sphere. The sphere of religious liberty must always be recognized in any good society. Under that condition man must always support his government, but if the government proscribes the spiritual privileges and opportunities of its membership, to the extent that religious liberty is lost, then the Declaration of Belief Regarding Governments and Laws in General seems to indicate that men have a right to strive for a system that will hold sacred the freedom of conscience.

Freedom is a precious commodity, but where freedom exists, notwithstanding, it is available to all at little or no price. Accordingly, we may come to undervalue it as we cease to be conscious of its priceless value. Any Latter-day Saint officeholder, or governmental official, as well as every citizen, has a strong obligation to see that the government never infringes the rights of any individual citizen or group. Individual

and group rights for all are an essential condition for achieving the kingdom of God; and when, in God's own time, as man puts forth his labor under these conditions, that kingdom is achieved, that kingdom, itself, will recognize the right of individual conscience and no power or force will be utilized to force any man to follow the "party line." Even if the Priesthood should be called upon eventually to maintain a governmental system, the Priesthood, above all others, would recognize this limitation upon the power of the Priesthood.

### *Powers of Heaven Controlled Upon Principles of Righteousness*

Section 121 of the Doctrine and Covenants, long emphasized by President Heber J. Grant in this modern age when political power and governmental strength are on the rapid increase, speaks as follows:

. . . the rights of the priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven, and . . . the powers of heaven cannot be controlled or handled only upon the principles of righteousness (D. & C. 121:36).

Should members holding the Priesthood undertake to cover their sins, gratify pride, vain ambition, "or to exercise control or dominion or compulsion upon the souls of the children of men, in any degree of unrighteousness, behold, the heavens withdraw themselves; the Spirit of the Lord is grieved; and when it is withdrawn, Amen to the priesthood or the authority of that man" (D. & C. 121:37).

Again, says this section:

No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the priesthood, only by persuasion, by long-suffering, by gentleness and meekness, and by love unfeigned; by kindness, and pure knowledge, which shall greatly enlarge the soul without hypocrisy, and without guile . . . (*Ibid.*, verses 41-42).

The meaning of verse nine and its preceding companions in section 134, taken with the meaning of section 121, indicates clearly that if a kingdom of God is achieved and the restored Priesthood called upon to take the lead in its government, no man need fear that government. Why? Because that government, as under the Constitution of the United States, will be a limited government. The right of individual conscience will be protected, and no power "or influence" can be used by one holding the Priesthood in any degree of force or compulsion upon the souls of men. If he does, Amen to the Priesthood or the authority of that man—and the obligation to support such authority ceases!

To summarize, what is the outlook for the development of a more perfect governmental system and a more perfect world order? In Latter-day Saint belief, men everywhere should strive within their own governmental systems to secure constitutional limitations upon the exercise of force and power. They should also secure the rights of individual freedom and conscience. Basic to these rights of freedom and conscience, is the right of religious liberty. Religious liberty is necessary to the discovery of truth. The use of truth is a condition of achieving the kingdom of God.

When the kingdom of God is achieved, it, too, will recognize limitations upon its own government in the interests of individual freedom. Why? So that the pursuit and discovery of truth may go on endlessly throughout all time in order that men may achieve eternal progress both in their lives and in their social intercourse.

### Questions for Discussion and Lesson Helps

Special Project: The early leaders of the Church were quite explicit in their purpose to improve the world and to help to bring forth and establish the kingdom of God on earth. Have four members of the class examine, select, and read to the class brief statements of the thought on the subject of each of the following: (1) Joseph Smith (for example, *Joseph Smith: Prophet-Statesman*, pp. 102-103, 199-200; *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, pp. 55, 271, 328; (2) Brigham Young (see *Discourses*, chapter 39); John Taylor (see *Gospel Kingdom*, chapter 19); Wilford Woodruff (see *Discourses of Wilford Woodruff*, chapter 10). If none of these materials is available, a single brief report on the building of Zion etc. may be prepared by examining "Zion" and "kingdom of God" references in the index of the Doctrine and Covenants.

1. What is a "national State?"
2. What is the significance for modern man of the doctrine of "national sovereignty?"
3. Is it possible for a national State, in its law and practice, to embody "truth and justice?"
4. Does a nation, like a man, "rationalize" its situation so that truth and justice become what is convenient and advantageous?
5. Reviewing previous lessons and the verses of the Declaration, what are the tests by which it may be determined whether or not a nation does embody, or approximate, truth and justice?
6. What is the fundamental essential

for achieving the kingdom of God?

7. Why is possession of truth fundamental?

8. On what grounds do Latter-day Saints accept the necessity of the doctrine of the separation of church and State?

9. Why is it wrong to mingle religious influence with civil government to the extent that one society is fostered and others proscribed? (If convenient, read again the ordinances on religious liberty

and freedom of assembly, prepared by Joseph Smith, suggested as a special project for lesson 5.)

10. Explain the statement in the lesson: "Pluralism has come to be one of the unique features of American religious society."

11. Read, comment upon, and have the class discuss Doctrine and Covenants, section 121, verses 36-37, 41-42 in connection with this lesson.

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## *Optional Lessons in Lieu of Social Science—The First Presidencies*

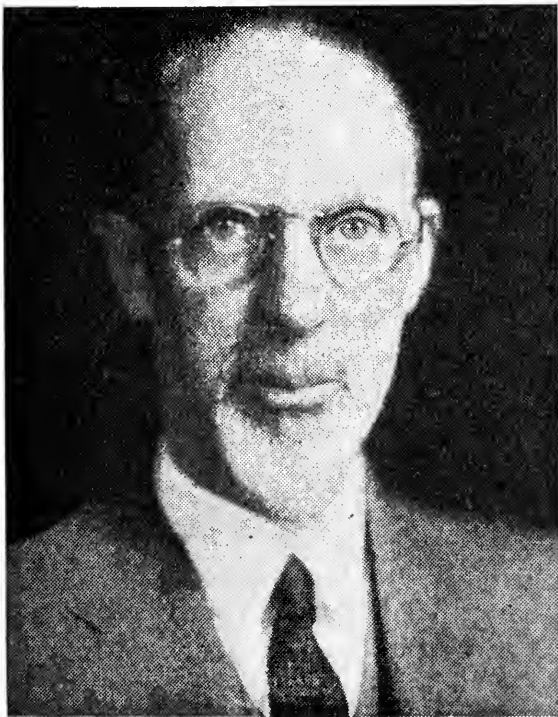
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### Lesson 13—President George Albert Smith 1945—

*Elder T. Edgar Lyon*

For Tuesday, April 25, 1950

#### THE PRESIDENCY A UNIT—THE THREE ARE ONE



PRESIDENT  
GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

AT the passing of President Rudger Clawson, June 21, 1943, George Albert Smith, then the senior member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, was sustained as its president. President Heber J. Grant passed away May 14, 1945, and, on May 21, 1945, the Quorum of the Twelve sustained George Albert Smith to succeed him as Prophet, Seer, and Revelator, and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. On October 5, 1945, the Church, in general conference assembled, ratified the action of the Quorum of the Twelve and sustained President Smith as Prophet, Seer, and Revelator, and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This call brought to the Presidency

a man who had spent the greater part of his seventy-five years of life in close association with the Church. His father, John Henry Smith, a member of the Council of the Twelve, also served as second counselor to President Joseph F. Smith in the First Presidency. His grandfather, George A. Smith, served as a member of the Council of the Twelve, Church Historian, Trustee-in-Trust for the Church, and First Counselor to President Brigham Young.

President George Albert Smith secured his early education in the Salt Lake City Public schools and the Brigham Young Academy at Provo. When he was thirteen years of age his father was called to preside over the European Mission and the youthful George Albert returned to Salt Lake and secured employment. During succeeding years he worked as a farm implement salesman, railroad surveyor, and traveling salesman for Z. C. M. I. interspersed with a period of study at the University of Utah.

President Smith married Lucy Emily Woodruff, daughter of Wilford Woodruff, Jr., and Emily Jane Smith, and a granddaughter of President Wilford Woodruff, in the Manti Temple, on May 25, 1892, to which union three children were born and all of whom are still living, Emily, Edith, and George Albert, Jr.

President Smith, as a young man, took an active part in the political welfare of the young State of Utah and, in 1898, just two years after it was admitted to the Union, was appointed to the office of Receiver of

Public Moneys and Special Disbursing Agent for Utah, by President William McKinley. This honor was unusual because he was the first Latter-day Saint to hold a Federal appointment in the State of Utah. He was reappointed by President Theodore Roosevelt to this office which he continued to hold until sometime after he was called to be a member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, in October 1903, and his successor was appointed and qualified.

President Smith's Church activities include a long record of participation in the Priesthood quorums and auxiliaries. He was a Sunday School teacher, librarian, counselor, and ward superintendent. In the M.I.A. program he directed the activities of the Salt Lake Stake when it included all of Salt Lake County. Between 1892 and 1894 he served as a missionary in the Southern States Mission and as mission secretary. His wife served with him as assistant in the mission office. He was made a member of the general board of the Y.M.M.I.A. the year following his call to the apostleship. He served as general superintendent of that organization from 1921 until 1935. Under his direction the M.I.A. increased greatly in scope and effectiveness.

As a member of the Council of the Twelve he traveled extensively in the wards, stakes, and missions of the Church, presiding at many stake divisions and reorganizations. Through overwork his health became impaired; but his recovery was complete so that, in 1919, he was called to preside over the European Mission. The following tribute

was printed in the *Improvement Era* at that time:

Some years ago Apostle Smith's health gave way, but before his loss of health he averaged thirty thousand miles of travel yearly, at the rate of one and one-half meetings per day. He visited the saints throughout the country, magnified his position as an Apostle of the Lord, and gave counsel by precept and example to all with whom he came in contact (22:791 ff.).

In addition to the important services he performed for the Church, President Smith's talents were recognized in other fields of endeavor. He interested himself in the problems of the arid West, particularly those of irrigation and dry farming. He was elected president of the International Irrigation Congress in 1917 and later to president of the International Dry Farm Congress. These two great organizations were later merged and he was elected president of the combination known as the International Farm Congress. Many friends were made in these capacities through his genial manner, and much enmity that still existed against Latter-day Saints throughout the world was overcome.

President Smith is a descendant of Mayflower and Revolutionary ancestry and an ardent believer in the principles of freedom for which the American Revolution was fought. He joined the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution in order to help perpetuate the memory of these men and the purposes for which they struggled, and twice served the Utah State Society as its president, and seven terms as Vice-President General of the National Society.

President Smith has always been very interested in programs for the benefit of the youth. His sermons frequently carry a plea for better understanding of youth's problems. He not only preaches this doctrine, but goes into action to accomplish it. For more than twenty years he served on the Salt Lake Council of the Boy Scouts of America and was awarded the Silver Beaver, the highest award a council can confer on its members. He has been a member of the National Executive Board of Boy Scouts of America since 1925. In 1934, the National Council awarded him the Silver Buffalo, the greatest recognition within its power to bestow on anyone. He actively participated in the promotion of scouting as a youth program while he directed the affairs of the Y.M.M.I.A.; and Utah earned the distinction of having the highest percentage of its boys enrolled in scouting, over that of any other state, which record still holds.

President George Albert Smith has devoted himself to the preservation of the memory of the pioneers of the great West. He took a leading part in the organizing of the Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association in 1930 and was elected its president and has so continued since. He enlisted the aid of local Church and school groups to preserve pioneer history. He studied the history of the various pioneer enterprises that achieved the settlement of the great West and familiarized himself with the overland trails made by these people, particularly the Latter-day Saint pioneers. This association has placed more than one hundred permanent

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markers and monuments at historic sites under his presidency. He has also served as a member of the executive board of the American Pioneer Trails Association. More recently he served as vice-chairman of the Utah Centennial Committee under President Grant and, later, as chairman of this body in the erection of the great pioneer, "This Is the Place Monument."

He has been of invaluable aid to the sightless. Through the Church-sponsored Society for the Aid of the Sightless, of which he is president, the Book of Mormon and religious information in Braille are placed at the disposal of the blind.

In the interest of establishing the kingdom of God on earth, President Smith has preached the gospel in all of the states of the United States and all of the provinces of Canada, and in Alaska and Mexico, the Hawaiian Islands, New Zealand, Australia, Tasmania, Tonga, Samoa, Cuba, the British Isles, including England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, the Scandinavian countries of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, and Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and France. In all, he has traveled in his ministry approximately one million miles in the world.

In May 1945, George Albert Smith was sustained as President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. John D. Giles, recently of the general superintendency of the Y.M.M.I.A., said of him:

He has preached the gospel of honest work, of thrift, of good homes, of education, and of progress. Through all he has been practical and consistent. He has

preached only what he has practiced. He has never advocated that others should do what he was not willing to do first. His leadership is of the kind that leads by both precept and example (*Improvement Era* 48:389).

The following tribute found published in the *Improvement Era* was paid him at the time he departed to preside over the European Mission:

He has a remarkable faculty for the making of friends, his enemies even respecting him. He . . . has never said mean or unworthy things of his opponents. This is one of his characteristics. In the preaching of the gospel, he does not tear down a man's house, but builds the gospel structure over him with an open and loving invitation to inhabit it . . . George Albert Smith is a typical Latter-day Saint; broadminded, active in good work, zealous in his calling, reliable, conscientious, honest, clean in language and action, faithful, punctual, considerate of his fellows, high or low, having confidence in God, a man who puts his soul into his work . . . His actions in youth never caused his parents one moment of anxiety, and he has kept in mind the name he bears, and honored it, believing truthfully, that no son ever had a better father and mother than he . . . (*Improvement Era* 22:791 ff).

In 1938, while planning a missionary visit to the missions of the South Pacific, he made a remark that is typical of his attitude toward all people. He said:

The Lord loves all men: they are all His children, and His commission to His Apostles was and is to go forth and preach the gospel to all the world. That is our mission and our joy in it will be great indeed if through any effort of ours we can help to show these children of God in the lands of the Pacific the way back to their eternal home (*Improvement Era*, 41:97).

President Smith feels deeply his appreciation of and faith in the



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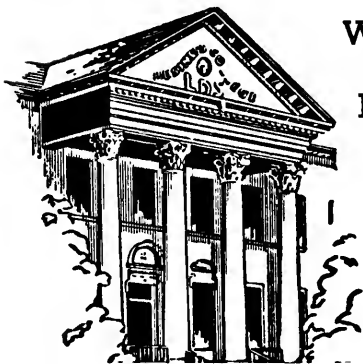
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women of the Church. At the first general conference over which he presided as President of the Church, he said:

I would like to say to this great body of priesthood, you are fortunate men if you have been blessed with a good wife, a daughter of God, to stand by your side. And I want to say to you that God loves her just as much as he loves you. If you would have his blessings, you will treat her with love and kindness and tenderness and helpfulness. She will then be able to carry on under the responsibilities that come to her to bring children into the world and nurture and care for them and teach them the plan of life and salvation. And so I plead with you, my brethren, let your homes be the abiding place of love, and the authority that you bear should magnify that love in your souls and in the lives of your wives and your children.

Yesterday this house was filled with the daughters of Zion, and I say without hesitation that you could find no more beautiful picture of womankind in all the world than was here yesterday afternoon. These faithful wives, these faithful daughters, assume their portion of the burden and carry it on. They make their homes a heaven when sometimes without them the homes would be anything but heaven (Conference Report, October 1945, page 23).

President Smith retained J. Reuben Clark, Jr., and David O. McKay as his counselors in the First Presidency. These three men are all outstanding characters, devoted to the cause they so capably lead. In their promotion of the kingdom of God on earth their work is united.

### Topics for Discussion and Study

1. Read the article by President George Albert Smith found in the December 1948 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*.
2. How do you account for the fact that



President Smith has spent so much of his time and effort to aid others—the sightless, youth, those in spiritual darkness, and those who are distressed?

3. Make a list of the outstanding traits of his character and show how they manifest the practical application of the gospel of Jesus Christ.
4. Why has so much distinction been rendered President Smith by organizations and individuals outside of Latter-day Saint circles?

*References*

*Improvement Era*, 22:791-795; 35:269-272, 295; 41:97, 522; 43:31; 48:388, 389, 430, 431.

Jenson, Andrew, *L.D.S. Biographical Encyclopedia* 3:776-778 4:246, 318.

---

*All Things Must Rest*

Grace M. Candland

Late falling snow has covered all the land,  
A deep solemnity pervades the scene  
Of untouched, virgin beauty, while I stand  
In awe, my heart both reverent and serene.

Now everything must rest. Beside the fire  
I too can take my ease since well I know  
That summer's yield was all I could desire.  
My well-plowed acres lie beneath the snow

Storing the living water deep away  
While I enjoy the beauty of the day.

---

*Ode to Words*

LaVerne J. Stallings

Words . . . like birds—  
What wonders you can bring to me,  
Flashing beauty  
Through my somber days;

Weave your miracle . . . .  
Come close and sing to me  
With wings against  
My small and striving ways.

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*Serenity*★

Edith Russell Oliphant

Death has no fears for me.  
I shall not tremble when he calls  
All I have loved awaits me there  
In the peaceful sanctuary of his quiet halls.

I shall not cry "Procrastinate!"  
Nor plead my youth, nor compromise,  
But slip away—released barque—  
To navigate the pools of Paradise.

(\*This poem was composed by Edith Russell Oliphant, a young English convert to the Church, who died in August 1949. It is reprinted, with permission from the *Wye Magazine*, Brigham Young University. Sister Oliphant will be remembered as the author of "The Russells Did Not Go To Church," a story in three parts published in 1948.)

## From Near and Far

I very much enjoyed the November poems and the lovely cover.

—Grace Sayre,  
Pasadena, California

*The Relief Society Magazine* is an important part of our household equipment and we could not do without it. It is constantly improving and should be in every Latter-day Saint home.

—Maud O. Cook,  
Tremonton, Utah

It had been a long time since I had read *The Relief Society Magazine* until last week when one of the women in the University Ward, which I attend, gave me some back numbers. I was pleased with the quality of the contents and enjoyed reading the *Magazines* very much.

—Mary Orchard Black,  
Seattle, Washington

I wish to thank you all for the lovely little paper the *Magazine* is. I just feel, no matter what I am doing, I must have a peep at it when it arrives. Last week I made some caramel cookies out of it and they were so good that I copied the recipe for the lady where I work. I look for the *Magazine* stories first and then for the picture of the U.S.A. Relief Society members to see if there are any mothers of the elders I have met. I often wish I were nearer the U.S.A. so that I could get more knowledge of the workings of the L.D.S. Church, but that is not in my power at present. I feel there is something more than I am learning, something higher than I see working.

—Ruby S. Vince,  
Judbury, Huonville, Tasmania

I was happy to see my poem "Earth Decorator" (November 1949, page 745) in company with that lovely contribution "Ascendant Autumn" by my good friend, the poet-artist, Ruth Harwood.

—Christie Lund Coles,  
Provo, Utah

I enjoy seeing your little *Magazine* each month. The covers are outstanding and I particularly like the poetry you publish in such generous amounts.

—Rachel K. Laurgaard,  
Sacramento, California

I read the *Magazine* every month and enjoy it very much. Even before I was married I read my mother's copies and now I am going to be a regular subscriber. I wish you lots of luck with the very best *Magazine* of the year.

—Rita Jean Burtenshaw,  
Blackfoot, Idaho

I enjoy our Relief Society meetings so very much and would like to thank all of you who prepare all the wonderful lessons we have to help us understand the gospel more fully. It's the knowledge of the gospel that makes life more beautiful. May the Lord bless each of you and each of us in our undertakings to further this work on in a way that we shall stand for example of good among our fellow men.

—Mrs. Lorena McBroom  
Rougemont, N. C.

May I take this opportunity to tell you how much having *The Relief Society Magazine* has meant to me. It has been a source of strength and encouragement in many hours of need. Thank you for your services.

—Margaret Elgaen,  
Blackfoot, Idaho

I am a subscriber to the *Magazine* and enjoy the many interesting stories, along with the lessons and other material.

—Elizabeth Johnson, Ogden, Utah

Through the kindness of a sister-in-law who has given me several years subscriptions to the *Magazine*, I have enjoyed many hours of good and profitable reading. I especially like the poems.

—Mamie Borg, Salt Lake City, Utah

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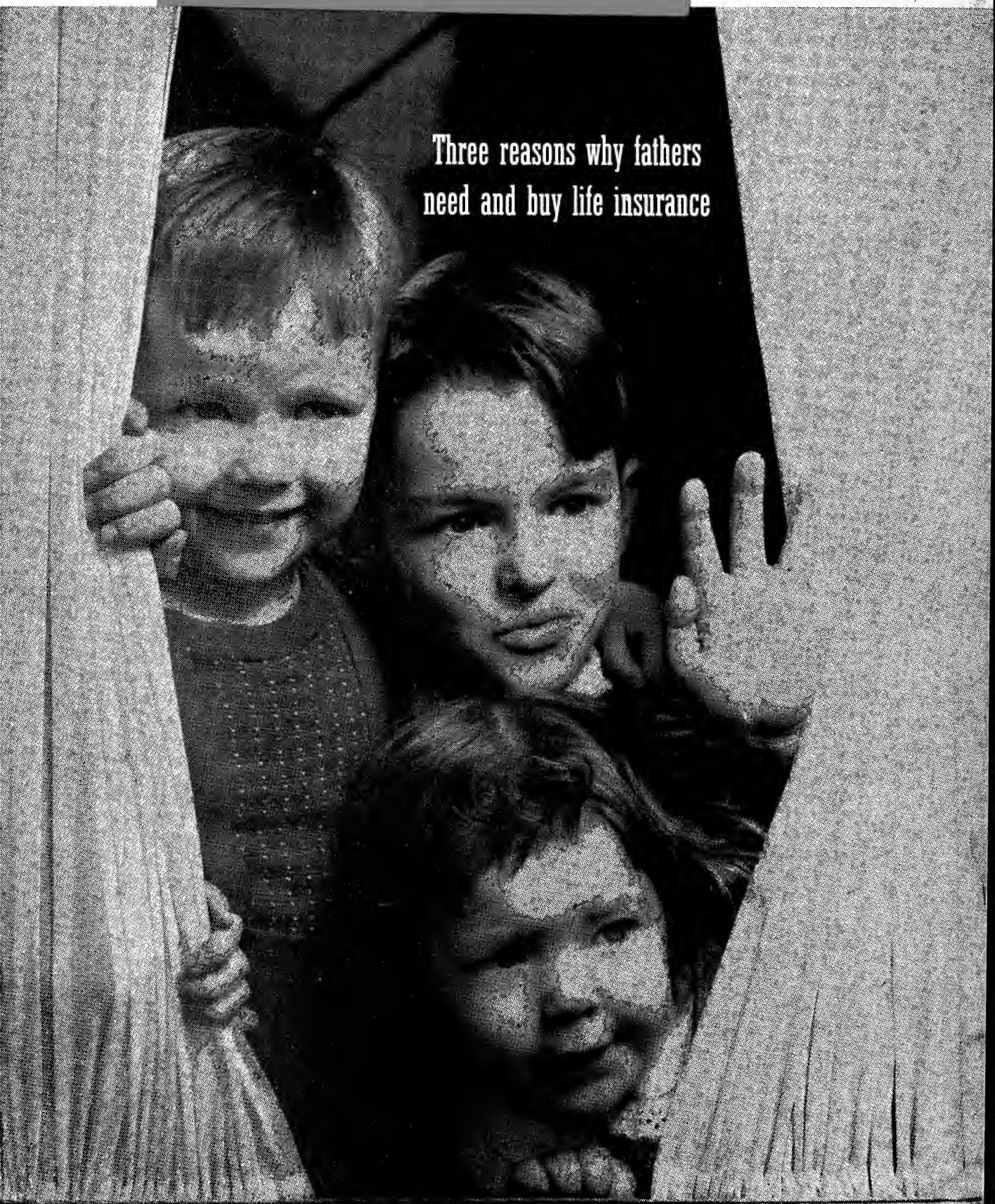
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VOL. 37 NO. 2

Lessons for May

# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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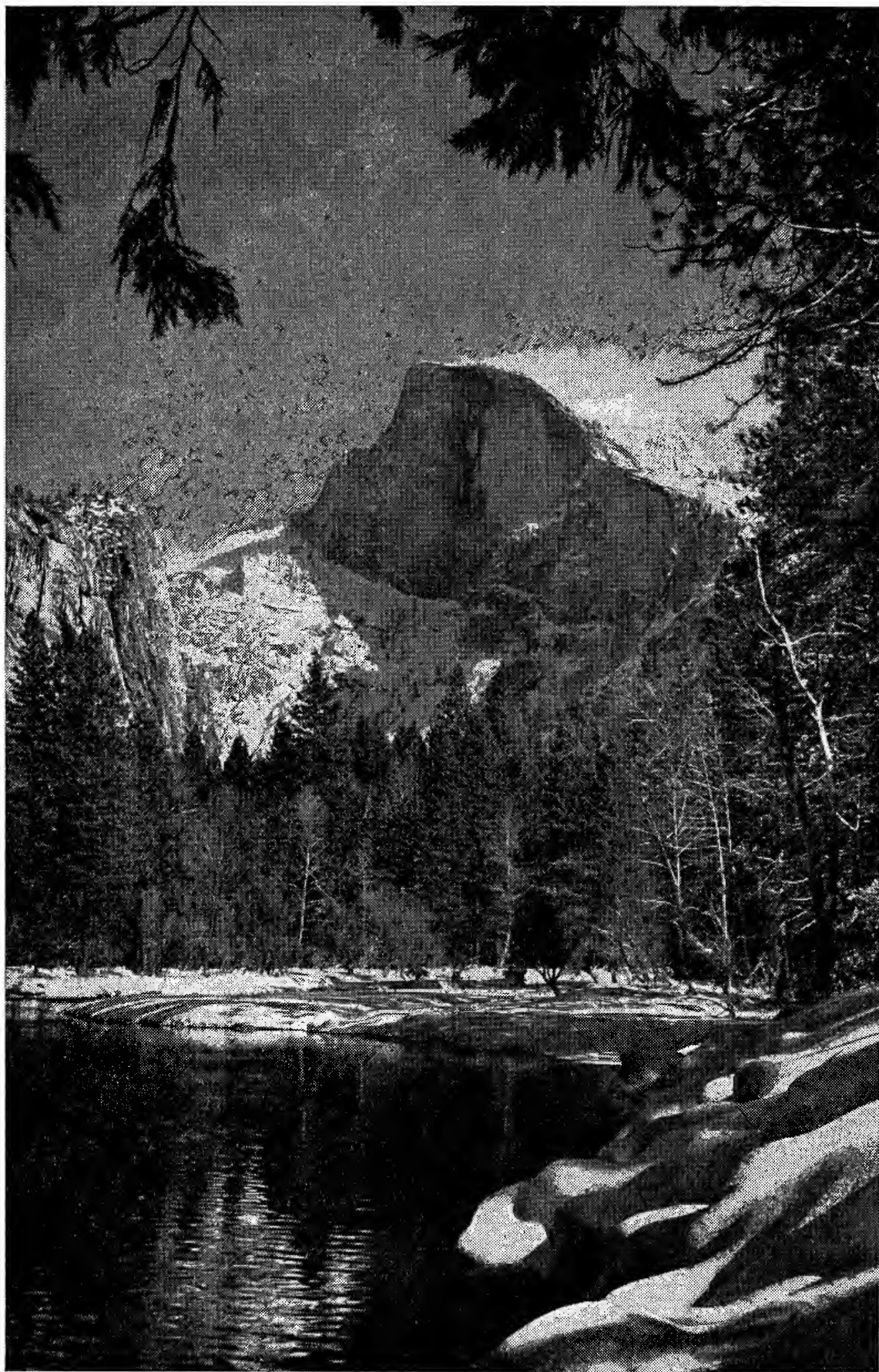
## *Lien On The Land*

Margery S. Stewart

We have not paid enough for this land  
And we have forgotten the price our fathers  
Gave. We are renters of their holdings,  
Disdaining the soil that holds their sweat  
And dreams and their blood. A man cannot buy  
A country with silver, nor can he keep it  
With grudging gold. The hills, from sea to sea,  
Stripped of their tall trees, the plains  
Robbed to their dust, they hold the imprint  
Still of men who loved them. The winds  
From Valley Forge blow on the self-seekers  
Who would betray us, the careless who have lost  
Their shields, on the rusted swords of the  
Fearful. High above the nations we stand,  
Garlanded with plenty. Beautiful earth!  
Fairest under heaven, let us be aware  
Of your richness, of your free skies,  
And your rivers belonging to us all, of  
Your wild lost places, your turbulent streets.  
We have not paid enough in love, nor vision,  
We have forgotten our children's children.

---

The Cover: Cathedral Gorge, Nevada, Photograph by Hal Rumel.



Josef Muench

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# Preservation of Our Blessings of Freedom

*Elder Ezra Taft Benson*

Of the Council of the Twelve

(Address delivered at the afternoon session of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 28, 1949)

**M**Y beloved sisters of the Relief Society: I am grateful for this opportunity. My first recollection of the Relief Society in action was as a young boy of a large and growing family when I had the weekly responsibility of hitching a horse to a buggy when I was so small I had to climb on the horse's back to fasten the collar. And, after that job was completed, to lift one half bushel of wheat into the back of that one-horse buggy as mother left, as an officer of a ward Relief Society, to attend her weekly meeting. From that day to this I have loved and admired the Relief Society and its program.

I commend you, my sisters, that you have been considered worthy to become a part of it, that you have been charged with the responsibility of leadership.

As we consider this afternoon for a few moments this very important matter, introduced so effectively by Sister Elliott,\* we are dealing with eternal principles. What are the blessings of freedom and liberty? What are the fundamental principles upon which liberty and freedom are based?

As far as our people are con-

cerned: "We claim the privilege of worshiping Almighty God according to the dictates of our own conscience, and allow all men the same privilege." We also "believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression" (2d and 11th Articles of Faith).

Freedom of choice—free agency—is an eternal principle. It is part of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Moses, to whom the Lord revealed the knowledge regarding the creation of the earth, recorded the fact that Satan was cast down out of heaven at the time of the great council because he "sought to destroy the agency of man, which I, the Lord, had given him" (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 4:3).

Then free agency is a God-given right, an inalienable right, which the Lord intended to be enjoyed by all his children.

Abraham was shown the spirit children of our Heavenly Father before they came to earth. He, too, was shown the creation of the earth, and the Lord said to him: "And we will prove them herewith, to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command

---

\*See "With Liberty and Justice for All," by Edith S. Elliott, *The Relief Society Magazine*, December 1949, page 804.

them" (Pearl of Great Price, Abraham 3:25).

In that divine statement is embodied also the right of choice.

Joshua, the great leader of Israel, said to his people: "Choose you this day whom ye will serve . . . but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord" (Joshua 24:15).

And so the leaders in Israel, from the beginning down to the present, have emphasized this matter of freedom of choice. How often did we hear our beloved leader, President Heber J. Grant, repeat these few lines:

Know this that every soul is free  
To choose his life and what he'll be;  
For this eternal truth is given,  
That God will force no man to heaven.

Yes, freedom is an eternal principle. Heaven disapproves of force, coercion, or intimidation. Only free people can be happy, and the gospel is that great plan of freedom.

**W**HEN the saints were living the darkest days of the history of the Church, when they had been driven by their enemies from one section of the country to the other, the Lord gave the Prophet Joseph Smith a glorious revelation, which has been referred to here this afternoon.

You will recall that they had gone to Jackson County, Missouri, hoping that would be their permanent home, then they were driven into Van Buren County, and from there into Clay County. They suffered heavy losses—losses of clothing, furniture, household supplies, and livestock. Many of their crops had been destroyed, but during this dark

period in their history, the Lord spoke of the petition of his righteous people and urged them to "continue to importune for redress." He spoke of the fact that it is not right for his children to be in bondage, one to another. It is the 101st section of the Doctrine and Covenants from which I read two verses. He said that the saints should seek for redress:

According to the laws and constitution of the people, which I have suffered to be established, and should be maintained for the rights and protection of all flesh, according to just and holy principles; that every man may act in doctrine and principle pertaining to futurity, according to the moral agency which I have given unto him, that every man may be accountable for his own sins in the day of judgment (D. & C. 101:77-78).

Confirming again this principle of free agency, he then vouchsafes to us another great principle, one that I hope you will keep in mind as Americans and as citizens of the Kingdom: "Therefore," said the Lord, "it is not right that any man should be in bondage one to another" (D. & C. 101:79).

That statement of an eternal principle will serve to condemn the dictators and the rulers of the world who have taken from the people their free agency, their right of choice.

There have been three main classifications of bondage in the history of the world. First, there has been the bondage of one nation to another. That, of course, has varied in degree. We fought the great Revolutionary War to brake the bondage imposed by one nation upon the Thirteen Colonies. Then

there is the bondage of people to people, the bondage of one segment of the population to another segment within the same nation. We fought the Civil War to break that kind of bondage. Then, probably more serious than either of the other two, and probably more widespread, there is the bondage of people to the State.

The Lord said in this same revelation:

For this purpose, (that men might have their free agency and that they might not be in bondage) have I established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose, and redeemed the land by the shedding of blood (D. & C. 101:80).

What a satisfaction that statement of the Lord should be to us as Latter-day Saints to know that the Constitution under which we live was established under the inspiration of heaven, by wise men whom the Lord raised up unto that very purpose.

**W**HEN the Kirtland Temple was to be dedicated, the Lord emphasized again to the Prophet Joseph the importance of defending these principles of freedom and liberty. That dedicatory prayer was given to the Prophet by revelation and then spoken back to the Lord in his words. One verse of it reads:

Have mercy, O Lord, upon all the nations of the earth; have mercy upon the rulers of our land, may those principles which were so honorably and nobly defended, namely, the Constitution of our land, by our fathers, be established forever (D. & C. 109:54).

Again, the principles of the eternities embody these important principles of freedom and liberty.

It is not any wonder, my brethren and sisters, with this knowledge revealed from heaven, that the Prophet Joseph said of the Constitution of the United States, that it "is a glorious standard; it is founded in the wisdom of God. It is a heavenly banner; it is to all those who are privileged with the sweets of liberty . . ."—And liberty is sweet. Many of us have never seen people who have lost it, but I say to you, my brethren and sisters, that among the saddest things in all the world is to see people who have once enjoyed their liberty and then lost it.

It is a heavenly banner; it is to all those who are privileged with the sweets of liberty, like the cooling shades and refreshing waters of a great rock in a thirsty and weary land. It is like a great tree under whose branches men from every clime can be shielded from the burning rays of the sun (*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, page 147).

As I saw people in war-torn Europe and heard them express their longings to get to America, I thought of the words of the Prophet Joseph: "It is like a spring in a thirsty land, like a great tree under whose branches men from every clime can be shielded from the burning rays of the sun."

We saw them struggling on every hand to get to America. Many of them, if they were fortunate enough to get hold of an American magazine, would sit by the hour and pore through the pages, wondering if what they saw could possibly be true. Some of them endeavored to get to America by illegal means in

order to enjoy again the blessings of freedom and liberty.

Now, our Constitution gave to us some elemental principles never incorporated, so far as we know, in any other government that has ever been established within recorded history. President Clark, some years ago, made special mention of these elemental principles. May I quote a line from his statement which appeared in the 1940 *Improvement Era*.

It (the Constitution) gave us, for perhaps the first time in all history, a republic with the three basic divisions of government, legislative, executive and judicial, literally and completely independent the one from the other, under which it is not possible for any branch of the government legally to set up a system by which that branch can first conceive what it wants to do, then make the law ordering its doing, and then itself charge its own enforcement.

That is basic to our American government, and yet we have come very close during certain periods in our history to doing the very thing that President Clark pointed out, which is always the method of dictators; i.e., make their own laws, interpret their own laws, and then bring judgment on their own acts.

During the depression of the thirties, and again during the last war emergency, through the adoption of administrative rulings giving great powers to the executive branch during a certain period, we came close to the danger involved in this very thing. During certain emergency periods there is justification for emergency action, but we must be careful as American citizens to see that those emergency powers are

taken away again after the emergency disappears, in order that safeguards may be retained through the proper balance, for the Lord intended this as he inspired the founders of this great nation.

**T**HE Lord also counseled the Saints in the early days of the Church that they should accept their hardships in patience and that they should also befriend the law of the land, that they should choose honest men to administer the laws, for he said in the 98th section of the Doctrine and Covenants concerning the laws of our land:

That law of the land which is constitutional, supporting that principle of freedom in maintaining rights and privileges, belongs to all mankind and is justifiable before me. Therefore, I, the Lord, justify you . . . in befriending that law which is the constitutional law of the land (D. & C. 98:5-6).

And again, in defining this eternal principle of freedom, the Lord said: "I, the Lord God, make you free, therefore ye are free indeed; and the law also maketh you free" (D. & C. 98:8).

And then he announced another great principle and responsibility which I hope that women of the Relief Society will keep in mind as they consider the 134th Section of the Doctrine and Covenants as a course of study this coming year. This is what the Lord said:

Nevertheless, when the wicked rule the people mourn.

And then these significant words:

Wherefore, honest men and wise men should be sought for diligently, and good

men and wise men ye should observe to uphold; otherwise whatsoever is less than these cometh of evil (D. & C. 98:9, 10).

Now, as I interpret the scriptures, my brethren and sisters, these admonitions are just as binding upon the Latter-day Saints as is the law of tithing, the Word of Wisdom, or baptism. We should seek out honest men and wise men to hold political office in this government under an inspired Constitution. Can we logically place any other interpretation? This is the will of the Lord as spoken by revelation through our Prophet Joseph Smith.

We have seen ample evidence of what happens when the wicked do rule. Some of us have been in war-torn Germany. We have seen the results of the Hitler program, free agency thrown to the winds, the State supreme, whereas the Lord says that the individual is supreme, that he shall have his free agency, his freedom of choice.

Not only did they place the State supreme and take away man's free agency, but they went further and took away the God-given authority of parents to direct the lives of their own children, for God had thundered to Moses on Mount Sinai that children should honor their parents. Under the Nazi program children were taught that false doctrine that it is an indication of weakness to listen to the counsel of their own parents, that they should look to the State for counsel.

Then there was the principle of moral purity, an eternal principle. There is no happiness or eternal exaltation without observance of this principle. Yet German youth were

taught that there is nothing wrong in relations of the sexes outside the marriage covenant so long as child-birth results, and that the State would take care of the illegitimate child and the mother.

It will take decades to undo, even in a measure, the damage that has been done by a powerful, despotic national leader who went contrary to eternal principles and ignored the Christian principles that are a part of the government of heaven—a part of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

**M**ANY people have asked what caused a great people who have gone so far in the fields of science, music, and the other arts to permit such men to rise to great power as has happened in Germany, in Italy, and in Russia and her satellites. One of the important reasons as I have observed it firsthand, my brethren and sisters, is the fact that the citizens generally failed to carry out the admonition which the Lord has given the Latter-day Saints, to seek out good men and wise to serve as their leaders in a political capacity. Men, without faith in eternal principles, were permitted to rise to power.

We must not think it cannot happen here. We must be eternally vigilant as Latter-day Saints and seek out good men and wise, diligently, and inspire in the lives of our children a love for these eternal principles embodied in the Constitution, and a desire to seek out honorable men, the best possible, to stand at the head of our political governments, local, state, and federal. Only in this way can we safeguard the liberties which have been

vouchsafed to us in this inspired Constitution, the principles of which are a part of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

And so I say, my sisters, that there are three important questions every Latter-day Saint should ask when a matter is proposed having to do with our national or local welfare. First of all, is it right as measured by the Constitution of the land, which we know was inspired? Second, is it right—although possibly not mentioned in the Constitution specifically—is it right as measured by the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ? And third, what will be its effect on the morale and character of the people if this or that policy is adopted? We are obligated as Latter-day Saints to apply these tests.

In Mormon philosophy, the individual is supreme under the God of heaven. He has certain inalienable rights which no person or nation has the right to take from him. These rights are spelled out in the Constitution and Declaration of Independence, and are set forth in the revelations of the Lord to his children.

The principles of the gospel, upon which our American way of life is based, are incompatible with both Communism or Fascism or any other man-made philosophies and programs, which throw to the wind these eternal principles.

We see some of our own Latter-day Saints tampering with these foreign "isms." No other system under heaven has ever provided so much of the good things of life as has our American system, our American way of life.

I hold in my hand some comparative figures published in a national magazine and later re-published in the *Reader's Digest*, giving the comparative purchasing power of wages in Russia and in the United States by the average industrial worker. These alone tell the story of the fruits of the two systems. I will not take time to read them all. I will give you just one or two examples.

In order to buy a one-pound wheat loaf of bread in Russia, the average worker must work one hour and ten minutes; in the United States, seven and a half minutes; one pound of lump sugar, two hours and thirty-four minutes in Russia; five minutes and a half in the United States; a pound of butter, ten hours and forty-two minutes in Russia; forty-eight and a half minutes in the United States; a cotton dress, thirty-one hours and fifty-one minutes in Russia; two hours and twenty-two minutes in the United States; women's cotton stockings—if they wear them any more in America—two hours and fifty-four minutes in Russia; nineteen and a half minutes in the United States.

**I**N this beloved land, choice above all others, under a Constitution-inspired Government, we are said to have approximately six per cent of the land area and about seven per cent of the population of the world, but we have approximately fifty per cent of the world's total wealth. More comfort, more satisfaction, more freedom, more of the blessings of liberty, have come to us here than have ever been enjoyed by any other people. As Latter-day

Saints, we know the source of these blessings, and we should be the first to defend and protect the principles so basic to the enjoyment of such blessings.

I have in my hand a letter which came a few days ago from one of the fine women of the Relief Society in Europe. I was in the home of this woman and her good husband and their little family. I cannot mention the name because of the danger that the information might get back and under the present regime over there, further persecution might be heaped upon them. Said this good lady—and she speaks beautiful English:

“We had a nice meeting in the large hall in ————,” on such and such a date. “We wanted to show also the picture, ‘The King of Kings,’ but were not allowed to. There is no longer freedom of the press, freedom of religion, freedom of assembly as we meet here to say anything we wish.”

Then she tells of “the nice talks” given by the missionaries and by the president of the mission. She says:

My husband conducted the meeting, the last time for a long time, because just a week later he was sent to prison. Our shop has been nationalized. He shall be in prison for two years. He was called to the police on Monday, the second of ———— and did not come back any more. Last Sunday he left the city and went to a camp, a work camp. Now I have to wait until his letter comes to know where he is and how he feels.

I do not know how I could bear all this without the blessings, the teachings and hopes of the gospel. Knowing the truth of the Lord makes all easier to bear. We remember your counsel not to let us be overcome or discouraged by

despair. You cannot imagine how your words have helped us in recent times. I read through the Beatitudes and it gives me much comfort in my troubles.

We are all looking forward to the coming of our beloved Lord Jesus Christ. That would be the best solution of all the troubles of the world.

I cannot write to you all I wanted to. Please remember us, especially my husband, in your prayers. He has to suffer without reason. He is really a good husband, father and citizen, and he has not done anything wrong, either before man or before the law.

Well, this good man is working on a rock pile today as slave labor. He was given no freedom to even present his case, no hearing whatever, because freedom has left the country. People who love freedom, as we love it, have lost the blessed privilege of freedom of choice, freedom to live where they wish, freedom to select their own job, freedom to speak their minds—to worship as they desire.

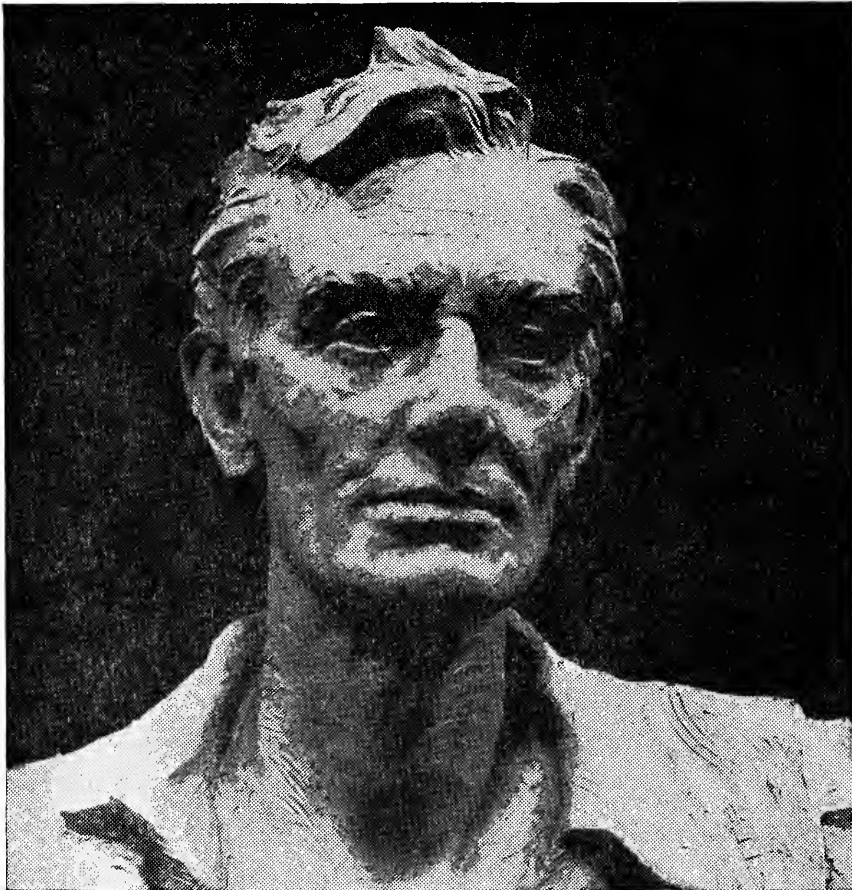
I would rather be dead, my brethren and sisters, than to lose the blessings of liberty and freedom.

I presume in America we will never lose those freedoms and those blessings of liberty by force from an outside power, but we may very easily lose them because of our indifference, because of our failure to exercise our franchise, because we permit men who are unworthy to rise to positions of political power. Therefore, we should seek, as the Lord says, good men and wise, seek them diligently and see that they are elected to office and uphold these eternal principles. Yes, we should keep ever in mind the fact that we cannot take these blessings of freedom and liberty for granted.

It requires effort on our part, constant effort, if we would safeguard the Constitution and those eternal principles embodied therein.

Thank God for the knowledge which we have, as Latter-day Saints, that the Lord has had a hand in the establishment of this government. May he give you the power,

as leaders in Relief Society and as mothers in Israel, to impress upon our sisters and upon our own children the importance of becoming acquainted with these eternal principles, and doing all in their power to promote and defend them, I humbly pray, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.



## *Lines To Lincoln*

Josephine J. Harvey

There are men who live so tall,  
They seem to tower above  
Other men of their time.  
You were such a man.

You loved knowledge,  
Yet never grew too wise  
To lift the friendly hand

Or walk in humble ways.  
And when you spoke to men  
They always understood.

You walked the somber hills of night,  
And left us with a brighter dawn.  
Your life remains a monument,  
Wherever men love truth and light.



*Second Prize Story*  
*Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest*

## The House That Jim Built

Norma Wrathall

A cozy little white cottage, with blue shutters, and with a chandelier of Chinese chimes that tinkled when the porch light went on, would be the last place you'd think of as a haunted house. But that's what it was, after Jim Hawley's pretty young widow and that new husband of hers, Brick Saunders, came to live in the house that Jim built.

Jim had built the house several years before he'd even started going out with June. He was a landscape gardener, and his yard was beautifully arranged. By hobby, he was a sort of inventor, and he had devised more gadgets than you could shake a stick at to make the work easier around the house. Sometimes, when I went there to help June, I thought it harder to learn how to use some of the inventions than to do the work in the ordinary way. But June was mighty proud of her things, and took pride in showing people how thoughtful Jim had been.

Right now, it should be explained that I—Mrs. Merkely, christened Mathilda, but generally known as Mattie—can't help knowing quite a lot about people in Oaks Junction, because I do most of the house-cleaning for the better families, and also ironing. Oaks Junction is a suburb of Junction City where the big mills and smelters are. Not that I go around telling things, of



NORMA WRATHALL

course; sometimes I wish I didn't have to worry so much about other people's troubles.

I saw June the day they returned from their honeymoon in California, and she looked radiantly happy. She'd always been a pretty girl, with a knack for wearing clothes, and it struck me that day that her tall, red-head husband had good cause to be proud of her. He had a grin that spread all over his face whenever he looked at June. Later, I learned that his temper matched his hair.

It was a few weeks later that she called me on the phone and said she would like me to do her ironing. She said she had been up most

of the previous night, washing in her automatic washer. Something had gone wrong with it, and she hadn't wanted to disturb Brick. I thought her voice sounded sort of muffled, as if she'd been crying. "Please hurry, Mattie. I'm at the end of my rope—"

Even though June's mother and I have been life-long friends and neighbors, I had to finish putting Mrs. Ames' curtains on the dryer before I could leave. Then I went on over to June's house, which is quite a walk from where I live.

June had never been very neat, because her mother had always picked up after her and waited on her at home. But this day, I could hardly get into the kitchen, what with the screen door hitting me in the back with that rapid-door-closer of Jim's, stumbling over a basket of wet clothes, and nearly falling into a pan of cold starch in the middle of the floor.

"I haven't nearly all of it hung out—there wasn't room," sighed June. "Jim practically always did the washing, Mattie, you know he did, because he was so proud of the little bell he invented that would ring whenever a batch was done, and the light that flashed a different color for the varying temperatures of water. Something went wrong with it last night, and the spinner started reversing. I couldn't call Brick because—well, he wanted me to send it out in the first place—" She let her sentence trail off into dejected silence.

"My goodness, June," I said, "Seems to me you've got a lot of clothes, even for a two-weeks' wash. I saw your lines all full as I came in."

I thought to myself that it was a poor way to end a honeymoon, as you might say.

"Yes—but Brick wears at least one clean shirt every day. And there were a lot of tablecloths and towels and things I didn't wash when we first got home. I don't know where half of it comes from, myself." She pushed back a strand of soft brown hair from her damp forehead; there were circles of weariness under her large blue eyes. "Listen, Mattie, I hung out all the ironing first, and I guess I've let it get too dry. Maybe you could bring that in and sprinkle it down to suit yourself, and hang out some more things." She limped into the dining room, and sat down at the uncleared breakfast table. I saw her staring moodily at the toaster.

**S**HE certainly did have a lot of ironing. It was late afternoon before I was through with it. She gave me a radiant smile as I was ready to leave, her gloomy mood of the forenoon apparently vanished. "Look, Mattie, at this wonderful roast—" She opened the oven a crack.

"M-m-m-m—" I sniffed, "and dressing, too! You always were a good cook, June. They say that's the way to make a husband happy."

"Oh, Brick will be happy; I'm determined that he shall. But sometimes I don't think he fully appreciates this lovely house Jim built. He tried to get me to rent it, and move into another house. Imagine, with this place already mine, and paid for. Why, only this morning, Brick grumbled that he couldn't turn around in this house without

some gadget hitting him in the eye. Just because he forgot, and stepped on the automatic shower button in the bathroom floor, and got his clothes wet. I try to tell him, it wasn't only Jim's inventions, it was his kindness and thoughtfulness as well." She was stirring up some quick rolls, and paused a moment to stare out the window, her eyes misty with her thoughts.

"Sometimes, it's better to let the dead have their peace," I muttered, but she started running the mixer, and didn't hear me.

The next day, Mr. Saunders called me on the phone. He said he wanted me to do the laundry regularly, every week, in case June forgot to call me. "I don't intend to do the washing myself," he said, "I'm not handy man around the house, I can tell you that—so you come, will you?"

Things went on like that for several weeks. About the time I'd come to do the laundry, he'd be leaving for work. He was foreman at the mill in Junction City, and they say, a whiz for getting things done.

One day I was there when he had a half day free from his work. He was out in the back yard when I arrived, digging up a piece of ground, whistling away as the dirt flew from his shovel. After I started ironing, I could see him plainly from the open window. June was down in the basement, putting away some blankets, and as she came up onto the landing, she gave a little scream.

"Brick!—don't dig that, darling! It's where Jim planted all those imported Holland tulip bulbs. He used

to win prizes at flower shows and things." She hurried out into the yard.

I was waiting for the iron to cool to iron some rayons, so, naturally, I watched them. He didn't turn around for a moment, just leaned on his shovel, sort of pressing it deeper into the ground. "Well, honey, we live here now," he said slowly, "and I'm not much of a one for flower shows. I'm going to dig this up, and put fertilizer on it, ready for a vegetable garden next spring. I've always wanted to try my luck at vegetables." So saying, he began digging again, and worst of all, whistling.

JUNE just stood there watching for a moment, her face getting red and then white, by turns. Then she came running into the kitchen. "About through, Mattie?" she asked, in a brittle voice. She sat down at the work table and all at once, began to cry. "Oh, the sacrilege of it! Radishes and spinach all over the place where those lovely, lovely flowers were!"

I walked over and quietly closed the window, being careful not to get my head in the way of the automatic air-cooler, which sometimes came loose and fell out. That's how it was I was standing at the window and saw Brick suddenly slam down his shovel with all his might. He stomped over to the garage and started to open it. But he must have stepped on the button that would open the overhead door without lifting a finger, because the door flew up and hit him in the face. It was his own fault, in a way, because he was standing too close.

But I never heard such swearing. Pretty soon, he backed the car out of the garage, and shot down the driveway, and out into the street. June had gone into the bedroom and shut the door. I sighed; such a lovely, lovely little house. What had come over it to make two people so unhappy?

The next time I came, I asked Brick quietly to disconnect the automatic bell-timer and flashing light on the washer. It made me nervous and, besides, I was afraid it would get out of order again.

He grinned at me, and winked. "Don't know as I blame you," he said, "I had to remove the garage doors to keep from getting my head knocked off, and it keeps me broke having my clothes pressed from drenching under that shower, to say nothing of being hit in the small of my back every time I go through the kitchen screen door!"

But in spite of his joking, I noticed a growing coolness between them and soon he wasn't even kissing her goodbye.

June's mother and I talked it over one afternoon while we had some hot chocolate and cookies. June's mother was a quiet, gentle little woman, reminding me of a dove. She didn't want to interfere; but we agreed that something would have to be done.

Next morning, we waited until we were sure he'd be gone to work, and then walked down to June's place.

She was still sitting at the un-cleared breakfast table, just staring into space. I saw traces of tears on her cheeks.

"Don't you feel well, dear?" asked her mother.

June didn't answer at first, just pressed the wet ball of her handkerchief to her nose. When she spoke, her voice was muffled.

"Oh, I'm all right—I guess—but you might as well know. Everything—simply everything—has gone wrong—" She covered her face with her hands.

I sat down on the window seat, and June's mother drew up a chair close to June. "Oh, now, it can't be quite that bad. Nothing is," she began gently.

"Maybe I'd better go," I suggested, not getting up.

June blew her nose. "No, Mattie. You've heard so much already. You might as well hear the rest of it."

**I**T seemed that the day had started wrong, for one thing. The alarm hadn't rung, so they'd overslept. And, in her hurry, June had let his eggs fry too hard, and was called to the phone right in the midst of getting breakfast on. When she came back, there was a regular column of smoke coming from the toaster. Brick was just looking at it, a peculiar smile on his face.

"You'd think he'd have at least taken the bread out, or something," she wailed.

Then he had started muttering, "Oh, he couldn't leave it the way the manufacturer made it. No; he had to improve—" And then he had yanked the toaster from its moorings and flung it across the room, bread and all. His face got fiery red, and June said it frightened her, the way he looked, his hair

standing up on his head, and his eyes sort of narrowed.

"He said he was sick of living in Jim Hawley's house, and with Jim Hawley looking over his shoulder all the time, even when he shaved," sobbed June. "That's on account of that double-duty shaving mirror that folds up into a bathroom tray. He said he couldn't possibly be a model husband, and if I didn't want him the way he was, well, okay then—" A shuddering sigh went through her, and she wiped her eyes. "He said a lot of other things, too—that he'd always wanted a home of his own—he grew up in his aunt's home, you know—but now he lived in a haunted house, with another man — imagine!—" She stood up suddenly. "I guess he meant he never wanted to see me again, either, because he stormed out, and I don't know—" She ran into the bedroom and flung herself across the bed.

Her mother followed her, and I went quietly home to finish Mrs. Bemis' ironing.

Things had come to a sad climax. June moved in with her mother and listed her house for sale. It looked lonely and forlorn with the sign on it, as if no one cared. I heard from some of my ladies, that Mr. Saunders was living at the workman's boarding house over at Junction City, and it was rumored that he was soon to leave permanently.

June's mother got thin and pinched-looking, from worry. She blamed herself; said she should have told June, plain out, in the beginning, to leave Jim Hawley's virtues buried with him. And I felt that maybe I should have done some-

thing, or said something, before it was too late, and I scorched two of Professor Midgley's white shirts, thinking about it.

So I was mighty surprised, one evening, when Mr. Saunders came to my kitchen door.

HE came in and sat down. "Mrs. Merkley," he said, looking at me steadily, "do you think you could talk to me about something, and keep it confidential?"

Then, as I started to answer, he went on, "Well, it doesn't make any difference. Everyone will find out, anyway. The thing is, I've been offered a big promotion by the company. But it means a transfer, to South America. What I want to know, do you think you can get June to see me? I just can't leave without seeing her again. I—Mattie, I love her, and every time I go there, she refuses even to come into the room. Her mother can't influence her, either." He began to walk up and down the kitchen. "Hang it all, she's my wife. Maybe I did say some things I—but there's a limit to what a man can—"

"Yes, yes, of course," I interrupted, "now, you just sit down by the table while I make us some chocolate. I baked buns today."

As we sat there, I was wondering what on earth I could do. He had only two days left, and June is of a determined nature. I didn't know if I could do anything at all.

He was just starting on his fourth bun when the phone rang. It was June, speaking guardedly. "Mattie, I think I saw Brick's car drive into your yard a little while ago. Be care-

ful how you answer, I don't want him to know it's me."

"Yes."

"Is it true that he's going to South America? Mother heard it at the store, but I can't believe it."

"Yes."

"Mattie, for goodness sake! Well, do you think he'd think it odd if I should come over there?"

"Not necessarily."

She hung up, before I'd said good-bye.

It wasn't any time until she knocked, and then opened my door, peeking in. I saw that she'd put on her new dress, but her lipstick was smeared by a hurried finger.

"Mattie, my mother sent over this cake tin she borrowed—oh—I didn't know—you had company—"

A deep blush began to spread up over her neck and face, as she handed me one of her mother's own pie tins.

Brick started toward her, the grin trembling over his face. "June, honey, I—" his voice got sort of raspy. She couldn't speak, either; they just looked at each other, a look that had everything in it. Her big blue eyes got misty bright, and he held out his arms.

Well, I saw that it was no place for Mathilda Merkely. I slipped out the door, and over to her mother's with the pie tin.

Eventually, Jim's place was sold. A truck gardener bought it and planted the whole thing in cabbages, front and back. They say his six children swarmed over the house, and broke all of Jim's inventions in no time. A good thing, too; Jim Hawley was a good man; he wouldn't want to spend eternity haunting his old home.

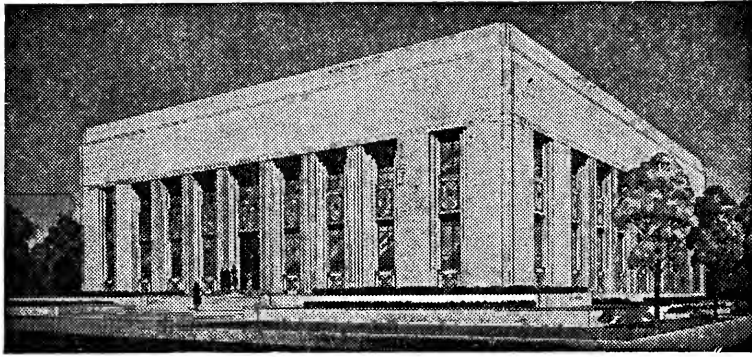
Brick and June are still in Caracas. Her mother showed me a picture of their baby, yesterday.

Norma Wrathall, Murray, Utah, has contributed stories, articles, and poetry to *The Relief Society Magazine*. Her story "All That Glitters" was awarded first prize in the Relief Society Short Story Contest in 1942. Her work reveals a deep and sure understanding of her characters and a delightful mastery of plot and dialogue, and these elements of successful literary technique are revealed in the following stories: "You Are Never Alone" (November 1945); "The Luxury of Giving" (November 1946); "It's Up to the Women" (June 1949); "A New Stove for Mother" (April 1948); and "Music in the Home" (August 1949). Mrs. Wrathall's interesting and informative article "Grantsville and the Desert" appeared in April 1949, and she has had several poems published in the *Magazine*.

Mrs. Wrathall writes a brief note regarding her family and her hobbies: "I was born in Grantsville, and have lived there most of my life thus far. While in Grantsville, I served in various Church and community activities. About a year ago, we moved to Murray. At present, I am literature class leader for the Murray Fifth Ward Relief Society.

"My hobbies are writing, music, and reading, but as my family always comes first, I don't have much time for other things. As every mother knows, the work of caring for a family leaves little of the peace and quiet required for creative work!

"My husband is Morris Y. Wrathall. We have four children, two boys and two girls, in ages from nineteen to three years. Our older children are active in the organizations of the Church."



## *Relief Society Building News*

The names of the following mission and mission branches have not previously been published in *The Relief Society Magazine* as having completed their Building Fund quotas.

### BRITISH MISSION

Accrington Branch, Liverpool District	Liverpool Branch, Liverpool District
Airdrie Branch, Scottish District	Lowestoft Branch, Norwich District
Barnsley Branch, Sheffield District	Middlesborough Branch, Newcastle District
Belfast Branch, Irish District	Nelson Branch, Liverpool District
Birmingham Branch, Birmingham District	Newcastle Branch, Newcastle District
Blackburn Branch, Liverpool District	Northampton Branch, Birmingham District
Bradford Branch, Leeds District	North London Branch, London District
Bristol Branch, Bristol District	Norwich Branch, Norwich District
Burnley Branch, Liverpool District	Nottingham Branch, Nottingham District
Bury Branch, Manchester District	Nuneaton Branch, Birmingham District
Castleford Branch, Leeds District	Oldham Branch, Manchester District
Cheltenham Branch, Bristol District	Preston Branch, Liverpool District
Darlington Branch, Newcastle District	Rochdale Branch, Manchester District
Denton Branch, Manchester District	St. Albans Branch, London District
Derby Branch, Nottingham District	Sheffield Branch, Sheffield District
Dewsbury Branch, Leeds District	South London Branch, London District
Doncaster Branch, Sheffield District	South Shields Branch, Newcastle District
Dublin Branch, Irish District	Stockport Branch, Manchester District
Dundee Branch, Scottish District	Stroud Branch, Bristol District
Edinburgh Branch, Scottish District	Sunderland Branch, Newcastle District
Glasgow Branch, Scottish District	Varteg Branch, Welsh District
Grimsby Branch, Hull District	West Hartlepool Branch, Newcastle District
Halifax Branch, Leeds District	Wigan Branch, Liverpool District
Hull Branch, Hull District	
Hyde Branch, Manchester District	
Kidderminster Branch, Birmingham District	
Leeds Branch, Leeds District	
Leicester Branch, Nottingham District	

# Oriental China, Ancient and Modern

## PART I—CHINESE

*Rachel K. Laugaard*

Illustrations by Elizabeth Williamson

Like bright moons, cunningly carved and dyed with spring water;  
Like curling disks of thinnest ice, filled with green clouds;  
Like ancient moss-eaten bronze mirrors, lying upon the mat;  
Like tender lotus leaves, full of dewdrops, floating on the river!

**T**HUS an ancient Chinese poet described the porcelain cups made for presentation to the Emperor. The Emperor held high standards of artistic perfection. The porcelains made for his use must "surpass hoar frost and snow," have surfaces so hard that they could not be scratched by a knife, be pure and translucent and, when struck on the edge, they must ring with a low jade note. Such, through the centuries, have remained the sterling qualities of porcelain.

From time immemorial beautiful tablewares and decorative pieces have issued from countless little pottery kilns all over China. They have been classified according to the reigning dynasty when they were produced, but some of them were made as early as 3,000 B.C. in the pre-dynastic times. During the Han dynasty (206 B.C. - A.D. 220) the ceramic arts advanced in many ways, including form, color, and design. Glaze was then used, apparently for the first time, with the underlying body of the glaze usually red, but in the finished product, with the use of a transparent glaze, becoming brown or reddish brown in wares where the original glaze

was not colored green by the use of copper.

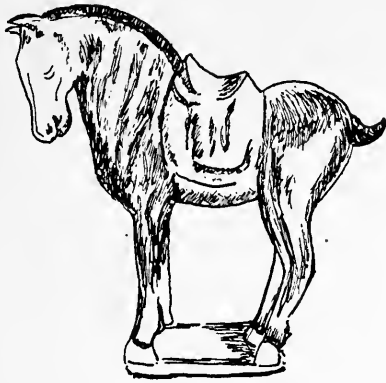
In those ancient times, it was customary to bury the dead surrounded by pottery images of everything which they had treasured in life. Some of these graves have been opened and, to the delight of historians and artists alike, they reveal a complete story of the daily life of 2,000 years ago. The home of the deceased, his barnyard with its domestic animals, his garden, his musical instruments, tools, and weapons, the members of his household, all performing their accustomed tasks, are cunningly fashioned in clay.

The character modeled on the faces of these little creatures, the dignity and charm of the women, the playful humor of the children at their games and dances, the spirited horses, dogs, camels, cats, and even imaginary animals, all remain as evidence that the ancient Chinese potters were superb artists.

Such priceless pieces have found their way into museums. They are seldom for sale, and then, not at prices to suit the average purse.

Sometime between the Han dynasty and the great and powerful





POTTERY HORSE OF THE T'ANG  
DYNASTY (A.D. 618-906)

The horse is decorated with rare blue glaze and touches of red paint on the saddle. It represents the Bactrian horse, a type introduced into China by the Mongols.

T'ang regime (618-906), when China emerged as the most civilized of the nations, the beginning of porcelain making may be traced through the kaolinic gray stoneware which had a glaze of feldspar and wood ashes. Here also may be found the origins of the famous celadon green glazes (sea-green) which owed their color to iron impurities in the ceramic clays.

The exquisite potteries of the Sung dynasty (960-1279) are still regarded as the classic wares of China. This was a richly creative age in all the arts and many porcelain factories, under the sponsorship of powerful rulers, produced "imperial" ware of great beauty and durability. This age saw further experimentation with the lovely sea-green colors (the ch'ing luster). Also in some of the glazes, a "bubble" surface was produced and in others a "crackle" effect was obtained by immersing the hot articles in water or by some other method, including variations in the formula for

mixing the clays. A very beautiful porcelain was made at Ting Chou in southern Chihli. This ware was flour-white Ting porcelain, slightly translucent, sometimes blending into ivory or cream tinted. It was exquisitely decorated with incised or carved designs, usually in floral patterns. The peculiar blackish stoneware of Chien was made in large quantities during the Sung period. Many of these articles were made with a lustrous purple glaze, sometimes flecked with streaks or spots of brown.

**T**HE Chinese themselves have always loved best the wares of the Sung Dynasty and, with their great reverence for the past and the handiwork of their ancestors, they have continued to reproduce them with a skill that will deceive the experts.

The Sung Dynasty was overthrown by Kubla Khan and his Tartars who held the reins of government until the next great native dynasty—the Ming—was established in 1368. Hung-Wu, the founder of the Ming Dynasty, made the pottery works at Ching-te-chen the of-



PORCELAIN STEM-CUP OF THE  
SUNG DYNASTY (960-1279)

One of the three crimson fishes painted on the outside is shown.



DECORATED JAR OF THE SUNG  
DYNASTY

ficial factory, and thither came the best porcelain workers in the land. With their combined knowledge and skill, they soon became the first potters in the world to perfect a fine white porcelain with a transparent white glaze.

The paste from which this fine porcelain was fashioned was composed of white clay or kaolin, and feldspathic stone or *petuntse*, as the Chinese call it. Fired at a high temperature, the feldspathic stone fused, welding the piece together and giving it translucency. The glaze was composed of a solution of powdered feldspathic stone mixed with lime and plant ash. It is thought that the brilliance and clarity of the finest porcelain were obtained because of the exact quality of this ash. Porcelains of later periods appear dead white or glassy compared with Ming wares.

Only two colors were found which could withstand the extremely hot fire necessary to produce porcelain—the blue obtained from cobalt ores, and the blood-red obtained from copper. Decorations painted on the “biscuit,” or unfired

piece, and then fired together with the porcelain, are called “underglaze” decorations. It was this beautiful ware which became the wonder of the Western World when the Portuguese traders of the 1500’s carried it to Europe. Soon the Dutch, English, and French were competing with the Portuguese, and an enormous trade was built up by the famous East India Company.

The Ming Dynasty ruled China for almost 300 years, and during this long period hundreds of varieties of artistic ceramic wares were produced. In addition to the blue and white, and red and white underglaze porcelains, marvelously thin “eggshell” porcelain made its appearance, pieces too delicate for export, with dragons, clouds, or waves and inscriptions, etched in the biscuit before firing, barely visible until the vessel was filled with liquid and held up to the light. The well-known “grain of rice” porcelain was an invention of the Ming period. To achieve this effect, perforations the shape of a grain of rice were made in the body of the china, and filled with melted glaze. When fired, they became like so many windows through which light passed.

Crackle was perfected, and the art of overglaze coloring. It was in the late sixteenth century that potters first adopted the device of taking a finished piece of blue and white porcelain and decorating it further with thin washes made of oxides of various metals ground up in glass, and refiring the piece at a lower heat, thus enlarging the color scheme to include green, purple,

yellow, an overglaze red, and lustrous black.

**T**HE Ming Dynasty met its downfall at last, and during the political troubles of the seventeenth century the works at Ching-te-chen were destroyed more than once, but pottery-making went on. The traditional blue and white was continued with the greatest skill. The old ways of glazing were carried on to perfection, until, during the Ch'ing Dynasty of the Manchus which ruled China from 1662 to 1910, and, more particularly, during the period from 1662 to 1800, such quantities of desirable pieces were made and carried to Europe and America by the East India company, that about three-fourths of the fine Chinese wares in museums and private collections can be ascribed to this period.

K'ang Hsi, the first of the Ch'ing monarchs, was contemporary with Louis XIV of France. Relations between the two rulers were particularly cordial, and we know many of the lovely glazes of this era by their French names because of the respect in which they were held at the court of the "Grand Monarque." Sang-de-boeuf (ox-blood), peach bloom, turquoise blue, clair-de-lune, celadon (sea-green), are the so-called monochromes—small vases and bottles made in both underglaze and overglaze colors.

In the class called polychromes, fall the several so-called "families," also named by the French—"famille verte" (green), "famille rose," "famille noir" (black), and "famille jaune" (yellow). They were made by a combination of underglaze

painting, and on-glaze decoration. As the names suggest, definite color schemes distinguished each "family." The colors applied by the underglaze method seem to belong to the body of the ware, while the on-glaze colors stand out in slight relief.

The polychromes presented a fertile field for the painter. Scenes from history and romance were favorite subjects, as well as birds and flowers and symbolic designs of every sort and description. The East India Company even took orders from their clients for china decorated with copies of engravings, coats-of-arms, elaborate floral borders, heavily gilded, in keeping with the ornate homes of the West—a far cry from the chaste simplicity of wares made for Chinese use.

**B**LUE and white underglaze porcelain reached the peak of perfection during the reign of K'ang



K'ANG HSI VASE, BLUE AND WHITE, WITH PRUNUS DESIGN (CH'ING DYNASTY 1644-1912)

The background of this exquisite vase is pure sapphire, with the design in white. The netted lines represent cracked ice. The prunus blossom falling on the breaking ice is a symbol of returning spring, and a favorite motif for wares of this period.

Hsi. The materials were refined over and over until they were extremely pure. The decoration was carefully painted in a clear sapphire blue, free from any strain of red, obtained only by the most elaborate process of refining. The crowning glory of this ware was the "hawthorne" design, really the prunus—a tree which shows blossoms before leaves, symbolic of the passing of winter, and the coming of spring. Used at first to decorate small ginger jars sent by the Chinese as New Year's gifts, it became so popular with Westerners that sets of five prunus jars were made to grace mantles, and later to be used as lamp bases.

The export porcelain came to be known as Canton china, and, though much of it was not of the highest quality, very little of it was really bad. It was manufactured at Ching-te-chen, and sent to Canton

to be decorated to suit European tastes. The quaint Lowestoft myth which ascribed some of this ware to the little pottery in Lowestoft, England, became so widespread, that even today, museum collections of Canton or "East India China," decorated in the Western manner are labeled "Lowestoft" or "Sino-Lowestoft."

Ever since the days of the East India Company, and the clipper ships, quantities of Canton china have entered into the commerce of the world. Seafaring husbands of New England brought it home to their wives, and every china shop in America stocks it. Though today China is again torn by strife, the factories are still producing and shipping this popular ware. The beloved wares of Sung and Ming times are still being reproduced, some of excellent quality, although, in general, Chinese porcelain is not as it used to be.

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## *In My Father's House*

Beatrice K. Ekman

She built her house of dreams,  
 A little here, a little there, each day;  
 Its roof gave shelter from the rain, its beams  
 Were strongest timbers that no storm could sway;  
 The walls were square, the windowpanes were bright  
 With faith that shed a never-failing light;  
 Her friends who knew the courage she possessed,  
 Took heart from her example and were blessed.  
 This house of dreams, this faith that spurred her on,  
 Has it grown to be a mansion in the place where she has gone?

# I Know Where You Are

*Inez Bagnell*

I just returned, Grandmother mine, from a trip. Yesterday, I went back half a century and visited with you in your old home in the mountains. I came home with a terrible urgency inside me to sit by your chair, hold your wrinkled hand in mine, and watch the smile on your face as I tell you that now I have seen the home that you loved, the one you have so often told me about, where you lived with your husband and children in the early years of your marriage. I want to tell you that now I understand.

I've tried to be appreciative as you told me of the things that constituted your happiness—your joy in working, and of waiting for your men to return from the long weary road of the freight wagon; the sorrow of newly dug graves. But I didn't really understand. Not then. I had to go there and see it all for myself.

I had to travel the arduous road you traveled in your wagon to your beautiful deserted valley in the pines. It is so far distant from cities that even our modern transportation has not bridged the distance to populate this lonely valley. I saw your log home, built by your husband's hands, beautiful in its solitude, with rock chimneys and spacious fireplaces, where I saw you and your family gathered on wintry nights. I saw the summer kitchen where you told me you made cheese, and under the hill, I found the rock cellar, cool as dawn, with rows and rows of empty shelves. While I

looked at them they filled with your cheeses, your pans of milk and cream, and crocks of butter.

I know now the meaning of the smile I saw so many times, that lighted your face with its sightless eyes. You were, no doubt, tripping down the path to the well that I discovered all grown over with vines. The well your husband dug, all the while telling your children that when it was finished they must carry enough water from the creek to fill it. Down by that creek, I found the plot that was your vegetable garden. Unbelievable that there still remained under the tangle of weeds, faint tracings of rows made by your hoe!

I visioned the spot out back where you made your soap over a bonfire, then stood in the granary where you set it to dry. Looking out across your fields, once filled with grain, to your beloved mountains, I loved them, too. Beautiful hills, enclosing all the small homely things that were the composite of your happiness.

IT'S easy now, for me to understand your frugality—the hoarding of pins and needles, of scarred hairpins, old lace, and bits of thread. Your sight was gone before the plenty of today had arrived. You could not understand or believe in the luxury of stores where such small items were plentiful, for you had not seen them. You saw only the long weary road of the freight wagon, with every article a thing

to be used and re-used, hoarded and treasured.

I trudged up the hill to a small graveyard. There was a baby's grave, another of a boy barely grown to manhood. From under a mass of vines peered a headstone with the inscription "Husband." My heart ached and longed for you. All your happiness and security—gone. To spend your days sitting in darkness, comforted only by the figures of the past.

I hurried home that I might sit by your leather rocker and tell you I can see why you urged me des-

perately to grasp fully, now, the meaning of the treasures that are mine. I returned to your chair, worn slippers at its feet, your shawl thrown across the back. I know where you are, Grandma. You're back there making cheese in your summer kitchen, humming, looking toward the hills, listening for the sound of the wagons. I'm glad that you're happy now. For it was very hard for us to put the flowers on your new mound, come away so far, and leave you there with them again. And not even find you home to tell you that now I understand.

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## *A Letter From Mother*

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

I know I do not convey to you by letter the depth of my love for you. It is very real. It fills me with great joy and pride and humility. That your union is happy and satisfying—that you both are learning the joy and the thrill of forgetting self in the love of each other is a greater pleasure for me than you can know.

It has always made me very proud and happy, dear young wife, that you do not shrink from motherhood. You are sort of the shrinking temperament, you know, but you are not running in a corner and hiding behind any "can'ts" or "don't want to's" when it comes to the main issues of life.

It would break my heart if you willfully cheated yourself out of the greatest, most satisfying experience of life and refused to go through the crucial test of motherhood, with all the duties and responsibilities it entails.

The most tragic picture to be painted of a human being is of someone unneeded. To me the word has a most lonesome, heartaching sound. One only need be a mother to be wanted as long as life exists. If we serve our children lovingly, sensibly, and with all of that great something within us which we term spirit, we cannot miss our reward. It will be daily, hourly, laid at our feet.

I am most grateful that you both feel that, even though you now have a son and a daughter, you still want to bring other spirits into this life to share the abundance of affection in your home. These precious souls can lead us straight back to the Father's kingdom, if we will let them.

Well, darlings, I have really poured out my heart tonight, haven't I? It is because I am filled with love for you.

MOTHER  
Clara Horne Park

# Early Spring Planting

Hazel D. Moyle

Deseret News Garden Editor

**E**ARLY spring is actually a state of mind for any true garden-maker.

This temperamental season may arrive all bluster and storm, or it may steal quietly in like the proverbial lamb. It often appears in Utah's favored Dixie and other semi-tropical regions during February and, alas, it has been known to tarry far beyond all reasonable schedule of appearance in some of our higher mountain regions.

But, no matter the date, when the morning sky suddenly shows a deeper blue, when the buds begin to grow faster, when Nature is stirring and awakening from her long winter's rest, this is actually spring, no matter when it appears, the time for all good garden lovers to be up and about their business of garden-making.

For, although we cannot start all outdoor planting at the first hint of spring, there are some planting jobs that are best done the moment heavy freezing is over, and as soon as the ground has dried out enough so that it is workable.

This pleasant state of affairs varies in different locations, and also in different soils. Every garden-maker must judge for himself just when this important time has arrived. Do not wait for a blinding spring sun and blossoming flowers to revive your garden interest and, likewise, do not rush out too soon. Give your soil that old test which

has been in use for generations to see if it is ready for your first spring planting job. Pick up a handful of the soil and press it into a firm ball, then let it fall to the ground. If it crumbles and falls apart, the ground is ready to work, but if it remains a firm ball of soil, then wait a few days longer until the ground has dried out further. Never dig or work the soil when it is too wet, for this only makes it hard and compact, and may ruin the ground for months.

The very first planting jobs, those actually demanding earliest spring planting, are deciduous trees, roses, lilacs, and many shrubs. By getting these plants in early we take advantage of Mother Nature's own generous help in getting them started. She will supply copious gentle rains, and perhaps a light snow or two, and cool, moist air. She will also hand out a gradually warming sun to coax the sap gently up into top growth and to help new feeding roots to grow. Under such favorable growing conditions the new plants will soon be established and ready to send out new growth.

To be sure, you can plant roses and lilacs and trees all during the later spring season, but these later plantings in some regions will demand your attention with the garden hose. Some such later plantings will start growing in spite of the ever-warming sun, which will demand good circulation of sap in



Photograph courtesy Jackson & Perkins Co., Newark, New Jersey

## NEW HYBRID TEA ROSE VALIANT

Originator, E. S. Boerner, Newark, New Jersey

Propagation Rights Reserved

A rose that is sure to find its way into every rose lover's garden is the new luminous red hybrid tea rose Valiant, for this rose seems to have every good point one looks for in an outstanding garden rose.

The buds, which are borne on straight, stiff stems, are large, extremely long, and exquisitely formed, with the first two petals reflexed just enough to add even greater charm to this true exhibition type flower.





Photograph by Willard Luce

### IRIS IN A HOME GARDEN

the top branches, but the weaker plants will be slow in starting, and this is where we have so many casualties. Such late plants often fail to grow unless they have extra attention. So, by all means take advantage of Mother Nature's help and plan to follow her time schedule, for she waits for no man.

In planting trees and shrubs and roses, be sure to dig a hole much deeper and wider than is necessary to take your plant. Loosen the soil in the bottom with the fork and work in some kind of soil improver and fertilizer. Old, well-rotted manure is always ideal for supplying actual food for the plant. Use your finest loamy soil near the roots, and mix in humus, peat moss, or garden compost. This will help to get new roots started. Do not place manure

in direct contact with the roots. It should always be placed below or above the new roots.

Work fine soil well in around the root system, and then tamp firmly, using your foot. The soil should be firmly pressed so that no air pockets are left. Add moisture *after* the roots are well covered and firmly tamped, and before the hole is entirely filled. Be generous with a good soaking, and allow this to seep away before filling up the hole. Leave a saucer-like depression to hold water, especially when planting trees and shrubs. Roses should have a mound of soil over their tops to keep the branches from being dried. This should be removed as soon as warmer weather arrives and when the leaves begin to open. A two-inch mulch of manure on the surface will help roses to become



Photograph courtesy Jackson & Perkins Co., Newark, New Jersey

### HYBRID TEA ROSE SONATA



Photograph by Willard Luce

### SHASTA DAISIES

An old-fashioned, but ever-popular perennial

quickly established, this to be applied as soon as the mounded soil is removed.

There are also warnings concerning the treatment of established perennials in early spring. Do not rush out to uncover these hardy plants the first day of March. Do this work gradually. First, merely loosen the winter debris, then wait a few days before raking up and cleaning your flower beds.

Seeds of various annuals should be planted in boxes of fine soil and kept indoors in some warm spot

until they have germinated. These are best shifted out into a cold frame or other glass-covered place as soon as the little plants are well up. They need cool air, good circulation, and plenty of light in order to do well. Most indoor rooms cannot supply these light, cool conditions.

Yes, indeed, March is an important gardening month, the time when we can actually create beauty for not only the entire season, but also for years to come!

# The Enjoyment of Literature

Anna Prince Redd

THE enjoyment of literature is primarily the source from which all its other values spring, writes Louise M. Rosenblatt in her book *Literature as Exploration*. And I am convinced that this is so, and that if we are to come into our literary heritage we must accept literature, not as something aesthetic and apart from the sphere of present-day living, but as a very real part of it. And the very pleasure that we derive comes from the realization that it has other functions as well. Thus, once we are initiated into the pure enjoyment of it, the broader aims will take care of themselves.

There is today, perhaps more than ever before, a keen demand for preparation for better living, not as a future way of life, but as a shock absorber for the impact of present-day social and economic troubles.

I have a vivid memory of my own adjustment to the adult successes and failures of my adolescent world. The child of an invalid father, at times I could not have endured with grace the hard work and financial uncertainty of our lives, could I not have fled to a hilltop, and there, propped against my special giant pine, have read of the woes of girls less fortunate than myself. Nor have I forgotten my literary explorations of my eighth grade year. Coming of pioneer stock, I could understand why the good Vicar of Wakefield "chose his wife as she

chose her wedding dress, not for a fine, glossy surface, but for such qualities as would wear well." My own stubby-toed shoes were bought for that very reason, as well as the long, itchy homespun yarn stockings I had, of necessity, learned to knit to wear with them! I recall still the glow of satisfaction I derived in reading for the first time how Christ admonished the rich young ruler to give his riches to the poor and follow him.

The teaching of literature involves, whether we are conscious of it or not, the indoctrination of ethical values. We pass judgment on the characters encountered in fiction in exact proportion as they are consistent or in harmony with our own experiences. When we have been really moved by a work of literature we are led to ponder on the questions of right and wrong, of admirable social qualities of justifiable or unjustifiable actions, and to seek understanding of the author's motives. He in turn, wants to have us understand his people, no matter how we may dislike or distrust them, no matter how we may love and admire them. He seeks to bring to the reader's consciousness certain images of things, people, action, scenes. The special meanings—and more especially the submerged meanings—that these words and images have for the reader will largely determine what the work will communicate

(Continued on page 121)

# *Sixty Years Ago*

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, February 1, and February 15, 1890

## “FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS”

**SALT LAKE HERALD:** The Semi-Weekly Herald is now the largest, brightest and most enterprising paper published in Utah. It consists of 8 pages, and is shortly to be re-enlarged. The Herald publishes the most standard current stories by special arrangement with the authors; containing many illustrated features; has the exclusive rights to Bill Nye's letters; maintains a regular telegraphic correspondent in Washington, and receives weekly letters from the celebrated correspondent Frank G. Carpenter. Special attention is paid to market reports and agricultural news; and a prominent feature will be made of religious news, the tabernacle services being regularly reported, while prominent sermons of the leading church authorities are given in full. In politics The Herald stands as it has ever stood, the firm and undeviating champion of the rights of the people of Utah.

### WOMAN'S SPHERE

Woman's sphere is bounded only  
By the talents God has given,  
And her duty lies wherever  
Earth can be made more like heaven.

**STAR OF BETHLEHEM:** The star of Bethlehem will again be visible in this year, being its seventh appearance since the birth of Christ. It comes once in 315 years and is of wondrous brilliance for the space of three weeks; then it wanes and disappears after seventeen months. It will be a sixth star added to the five fixed\*\*\* in the constellation Cassiopea while it remains in sight.

**UTAH STAKE:** Minutes of the Relief Society Conference of Utah Stake held Nov. 30th, 1880. Sister John presiding. Pres. John said, "I am thankful to meet with you and I am pleased with the remarks that are made. Woman's position will be advanced from this time; our Savior talked with Eve and also with Sarah and Mary. Joseph revealed the doctrine that we had a mother in heaven. Christ first appeared to woman after his crucifixion; that shows how she was viewed by him. Woman is entitled to be equal with man, every key of the priesthood that man has, woman can enjoy with her husband.—C. Daniels, Sec.

**NOTES AND NEWS:** Not long since a Spanish artist was commissioned to paint a portrait of the baby King Alfonso. This he did, and when the painting was completed presented his bill for \$20,000. The Queen Regent, Christina, objected, saying the price was too extravagant. The artist expressed his regrets that his terms were too high for the royal purse, and begged her majesty to accept the picture as a gift. The Queen, highly indignant, wrote a check at once.

**FEAR NOT, ZION:** It often happens that the destiny of a people, or a nation, is worked out very differently in its development and fulfillment from what was expected or anticipated by the wisest men and philosophers, who have made predictions concerning that which would be likely to transpire; but God's plans never fail and His decrees must come to pass; notwithstanding the dark clouds that hang about the horizon today.



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

**M**RS. ELIZABETH D. TATE celebrated her 95th birthday on December 9th. A life-long worker in Church activities, Mrs. Tate has also loved memorizing poems and hymns. Born in Tooele, this pioneer woman is mother of fourteen sons and daughters, and has 70 grandchildren, 118 great-grandchildren, and nine great-great grandchildren.

**A** recent survey by the Population Reference Bureau discloses that the women graduated from 112 colleges in 1924 have produced during these twenty-five years an average of only 1.26 children apiece. This figure is forty per cent short of the replacement requirement rate of 2.1 children per married couple (the 1% being the casualty average before adulthood). The Brigham Young University women set the highest record in the country—an average of 2.45 children. The Utah State Agricultural College at Logan came second with a 2.3 rating. Eighth highest was the University of Utah with an average of 1.93, giving Utah a considerable lead over any other state. "Does A.B. mean 'Abolish Babies?'" the Bureau asks.

**I**N an international rural youth exchange program, Utah has sent as its delegate Josephine Daines,

outstanding 4-H Club member and graduate of Utah State Agricultural College, who will live on a farm in Holland with a Dutch family.

**S**IXTEEN Utah 4-H Club girls won blue ribbon awards on their home economics exhibits in the Pacific International Livestock Exposition in Portland, Oregon, last fall.

**O**UR Associate Editor of *The Relief Society Magazine*, Vesta Pierce Crawford, has again received a literary award. This time she has won the \$100 prize for the best Christmas story entered in the *Deseret News* contest, with her offering, "Christmas Comes to Jenny." This is a delicate story of a child's heart, told sympathetically, yet with artistic indirection. Last year, Mrs. Crawford won the prize for the best Christmas poem. The poem award this year was won by Dorothy J. Roberts. An offering of strength and beauty, it is titled "Two Ways From Nazareth." Mrs. Roberts' poetry is well known to readers of the *Magazine* as she has twice won first place in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, and her frontispieces and other exquisite poems have added much to the quality of the *Magazine*. Her work is characterized by originality and accomplished craftsmanship.



## *On the Spending of Time*

**L**IVE each day as if it were your last" is advice weighted with import. No one to whom this counsel comes knows but that the present day may be his last, that his time on this earth may be on the brink of running out.

When one's earthly time is gone, one will then find that his entire future life depends upon how his earth time was spent. Sometimes the phrase "spending time" may not be spoken with true understanding, for time, like money, may be spent in different amounts for varying returns. It may be frittered away, squandered, wasted, hoarded, hang heavy on one's hands, or be given away and bring a great reward. Brigham Young advised: "Now, sisters . . . you will readily see that time is all the capital stock there is on earth; and you should consider your time golden, it is actually wealth."

Some people spend time with a profligate hand. Too few seem to sense time's real value. The wise spending of time is the best insurance for eternity. The loving and necessary duties of everyday living exact much time, but repay the conscientious spender with deepest satisfaction and joy. The time which remains to each person over and above necessary duties, if wisely spent, rewards the doer with rich bonuses. There are many worth-

while ways in which this "leisure" time may be used to great advantage. Two which may be particularly mentioned are in seeking wisdom and serving others. The scriptures are replete with admonitions as to what constitutes wisdom and how it may be gained.

Solomon pleased the Lord by asking for wisdom and knowledge. Because he did not seek riches, wealth or honor, nor long life, the Lord granted him wisdom and knowledge to which he added riches, wealth, and honor—such as none of the kings had had who lived before him, nor were any kings thereafter to have the like. Anyone who spends time seeking wisdom is buying rare treasure indeed.

In serving one's fellow man, one spends time to earn the reward spoken of by the Savior when he promised he would say to those on his right hand when he came in glory:

Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me (Matt. 25:34-36).

The more one spends time in living the second great commandment to love one's neighbors as himself,

the more valuable does his time become. These two activities, with other worthwhile occupations, if engaged in during leisure time, increase the value of one's time many fold.

As the shadows of the years lengthen for an individual, time seems to accelerate. Hours which crept in youth now flow in an ever-swifter-moving stream. The remembrance of past indolence and useless or even harmful pastimes re-

turns to bear down with heaviness upon the spirit, and one echoes the wise words of Thoreau, "As if you could kill time without injuring eternity."

To spend time wisely, then, let each person scrutinize his days and minutes in the light of Christ's example of the perfect life, opening his purse of time with prudence, and weighing out for any purchase only an amount of time equal to the eternal value to be bought.

M. C. S.

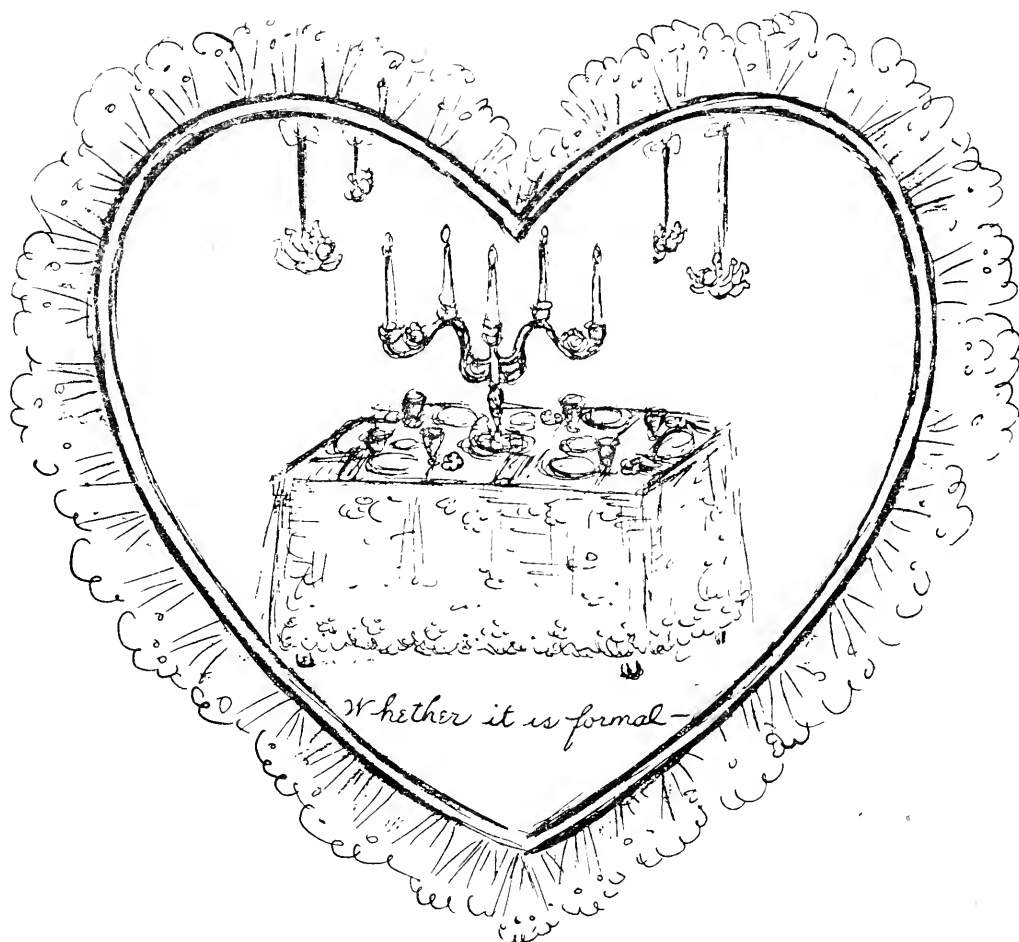


## CONGRATULATIONS TO PRESIDENT AMY BROWN LYMAN

On Her Birthday—February 7th

**R**ELIEF Society women in all the stakes and missions of the Church extend congratulations and best wishes to President Amy Brown Lyman. Her birthday is an occasion for remembering and reflecting upon her years of service to the women of the Church, a time for recalling the intellectual vigor and spiritual strength of her leadership.

It has been well said that one's life may be as wide and as beautiful as one's influence for good may extend. Sister Lyman, Relief Society's only living former general president, continues to demonstrate an active interest in the welfare and progress of the women of the Church. After a long period of service, which included the exacting and responsible duties of general secretary-treasurer, counselor, and general president, she is still enthusiastically engaged in Relief Society work, serving at present as literature class leader in her own ward (the East Twenty-seventh) in Salt Lake City. Sister Lyman maintains, also, her interest in social welfare, community problems, and in cultural and educational activities. Much appreciation, outstanding recognition, and many honors have come to her, but Sister Lyman values most highly the joy which comes through service in Relief Society.



## *Entertaining On Valentine's Day*

Elizabeth Williamson

**H**OLIDAYS seem to inspire entertaining because they are the occasions which bring our friends together. St. Valentine's Day is especially gay and romantic, a day which lends itself to showers honoring a bride-to-be, guests from out of town, special friends, or just a good get-together. Whether you decide on a formal or informal luncheon, your friends will enjoy the color and atmosphere of this festive day.

If you have decided on a rather formal affair, you will want your best lace tablecloth and ruby red glass. Goblets, candelabra, and cupids will decorate your table. Dainty corsages of pink and white carnations can be used to mark each place.

### MENU

A large, heart-shaped, molded salad  
 Tiny hot biscuits  
 A hot casserole, if desired  
 Angel cake, beverage, mints

For an informal gathering, you may want to serve buffet style and let your guests find their places at small tables which have been set up. It will be fun to use kindly comic valentines as place cards to see if your friends can identify their own personalities. There can be informal quiz contests, stunts, and games. The tables can be



decorated attractively with lace paper place mats or doilies. Cupids, hearts, or flowers make attractive and appropriate centerpieces. All these may be made at home or purchased in the dime store.

### MENU

If the weather suggests warm food, a large tureen of steaming soup, red, for the occasion, will be welcome. Tomato soup would be most appropriate.

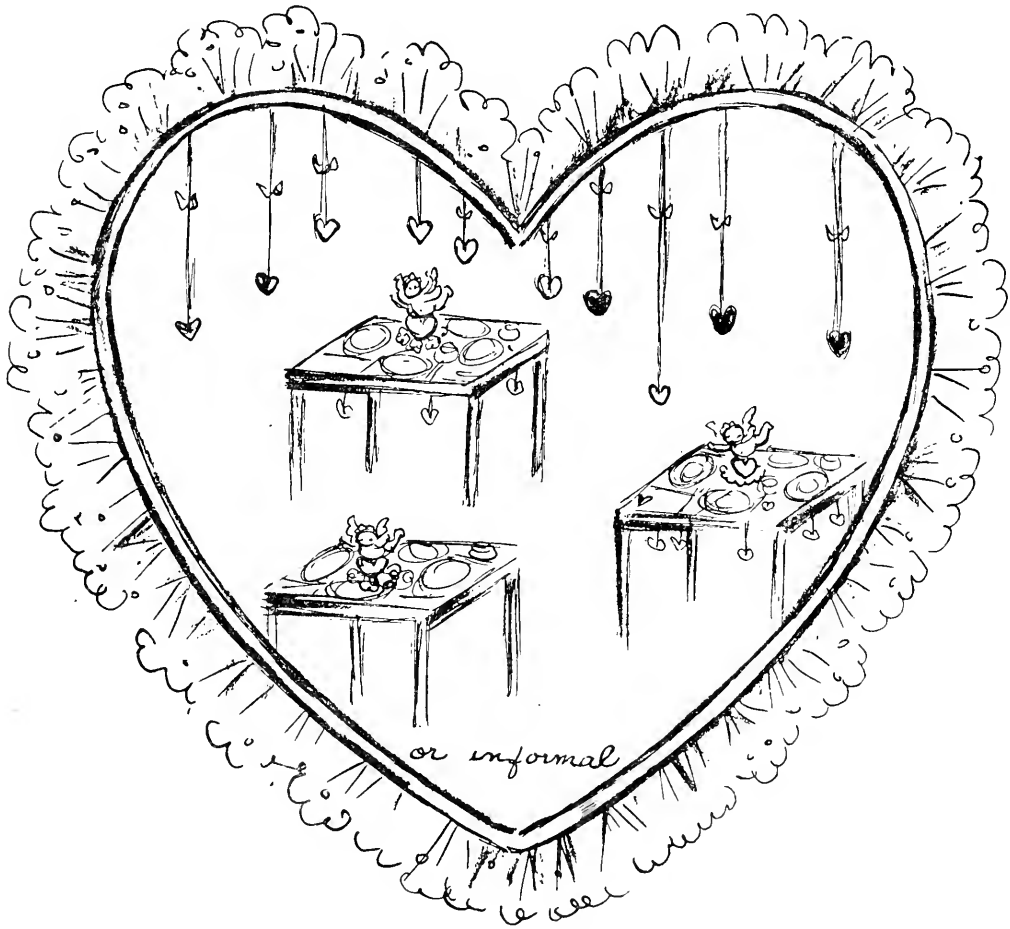
Individual molded salads, heart-shaped, or red gelatin, sliced, with the dressing made into a heart.

A warm casserole

Cup cakes decorated with a valentine motif

Sherbet

Beverage



## Memo To An Old Love

LeRoy Burke Meagher

I thought that we had settled all  
My debts for loving you,  
And that my last receipt had read  
There was no balance due.  
But you forgot to gather up  
These hills we climbed last spring,

The apple orchard where we kissed,  
The songs we used to sing.  
So will you please return at once  
And carry out your part;  
I hate unfinished business . . . and—  
P.S. . . . Bring back my heart.

# Dark in the Chrysalis

Alice Morrey Bailey

## CHAPTER 2

Synopsis: Edith Ashe, a widow, forty-seven, living with her son Kit, overhears his wife Annette complain that she cannot stand the self-pity of her mother-in-law another day. Edith has three more sons but none with whom she can live, no money, and no income. In answer to an advertisement she obtains the position as companion to an elderly woman.

THE house at 1218 Walnut Street was of dark stone, formidable and faintly reminiscent of an ancient castle from the semi-turret rising at one end of the flagstone terrace. Ivy, black with sapless age and the soot of winter, spread bony fingers toward the steeply slanted roof. Great windows stared coldly out on the patches of ragged snow that had survived the winds of March.

Edith Ashe's hands were icy with nervousness and her heart fluttered in her throat as the cab drew up in front of the wrought iron gate. Only the fact that she had come this far and could think of no graceful means of retreating kept her from instructing the driver to take her back to the shelter and modern comfort of Kit's home.

The cab driver carried her bag up the steps, received his pay, and was gone. Edith remained terribly alone before the plate-glass door, dreading the moment when it should open, longing to take her bag even now, and leave. There was no sound through the thick walls, but suddenly the door swung open. Edith half expected to see a maid, austere and starchy and stiffly

capped, but the woman who opened the door was dressed in a percale print house dress, with an ample apron, and her hair still up in curls.

"Come right in," she said. "I'll call Mr. Lewis. He's upstairs packing—has to be away on that nine o'clock train. He don't drive his car on these long trips. Land, but I'm glad you got here before he left. His mother hasn't had a companion for a week and I've had my hands full trying to run the house and take care of her, too. The last one she had up and left in the night."

Edith sat gingerly on the leather davenport while the woman climbed the stairs and bustled out of sight. She was aware of a feeling of acute discomfort in the large room. Part of it was her resistance against being here at all, waiting like a menial to see if she would do, and part of it was from the ugliness in the room. Not the room itself, Edith admitted grudgingly. The lines and space were good, with a stair curving gracefully up from one end, in the other a fireplace that was a dream in old tile and fine, polished wood.

Chandeliers gleamed with a million cut glass prisms of light, and on one side of the fireplace, in the alcove made by the semi-turret, there was a grand piano, a really good one Edith knew by the make. Good carpeting, in a brocaded pattern in soft tones, stretched from wall to wall and up the stairs.

But the whole effect was ruined by the furniture, great square pieces from an era of discomfort and ugliness, neither smartly modern as Annette's was, nor tastefully period, as Edith's own furniture which was stored away.

She closed her eyes, trying to imagine her furniture in this room, but could see only the hideous, battleship gray that someone had painted the walls and woodwork, and the lank draperies that were obviously not meant to pull across the magnificent plate glass of the windows.

She was puzzling over the dual personality of this room when Mr. Lewis came down the stairs. He moved swiftly and came toward Edith with his hand outstretched. It seemed natural for her to shake hands with him. He took a chair opposite and began to talk, not hurriedly, but efficiently, and with the authority of a man who is used to relegating services.

"I am so glad you came," he began. "I hope you will like my mother. She is a dear person, but aged and slow. Of course you will help and entertain her, but you will have considerable free time as she sleeps much, especially in the afternoon. Your salary will be thirty-five dollars a week. She will make out your check—and any others for medicine and supplies you feel necessary. Is that satisfactory?"

"Yes, entirely," said Edith icily. She was prickling with indignation at being so neatly dispatched—as if she were a business matter, evaluated, labeled, and properly filed. Yet he had not asked for her ref-

erences, nor led her into revealing conversation.

"There is another matter," he went on, hesitating. "My daughter Linnie will be home from Boston where she has been studying music—voice, during the winter. She is to be married in June. I regret having to be away at this time, but it is necessary that I make a tour of a chain of stores that I own. It will take me a month or six weeks, and it will be difficult to get in touch with me, in case—"

"If I can do anything to help her—" began Edith politely, seeing him flounder for words.

"That is what I hoped you would say. Mother is not equal to any responsibility. Amanda is willing, and a good worker, though not too happy with our household, I'm afraid. I should like to keep her, but there are some things Linnie might need other help about. You are an intelligent woman, Mrs. Ashe. You will be virtual head of the house in my absence. Feel free to take the initiative in anything you think should be done."

**EDITH** caught her breath. "I'll do my best," she said, flushing at the man's flattering observation. "How dare you place so much trust in a total stranger?"

He looked at her quizzically. "A stranger?" he said softly. "I have never seen you before, Mrs. Ashe, but I hardly feel that Marvin Ashe's widow could be much of a stranger to me. He brought my daughter Linnie into the world, was our family doctor for years, and I have always felt that if I had had him instead of the doctor I had, I would

not have lost my wife. She died eighteen years ago, when Linnie was two."

"Oh," said Edith. "I thought—I wondered—"

"I regret having to hurry through this interview," he said. "I think I had better take you up and introduce you to my mother, and then I must be on my way. My cab will be here in five minutes."

Mrs. Lewis' eyes were bright with nervousness, and two small, pink spots showed in her withered cheeks when they entered the room. She looked not unlike a small, frightened bird. Edith, still light-headed at the turn of the conversation, was moved to quick compassion. She took the old lady's hand and gave her a reassuring smile after the amenities were done. She could feel the tension go out of the bony hand.

"It's all right, Cory," Mrs. Lewis piped. "She'll do fine. You go now, or you'll miss your train."

His going was like release from a dynamo. Edith stood, uncertain how to begin.

"Put your things in that next room," Mrs. Lewis told her. "And then you can help me with my bath."

The room was a drab oblong with nondescript furnishings and a worn rug. Edith had no interest in it except as a place to sleep. Mrs. Lewis' room was crowded with old-fashioned pieces Edith guessed to be remnants of her own housekeeping days. The bathroom adjoining was modern and looked very new.

"Cory built it for me," explained Mrs. Lewis. "His father passed on a year ago, and I came here to spend

the rest of my days. He brought me here from the hospital after I had my accident."

Certainly only the power of Mr. Lewis' personality lured her to stay, Edith thought ruefully, because it was already apparent that what Mrs. Lewis really needed was a nurse. She was confined to her room, almost to her bed by age and a "bad leg"—the relic of a broken hip that had failed to knit properly. She could get about the room with crutches with difficulty, and could get to the bathroom, but Edith had practically to lift her in and out of the tub. Her bed must be made while she combed her hair, knotting it on top of her head in a sketchy bun with two or three bone hairpins. The endlessly slow ritual took all morning. At noon Amanda brought two trays of food, instead of one.

"They usually eat with her," she informed Edith.

Lunch over, the old lady lay back in bed while Edith sat in the Morris chair not knowing whether she should read, leave the room, or just sit. Once Mrs. Lewis opened her eyes, looking directly at Edith as if divining the question in her mind.

"It's terrible to get old and be a burden, and to be helpless so that you can do nothing—you can't even die."

"Oh! You shouldn't feel that way," protested Edith, remembering guiltily that she had felt very similarly less than twenty-four hours ago, and with much less reason. "Your son is very fond of you."

"Yes, I guess he is. Cory's a good boy, but he's gone so much and this house is lonesome with nobody in

it that cares about a person."

Edith's amusement over the mature, fiftyish man, Cory, being a "good boy," was pricked by this rather direct accusation, because certainly, especially this early in the acquaintanceship, it could not be said that she cared about Mrs. Lewis.

"Mr. Lewis says that your granddaughter is coming home in a few days," she offered.

**T**HE old lady's face brightened so suddenly that it was like a glimpse into another personality.

"Linnie," she said, "there's a good deal I could do for Linnie that would make life worth living, if I wasn't so old and useless. The living have no time for the dead, though."

She closed her eyes on this morose statement and her face resumed the lines of patient despair.

Downstairs, the pots and pans were clattering together and the sound carried through the dining room, the living room, and up the stairs. Mrs. Lewis opened her eyes.

"Amanda gets noisy when she is put out at something," she said, and closed her eyes again. Eventually the clatter stopped below and her old features relaxed in sleep. Edith assured herself that the open mouth and the sunken eyes of the withered old woman were not death itself, and tiptoed out.

Edith had the inveterate homemaker's interest in rooms and space, and she peered into those along the hall, justifying her curiosity with the remembrance that this was the domain over which Mr. Lewis had made her "virtual head." Besides

Mr. Lewis' room, which was opposite the stairs and coincided with the turret, and the one, apparently Linnie's, across the hall from her own, there were two others, piled with books and odds and ends of furniture, uncarpeted and unused. An ample linen closet was cluttered with worn linen and clean rags. Edith itched to clear it out, discard the useless, and stack the good in neat piles.

Everywhere the space was good; no one built houses like this any more, but the room decorations were hopeless, the furnishings grizzly. The bathroom at the end of the hall was a turn-of-the-century antiquarian. Six bedrooms in all, a linen closet, and two baths, Edith tallied, and all of them as dismal as the living room downstairs. Edith closed the doors with a feeling of frustration and distaste.

"Head of the house," Mr. Lewis had said. Just what, Edith thought indignantly, did he expect of her? Who could tolerate a house so badly run, so hideously undecorative? Just what could he think she could do for his daughter Linnie under the circumstances, besides taking care of his mother?

Edith thought of him, sitting there interviewing her, his linen immaculate, his business suit impeccable, and his speech and manner that of an executive, in the midst of all this wretchedness. Her opinion of Mr. Lewis was very low indeed!

No, Edith would take no responsibility for either the house or Linnie. The whole situation was too completely hopeless, too unified in its impossibility. No doubt Linnie cared as little about it as her father

did. Edith would confine her activities to Mrs. Lewis; Amanda could run the house, and the girl could look out for herself. Edith, descending the stairs, noted the old hall tree of brass and oak that adorned the front entrance like a nightmare. She traversed the living room and entered the dining room.

To her amazement, Amanda was emerging from the kitchen in a sea of luggage, her hat and coat on, and an embattled light in her eyes.

"Oh, Amanda! You're not leaving," gasped Edith, feeling exactly as if she had been hit in the stomach. "What's the matter?"

"It's him!" said Amanda vindictively.

"Him?"

"Mr. Lewis. He's gone off again without getting anything settled. I told him the furnace needed oil, and now we're out of fuel, and then there's the cleaning. I told him in plain words about it. From the looks of them walls they've not been done for years. And who's going to do them? Not me. I've never worked where they didn't have a man to come in and do the walls, come spring. And the yard! This place could be right nice if anybody took an interest in it! Them rooms upstairs give me the willies. I'm not going to stand it."

**E**DITH thought fast in this emergency, her respect for Amanda taking a turnabout. Mr. Lewis did not want Amanda to go, and neither did Edith. Impossible as her situation was in this house-

hold, it loomed worse if Amanda should leave.

"Mr. Lewis was in a great hurry. He told me to take care of such details as he had not already attended to. I think he ordered fuel oil," guessed Edith, talking smoothly. "Tell me the company and I'll check."

As if to vindicate her, an oil delivery truck backed into the driveway and the driver rapped smartly on the back door.

"Fuel oil delivery to this address, lady. Sign for it, please."

"I guess I was a little hasty," admitted Amanda when he had filled the tank and gone.

"It is a little early for the walls and garden yet," said Edith easily, yet not committing herself to a definite promise. "Mr. Lewis would be very disappointed and unhappy to come home and find you gone. He spoke very highly of you to me, said you were very capable and willing, and that he did not want to lose you."

"Well," said Amanda, placated, unwilling to admit the pleasure Mr. Lewis' praise gave her, "I guess I can stay a little while longer."

In spite of Edith's assurance in handling the situation, she found herself tremblingly near nervous tears as she went back up the stairs. Tomorrow she would talk to Mrs. Lewis, when they were better acquainted. Kit, Annette, Mr. Lewis—nobody could criticize her if she were too ill to handle the job. Nobody could say she hadn't tried. Tomorrow, for sure, she would quit this dismal house.

(To be continued)

# *Suggestions for a Work Meeting Luncheon*

Christine Eaton

## SPAGHETTI LOAF

(Serves about 35 or 40 people)

5 cups uncooked spaghetti broken in one-inch pieces	8 separated eggs
4 cups grated American cheese	4 tbsp. parsley
1 cup chicken fat	4 tbsp. pimento
1 qt. and 1 cup milk	8 tsp. grated onion
4 cups soft bread crumbs	½ tsp. pepper
	2 tsp. salt

Cook spaghetti until tender, bleach (run cold water over it). Scald milk and pour over beaten egg yolks; gradually add fat and cheese, crumbs, seasoning. Mix well and add spaghetti. Fold in beaten egg whites. Put in greased baking pan. Bake in oven 300°F. for about 1 ½ hours or until firm in center. Serve with tomato sauce.

## TOMATO SAUCE

½ cup shortening, butter fat or chicken fat	¼ cup sugar
½ cup flour	1 tsp. cloves
4 cups tomato juice	1 tsp. allspice
	salt and pepper to taste

Make the same as white sauce only use tomato in place of milk. Blend shortening and flour, remove from heat, and stir in tomato juice, add seasoning.

## BREAD STICKS

1 ½ cups scalded milk	1 egg, separated
6 tbsp. shortening	5 ¼ cups flour
2 tbsp. sugar	¾ tsp. salt
1 yeast cake	

Add butter, sugar, and salt to milk. When lukewarm, add yeast cake, white of egg, well beaten, and flour. Knead. Let rise, roll, and shape the size of a lead pencil and place in floured pan about two inches apart. Brush tops with beaten yolk of egg. Sprinkle with poppy seed if desired. Let rise, and bake in hot oven (400° F.) until brown and crisp.

## CHOCOLATE DROP COOKIES

(80-90 cookies)

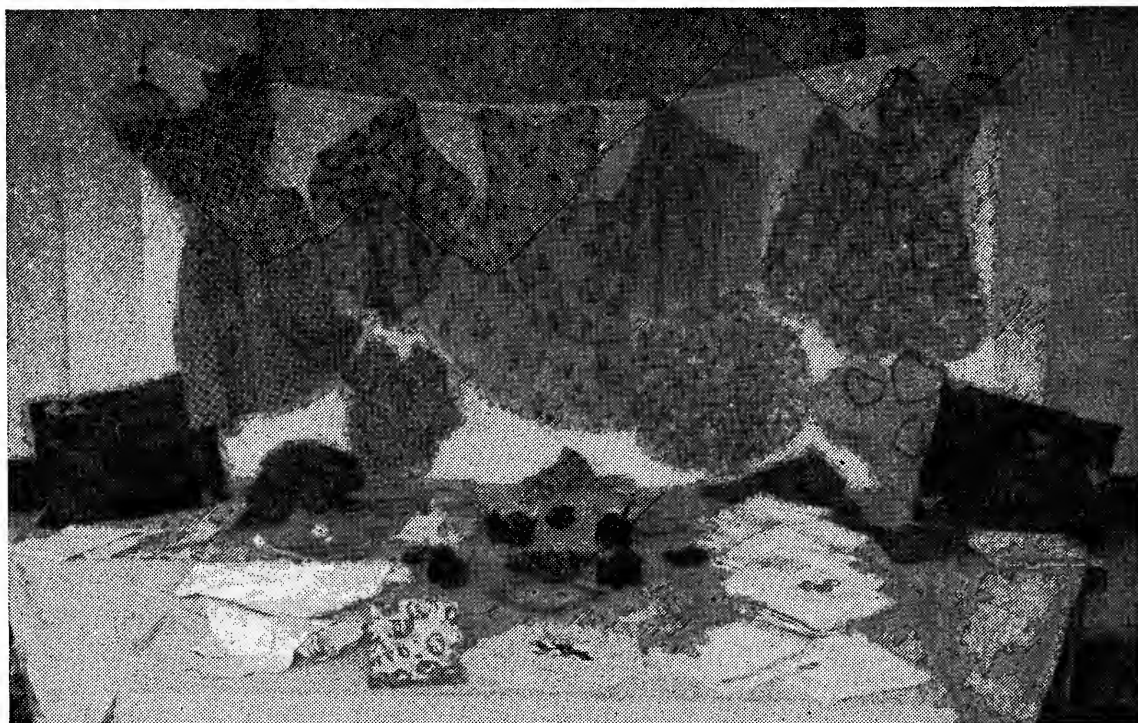
2 cups sugar	1 tsp. salt
1 cup shortening	1 cup sweet milk
4 eggs, well beaten	1 tsp. vanilla
6 ounces chocolate	1 ½ cups chopped nuts
3 cups pastry flour	1 ½ cups raisins
4 tsp. baking powder	

Cream the shortening and sugar together, add eggs and melted chocolate, add milk, vanilla, nuts, raisins and mix well. Add baking powder, flour, and salt, mixed and sifted together. Drop by teaspoon on greased cookie sheets and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 12 minutes.

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for April 1948, page 274.

### RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS, BAZAARS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Marie Vesela

#### CZECHOSLOVAKIAN MISSION, PRAGUE BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, April 25, 1949

Sister Marie Vesela, Secretary, Prague Branch Relief Society, writes an interesting report of the history and activities of the society in this branch: "The Czechoslovakian Relief Society was founded in the year 1939 with Frantiska Brodilova as president, and five members in attendance. Martha Gaeth, wife of President Arthur Gaeth, was the second president. The spirit in the meetings was a real Latter-day Saint spirit and the lessons were prepared and translated especially for conditions in this country. During 1935-37 Josefa Komarkova was president and at this time many people visited the society. Sister Komarkova left the country to live with her married daughter in Salt Lake City. The year 1938, when Sister Martha Toronto presided, was filled with uncertainty and trouble and during the war the possibilities for this work were not great, but the members, especially in the Brno Branch, did not stop their work in Relief Society.



In the year 1947, when Sister Toronto returned to Czechoslovakia, plans were made to bring the work to a higher level. It cost much work and endeavor, but slowly the number of the visitors increased.

A great success in the Prague Branch was the year 1948-49 under the presidency of Anna Laura Woodland, missionary. Sewing was thought of as something all women enjoyed. But it was impossible to get material to work with. Sister Woodland wrote to her mother and asked her to send some sugar sacks and remnants that she had around the house. Soon we got the news that not only her mother was sending us many things, but also other sisters were donating thread, needles, pins, and materials to the Prague society. The joy and excitement of our women as they looked at the nice things are impossible to describe.

The bazaar was a great success and brought us over 10,000 Krs. or \$200. We had 53 aprons, 15 tablecloths, and a large group of miscellaneous items, such as pillows, doilies, scarves, playsuits, and stuffed toys.

Before the bazaar we had an interesting program, with musical numbers, a story, and readings. Refreshments were served and the highlight of the evening was a fashion show—first in the history of the Czechoslovakian Relief Society. After the program we retired to the winter garden where the articles of the bazaar were on display.

Many women who started to visit our Relief Society programs became interested in the work of the Church and some of them have already become members and others will join soon. Although we still have more visiting friends than members in our meetings, the spirit is fine and encouraging and we enjoy the blessings which are connected with this work."



Photograph submitted by Marie Vesela

DOLL DISPLAY AT PRAGUE BAZAAR



Photograph submitted by Fannye H. Walker

### TAYLOR STAKE (CANADA), RAYMOND THIRD WARD SINGING MOTHERS

Front row, left to right: Mrs. George Court; Fern Spackman; Rae Smith; Josephine Hawk; Zina Anderson; Maybelle Anderson, chorister; Emma Dahl, at the piano.

Second row, left to right: Fannye H. Walker; Ethel Jacobs; Ella Hancock; Zilphia Garrett; Phoebe Dahl; Mozelle Baker; Mabel Heninger.

Third row, left to right: Angelina Witbeck, President, Raymond Third Ward Relief Society; Idelle Kenney; Lottie Graham; Lula Stevenson; Annie Adams; Helen Holt; Irene Halliday; Mrs. McGillivray; Mabel Salmon; Ruth Salmon; Madge Fairbanks.

Lisadore B. Crookston is president of Taylor Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Pearl M. Andersen

### SHELLEY STAKE (IDAHO), RETIRING RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS

Front row, left to right: Ivy Goodsell; First Counselor Pearl M. Andersen; President Annie B. Johnson; Second Counselor Sarah W. Kirkham; Tressa Hunter.

Back row, left to right: Lela Wiseman; Zetta Jensen; Ila Allen; Millie Bean; Anna Cook; Veta Dye; Thelma Thompson; Mable Roberts; Florence D. Hanney.

This photograph was taken just prior to the release of these officers which became necessary when Elder Clarence F. Johnson and his wife Annie B. Johnson were called to preside over the Swedish Mission. Sister Andersen reports: "Sister Johnson was called to the presidency of Shelley Stake Relief Society in July 1938. She served humbly and successfully and under her leadership many major projects were carried out successfully. One of the more recent projects was the purchase of new electric machines by every Relief Society in the stake. Sister Johnson is richly endowed with a fine sense of knowing just the right thing to be done for each particular situation. Her keen intellect and ability to select the essentials and dismiss the unimportant details mark her as a great leader. All who have worked with her love her and wish Brother and Sister Johnson success and happiness in their new calling."

Eva L. Clinger is the new president of Shelley Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Beth Callister

#### NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSION, MERCED BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY DISPLAY AT THE 1949 COUNTY FAIR

Left to right: First Counselor Ruby Wardrobe; Jean Brink; Barbara Gaines; June Cannon; Margaret Taylor; Esther Mae Fish; Harriet Moulton; President Beth Callister.

Officers not in the picture are: Second Counselor Villa Stewart and Secretary-Treasurer Elizabeth Elcock.

The Relief Society women of the Merced Branch were awarded the following ribbons for their outstanding entries: 74 blue (first place) ribbons; 46 red (second place) ribbons; 29 white (third place) ribbons. Beth Callister and Jean Brink won first and second places in the sweepstakes in the canned goods division. The women made a total of \$414.

Amelia E. Gardner is president of the Northern California Mission Relief Society



Photograph submitted by Lolo M. Shumway

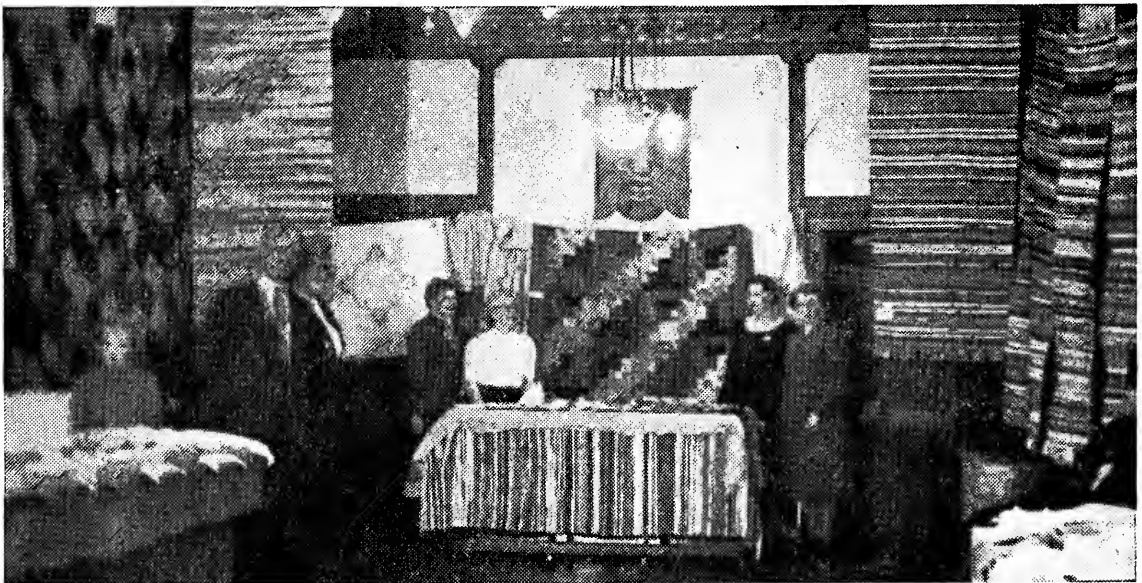
PHOENIX STAKE (ARIZONA), MARICOPA INDIAN RELIEF SOCIETY  
MEMBERS DISPLAYING THEIR FIRST QUILTS

Left, at the rear: Hazel Nelson of Phoenix Stake Board.

Extreme right: Brother and Sister Sundust (first converts in this branch) and Lilly Harris of the Stake Board.

Seated, center front: Lola M. Shumway, President, Phoenix Stake Relief Society.

Sister Shumway reports: "We are very pleased with the fine work of these women on the quilting project and the Indian women are, too. Three of our regular members were in the cotton fields the day the picture was taken. We have had a gradual increase in membership since we began with these sisters. Last week we had two more new members."



Photograph submitted by Ethel E. Blomquist

SWEDISH MISSION, GOTEBOURG RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS  
AT THE BRANCH BAZAAR

Standing at the back, left to right: Albert Brandin, local missionary, husband of Maja Brandin, President, Goteborg Relief Society; Anna Sjöholm; Karen Stengruber; President Maja Brandin; Hilda Malmberg; Maria Bohlin.

Ethel E. Blomquist is former president of the Swedish Mission Relief Society and Annie B. Johnson is the present president.



Photograph submitted by Nina J. Langford

**SOUTH OGDEN STAKE (UTAH), STAKE OFFICERS AND SINGING MOTHERS WHO FURNISHED MUSIC FOR THE STAKE VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION, October 28, 1949**

Front row, left to right: Edna T. Buss; Second Counselor Dessa B. Richins; Clarabell R. Harper; Hilda T. Halverson; Secretary-Treasurer Nina J. Langford; Stake Relief Society President Reka V. B. Parker; Nellie W. Neal, member general board of Relief Society.

Second row, standing left of pulpit: Secretary-Treasurer Edith B. Williams; acting organist Vera Pettit; chorister Mabel E. Draper; First Counselor Erma V. Jacobs.

An extensive display of handwork of all types was held in connection with the convention. A delicious luncheon was served to 225 Relief Society members.



Photograph submitted by Ann M. Borg

**GRANT STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS CHORUS**

Front row, beginning fourth from the left: accompanists Grace Riches and Erma Barton; director Ann M. Borg.

This chorus completed four major assignments during the past year, furnishing music for the Relief Society opening social, for morning and evening sessions of stake conference, for Relief Society convention, and for the March 6th stake program. Plans are underway for a song festival to be held in the amphitheater in Big Cottonwood Canyon sometime during the summer of 1949.

Forty-seven members are enrolled in the chorus and baby tenders are provided for the practice periods which are held sometimes in the mornings and sometimes in the afternoons. One of the accompanists, Bernece Engeman was not present when the photograph was taken.

Lorena L. Harline is president of Grant Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Winnie T. Graff

### OREM STAKE (UTAH) PAGEANT HONORS EARLY RELIEF SOCIETY LEADERS March 17, 1949

Front row, left to right: Sherrie Ford representing Emma Smith; Oreen Walker as Eliza R. Snow; Enid Johnson as Zina D. Young; Uana Illingsworth as Bathsheba Smith; Emily Long as Emmeline B. Wells.

Back row, left to right: Winnie T. Graff, President, Orem Stake Relief Society; Blanche Nielson, author and reader of the pageant; Mary Rowley, representing President Belle S. Spafford; Dorothy Johnson as President Amy Brown Lyman; Lula Croft as President Louisa Y. Robison; Jennie Harris as President Clarissa Williams; Elaine Baxter, who played an accordion solo; Erma Swensen, who played an organ solo.

This beautiful pageant was presented in the Scera auditorium before a large audience. Each character was introduced by the reader, Sister Wilson, and as the women entered Sister Swensen softly played "O My Father" in memory of Eliza R. Snow, and Elaine Baxter played an accordion solo "My Mountain Home So Dear" in memory of Emmeline B. Wells.

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## *Living Design*

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

The sun in the west is a luminous red,  
The snow is immaculate white,  
Deep blue the expanse of the sky overhead  
Where stars will stay hidden till night.

Unwind seven ribbons from that crimson ball;  
Divide them with six lanes of snow,  
And choose from the stars the brightest of all,  
Eight rows with six stars in a row.

And cut from the blue of the heavens a square,  
Arranging the stars in their place,  
An ensign your heart ever after will wear  
And its glory will shine in your face.

# The Enjoyment of Literature

(Continued from page 101)

to him. The reader brings to the work personality traits, memories of past events, present needs and preoccupations, a particular mood and a particular physical condition.

This, it seems to me, is the literary center in which the teeter board rests. Become obsessed with literature as "art for art's sake," and the balance of perfect rhythm is lost. See in literature only the practical elements of life, and a disproportionate end weight results. Pure enjoyment comes as a result of balance.

As a child I did not like to slide the teeter board far to one end of the pivotal base so that a child heavier than myself could teeter with me. The disproportion in looks and the uncertain rhythm was disconcerting. But give me a mate my own size to balance the board and, hands free, head back to the wind, I could teeter for hours. It is this freedom, this balance of mind and experience, that brings the fullest literary enjoyment, the most rewarding literary experience.

In this rewarding experience lies the hope that good literature will influence our lives. It is rewarding to see a pattern of life that is familiar to us. We exclaim, "Why, I've done that very thing myself!" Or, "I know people just like that!" It is rewarding to see in the humor or

the tragedy of a book the cue to our own fun, or our own sorrows. It is thus that the author shares with us his own clear vision.

There is no end to the enjoyment that literature may bring. When we reach the stage where we seek more than enjoyment, then we can say to the artist, "Give me something fine in any form which may suit you best, according to your own temperament, and I shall enjoy it." How much more interesting is Rolvaag's *Giants in the Earth* written to this form, this temperament, than an unadorned historical and generalized account of the same events would be. We need no preconceived, pointed-out evaluation for, since each brings to a work the color of his own experience, each will derive a different element from it.

However, in teaching literature in the classroom, the teacher need not abdicate completely nor cease to exert an influence. But let the teacher's position be that of a quiet counselor not of an infallible mentor. Instead, let there be an informal and friendly analysis and evaluation and enjoyment. Literature will then become a potent force in the educational process of developing critically minded, emotionally liberated individuals who possess the energy and the will to create a happier way of life for themselves and for others.



## *Theology*—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

### Lesson 24—"Further Instruction to the Apostles"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, Chapter 32, by Elder James E. Talmage)  
For Tuesday, May 2, 1950

Objective: To show how clearly and forcefully Jesus instructed those who were to carry on his work after his crucifixion.

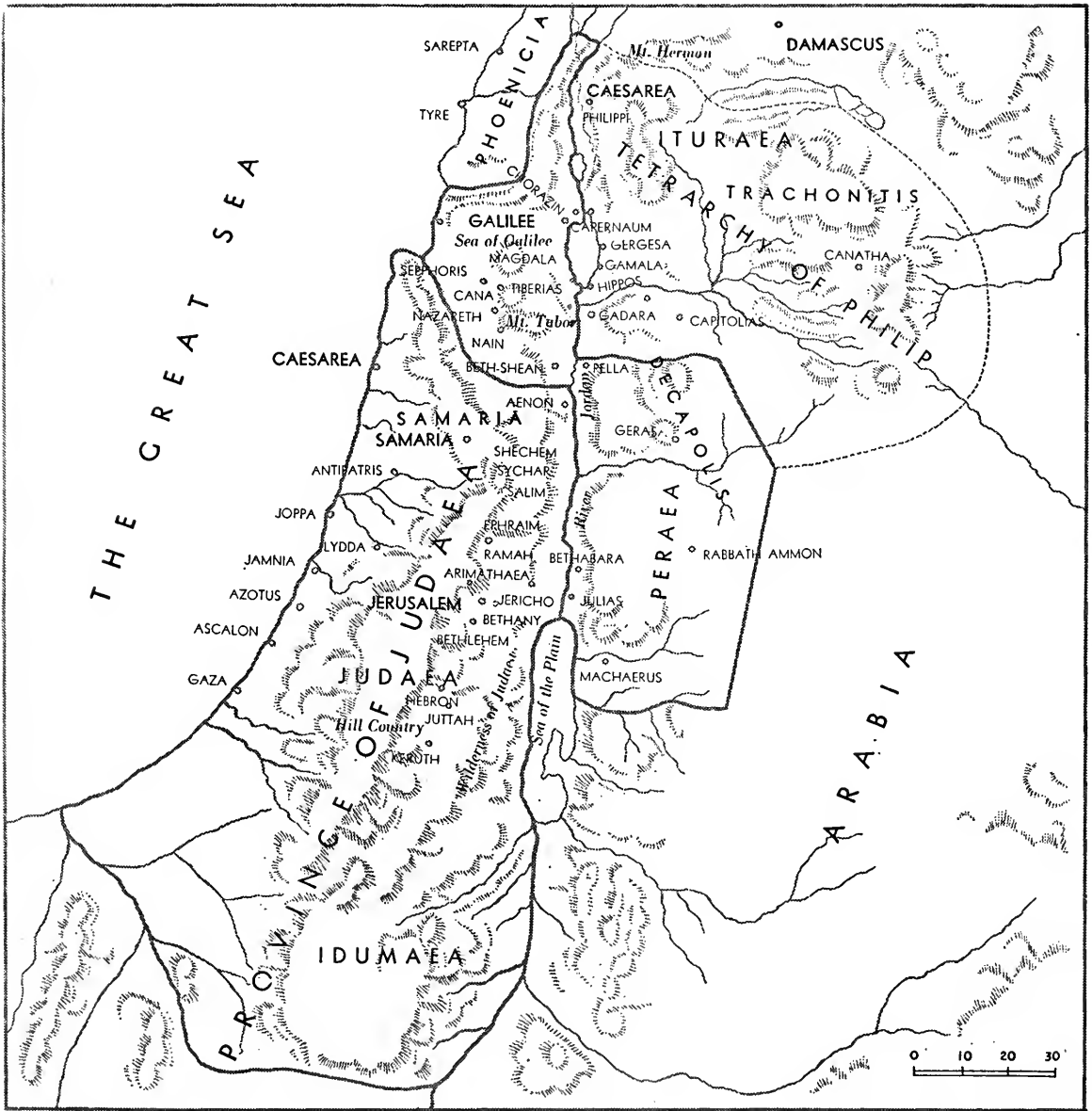
#### *Prophecies Relating to the Destruction of Jerusalem and the Lord's Future Advent*

JESUS left the temple on Tuesday of the last week. He had finished his ministry so far as the public was concerned. He started toward the beloved home in Bethany and rested for a time on the Mount of Olives. Only his disciples were with him. From their resting place on the Mount they had a wonderful view of the temple and the great city. His prediction that the temple would be destroyed caused some of the twelve to say to him, "Tell us when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world?" It is clear that they understood that there was to be an event known to them as the "end of the world," and they wanted to know what signs would precede it. Jesus first warned them against being deceived. He frankly told them that no man knew the date of the glorious second coming of the Lord. Only his Father in heaven knew of the date.

Mark tells us that even the Son did not know (Mark 13:32). That the event was more remote than any of the disciples realized is very apparent.

He told the apostles especially that they were to expect persecution. Some of them would be put to death because of the testimony of Christ. They were told that in the hour of need the Holy Ghost would inspire them as to what they were to say. The Lord told them to be patient in tribulation and that the blessing in the hereafter would so far outweigh the sufferings of this life that there would be no comparison. Their mission was to preach the gospel of the kingdom to all nations. They would meet opposition from false prophets and false teachers, but they were to persist in the face of all opposition. Their message would divide families and some children would even betray their own parents. Members of the Church would grow cold in the faith and turn away and only those who were faithful to the end of life would be saved. There would be wars and





Evan Jensen

PALESTINE IN THE TIME OF CHRIST

rumors of wars, famines and earthquakes; in fact, peace would be taken from the earth.

The Savior told them plainly what would befall Jerusalem in their day. "And when ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies, then know that the desolation thereof is nigh" (Luke 21:20). When this occurred, those who believed were to go to the mountains; and the suffering would be terrible, especially for mothers with babes, and for expectant mothers. They were to pray that these tribulations would not be forced upon them in winter, for the suffering then would be horrible and without a parallel in Israel's history. The only comfort given was that the period would be cut short.

There was then to come a time when Satan would deceive the people of the world. "Men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken" (Luke 21:26). It would be well for class members to read all of the 21st chapter of Luke, and note 1 at the end of chapter 32 of the text, and also the 24th chapter of Matthew, as given in the Pearl of Great Price. There was to be virulent persecution of the disciples, to be followed by cruel warfare. Many of the "elect" would be deceived and would apostatize. The people would be deceived by priestcraft and false prophets.

Care should be exercised not to confound the signs and events of the Christian era with those of the latter days. Remember Christ's promise for this day is that the gos-

pel of the kingdom shall be preached to all nations who will receive it before the glorious coming of the Lord in the last days. That coming will be sudden and unexpected, but the faithful should always be ready for it.

To indelibly impress on the minds of all faithful followers the need of watchfulness and faithfulness, Jesus gave to them the Parable of the Ten Virgins. Matthew gave us our only report of this wonderfully illustrative parable (Matt. 25:1-13).

#### *The Need of Watchfulness and Diligence Illustrated by Parable*

The listeners were all familiar with oriental marriage customs. It was common for the bridegroom to go to the home of the bride and escort her to the place of festivities. These events usually occurred in the evening and, as the bridal party approached the appointed place, organized groups with lamps and lighted torches would go out to meet it. The ten virgins were to join the welcoming party. Only five, however, had oil in their lamps. The bridegroom was late and all of the virgins fell asleep. Near midnight, criers announced his coming and called in haste: "Go ye out to meet him." The ten virgins immediately awakened and five of them were ready, but five of them had no oil for their lamps. They sought in vain to borrow oil, but the others could not, or would not, spare any. While the unwise virgins were out in quest of oil, the wedding party came and went on into the house where the festivities were being held and shut the door against all tardy comers. The five unwise

virgins pleaded for admittance, but were denied because they were not among the attendants of either the bride or the bridegroom.

The lesson is plain. Jesus symbolizes the bridegroom. The Church on earth is his bride. Those who are prepared and ready to meet him will be received by him, while those who delay and are not ready will be rejected. The lamps symbolize the professions of faith and the oil "the spiritual strength and abundance which diligence and devotion in God's service alone can insure."

The Parable of the Ten Virgins will, no doubt, suggest to each teacher many ways the lessons of the story may be used. Solemnly the Lord said: "Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh" (Matt. 25:13). (See also D. & C. 45:56-59.)

The same afternoon, while he was yet on the Mount of Olives, the Lord also gave the Parable of the Entrusted Talents (Matt. 25:14-30). It may appear to some, on first reading, that the parable is the same as the story of the Pounds (Luke 19:12-27). While the two should be studied together, they are different. In the first case, the story of the Pounds was told to a mixed audience, while the story of the Entrusted Talents was given in privacy to the most intimate of the Lord's disciples. In the story of the Pounds an equal amount of money was given to each of the servants, and each was rewarded or penalized, according to his diligence. In the story of the talents, the servants received dif-

ferent amounts "every man according to his several ability." In this case, also, the servants were equally rewarded for equal diligence even though greater gains were made by one servant than by the other. It is comforting to know that if we do our best with whatever gifts are given to us, we shall be accepted as well as one who works in wider fields. We are rewarded according to the effort we put forth. In both stories the servants who were unfaithful and negligent were condemned and punished. The Lord gave the Parable of the Entrusted Talents to his disciples as he was about to leave them. He would leave his work with his servants but would hold each of them accountable. It is recommended that 1 Corinthians, 12 chapter, be studied. Those who have special talents should use them for the glory of God and the blessing of mankind or these talents may be taken from them. "Talents are not given to be buried, and then to be dug up and offered back unimproved, reeking with the smell of earth and dulled by the corrosion of disuse."

### *The Inevitable Judgment*

The Lord's ministry was closed. The last of his illustrative parables had been given. He had given a plan of salvation that would save all who would obey and live it. He had instructed his special messengers in great detail and finally had promised in due time to come again to earth in "power and great glory:"

When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: And before him shall be gathered

all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left (Matt. 25:31-33).

The Lord pointed out in detail how his followers could best serve him. If they would give food and drink to those in need; clothe the naked and near naked; minister to the needs of the sick and afflicted, and, in brief, love their fellow men as themselves. ". . . Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me" (Matt. 25:40). The righteous shall hear the glad welcome, "Come ye blessed of my Father," while the wicked shall be told to depart. The sure promise was made that Christ will return to execute judgment.

#### *Another Specific Prediction of the Lord's Death*

Then, in sadness, he said: "Ye

know that after two days is the feast of the passover, and the Son of man is betrayed to be crucified" (Matt. 26:2).

#### *Questions and Suggestions for Discussion*

1. What prediction of the Savior brought forth the questions regarding the end of the world? Discuss the answers Jesus gave.
2. Distinguish between the signs and events of the Christian era and those of the latter days.
3. Discuss the lesson taught by the Parable of the Ten Virgins.
4. Relate the Parable of the Entrusted Talents. Show that various capacities exist in men for service to God and their fellow men.

#### *References in the Four Gospels*

Matt. 13:5, 6, 20, 21, 24-30; 24:3-51; 25:1-46; 26:2.

Mark 13:3-37.

Luke 12:48; 19:12-27; 21:5-36.

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## *Visiting Teacher Messages—Our Savior Speaks*

### Lesson 8—"Be of Good Cheer" (Matt. 14:27)

Mary Grant Judd

For Tuesday, May 2, 1950

Objective: To reaffirm that in bringing help and comfort to others, we gain joy for ourselves.

AS we reach the last message for this year, we earnestly hope that the visiting teachers have gained for themselves, and have been able to help others to gain, a nearness to our Savior which exceeds any that they may have felt before.

We wish to conclude with a salutation which Christ frequently used to give encouragement to those with whom he mingled. "Be of good cheer" he told the man who was afflicted with palsy (Matt. 9:2). "Be of good cheer" (Mark 6:50),

he called out to his fearful disciples as he walked towards them upon the waves of the sea when their ship was being tossed about by the wind and the waves. At the time that Paul was preaching in Jerusalem and was being so sorely persecuted in "the night following the Lord stood by him, and said, Be of good cheer, Paul" (Acts 23:11).

These same words were spoken by him to his disciples to comfort them when their hearts were sore in the knowledge that they were soon to be separated from their beloved Master, for he had said to them, "But now I go my way to him that sent me . . . because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart" (John 16:5,6). He knew that it was natural for his disciples to feel disconsolate, but he also knew that sorrow and discouragement can be replaced with happiness, and so he told them:

But your sorrow shall be turned into joy. A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come: but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world (John 16:20-21).

Here is a lesson for all of us to take to heart, namely, that it is possible for us to look habitually for the beautiful experiences in life and learn to blot out the unpleasant ones. As one author expressed it,

"Never forget that every minute spent with gloom is just that much time spent away from light and life."

The philosophy of Christ may be called joyful wisdom. It leads one into the path of happiness that is real and permanent.

And yet, because the Savior experienced mortality, and with it the sorrows that the human race must know, there are those who would depict him as being solely "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." How one-sided such an evaluation would be. How could he lead us into the path of happiness and not be happy himself—to think that he knew our sorrows but did not know our joys! How could Christ go about doing good and not feel joy?

A certain woman once said that if she ever felt downhearted she would go out and find someone who needed help or consolation, with the result that she returned with her own spirits lifted. When Relief Society sisters go with understanding hearts into a home where there is illness or grief and render compassionate service, it cannot but make them, as well as the recipients of their favor, feel happier.

One should quite determinedly cultivate a happy, relaxed state of mind in spite of unfavorable circumstances. In short, one should habitually "be of good cheer."

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## WORK MEETING

No sewing lesson is scheduled for the month of May as the preview provided for a display of children's clothing in May.

# Literature—The Literature of England

## Lesson 8—John Milton: The Lesser Works

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

For Tuesday, May 16, 1950

IN 1608, eight years before Shakespeare's death, John Milton was born. Thus for a short span the mortal lives of the two greatest forces in English literature overlapped. Maturing thus on the outer fringes of the Elizabethan Age, Milton early learned to sing in a style not dissimilar to the best of his Renaissance predecessors. Yet the point cannot be pressed unduly, for in metrical skill and craftsmanship, in opulent luxury of word and image, and in sheer sensuous and intellectual beauty, his poetry surpassed not only the preceding age but most writers who have ever lived, regardless of time or place.

His style and early tone are reminiscent of the glowing imagination and the ripening, optimistic spirit of the preceding Elizabethan century. But his unmatched loftiness of mind and heart, the unmeasurable depth and width of the scope which he chose to be his, and the unbludgeonable courage of his personal and literary lives—these were born amid Milton's heroic grapplings with the challenges of his own day.

While Milton is often compared with other writers, more truly we should see him as a magnificence unique, definable only in terms of itself. The more we know of the man, the deeper we come to know his poetry, the less possible it seems to summarize or abridge his legacy

to us. Wise, clear-seeing Wordsworth deserves such adjectives when he writes in his sonnet on Milton:

Thy Soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart.

Realizing, then, what we do, it becomes our task to attempt to catch in a few words the majestic supremacy of this man so entirely the true poet.

Milton was born of excellent Puritan stock in the days before "Puritan" connoted fanatical austerity, and condemnation of any and all worldly graces. (For Macaulay's definition of Puritanism, read the text, pp. 569-573). His mother was a woman noted for her charities; his father, a wealthy lawyer, had been disinherited for denying the Roman Catholic religion. A well-known composer of music and a lover of literature, his father gave his son every cultural advantage.

Even before his teens, Milton came to feel the growing need of preparing himself for a high destiny in life, and, during his preparatory and college years, rarely left his studies until after midnight. He once thought of himself as preparing for a religious career, but by the time he received his M. A. degree from Cambridge in 1632, he had come to feel contempt and distrust for the organized clergy. Instead of entering any profession, he retired to a family estate at Horton, a village not far from London. Here

for six years he studied the classic literatures and perfected his style in writing both Latin and English. This period of intense scholarly discipline climaxed a preparation which made Milton probably the most widely read author in the English language.

In 1638, at the age of thirty, he began an extensive and leisurely tour of the continent. However, when the religious and political tensions at home became alarmingly acute, Milton cut short his tour in 1639, and returned to defend the rights of Englishmen and the sanctity of the conscience against the growing opposition of Charles I and his Cavaliers. (For this background, so vital to an understanding of Milton's life, a reading of the text, pp. 564-575 is imperative.) In the urgency of the cause, Milton forsook all thoughts of a literary career, and devoted the entire intensity of his personal force to championing the Puritan cause. It was to be more than twenty years before he began writing *Paradise Lost*, and twenty-five years until it was finished. For Milton the need of the moment was all-consuming. He continued his work as Latin Secretary to Cromwell and the new Commonwealth, even though his doctors had warned him that he was endangering his eyesight. When he began writing his *Defence of the English People* in 1651, he had already lost the sight of one eye; by the time this prose work was finished in 1652, he was totally blind.

Milton's marital relations were hardly more peaceful than the political turmoil in which he lived. At the age of thirty-four, Milton

somewhat impetuously married Mary Powell, a girl just half his age. They were separated a month later. Soon Milton wrote his famous defense of divorce. Three years later they were reconciled, and she bore him three daughters before she died in childbirth in 1652. Before his death in 1674 he married twice more. Catherine Woodcock, whom he seemed to have loved dearly, died in childbirth eighteen months after their marriage in 1656, while Elizabeth Minshull survived her husband more than a half century.

After the Puritan Commonwealth became extinct with the restoration of Charles II as King of England in 1660, Milton was fined and some of his books were burned by the victors, who thereafter allowed him to live unmolested among them. But he was a Puritan, and therefore the object of tauntings, scorn, and contempt at the hands of the once-suppressed court society. It was bitter to live in an alien political and religious world which he had opposed with all the power of his mature life. To this sense of isolation and living beyond his time was added blindness, yet in this unreal world of darkness, uselessness, and condemnation, Milton was ever unbowed. He lay awake at night composing his greatest works, dictating them the next morning to some member of his household. Once such circumstances of composition are known, the defiant greatness which Milton achieved in his immortal epics *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, and in his classical Greek tragedy *Samson Agonistes* becomes even more memorable.

Since Milton's epics are to be the subject of our next lesson, they do not concern us here. Let us then first turn to some of his lesser works in which we might identify in smaller compass the qualities which were ideally combined in his master work, *Paradise Lost*.

As with all educated men of his time, Milton was taught Latin at an early age. Throughout his college years, his ambition was to become a master of expression in Latin, the universal language of scholarship, and most of his excellent poetry was written in Latin. Even when, at the age of twenty-one, he wrote "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity" in English, he continued to write most of his poetry in Latin and Italian, until after his return from his European excursion in 1639. But if writing first in Latin always were to produce such results, all future writers should learn to compose in Latin, for this first sizable poem he attempted in English after his Latin discipline is one of the most perfect in the language.

"On the Morning of Christ's Nativity"

This poem contains the stateliness of language and the beauty of style which were peculiarly Milton's. Inspired by the significance of Christmas Day, Milton wrote of the reign of peace, the music of the spheres, and the flight of the oracles, all couched in language and stanza pattern ideally fitting the content. The following stanzas are representative in their effortless flow of language, and in their exquisite combining of beautiful oral word-music with mental tone and imagery:

## V

But peaceful was the night  
Wherein the Prince of light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began.  
The Winds, with wonder whist [stilled  
or hushed]  
Smoothly the waters kiss't,  
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the  
charmed wave.

## XIII

Ring out ye crystal spheres,  
Once bless our human ears,  
(If ye have power to touch our senses  
so)  
And let your silver chime  
Move in melodious time;  
And let the bass of Heav'n's deep  
organ blow;  
And with your ninefold harmony  
Make up full consort to th' angelic  
symphony.

## XX

The lonely mountains o'er,  
And the resounding shore,  
A voice of weeping heard, and loud  
lament;  
From haunted spring and dale  
Edged with poplar pale,  
The parting genius is with sighing sent;  
With flow'r-inwov'n tresses torn  
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled  
thickets mourn.

"L'Allegro"; "Il Penseroso"

"L'Allegro" (The Joyful Man) and "Il Penseroso" (The Thoughtful Man) are the famous loved companion pieces Milton wrote most probably while at Horton (see text, pp. 639-643). There in the midst of nature, Milton includes minute evidence of having seen and known her in many moods, but more Milton's moods than hers. In his apparently simple rhymed couplets he



has been eminently successful in creating and communicating whatever word-picture pleased his fancy. From the grimness of "Loathed Melancholy's" dismissal (lines 1-5) to the entrance of the nymph with her immortally gay companions (line 25) is a distance between furthest extremes, a gap so wide that only words used by a master artist could ever bridge it. Reverse values are painted in somber, serene tones in "Il Penseroso." Each poem abounds in memorable lines and images. If anyone has not yet tasted the pure delights of word-picture and word-music, let him cut his poetic baby-teeth on such poems as these; the results are almost assuredly happy ones.

#### "Lycidas"

The poems thus far mentioned have exemplified Milton's ability to create beauty, and to impress upon us Nature's contrasting moods. At age twenty-nine, while still at Horton, Milton wrote "Lycidas" (pronounced li' si dus), one of the most exalted elegies, or serious meditations upon death, in English.

Should Milton's greatness still be in question, note the host of superlative adjectives we have employed thus far to describe his *minor* words. Entirely conscious of the dangers of excess, we nevertheless must include the words of one eminent critic who defines "Lycidas" as "probably the most perfect piece of literature in existence." Here we feel the magnificent surge of inner power which is possessed by those poets who are truly great, and who are thereby set apart and above those poets who merely write

poetry of pictorial or musical beauty. Here we see the beauty of masculine, intellectual strength, in verses of wider sweep and deeper penetration than we have found in Milton heretofore. Here, in a most compatible combination of versification, style, image, and high emotions, we have pure poetry.

The poem is cast in the form of a classical pastoral elegy, in which lofty thoughts are uttered amid the surroundings of rural nature. The lavish use of references to mythology, also a poetic convention of the time, might at first confuse the modern reader, but once such names as satyr, Orpheus, Panope, and Namanos are identified and then allowed to illumine the passage in which they occur, the reader is then enabled to read a new and justifying richness into the lines. The length of the poetic line, as well as the rhyme scheme, follow no pattern save that which seems to Milton most effective. Yet he subtly repeats cadences without always rhyming them, as, for example, the sound of ear which is used to end six of the first fourteen lines, with rhyme used but once. Thus he interweaves his verse, hardly to be noted consciously by the average reader.

"Lycidas" was one of twenty poems written by classmates of Edward King to pay honor to him at his early death. Milton achieves such powerful emotion in the poem, not because King was his close friend, but because, like King, he had dedicated his life to writing sublime poetry whereby he might achieve literary fame. In lamenting King's shortened life, a brief existence in

which his high resolve and outstanding talents produced nothing of true worth, actually Milton speaks of his own similar situation. This theme, then, *Ars Longa, vita brevis* (Art is long, but life is fleeting), unifies the various voices in the poem: Milton's opening and closing lines referring to King's pathetic death, his questioning of his own destiny (lines 64-84), St. Peter's scathing condemnation of evils within the Church (lines 108-131), and the pagan muse's praise of the pastoral virtues (lines 132-151).

In the very first lines we feel at once the fulness of Milton's exalted emotion and his restraint, as prematurely he gathers a laurel wreath to honor his dead poet-friend:

"Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,  
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sear,  
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
And with forced fingers rude  
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year."

Just as his "forced fingers rude" shatter the shrubs' leaves prematurely, so it seems does death crush out young poets before they have had a chance to sing in full strength. After asking the muses to "somewhat loudly sweep the string" as they begin their lamentations, Milton hopes that his own passing might be so honored (lines 15-22).

Next, Milton uses imagery of pasture and shepherd to designate the happy life he spent in common with King at Cambridge (lines 22-36); but now the poet is dead, all nature mourns (lines 37-48). He then begins to blame the muses for allowing their nurtured son to be drowned:

"Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep  
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?"

But, at once, he realizes that the muses could have done nothing, since death is inexorable (lines 49-63). Then he asks, for King, as for all young poets, what they have to gain by dedicating themselves to poetry. Fame is empty, but in immortality the true poets shall be rewarded (lines 64-86), while poetry is its own reward, since:

"That strain I heard was a higher mood."  
(line 87)

Neptune asks if the winds were to blame for the death of Lycidas (or King), but Hippotades, god of the winds, reports that the winds were peaceful, and cannot be blamed (lines 90-102). Symbolizing Cambridge, the god of the river Cam asks why Lycidas was taken (lines 103-107). St. Peter laments the loss of so promising a minister, then compares him to the "blind" mouths who devour the substance of their congregations, feeding their flocks only wind and mist until they rot inwardly (lines 108-131).

Recognizing the finality of King's death, Milton next bids the Sicilian muse to call all rural nature to bring forth all her beauties to strew upon the coffin of Lycidas (lines 132-153). He conjectures where the body of Lycidas might be and asks that it be returned home (lines 154-164). But tears are useless since, Lycidas is not dead, but lives in heaven amid honor and joy (lines 165-185). Thus, says Milton, I, the uncouth (or untaught) poet sang. The final lines (187-193), in their serenity and pure simplicity, are supreme among supremes.

Beneath such a title as this lesson bears, Milton's sonnets simply cannot remain unmentioned. Of the nineteen English sonnets he wrote over a period of thirty years, four demand a comment (see text, pp. 647-649). First, however, it must be said that all are built on the strict Italian sonnet pattern, and are models of construction and artistry. Their ringing power is self-evident.

"On His Having Arrived at the Age of Twenty-Three" (page 647) strikes that note of high seriousness which dominates Milton's mature work. "On His Deceased Wife," (page 649) in its loveliness and in its exalted definition of woman, is a tribute both to all womankind as well as to Milton. Perhaps his most famous sonnet, "On His Blindness" (page 648), is memorable for the courage and humility it reveals. But for incomparable organ-tones of power from within, for the most vivid example of Milton's ability, as defined by Wordsworth "to make the sonnet into a trumpet," one must know and read and love "On the Late Massacre in Piedmont" (page 648).

Winnowing out the trivial and the transitory, Milton reached deep below the surface of apparent, everyday reality to grasp and define and personalize with a new majesty the universal essences. Finally, then, we see that Milton's writings are limited neither in time nor in depth, neither vertically nor horizontally. While they are of an age, they are more than any age. Actually they are Milton, bounded only by the

limits of one of the largest of human souls.

NOTE TO TEACHERS: It is suggested that this lesson material be saved for reference for the October 1950 lesson, as it contains the foundation work for the lesson on "Milton's Greater Works." For an example of iambic pentameter lines, see page 1134 of the text and for an explanation of the form of the Italian Sonnet, see the text, page 1150.

### Questions

1. How is Milton's style related to the Elizabethan Age?
2. Why is Milton called a Puritan?
3. How was Milton's future career shaped by his father?
4. Why do the verses quoted from Milton's first poem in English seem particularly suited to the poem's subject matter?
5. Why does the subject matter in "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" indicate that these poems might well have been written at Horton?
6. Who was Edward King?
7. Is "Lycidas" in any way autobiographical?
8. What evils does Milton find in the clergy of his day?
9. Why is "Lycidas" called an elegy?
10. For you, which of Milton's sonnets is most rewarding? Most challenging? Why? Assign "On His Blindness" to a class member for reading aloud.

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## *Flaming Power*

C. Cameron Johns

Do you perceive what you have done?  
Kindled to burning another sun!  
And as I gaze into the flame  
My spirit knows from where it came.  
This is the fire I could not see  
Beggared by this mortality,  
Memory now recalls anew  
By reason of the lighted view.

# *Social Science*—Latter-day Saint Political Thought

## Lesson 7—Achieving the Kingdom of God—(D. & C. 134:10-12)

Elder G. Homer Durham

For Tuesday, May 23, 1950

Objective: To demonstrate that the kingdom of God will be achieved by preaching the gospel throughout the world.

### *Change Versus Loyalty*

**H**OW can change be reconciled with stability? Is it possible for “things to remain the same” and at the same time improve? Obviously not. There are many injustices that need removing: slums to clear; lands to develop; lands to conserve and husband; hungry people—most of them in Asia—to feed; truth to be known and lived everywhere. At the same time there are many values to be retained and not lost. How shall change be made? When is a particular change desirable? The ideal of a kingdom of God on earth involves change; an improvement from the world as we find it to a better world. Can the kingdom of God be achieved in the world? Is it possible for an American to remain loyal to the American government while working for the establishment of a kingdom of God? What about a Canadian’s loyalty to the Crown? The Mexican’s? Russian’s? Swede’s? All the rest of the peoples of the earth who have loyalties to one of the sixty-odd national States?

There can be no doubt of Latter-day Saint doctrine with regard to citizenship and loyalty. The twelfth Article of Faith incorporates the basic view:

We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law.

But the eleventh Article of Faith also states that we “claim the privilege,” with all other men allowed the same right, of worshiping as individual conscience dictates! And supposing that conscience dictates that the kingdom of God and its government should be established?

### *Authority to Be Exercised by Religious Societies*

Verses ten, eleven, and twelve of the Declaration of Belief Regarding Governments and Laws offer a great deal of help on this problem, as well as on those of the preceding lesson (verse nine) and the denial of religious influence to civil government. Verse ten declares:

*We believe that all religious societies have a right to deal with their members for disorderly conduct, according to the rules and regulations of such societies; provided that such dealings be for fellowship and good standing; but we do not believe that any religious society has authority to try men on the right of property or life, to take from them this world’s goods, or to put them in jeopardy of either life or limb, or to inflict any physical*

punishment upon them. They can only excommunicate them from their society, and withdraw from them their fellowship.

This states a number of conditions of "political pluralism"—the device whereby differences can exist side by side, an *E. Pluribus Unum*—and shows how the freedom thus afforded can be used to bring about improvement by common consent. Verse ten denies to organized religions the powers that would make life miserable in its physical aspect. It claims for them, however, the right "to deal with their members for disorderly conduct, according to the rules and regulations of such societies.

What does this mean? If we take Latter-day Saint practice, it is liberal indeed. Members are rarely disturbed, even if they ignore the Church, violate its teachings, yet accept its services, while refusing to contribute a nickel to the light bill for the ward meetinghouse. On the contrary, the active membership of the Church devote most of their spare time and much of the time other people devote to business, profession, and personal affairs, to urge the privileges of Church activity upon the inactive, non-supporters—through ward teaching, stake missions, quorum and auxiliary visits, adult Aaronic Priesthood committees. Excommunications and disfellowships occur generally only when the parties have indicated their real intent and desire for such action, either by word or deed—and then only after formal procedures approximating jury trial with adequate counsel and defense.

On the other hand, verse ten def-

initely states our belief that no Church has the right to try men for their property, life, or personal rights, "to take from them this world's goods, or to put them in jeopardy of either life or limb, or to inflict any physical punishment upon them."

If only the modern, materialistic, non-Christian societies were bound by such limitations! These limitations recognize the eternal, fundamental nature of free agency, of freedom of conscience. The Church can only excommunicate and withdraw its fellowship and when is this done, judging by our own practice? Only with regret, and in recognition of the fact that some individual's freedom of conscience has led him or her to the point where the step is desirable for all concerned. This is free organization in its essence, a symbol of the great pluralistic world-society envisioned by Brigham Young as the kingdom of God.

#### *When to Appeal to Civil Law*

How then, shall civil government function? Shall the essential civil, as well as religious loyalties, be maintained that the early verses of the Declaration affirm to be so essential? (See verses one, two, and three.) Verse eleven gives the important clue:

*We believe that men should appeal to the civil law for redress of all wrongs and grievances, where personal abuse is inflicted or the right of property or character infringed, where such laws exist as will protect the same; but we believe that all men are justified in defending themselves, their friends, and property, and the government,*

from the unlawful assaults and encroachments of all persons in times of exigency, where immediate appeal cannot be made to the laws, and relief afforded.

Grievances are to be settled by the civil law "where personal abuse is inflicted or the right of property or character infringed, where such laws exist as will protect the same." What if such laws do not exist? Verse two indicates that such rule of law is the essential condition for peace and safety in society—and should therefore be worked for. In other words, here is change, improvement. Civil government can (1) approximate the kingdom of God; and (2) provide the essential conditions for its achievement if such laws are framed and held inviolate as will secure to each individual:

1. The free exercise of conscience.
2. The right and control of property.
3. The protection of life.

"In times of exigency" men are justified in working for such rule of good law "in defending themselves, their friends, and property, and the government." From all corners? No, only "from the unlawful assaults and encroachments of all persons in times of exigency, where immediate appeal cannot be made to the laws and relief afforded." And, although not expressly stated in this verse, it is clear from the earlier verses and the texts of our history that the aim and object of any such action would be for the purpose of creating or bringing into line, a sphere of civil order commensurate with the historic ideals stated in verse two.

### The Pattern for Establishing God's Kingdom

With the vision and objectives of religious freedom and civil order thus laid down, we see clearly the pattern for establishing the type of world society reflecting the nature of God's kingdom. So, verse twelve declares:

We believe it just to preach the gospel to the nations of the earth, and warn the righteous to save themselves from the corruption of the world; but we do not believe it right to interfere with bond-servants, neither preach the gospel to; nor baptize them contrary to the will and wish of their masters, nor to meddle with or influence them in the least to cause them to be dissatisfied with their situations in this life, thereby jeopardizing the lives of men; such interference we believe to be unlawful and unjust, and dangerous to the peace of every government allowing human beings to be held in servitude.

While maintaining the right to proselyte, note that we also maintain the right of any individual to refuse to be proselyted! Nor do we interfere with familistic or compulsory social relations "contrary to the will and wish of their masters." Why? Because this would thereby "jeopardize the lives of men." And the right to live, to life itself, we recognize as fundamental (verse two again).

The matter of bond-servants "and human beings . . . held in servitude" no doubt had immediate reference to negro slavery in America, in 1835, the Declaration's date. Notwithstanding, the advice and position are still sound. Should we seek

today to interfere with the peasants and workers of countries which do not enjoy civil liberties similar to those of the United States? Preaching freedom of conscience with its political implications? If so we might possibly and unduly endanger and “jeopardize the lives of men” which the Declaration holds to be “dangerous.” What then can be the method of achieving, worldwide, the conditions of peace which are, at the same time, the basic conditions in human society for God’s kingdom?

The logic appears to be this: to preach the gospel whenever possible; the missions of the Church slowly expand as freedom expands. By wise non-interference where interference would lead to “jeopardizing the lives of men,” those men in foreign lands retain at least the modicum of security they now have. For the rest, we must have faith, that men, with physical life, must eventually seek freedom as freedom’s sphere expands in the world. And as verse eleven indicates, men are “justified in defending themselves”—not to expand that sphere, but to create and maintain it constantly. Where the gospel can be preached without placing life in jeopardy, “we believe it just” and we do so even in the absence of constitutional, limited government, as witness Hitler’s Germany and other regimes where we have maintained missions. As President Brigham Young taught:

As this Kingdom of God [referring to the ecclesiastical kingdom or the government of the Church] grows, spreads, increases, and prospers in its course, it will cleanse, thoroughly purge, and purify the

world from wickedness . . . it will protect the people in the enjoyment of all their rights, no matter what they believe, what they profess, or what they worship. If they wish to worship a god of their own workmanship, instead of the true and living God, all right, if they will mind their own business and let other people alone (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, 1925 edition, page 674; 1941 edition, page 440).

Above all, as we read the Declaration of Belief, we should remember the grand objective of achieving the kingdom of God. We conclude with such a statement, again from President Young:

We have an object in view, and that is to gain influence among all the inhabitants of the earth for the purpose of establishing the Kingdom of God in its righteousness, power and glory, and to exalt the name of the Deity . . . that he may be honored, that his works may be honored, that we may be honored ourselves, and deport ourselves worthy of the character of his children (*Ibid.*, 1925 edition, pp. 671-672; 1941 edition, pp. 438-439).

### Questions for Discussion and Lesson Helps

Special Project: Without formalizing the preparation, when the class meets for the final lesson, introduce the subject matter by taking the following “poll” of the class: (1) How many present have sons, brothers, daughters, sisters, or husbands in the foreign missions of the Church (including the U.S.A.) at the present time? (2) Where are they located? (Have each sister present make a brief, descriptive comment.) (3) How many present today, including those reporting already, have had their family represented abroad in the past? Enumerate the places and times. (4) How many persons present, themselves, have served in the foreign missions of the Church, in any capacity, either as member or missionary? (5) Summarize by enumerating the countries represented in the total poll.

1. How does the Declaration of Belief

serve as a helpful guide to man's freedom of conscience, when we are confused as to whether or not loyalty belongs to the Church or to the State?

2. How does the Declaration (in its principles) help both Church and State so that their demands on the individual need rarely, if ever, be confusing in terms of proper loyalty and conscience?

3. What "limitations" does the Declaration place upon the Church? Upon the State?

4. Is "limited government" a sound doctrine for both Church government and civil government? Why?

5. When, if ever, is the power of excommunication asserted by the Church?

6. When is it proper to appeal to the civil law?

7. Can civil government approximate, and therefore become "co-ordinate" with the Church in bringing to pass the kingdom of God on earth? (It is interesting to note that Arnold J. Toynbee, the great English philosopher-historian, in his book, *Civilization on Trial* (1948), holds to the fact that the proper view of civilization is to view this earth as a "province of the Kingdom of God.")

8. Viewing, in summary, the meaning of the Declaration, we see that both Church and State may qualify as instruments for achieving the better world, the kingdom of God on earth. To sum up, how, what, may (must) each do in order to so qualify, and then achieve, this great objective?

---

## *Optional Lessons in Lieu of Social Science—The First Presidencies*

(Primarily for use outside Continental United States and its possessions)

### Lesson 14—Review of the Two-Year Course

*Elder T. Edgar Lyon*

For Tuesday, May 23, 1950

#### THE PRESIDENCY A UNIT—THE THREE ARE ONE

**D**URING the past two years we have studied the First Presidencies of the Church from 1833 to the present day. During the one hundred and eighteen years that the Church has been presided over by the First Presidency, eight men have presided as President of the Church and as Prophet, Seer, and Revelator to the Church. Twenty different men served these eight Presidents as counselors, including Joseph F. Smith, who later became President of the Church. By united

effort they have led the Church as it has grown from a small body of believers to a great world-wide organization, the greatest force for righteousness on earth. Let us review the tasks and challenges that faced these leaders, and see how their accomplishments have contributed to the present-day success and achievements of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

*Joseph Smith*

When Joseph Smith was called



and commissioned to establish the Church of Jesus Christ on earth through restoration from divine spheres, he faced a Herculean task. Not only was his task that of giving spiritual leadership and doctrinal teachings, but also to effect a gathering and organization of true believers into what we call a church. He had no existing congregation to form the nucleus of the Church, but started without any adherents. Converts drawn from many religious denominations were welded into a unified Church with a unified governmental system and unified doctrines.

We speak, in a general way, of this movement as the restoration of the gospel. But that is a very broad term. To be more specific, the Prophet translated and produced through inspiration from on high, volumes of new scripture. The Book of Mormon, the Book of Moses, and the Book of Abraham came from this inspiration. The Doctrine and Covenants, the book that contains the fundamental revelations to the Church in this dispensation, is almost entirely the result of his prayerful search for divine guidance.

Closely allied with these scriptural contributions is Joseph Smith's work in connection with the restoration of the Priesthood. Without divine authority or commission to serve, lead, act, and teach in the name of God, the Church organization would have been no different from nor better than the many other churches existing in 1830. Not only did the Priesthood provide the authority for Church leadership, but it also carried with it the power to perform the gospel ordinances for

both the living and the dead. Another function of the Priesthood was to carry the gospel to the nations of the earth through the missionary system and direct the "gathering of Israel" from the nations of the earth.

A third phase of the restoration accomplished during the administration of the Prophet Joseph Smith was the revelation of the eternal principles of the gospel and their interpretation. He preached and taught various doctrines, based on revealed truths, which have come to form the body of teachings that we speak of as the religion of the Latter-day Saints. Not only was a new insight given into the meaning and spirit of the gospel and its ordinances, but the application of the restored religion to the processes of daily living was revealed. He tied life and religion together so inseparably that no Latter-day Saint should ever think of his religion as a way of believing. It should always be a way of *living* as well as *believing*. These two aspects of salvation cannot be separated.

### *Brigham Young*

At the Prophet's death, the restoration had been completed in its fundamentals. A new leader was raised up in the person of Brigham Young to serve as the Lord's anointed. The Church was now faced with a very practical problem, that of moving to the barren wastes of the Rocky Mountains and establishing itself there so securely that it could not be destroyed. With the six counselors that served him, Brigham Young gave to the Church an administration of unusual vigor

in doing—as he frequently termed it—“building up the kingdom of God.” He directed the colonization of the Intermountain area, literally “driving the stakes of Zion” deep into the earth, so that no wind, adversity, or false doctrine could upset the “tents of the army of Zion.”

Brigham Young’s administration included, however, much more than colonization. With his counselors, he expanded the missionary activities of the Church; stimulated the gathering of the saints in greater numbers; planned for the industries necessary to care for the temporal needs of the saints; and commenced temple building in the valleys of the mountains, that the blessings and saving ordinances revealed to the Prophet Joseph might be made available to those worthy to receive them.

### *John Taylor*

John Taylor became President of the Church in 1880. Brigham Young’s efforts had been richly rewarded and the wards and stakes of the Church were firmly established. The practical side of religion had been made remarkably successful; but the Church was being sorely tried by external persecution. There was need of increased faith and spirituality to withstand the persecution. John Taylor and his counselors were men capable of meeting this situation. They continued to encourage the establishment of new settlements, and the missionary work of the Church, likewise they stimulated the members of the Church to renewed efforts in developing their spiritual powers.

### *Wilford Woodruff*

The passing of President Taylor placed Wilford Woodruff as head of the Church in 1889. With the same counselors, he continued the work of his predecessor. He, moreover, issued and the Church adopted the official declaration on the cessation of plural marriage. Missionary effort was renewed, and the Church commenced a new era in the promotion of educational quests among the youth of the Church. When this great leader relinquished the presidency to his successor, the Church was firmly established, both temporally and spiritually.

### *Lorenzo Snow*

The efforts of Presidents Taylor and Woodruff to meet the opposition that faced the Church had left it heavily in debt. The paying of tithing was not being properly observed as a result of the long struggle with the Government, in which the Governmental agencies had threatened to confiscate the tithing funds. In the person of President Snow the Lord placed a new President over the Church who was that rare combination of a highly practical man and a great spiritual director. President Snow enthused the people with the idea of rededicating their lives and their means for the furtherance of God’s work on earth. As a result, the law of tithing, as presented by President Snow, was observed with increased interest by faithful saints. This new appreciation of the law of tithing led to greater spirituality and more unselfish devotion to the Church and religious endeavor.

*Joseph F. Smith*

President Joseph F. Smith was made President of the Church at the time when the economic condition of the Church was improving, but the Church was not as yet out of debt. Under his administration some remarkable achievements were discernible. First of all, the Church paid off all its obligations and was able to begin to accumulate funds for Church purposes. Additional funds were designated for the construction of new temples for the benefit of both the living and the dead. A Church-built and maintained hospital was constructed. Many new ward and stake buildings were planned and constructed. Missionary work was reorganized and expanded in both the United States and Europe and the Japanese Mission was opened.

*Heber J. Grant*

Under the able leadership of President Heber J. Grant the work of the Church continued to progress and expand in influence. He had the unique distinction of presiding over the Church at the time it celebrated the hundredth anniversary of its founding. The antagonism and persecution toward the saints and the Church were greatly lessened during this time, and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints came to be recognized as an important religious body of America. President Grant personally did much to dispel opposition against the Church and misunderstanding concerning its purposes as he traveled throughout the world, preaching the gospel message and meeting the prominent leaders of

states and nations. New temples, chapels, and stake halls increased in number during his administration. The educational system of the Church likewise expanded greatly with the growth of the Brigham Young University to a large institution, the expansion of the seminary system, and the establishment of the Church Institutes of Religion. New hospitals were established in several Latter-day Saint communities and missionary work extended to cover new areas. The Church Welfare Program was instituted to care for the needy of the Church.

*George Albert Smith*

The centennial of the settlement of the Latter-day Saints in the Great Basin was celebrated under the leadership of President George Albert Smith. Great honors came to the Church in tribute to the pioneers and for its progressive achievements in the religious life of America. President Smith and his counselors have been faced with the tremendous task of leading the Church through the troublesome days of post-war adjustment. The First Presidency at this time consists of men of national reputation. Their position makes their admonitions and warnings of great importance. Welfare work has continued to be expanded, with many new evidences of strength. Renewed missionary effort has resulted in the calling of the greatest missionary force ever to be engaged in preaching the restored gospel. The Church faces the future with outstanding leadership, great efficiency, and firm support of its members. The Presidency as a unit is diligently working to make

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*Topics for Discussion and Study*

1. Enumerate basic achievements of the Prophet Joseph Smith in restoring the gospel.
2. Why is it difficult to distinguish the accomplishments of the individual members of the various First Presidencies of the Church?
3. Why do you think the Lord established three as a First Presidency in the Church?
4. Tell how each President of the Church has been especially qualified to accomplish the tasks facing the Church during his administration.
5. What do we mean when we say that the Presidency is a unit?

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*Winter Night*

Beth B. Johnson

The night is comfort, rest,  
Star-flecked happiness,  
Moon peace, frosted plastic,  
Fire flickering, flames elastic,  
Crusty corn, crunchy apples,  
Wind singing in the maples.

### *The Cynic Said*

Christie Lund Coles

Love, they said, is fleet and fickle,  
Here today and gone tomorrow.  
Yet our love has been as constant  
In our joy as in our sorrow.

Love, they said, will leave you hungered,  
Will break the heart on which it fed.  
Yet our love has been our manna . . .  
Cooling drink and golden bread.

---

### *The Tranquil Path*

Ruth Harwood

Some say that we must suffer  
To know life's real delights,  
Must plumb the depths of sorrow  
To reach the greatest heights,  
Must agonize as prelude  
To our glowing flights.

But should my days in passing,  
Nor suffer nor ascend,  
I shall be fully happy,  
And glad enough to wend  
My own bright tranquil path of song  
Unto the very end.

---

### *No Mountains*

Lydia Hall

His faded eyes grew brighter as  
He told of work he'd done,  
Of logging where the pointed pines  
Were pillars for the sun.  
He spoke of upland meadows that  
His cattle used to roam,  
Of storms that slashed at summits where  
He built a cabin home.

I asked him if he'd ever worked  
In mill or factory,  
And waited while his tired mind  
Walked paths of memory.  
"Well, yes," he said at last, and smiled,  
"But only for a day,  
There wasn't any mountains there  
And so I went away."



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## From Near and Far

The Magazine acts as a missionary in a great many homes. It has been my ambition to work hard and put the Magazine in every home of every young mother, because it is such a guide and so helpful in teaching the gospel. The poem by Sister Maude Cook ("Today Is All of Time," page 727, November 1949) has been very much enjoyed because we all love Sister Cook. I appreciate the good clean reading in the Magazine and by studying its pages I gain spiritual strength.

—Cora Daley, Snowville, Utah

I want to express my appreciation for our wonderful Relief Society Magazine, for I find it very inspirational from cover to cover. I just can't understand why our Magazine agents have any trouble in getting their quotas of subscriptions. The stories and poems are beautiful, and I greatly enjoyed the descriptive account of the wedding held in Javornik (Ancient Rites at a Modern Wedding," by Martha Toronto, page 734, November 1949).

—Clara Mitchell, Blackfoot, Idaho

The Relief Society poems are of high standards when a bishop will write and tell how they made him cry. It was not sadness, but the inner beauty of the poem that made the tears fall. I only hope it was one of mine.

—Margaret B. Shomaker, Clearfield, Utah

I have been very much interested in the article by Doris Feil about embroidery, published in the October Magazine. We do need to be reminded of our American way of hurrying through our work sometimes at the expense of neatness. I intend to watch the detail of my handwork more closely. I think that many readers will make the same resolution. We discussed the article at our work meeting this month. It is all very well to be complimented on our successes, but let's have our need for improvement pointed out, too.

—Mrs. Myrtle W. Hatch, Burley, Idaho

I would like to have my Relief Society Magazine subscription renewed. I have enjoyed the Magazine ever since I could read. Before I could read, mother would read the stories to us.

—Fern Baldwin, McNary, Arizona

I am not a member of the Church, but am a member of Relief Society. I want to thank you for a Magazine which contains so many wonderful lessons. I get so many blessings from it.

—Mrs. Lillie Newton,  
San Dimas, California

I am very happy to write and say how pleased I always am to receive *The Relief Society Magazine* every month. It keeps me in touch with all you are doing as I cannot get to the meetings, being so far away, but I do enjoy studying the lessons.

—A Grateful Reader, Essex, England

I was so thrilled to get my first copy of the Magazine. I read it from cover to cover, advertising and all. It is so very interesting that I am sorry for being without it as long as I have been. I'm surely going to look forward to getting my next copy.

—Mrs. LaVaun Hansen, Pocatello, Idaho

The most wonderful woman's Magazine came today. I hope Christmas will be as merry as mine was when the December Magazine arrived this morning.

—D. R. Logan, Utah

I am a subscriber to the Magazine and enjoy the many interesting stories, along with the lessons and other material.

—Elizabeth Johnson, Ogden, Utah

Through the kindness of a sister-in-law who has given me several years subscriptions to the Magazine, I have enjoyed many hours of good and profitable reading. I especially like the poems.

—Mamie Borg, Salt Lake City, Utah

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A black and white photograph of a rocky coastline. In the foreground on the right, a gnarled, leafless tree stands prominently. The middle ground is dominated by large, craggy rock formations that extend into the sea. The ocean is visible in the background, with waves breaking against the rocks. The sky is bright and clear.

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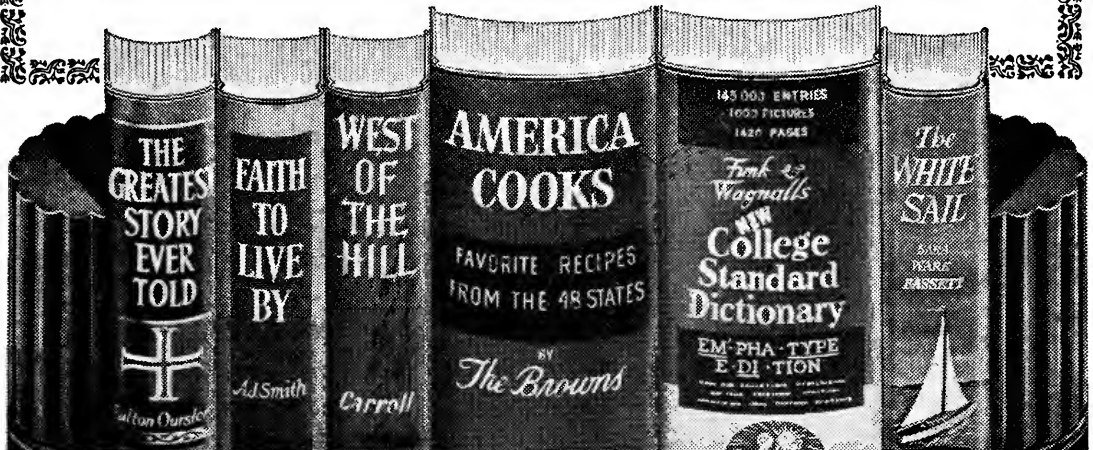
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# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 37, NO. 3

MARCH 1950

## *Remember Spring*

*Dorothy J. Roberts*

Lest you have forgotten the ways of symboling,  
Since closed within the city,  
Far from fields, and hungering,  
Remember the bare, white roadway back to spring,  
Remember the lonely hours and the cold.  
When you are waiting, waiting,  
Remember the inevitable bough of spring,  
The snow turned to fluid diamonds in the stream.  
Think of the long, dark tunnel of winter,  
When your spirit cries, oh, weary of waiting,  
And remember the blank, white acres  
Splashed with the sure, sudden brush of spring.  
Though you be far from nest and bough,  
Remember the arching wing  
Over the small, blue sphere of hope—  
Remember spring.



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The Cover: Pinnacle Point, California, Photograph by Don Knight.

# The Relief Society and the Keys of the Kingdom

Elder Bruce R. McConkie

Of the First Council of the Seventy

**W**HILE attending one of the first Relief Society meetings in Nauvoo, the Prophet made the very significant and expressive announcement to the sisters that he then turned the keys in their behalf in the name of the Lord.

“You will receive instructions,” he said, “through the order of the Priesthood which God has established, through the medium of those appointed to lead, guide and direct the affairs of the Church in this last dispensation; and *I now turn the key in your behalf in the name of the Lord*, and this Society shall rejoice, and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time henceforth; this is the beginning of better days to the poor and needy, who shall be made to rejoice and pour forth blessings on your heads” (*D. H. C.*, IV, page 607).

To understand, as we should, the deep and important meaning of this statement we must first know what is meant by “keys” as they relate to Priesthood, and to the Church which is the kingdom of God on earth.

Priesthood is the power and authority of God delegated to man on earth to act in all things for the salvation of men.

Keys are quite another thing. As used in the Church they have two

distinct and yet related meanings:

1—They are the right of presidency; the right to govern and direct all of the affairs of the Church or kingdom; and the power to authorize the use of the Priesthood for a particular purpose. In this sense keys are held by those only who are in presiding and governing positions.

2—Keys are also the way and means whereby knowledge and intelligence may be gained from God. In this sense, they are possessed by every Priesthood bearer and, as we shall see, by many faithful members of the Relief Society.

These definitions warrant some documentation and explanation. As to the first, that keys pertain to presidency: The Lord’s house is a house of order and not a house of confusion. Though his Priesthood may be conferred upon many, they are authorized to use its powers only in conformity with the divine patterns. The power to baptize for the remission of sins is had by priests of the Aaronic order. But no priest can perform a valid baptism unless authorized to use his Priesthood for that purpose by the one holding the keys. So with marriages and all other ordinances and administrations. Unless the one holding the keys authorizes the use of the Priesthood for the purpose at hand, the act performed is of no

“efficacy, virtue or force” (D. & C. 132:7). It is not binding on earth or in heaven.

“It is necessary that every act performed under this authority,” says President Joseph F. Smith, “shall be done at the proper time and place, in the proper way, and after the proper order. *The power of directing these labors constitutes the keys of the Priesthood.* In their fulness, the keys are held by only one person at a time, the prophet and president of the Church. He may delegate any portion of this power to another, in which case that person holds the keys of that particular labor” (*Gospel Doctrine*, 4th Ed., page 168).

Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery received two things under the hands of Peter, James, and John: 1. the Melchizedek Priesthood; and 2. the keys of the kingdom of God, and of the dispensation of the fulness of times. Thus they gained both the authority and the right to use that authority in setting up, regulating, and governing all the affairs of the Church, and of the dispensation.

**I**N February 1835 the first quorum of apostles was called. Each member was given all of the keys which had been received up to that time. Thereafter Joseph and Oliver received additional keys. On April 3, 1836, for instance, Moses appeared and committed unto them “the keys of the gathering of Israel from the four parts of the earth, and the leading of the ten tribes from the land of the north” (D. & C. 110:11). Elijah also came on that day and gave them the keys

of the sealing power by which sacred ordinances may be performed for the living and the dead. Thus the Lord was now authorizing and directing the use, for added purposes, of the Priesthood already held. His servants were to gather Israel and seal them up unto eternal life in the Father’s kingdom.

During his ministry the Prophet received—from Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, and “divers angels”—all of the rights, keys, and powers that had been revealed in previous dispensations. (See D. & C. 128:20-21.) Then, in about April or May of 1844, in the Nauvoo Temple, all of these keys and powers were conferred upon each of the Twelve. To those chosen ministers the Prophet then said:

I have sealed upon your heads all of the keys of the kingdom of God. I have sealed upon you every key, power, principle that the God of heaven has revealed to me. Now, no matter where I may go or what I may do, the kingdom rests upon you. (See *The Discourses of Wilford Woodruff*, page 72.)

All of those who have been called into the Council of the Twelve since that day have had conferred upon them all of these keys, powers, and rights. We have an unbroken line of succession and of stewardships.

There has also been a chain of stewardships from the beginning. And, incidentally, it is from this very terminology that the word “keys” is taken. Christ is the creator and owner of the earth. But he appoints agents or stewards to act for him. To them he gives “keys” so that they can open the doors of his storehouse for the bene-

fit of all men. Adam holds the keys of salvation for all dispensations and is the Lord's chief steward. The Presidency and the Twelve in this day hold the keys of the kingdom in connection with the ancients. Theirs is the power to open the door of this present and last kingdom to all the world. (See D. & C. 112:14-32.)

In this connection it should be remembered that the Church, the keys, and the kingdom are here to stay. This is a "kingdom which shall never be destroyed." It "shall not be left to other people." "It shall stand forever" (Dan. 2:44). The stone which was cut out of the mountain without hands is destined to roll forth "until it has filled the whole earth" (D. & C. 65:2). This is a sure promise.

Corollary to it is the principle that God will not permit his people to be led astray in this final dispensation. As President Woodruff declared:

The God of Israel, who organized this Church and kingdom, never ordained any president or presidency to lead it astray. Hear it, ye Israel, no man who has ever breathed the breath of life can hold these keys of the kingdom of God and lead the people astray (*The Discourses of Wilford Woodruff*, page 74).

Now, as to the other meaning of keys: that of being the way and means whereby knowledge and intelligence may be gained from God.

As to this, President Joseph F. Smith says:

What is a key? *It is the right or privilege which belongs to and comes with the Priesthood, to have communication with God. Is not that a key? Most decidedly. We may not enjoy the blessing, or key, very much, but the key is in*

the Priesthood. *It is the right to enjoy the blessing of communication with the heavens . . . . (Gospel Doctrine, 4th Ed., page 176).*

To Joseph Smith the Lord gave "the keys of the mysteries, and the revelations which are sealed" (D. & C. 28:7); that is, the Prophet received the way, the means, and the right to pull down intelligence from heaven so that unknown things could be made plain.

**B**Y this power false teachings could be brought to light. Hence the Prophet's comment: "I preached in the grove, on the keys of the kingdom, charity, etc. The keys are certain signs and words by which false spirits and personages may be detected from true" (D.H.C. IV, page 608).

The use of keys in this sense is not limited to Priesthood holders. Sister Eliza R. Snow took the minutes of the Relief Society meeting of April 28, 1842, which the Prophet attended. Joseph later approved and authorized the publication of her digest of his remarks at that meeting.

He spoke of delivering the keys of the Priesthood of the Church, and said that the *faithful members of the Relief Society should receive them in connection with their husbands, that the Saints whose integrity has been tried and proved faithful, might know how to ask the Lord and receive an answer* (D.H.C. IV, page 604).

What, then, in summary, is the relationship of the Relief Society to the keys of the kingdom? And what was the significance of the Prophet's turning the key in their behalf in the name of the Lord?



1. Of first importance is the fact that it was the Prophet himself, acting as the Lord's agent, who turned the key. He held *all* of the keys of the kingdom of God on earth, and by virtue of this directive power, this right of presidency, he was entitled, legally, to make the Relief Society an official part of the kingdom. His act was binding on earth and in heaven, and the Relief Society thus became the Lord's own agency for acting in all things within the scope of its commission.

2. By turning the key the Prophet delegated to the duly appointed officers of the new organization a **portion of the keys of the kingdom**. Under the Priesthood they were now authorized to direct, control, and govern the affairs of the society. They thus became legal administrators holding the keys of presidency. Under this appointment their lawful acts would be recognized by the Lord and he would work with them in the rolling forth of the kingdom in the sphere assigned them.

3. And, finally, the door was opened whereby the faithful sisters, with their husbands, could communicate with God and receive blessings at his hands. What was it the Prophet said? "Knowledge and intelligence shall flow down (i.e. from God) from this time henceforth."

"This is a charitable Society, and according to your natures," the Prophet told the sisters in that memorable meeting:

*It is natural for females to have feelings of charity and benevolence. You are now placed in a situation in which you can act according to those sympathies which God has planted in your bosoms.*

*If you live up to these principles, how great and glorious will be your reward in the celestial kingdom; If you live up to your privileges, the angels cannot be restrained from being your associates. Females, if they are pure and innocent, can come in the presence of God; for what is more pleasing to God than innocence; you must be innocent, or you cannot come up before God; if we would come before God, we must keep ourselves pure, as He is pure (D.H.C. IV, page 605).*

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## *I Watch Winter Pass*

C. Cameron Johns

The quiet land was covered from my sight  
 While birds were feeding at the window sill  
 All winter long; no sensory delight,  
 No perfumed violet or daffodil;  
 Today, the sun streams through the lucid pane  
 As I watch winter pass. The coming green  
 Starts the first returning bird to vain  
 Reveling. The season, wedged between  
 Autumn and spring, is half undone,  
 Soon to fade to earth where it belongs.  
 Again the land will sing its lilting song,  
 While I sate my hunger for the sun.

*Third Prize Story*  
*Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest*

## The Hee - Haw Pony

*Florence Berrett Dunford*

EVERYONE was frowning at Jinny that summer. This was not unusual, except that things seemed reaching some sort of a crisis. Father frowned at her because she couldn't talk plain. Jinny was seven and big for her age, yet no one but mother could understand a thing she said.

Father said this was just a matter of opinion; that mother couldn't really understand Jinny, but only got what she said by some sixth sense that only mothers have.

Nevertheless mother wasn't worried about Jinny because she couldn't talk plain. When father would make gibes—hoping to make Jinny try harder—or the other children teased her, mother would say calmly, "I had a sister who couldn't talk plain until she was eight." And let it go at that.

Mother worried about Jinny for quite a different reason. Jinny had red hair, and red hair was not a thing to be proud of in those days.

Mother did everything she could for Jinny—dressing her in greens and tans, washing and brushing her hair often. Yet all it did was seem to make it brighter. With her eighth birthday only ten months away, and Jinny's hair getting more fiery every day, added to the fact that she had green eyes and a bridge



FLORENCE BERRETT DUNFORD

of freckles across her snub nose—Jinny was quite a problem.

Yet Jinny couldn't stop even there. She was beginning to make trouble in other ways. Mother was expecting a new baby, and I knew father worried for fear it wouldn't talk plain. And every little while mother would sigh. And I knew she was being afraid the baby would have red hair.

I frowned on my younger sister, too, yet there was one thing we had in common. That was our adoration for our cousin, Theodore.

Theodore was fourteen, our Uncle Stanley's oldest boy. Yet it was

not his age that made him big in our sight. It was the fact that he had a pony. The pony's name was Nig.

Once or twice a week that summer Theodore would condescend to visit us—his poorer cousins. He would ride over from their neighboring ranch, sit awhile looking down at us from his superior position astride his pinto pony. When the time came to go, he would make some sign. Jinny, standing there on the ground, awe and adoration in her eyes, would say, "Hot'na Hindoo hee-haw pony." At this the pony would prick up his ears, Theodore would give him a nudge with his heels—and off they'd go down the slope towards home.

This little ceremony had been going on all summer, until at last I had come to recognize the words, even though I could not guess their meaning. . . .

On this day in late summer Theodore had not come solely to visit Jinny and me. He brought a message from his father.

In order to kind of ease the jolt if the baby couldn't talk plain—and in case it had red hair, father

was planning to build mother a new room. Uncle Stanley and Theodore had consented to come over and help him hew the trees.

After Theodore left I went towards the house to deliver his message. But Jinny's silly phrase kept getting in my way. In the house I said, "Mother, what is it Jinny says when Theodore rides away on his pony?"

Mother was pretty; she had brown hair and eyes like mine. She pondered my question a minute and then said, "It must be, 'There goes Theodore on his pony.' Yes, of course," she went on, smiling, "'There goes Theodore on his pony.'"

I turned this over in my mind. It satisfied me and seemed to make sense. But when I started to go outside again, mother stopped me. "Why did you ask that?" she said, frowning. "Has Theodore been saying anything about Jinny's hair?"

I couldn't remember. "He brought a message," I said. "Theodore and Uncle Stanley are coming in the morning to help father cut the trees for the extra room."

Florence B. Dunford, now of Boise, was born in Menan, Idaho. She attended Ricks College at Rexburg and the University of Utah, and also studied at other universities, specializing in the summer workshops in writing. In the spring of 1949 she placed second in a contest between the Boise and Caldwell, Idaho, writers, and during the same year she won first prize in the annual short story contest sponsored by the Idaho Writers' League. She also composes some poetry. This story—"The Hee-Haw Pony"—represents Mrs. Dunford's first appearance in any of the Church magazines.

Mrs. Dunford and her husband George M. Dunford have a son Sam who will receive his law degree from Stanford University this year. At present, Mrs. Dunford is teaching the literature course in her ward Relief Society.

MOTHER'S glance lightened. "That's wonderful," she said. But then she added, "Oh, dear, I wonder if that means Homer?"

In his way Homer was as much a problem as was Jinny. Theodore was fourteen, and I, Kathleen, was twelve; Homer was eight, a year older than Jinny.

Homer was one of those fat, helpless boys, who are always pitying themselves and falling. When bad luck came it always came to Homer. Misfortune chased him like a dog. It was our one hope on the day he visited us, that it would not catch up with him.

This was not often, for Homer never rode with Theodore on his pony. But sometimes when Uncle Stanley came over, he would bring Homer along. He would leave him in mother's charge, and mother would immediately put him in mine. Then everyone would have to be on guard until Uncle Stanley picked him up and took him home again. . . .

The sun was scarcely up the next morning when Uncle Stanley arrived in his wagon. In it were saws and axes—and as though he would exact payment for his work—Homer. Uncle Stanley jumped down from the tall seat and lifted Homer carefully down, set him carefully on his feet. Taking him by the hand, he led him to the house and with some instructions left him with mother.

Theodore rode over on his pony. He took the bridle off, gave Nig a little slap on his flanks, and turned him in the corral. Then he climbed in the back of the wagon, and the three men were off down to the east forty to hew trees.

As soon as they had gone, mother put Homer in my charge. But even this was not enough to take my mind off Theodore. Only two miles away, I thought yearningly, and I can't see him. Even the fact that his pony was there didn't help any. Theodore and his pony belonged together.

I hit on the idea that Jinny and Homer and I should lead the pony the two miles to where the menfolk were cutting down trees. "Then Theodore can ride back on his pony," I told mother, "and Homer and Jinny and I can ride back on the wagonload of logs."

At first mother couldn't see the sense of this. But she wanted to sew on the little things, and since she would never let us see her—and we kept running in and out of the house, and the time was getting short—well, anyway, she finally changed her mind and let us go.

I caught the pony myself and mother put the bridle on. It didn't even occur to us that any of us should ride him. He was Theodore's pony.

Mother made sure I knew exactly where the menfolk were cutting down trees. "Down by the river on the east forty," I said, lifting my chin importantly.

WE started out about three o'clock when the sun was still high and hot. But once we were down the slope there was plenty of shade. There were tall trees like me, and short ones like Jinny; and there were slim trees like Theodore and fat ones like Homer. And most of them were covered with moss,

and vines hung down like streamers.

I walked in the middle leading the pony, my mind filled with pictures of Theodore's delight and surprise when he saw what I had brought him. Homer, the fat, unfortunate one, walked on my left, and Jinny, whom I couldn't understand, on my right.

On the way Homer fell over various things. Once he skinned his nose and it took me a long time to find a stream in order to wipe the trickle of blood off. I could not bear his loud wails, and if I showed up with Homer bawling, I could expect something from my father.

It must have been around five o'clock when we reached the place where the menfolk *should* have been cutting trees. But they were not there now, and as I walked around the clearing, leading the pinto, I could not imagine which direction they might have taken. The hard grassy ground made it impossible to find any wagon tracks.

We had gotten along fairly well with Homer in spite of his falling and bawling. But now, when things looked black for us in other ways, he really hurt himself.

There were two stumps a short distance apart, over in the center of the clearing. Homer, it seems, had climbed up on one of these—just to get a clearer view, or perhaps to try and see our folks in the distance.

But, being Homer, he could not content himself with standing on one stump. He must try and jump over on the other one.

Suddenly there came a thud and a loud squall. The pony snorted

and it was lucky I was even able to hold him. I looked over and saw Homer lying on the ground, writhing as if in agony, reaching for his left ankle. Gasping with excitement and worry, I gave the reins to Jinny and ran over.

For once I really felt sorry for him, though at the same time I could have shaken him for his carelessness. We were in a fix—what with the folks disappearing, and now Homer.

I leaned down and touched the injured ankle. It was curious but under my very eyes I could see it swell. It puffed and puffed right there before our eyes. Even Homer's frightened and pained yells were quieted some by the phenomenon. When, at last, it was as big as it seemed it was going to get, it was the size of a small watermelon. And Homer could not move.

I looked around me, trying to think of a way out of our predicament. In the few minutes since our arrival, the sun had sunk behind the tall trees. It was already shadowy and cool, even in the clearing. A short distance away was the river; I could hear it rushing and gushing along. I had never heard such a chilling sound. I looked in the other direction. The woods stared back at me. For the first time I was aware there might be something in them besides birds and bees and butterflies. I shivered, and with an effort blinked back the smarting tears of fright and self-pity.

I looked down at Homer and then over at Jinny. There was no use in asking Jinny's advice, I could not understand her. At the moment I felt only anger and contempt

for her, helpless as I was with Homer, the blubberer, on my hands—and my sister, my own sister unable to help or make a single intelligible sound!

I said to Homer, my voice showing my disdain, "Jinny won't be any help at all. I can't understand a thing she says. You will just have to be patient and help me all you can."

**H**OMER nodded. He had ceased crying; the tears were dry on his fat cheeks. He realized now our problem was to get him out of there, and perhaps it occurred to him what might happen if he didn't help. Being left alone while I went for aid would hurt him more than the pain. It was possible, too, that the swelling had numbed his ankle some.

Jinny was still holding Theodore's pony. I think the idea must have come to all three of us at once—that here was the answer to our prayers. Homer was trying to sit up and Jinny was leading the pony toward us, jabbering something I could not understand.

"Oh, be quiet, Jinny," I cried, "and let me think." My eyes went round the clearing.

They came to rest on the very things that had caused the trouble—the two tree stumps. If we could get Homer upon one of the stumps, I reasoned, surely we could lug him the rest of the way onto the pony.

Jinny could understand, even if she could not be understood. She led the pony over between the stumps and held him, while I pulled Homer closer.

It would be, I could see, impos-

sible for me to lift the fat one by myself alone. Taking a serious chance that the pony might break loose, I wrapped the reins around a stump. That left Jinny free to help.

Homer grunted and groaned and once or twice cried out with real pain, but we did not desist and at last we had him upon the stump.

The pony had been good, standing there very quietly and only once tossing his head. With Homer on the stump, and Jinny trying to hold him there, I hurried round to the other side. Climbing upon the stump there, I leaned over the pony's back. Then, with Jinny boosting him from behind, and me tugging on his arms and shoulders, we at last got Homer astride the pony.

I was so exhausted and relieved that, in spite of being the eldest, I could not contain my emotions any longer and sank down on the stump for a moment. Covering my face with my hands, I cried a few drops. Then, tossing my head and smiling, I hurried round to the other side again.

I was only a matter of seconds untying the reins. "You hold on to Homer's good ankle," I told Jinny, in my customary disparaging tone, "and I will lead the pony." I went to the pony's head. "Come on, Nig."

The pony did not move.

Growing excited, I jerked on the reins. "Come on, Nig!" Still, he did not move.

I forgot myself and screamed at Homer, "Kick him! Make him go!" But, though Homer tried to prod him with his good foot, the pony wouldn't budge.

It was Homer himself who gave the explanation of this. "It's Theodore's pony," he said, the tears making furrows down his cheeks again. "No one ever rides him but Theodore."

AT this expression of what I should have known—at what I did know, had I stopped to give it thought, all my courage left me. I stopped caring about what happened to Homer; I stopped caring about impressing him with my courage. I slumped down on the ground, and my sobs of fright and self-pity blended with those of Homer, then rose above them. . . .

I had forgotten all about Jinny. Had the thought of my sister come into my mind, it would only have been to say—as I had heard my father say with a kind of chagrin and anger in his voice—"Well, now, what good is a girl you can't understand?"

I was so put out, so frightened and weary after my exertions in getting Homer on the pony, that after my first wild sobs subsided, I just sat there numbly on the ground.

I scarcely paid any attention when I felt Jinny take the reins from my hands. In spite of the fact that she couldn't talk, Jinny was always talking. This was one of the few times I had seen her silent. I could tell, too, by the excitement in her green eyes—by the way they blinked and danced, that she was going to try something. But, in my deep despair, I was too discouraged to prevent it. I just moved a little to one side and watched her.

Jinny took the reins and, climbing upon the stump, gave them to

Homer. Then, climbing down, she took three or four steps and turned around. Claspng her hands behind her, in the attitude I had seen her take so many times before, she looked up at Homer and said, awe and adoration in her voice, "Hot'na Hindoo hee-haw pony."

Nothing happened. But sitting there on the ground I began to get my senses back. I called out, "Jinny, stop that nonsense." And I scrambled to my feet.

Jinny paid no attention. She was repeating the silly phrase. "Hot'na Hindoo hee-haw pony." This time she seemed to be speaking directly to the pony.

At this a peculiar thing happened. The pony pricked up his ears. He turned his head and looked at Jinny—exactly as though he understood her!

Homer seemed to be in on it, too. From somewhere he got the sense to nudge the pony with his good foot. Then, before my unbelieving eyes, the pony started up and moved down the trail toward home.

I stood there staring after them, tears of joy in my eyes. Then I turned to Jinny and said brokenly, "Hot'na Hindoo hee-haw pony."

Realizing the words needed some explanation, I said, "There goes Theodore on his pony." Then, really realizing, I grabbed Jinny and hugged her.

Back home again, with the folks already there, everything was excitement until Homer was made comfortable with pillows and hot packs. Then the attention turned to what Jinny had done.

Father looked at it the way I did. He pulled Jinny inside the curve of his arm, and said, his voice tender and not teasing, "Well, if it wasn't my girl did it." And he added something about if the pony could understand Jinny he guessed it wouldn't be long before we could.

Mother was not impressed. "Of course," she said, as though it was no more than she would have ex-

pected of Jinny. And I saw that her eyes were still clouded over by her old worry.

Uncle Stanley spoke for the first time. "I was reading the other day," he said, in his most impressive manner, "where red hair is considered very popular for girls."

Then everyone smiled at Jinny. All but Theodore. He smiled at me.

---

## *Give Me Your Benediction*

Rose Lee Bond

I go now, Father, to the earth, from thy presence for the space of one life span. Viewed in the light of progression's possibilities, and unnumbered ages of eternal years, it seems for just a little while. And yet, dear Father, my heart sorrows at the thought of being away from you that long. I know I shall be able to commune with you through faith and prayer, but I shall often need your comforting arm sorely.

And Father, these hosts of my beloved ones, my friends acquired during my eternities here, protect and preserve them until we meet again. I love them so dearly! Shall I meet some of them in mortality? If I could be sure I would, the fact might lighten the bitter-sweet step I am about to take, passing from one world to another, dying temporarily to heavenly things, in order to take up residence on earth.

When I have accomplished my task, when I have been exposed to good and evil and have overcome the influence of evil; when I have done for every soul that I may, especially my own loved ones, all that a sister might do to assist them; when I have earned a great knowledge of you and understand the joy that I may inherit, help me, Father, to prepare myself meticulously for it. Help me that I shall not be worse than helpless when, dying to earthly things, I am born into a higher school of experience. How terribly sad one must feel, when stepping from mortality back into spirit existence, if one has not harvested a bountiful righteous increase of knowledge, nor gleaned enough understanding to know or care how many opportunities have been neglected, how many are yet available.

Help me to be ever mindful of my great responsibility as I step forth beyond the veil away from you, Father, along the great and glorious path that leads to eternal progression. Amid the shadows, sorrows, separations, and suffering of opposition's school of refining, help me to learn, overcome, grow, and come forth exalted. Help me that I may be worthy of the gift of progression in this mortal life and through the worlds without end to come, that when I come again into your presence you may be able to look upon me with love and as the tears of that wonderful reunion's joy spill across my countenance, smile and speak softly to me: "Well done thou good and faithful servant . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."



# Women Pioneers of the Press

Dr. Carlton Culmsee

Dean, School of Arts and Sciences, Utah State Agricultural College, Logan, Utah

IT'S still news when a woman takes charge of a large newspaper. As evidence, you will recall the recent furore when one woman succeeded another as the dominant figure in a great Washington, D. C. journal. We have, nevertheless, come a long way from the days when women were deemed creatures incapable of profiting much from intellectual training. It seems strange that there ever was a time when men stared in shocked incredulity at a "lady" who attempted anything more taxing to the brain than fancywork or sketching.

Therefore, it is difficult to imagine how painfully women had to strive against the prejudice that denied them real intelligence. Even so, one is amazed at the achievements of certain women who pioneered contributions of their sex in journalism. One can conclude only that woman's high ideals must have been irresistibly impelling to cause her to brave the world's wondering scorn and to wield the might of the press to advance her high purposes.

You may be surprised to learn that the first daily newspaper, *The Daily Courant*, was founded in 1702 by a woman. She was an Englishwoman named Elizabeth Mallet. Miss Mallet was not a fiery crusader, but some of her policies were ethically far in advance of her time. She believed that editorial comment should be weeded out of factual

news because such comment tended to influence people's judgment. She believed that facts should be allowed to tell their own story, without emotional bias or prejudice.

Also, she insisted on attaching "credit lines" to articles she clipped from other papers. Borrowing material from other journals was common and respectable then, but her practice of acknowledging her debts of the sort is further evidence of her high ethics. Besides, she perceived that her readers could judge the value of the news more accurately if they knew the sources.

Another pioneer woman journalist was Mary K. Goddard. During most of the Revolutionary War she was the actual editor and publisher of the *Maryland Journal* of Baltimore. Her brother William had launched the paper, but his responsibilities in organizing a postal system in the warring colonies kept him out of Baltimore much of the time.

Mary would have been better off in one way if he had not returned to Baltimore at all during the war. For William was a blunt, outspoken man of decided views who aroused considerable criticism by articles he published in the *Journal*. On one occasion he came near being lynched for a criticism of General Washington which he permitted to appear in the paper. But Mary was a strong-minded person as well as a shrewd manager, and she kept the paper going. The amount of free-

dom that the *Journal* took was rare in wartime.

Cornelia W. Walter is another interesting woman. When her brother Lynde died, she took over the *Boston Transcript*, which he had founded. She was, according to the journalistic historian F. L. Mott, a "bright and spirited editor," and some of her contemporaries called her brilliant. She criticized Poe severely on one occasion and, Mott tells us, the poet called her a "pretty little witch." She helped give the *Transcript* traditions of sound literary taste and culture that made it respected for nearly a century.

Readers of *The Relief Society Magazine* know of journalistic contributions by Latter-day Saint women, notably Eliza R. Snow, Emmeline B. Wells, Lula Greene Richards, and others in the nineteenth century, but not all may know about the great New England woman editor, Sarah Hale.

Sarah Hale started late as a journalist, but she still had time to give half a century to the advancement of women. Left a penniless widow at thirty-four, Mrs. Hale attempted to support herself and her five young children by running a small store. But she did not get enough trade, and the venture collapsed. Meanwhile, she was groping her way into professional writing, doing a few newspaper articles and struggling with a novel.

**I**N 1827 she brought out *Northwood, a Tale of New England*. It was the first American novel based on slavery, and it rapidly

achieved success. Moreover, it induced the publishers of the new *Boston Ladies' Magazine* to employ her as editor.

By now Sarah was forty, but she did not let her new job or men's prejudice against women awe her into timidity. She embarked boldly on a series of crusades. These attracted attention—some admiring, some shocked, and they built circulation. But Sarah was not interested in mere numbers of readers, in mere financial success. She was dedicated to the education and advancement of women. To improve their lot she persuaded a New York merchant prince, A. T. Stewart, to do a then revolutionary thing—to employ women as clerks. She helped Matthew Vassar establish the first American college for women. Among her "firsts" were the first girls' industrial school and the first organization to improve working conditions and pay for women. One of the most striking efforts of her career as a journalist was this: she was the first American to work against child labor through publications.

So successful was her "balanced diet" of fashions, recipes, and revolutionary movements, that her readership soared. Subscribers left other magazines and followed her. As a result, there occurred one of the oddest rivalries in American journalism.

Mrs. Hale's only serious competitor in women's journals was a man, Louis Antoine Godey, founder of the noted Godey's *Lady's Book*. He had attained considerable success, but he saw his light dimmed in comparison with Sarah's brilliant

editing. Sarah carried too many guns for him.

So he sought to join forces with her. For many months in his *Lady's Book*, he praised her, and finally won out in his aim, while losing the decision in reader interest. He succeeded in obtaining control of the *Ladies' Magazine*, in submerging it in *Godey's Lady's Book*, and in persuading Sarah to edit *Godey's*.

Sarah raised the magazine to new heights of circulation and influence. She campaigned for better care of infants, for women physicians, for slum improvement, for more sensible and healthful clothing for women, for girls' physical education, for labor-saving devices to reduce

household drudgery, and for many other common-sense but, at that time, startling changes.

When she began her work women were widely regarded as inferior in mental power and not worth real education. When she finished her work at the age of ninety, education for women was widely accepted as wise. Women had achieved a new status which enabled them to wield a greater influence in civilization. Sarah Hale did not achieve this change singlehandedly, but through her brilliant use of powerful organs for shaping opinion, she made great contributions, and must be remembered as one of the influential women of all time.

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## Faith

Helen M. Horne

Between me and the mountains, where blows the good I seek,  
A stubborn mist is hiding the slopes to summit's peak.  
But somewhere there's the gleaming of a path to wind,  
White-silvered through the mists, that I must find.

The eyes long used to shadow's darkened sheet  
Shall yet espy that little moon-white street;  
Some well-assuring whisper, like an answered prayer,  
Speak to my heart, "Be patient—it is there."

And by searching, searching, day from hopeful day,  
Will come that moment—and a glimmering way  
Will show its silvered track upon the ground.  
For, because it is *the way*, it must be found.

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## Spice

Grace Sayre

He was the salt of the earth,  
Whose, now, the fault?  
A marriage requires some sweetening—  
With the salt.

## Rain

Beulah Huish Sadleir

There is nothing in the rain—  
That brings me melancholy pain;  
The sky drips down a peaceful song—  
That calms my heart, the whole day long.

# An Afternoon With Molly

Alice Whitson Norton

MOLLIE Green stopped a battered car in front of the Dutton's shiny new brick house and tooted the horn three times. A moment later Julia Dutton, groomed in keeping with her swanky new home, came hurrying down the walk.

"If you don't mind, Mollie," she said in a bored tone of voice, "I won't go this afternoon. I need to do some shopping downtown."

"But I do mind," Mollie answered. "This is the afternoon you promised to visit the shut-ins with me, and our president will expect a report of the visit."

"You could do just as well going by yourself, Mollie, and considering the frame of mind I'm in—"

"Maybe you'll change your mind," Molly laughed, "after you've had a few visits with people who really need cheering up."

"That's just it," Julia protested. "I don't want to visit folks who need cheering up. I want to be cheered myself."

Mollie swung the door open and Julia reluctantly got in. Mollie could tell by the expression on her face the mission ahead was not Julia's idea of a pleasant afternoon.

"Will it take very long?" Julia asked, as the little car stopped for the first red light.

"I dare say the afternoon will be behind us when we return," Mollie answered.

"Seems to me," Julia said presently, "we might think of a better method than going ourselves into the huts and hovels to carry cheer."

Mollie gave the speaker a quick glance. She had never heard Julia Dutton talk like that before, and instantly Mollie knew something out of the ordinary was disturbing Julia.

"What's troubling you?" Mollie asked, with a whimsical smile curving her full lips.

"Who said I was troubled?" Julia countered.

"Little bird told me," Mollie chuckled, "so don't try denying it."

"Sometimes I almost hate you, Molly," Julia answered in a softer tone of voice, "the way you have of looking through me. All your life," she went on thoughtfully, "you have been able to read my moods."

"Generally I've been able to help you out of them, too, haven't I?" Mollie asked jokingly.

"You never tried taking me out visiting the shut-ins before to do it," Julia retorted.

"A new experience always bears fruit," Mollie laughed, "and really some of the folks we are visiting this afternoon are wonderful, particularly Mrs. Walton, a little paralytic."

"Mrs. Walton," Julia repeated. "I seem to recall a woman by that name in church a few years ago."

"Right," Mollie answered. "Mrs. Walton joined the Church seventy years ago—a girl of fifteen. Now she is eighty-five and confined to a wheel chair; but she really accomplishes more in a wheel chair than many folks do on two good feet. You'll forget your grouch after

you've visited with Granny Walton for awhile."

"I know I shouldn't be disagreeable ever," Julia answered, "because I have so much to make a woman happy, but Joe told me at breakfast this morning we wouldn't be able to take our usual Florida trip this winter. He's having to help his mother now, or bring her to live with us. And Tommy has to have his tonsils removed and Becky wants a fur coat."

"**A**ND all you've got to do is to see that everything goes off right," interrupted Mollie.

"I don't have to worry about the finances," Julia admitted, "but if you think managing a family of four is an easy task—then you—you—" Suddenly Mrs. Dutton paused and a sickly grin rimmed her face. "Excuse me, Mollie," she said softly. "I lost sight of the fact that you not only manage a family of four, but lend a hand to their support."

"I love to work for and with my family," Mollie answered. "And sewing, even though it is a tedious job, I love it, and the money I am able to earn with my hands helps out materially. Only this morning my husband said we'd have to go to the poorhouse if it wasn't for me."

Mrs. Dutton gave the neatly tailored dress Mollie wore a glance and sank a bit more comfortably into the faded cushion of Mollie's car.

"Well, here we are for our first visit," Mollie announced, as she brought the little car to a full stop before a large residence with a boarding and lodging sign in the front window.

"Who lives here?" Julia asked soberly.

"Caleb Jones," Mollie answered. "Remember the little old man who came to church Sunday mornings for years wearing a white carnation in his buttonhole?"

"Thought he was dead long ago," Julia grunted.

"Not yet," Mollie answered, "but heaven will be a better place when his spirit gets there."

Inside the gray walls, Julia shook hands with the shut-in. She was awed to see the eager light in his eyes when Mollie handed him a new biography of Andrew Jackson.

"No finer man than Jackson ever lived," chuckled the old man. "I never tire reading about him."

For thirty minutes Julia sat listening to a string of merry chatter, in which she realized Mollie had related every incident connected with the church dinner—and for the first time missed by the little shriveled-up figure on the bed.

"I feel that I almost attended that banquet in person," he commented when Mollie stopped, "and I am so grateful for the details you gave me about it."

The next stop was made at a small drugstore where a blind woman operated a candy counter. Watching her sensitive hands feel for the various objects ordered by her customers, and her fingers counting the change correctly, brought a strange hurt into Julia's heart. Somehow, the trivial things she had found to irritate and disturb her life, suddenly seemed of little account.

"It takes little things like this, Mollie," Julia confided as they moved off, "for one to realize her own blessings, doesn't it?"

"Through afflictions of others,"

Mollie answered, "our eyes are often opened to the blessings we enjoy without giving a thought to."

**F**OR a few minutes the women drove along in silence, then Mollie turned the nose of her little rusty car into a narrow street near the milling section of the city.

"Not another visit?" Julia murmured hopelessly.

"One more," Mollie answered, "and then we'll be on our way home."

Julia didn't say how glad she would be to have the afternoon behind her, but Mollie could tell by her actions that she would be.

"Oh!" exclaimed Julia, as the little car bumped along the unkept street, "why doesn't the city do something about such streets as this?"

"Because nobody has petitioned them to fix them," Mollie said.

"Somebody's going to," Julia exclaimed with a sudden show of interest. "These people pay taxes as well as we do."

Suddenly Mollie's little car rounded a sharp curve and Julia's eyes opened with surprise. There was a tiny cottage, glistening snow-white beneath the tall trees surrounding it; white curtains fluttered at the windows and the walk was bordered with violets and looked as if it might have been swept only the moment before.

"This is Mrs. Walton's little home," Mollie said, "and a sweeter place in the whole wide world I do not know."

A glad hello sounded the minute the little car stopped and, looking around, Julia saw a very small person

in a rolling chair holding court with three children.

"Come in, Mollie," called the voice pleasantly. "I was looking for you."

"I want Mrs. Dutton to know you, Mrs. Walton," Mollie said by way of introduction. "This is her first visit to shut-ins."

"Sit down, girls," Mrs. Walton said after the introduction, "until I've finished with these children. Now let's see," Mrs. Walton chuckled, turning back to the three children seated about her, "where were we when I stopped reading?"

"Right where the bear was coming up the front steps," piped the smallest youngster.

"Terrible place to leave off," laughed little Mrs. Walton, "but that's where we were, so I'll begin reading there."

It only took a few minutes to finish reading the story and then, to Julia's surprise, she kissed each little child and bade him run back home.

Julia noticed them catch hands and ease off the steps, and then the one on the outside began tapping the walk with the end of a small cane.

"Blind!" she exclaimed. "Those little children blind!"

"Born blind," said Mrs. Walton, "but they live next door, and—oh, well," she went on pleasantly, "I formed the habit of reading to the children in the orphanage when the first three children arrived to make it their home, and I've kept the habit up all these years. When I was stricken—" just for a moment the voice trembled, then her small hands came together in her lap and she looked at Mollie, "I felt for a little

while I couldn't go on with it. Then I remembered Job, and my one affliction seemed so little compared with his, I decided I would go right on living as normally as I possibly could. So the reading to the blind continued and now I don't know what I'd do without these little folks dropping in to visit with me."

"IT'S nice to have them, Mrs. Walton," Mollie agreed, "nice for both of you."

"And good for us both, too," said Mrs. Walton. "They enjoy hearing me read and I enjoy having them. Not being able to see me, they think I am a very beautiful woman, and being a little bit vain maybe," she added whimsically, "I just let them think what they will. They call my rolling chair a throne and I humor the joke."

"You are very brave," Julia commented, "to carry on so cheerfully."

"Everybody has to have a lesson in discipline," Mrs. Walton answered.

"You couldn't have needed disciplining, Granny," Mollie whispered. "Your record of activities is too outstanding."

"I made a good record," Mrs. Walton admitted, "but not until after I was a cripple did I realize that I did many things more for a show than true loyalty to God. Now," she continued softly, "I never lose the opportunity of whispering to folks in full activity—study the life of Christ a bit closer and pattern your kind deeds according to his method."

At that moment another trio of blind children entered the yard through the side gate and headed for the porch.

"That's the third group," said Mrs. Walton. "I read to four groups every afternoon."

The jingle of a phone sounded, and Mrs. Walton lifted a small instrument from a hook beneath the arm of her chair.

"Very well," she said after listening a moment, "I'll notify her at once." Turning to the women she said sweetly, "Excuse me while I locate a trained nurse for Doctor Gill."

In a few seconds the message from Doctor Gill was delivered to Miss Hall and the little instrument put in its place.

"Few people outside the doctors and nurses of this city know I run the registered nurse's board," she said pleasantly, "but it helps to keep me busy and brings me very pleasant contacts and, incidentally, a fairly decent living."

"At least it leaves you very little idle time," Julia commented.

"I never idle away time," Mrs. Walton answered, "it's too precious. When I'm not doing anything else I knit, and maybe you don't believe it," she finished, with a twinkle in her eyes, "but I'm on my fourth sweater for one of my grandsons, right now."

On the way home Mollie noticed Julia was unusually silent, in fact, she scarcely spoke until Mollie stopped to let her out of the car before her own door.

"Thank you, Mollie," she said softly, "for taking me with you this afternoon—it's done something to me."

"I understand," Mollie answered. "There was a first time and an eye opened for me, too."

(Continued on page 215)

# *A Modern Crusade for the Relief Society Magazine*

Camilla E. Kimball

Literature class leader, Bonneville Stake Relief Society

“**V**ERILY, I say, men should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and do many things of their own free will, and bring to pass much righteousness” (D. & C. 58:27).

To recognize a good cause, to espouse it, and then with zeal born of conviction to go forward to convince others, is to launch a crusade. Zeal born of conviction is the harbinger of intense activity. Nothing is so sure to kill a cause as a quiescent attitude of indifference.

As women of the Church, we have available to us an invaluable “home assistant” in *The Relief Society Magazine*. In this day of voluminous current literature of questionable worth, we should be deeply appreciative of this choice collection of wholesome, helpful, and inspirational reading material. Those who read it are convinced of its quality and should be anxious to acquaint others with its excellence.

Crusades need enthusiastic crusaders, and so the choice of stake and ward *Magazine* representatives should be carefully and wisely made, selecting women of tact, of vision, and of power.

With the hope that *Magazine* representatives may catch a vision of the possibilities of a year-round campaign, here is the program of an energetic and efficient stake *Magazine* representative. She felt that the intensive fall campaign would be more successful if preliminary work had been done, and so, early in the spring, an attractive pamphlet was prepared, telling in a pertinent way of the importance of Relief Society membership and emphasizing the inestimable values of having the *Magazine* in every home. These pamphlets were given to ward representatives at union meeting, in sufficient number to be carried by the visiting teachers to every home in each ward. Thus it was assured that every mother would be reminded in an unmistakable way, thus setting the scene for the visit or telephone call of the ward *Magazine* representative.

Following this activity, a poster was prepared by each ward *Magazine* director, representing in an original manner, the women of the ward, as flowers in the ward flower garden. These posters were exhibited at the stake spring party, which took the nature of a spring garden musicale to which all the women of the stake were invited.

One ward poster showed a drawing of the ward chapel with the flower beds representing (1) officers and teachers, (2) visiting teachers, (3) Relief Society members, (4) other ward members, (5) gift subscriptions. As subscriptions were received from members of these various groups, their respective flowers were brightly colored so that the progress of the activity could be seen quickly.

Effective missionary work was emphasized, and the spreading of good will that can be accomplished by sending gift subscriptions to shut-ins, to missionaries for distribution to investigators, to non-member friends, to married daughters and daughters-in-law by mothers, to divided or one-member families. A gift subscription often fills, most effectively, the need for a hard-to-choose gift.

During the summer, the ward *Magazine* representatives were asked to work especially on new subscriptions, leaving renewals for the fall campaign, to be followed carefully as each renewal became due.

Each September, before the year’s activities begin, the stake board entertains the



ward presidencies at a luncheon. Continuing the campaign, the theme of the luncheon last fall was centered around the *Magazine*. The table decorations featured the *Magazine* as a part of the beautiful fall flower arrangements. At intervals along the table were groups of small figures representing Relief Society women in various activities. The place cards were miniature *Magazines* with a timely editorial and important seasonal announcements of the first union meeting.

The program began by singing a special song, using a familiar melody, with words commending the *Magazine*. Various members of the board had been assigned departments of the *Magazine* to illustrate. They chose pertinent homemaking suggestions, choice poems, timely editorials, and quotations from "Woman's Sphere." To conclude, all sang another song with original words set to a familiar tune, which gave the concluding touch. Everyone expressed enthusiastic desires to carry the torch for the *Magazine*.

Successfully carrying this crusade into the homes of all Latter-day Saints, will unify the women of the Church, give an awakened and intensified appreciation for new learning and an enrichment of spiritual idealism. Let us enthusiastically carry forward this modern crusade.



#### BONNEVILLE STAKE (UTAH) CONDUCTS UNIQUE MAGAZINE CAMPAIGN

Bonneville Stake Relief Society Officers, front row, seated, left to right: Mary H. Southwick, welfare counselor; Prudence Smith, work director; Jessie Jackson, *Magazine* representative; Manda Morrison, work meeting leader.

Back row, standing, left to right: Irene Platt, chorister; Ruth S. Romney, education counselor; Florence C. Cowan, president; Lora B. Nebeker, social science class leader; Camilla E. Kimball, literature class leader.

Note the unusual and attractive table decorations.

# Newcomers in Zion

*Lonne Heaton Nave*

ONE of the tragedies of the last war which drew the sympathy of the world toward the fate of the displaced persons of Europe, has also a significant, brighter angle of which the world has no inkling. Due to the loosening of the habits of security, where outright economic ruin was not accomplished, many hundreds of Latter-day Saints are moving their homes to Zion. Our missionaries in foreign lands tell of the great desire and determination of many who remain to follow as soon as restricting circumstances will allow. The wards of the Church are feeling the increase in their population, bishops are caring for the newcomers, and nationality groups are organized here to assist their countrymen.

Shifts of population centers during the war, together with easier movement of the people because of increased employment possibilities, likewise gave migrating opportunity to members and converts within the States and from the Pacific missions.

These movements add up to a substantial body of newcomers in Zion. They are coming here for safety, for fuller freedom of worship, for sanctuary, and for inspiration in shaping their lives according to gospel standards. The degree to which these aims are realized will determine the measure of the rich potential contribution the new residents make to the strength of the Church. This age of the world is becoming strongly characterized by the marshaling of the forces of evil; and the teachings of the gospel place

upon each Church member the responsibility of giving the full quota of his strength and watchful care for his brother's keeping.

Even a feeble attempt to understand the viewpoint of the immigrant will disclose the particular measure of that responsibility toward him which may properly be held by those already established in Zion. The traditional zeal of the convert and pilgrim has been sobered for the saints from the battleground of Europe. They have achieved, at terrible cost, a clarity of vision which saints in sheltered Zion can only approximate by careful study. The difference in good and evil is outlined starkly for them. Their eyes upon us may well move us toward prayerful self-examination.

The spirit of gathering is a spirit of high hope—essentially a spirit of promise. Therein lies the second outstanding characteristic of the newcomer—his vulnerability. It is easy to shrug off responsibility by questioning the strength of the testimonies that have succumbed to disillusionment in Zion. But it is not easy to see, nor to describe, the background of conflict—mental, social, and spiritual—that is woven into the soul fiber of the saint reared outside geographical Zion. No matter what the strength of his testimony, so long as his residence here remains at the adjustment level, his hold on spiritual assurance will be tenuous and dependent. To him, and to the convert alike, Zion has been the promise of sanctuary from the evils which hurt him personally. It may be that, in casting his lot

with the Rocky Mountain saints, he must learn to work with them, forgiving as he himself needs forgiveness, toward the ultimate sanctuary in a more distant millennium.

But for a long time he will continue to feel himself apart from those reared in the security he has longed for, if by unworthy example some deny him admittance thereto. He is used to greed, cruelty, unkindness in varying degrees from former associates, but those contacts were tempered for him by the sharp realization of the differences between him, a possessor of the gospel testimony, and those who mistreated him. He knows too well those meetinghouse religionists whose dealings with their fellow men are completely divorced from the teachings of the Christ, but he had his secret knowledge that in Zion, to which he would escape some day, the gospel was an everyday religion guiding completely the lives of the saints.

**I**N contrast to the mystic religions of the East, where the devotee finds his ecstasy in contemplation of sublime doctrines, the Latter-day Saint discovers the divine nature of his religion in the level at which he is able to deal with his fellows. Brotherly love is, in effect, the height of his expectancy in his dreams of Zion. Now if he finds in his daily existence in Zion that human nature is here no more refined than elsewhere, particularly if any who offend him hold Church office, his back is to the wall. His belief in God may not be challenged, but a blow to his belief in his fellow men strikes close to where his testimony lies, and his hurt may confuse all his thinking.

The average saint who answers the call of gathering has the belief that there is a great source of strength in the unity of the Church community, from which he will be able to derive help in his own efforts to live by gospel patterns. The example of those members with whom he lives and works and has dealings will represent Zion to him. Their motives, their attitudes toward him and toward their own neighbors, their degree of generosity and kindness when put to any test of incorruptibility in any emergency—these intangibles will interpret for him the applied gospel far more than their regularity at Church services, their obedience to the mere taboos of the Word of Wisdom, or even their having sons and daughters in the mission field. For these former things denote brotherly love, and if their absence for him indicates the need for the reaffirmation of that culminating principle of the gospel, even in Zion, his potential contribution to the spiritual force of the Church may be impaired.

For all who pray, then, that the will of God be done upon the earth in this day, let this responsibility be recognized and discharged carefully. It is a highly individual responsibility and cannot be shifted to others. The thirteenth article of our faith is, in actuality, the working test of its authenticity and of our worthiness to be called saints. Let us seek to understand any stranger or newcomer in our immediate environment and be true to our faith with him and before him. For, unwittingly, the welfare of his soul and a portion of the welfare of Zion may be in our keeping.

# *Sixty Years Ago*

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, March 1, and March 15, 1890

## “FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS”

THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH: Having had the blessed privilege of being acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith, in my childhood, and, having been requested to write a few lines on the subject, I cheerfully comply. I will say the remembrance of the influence, the spirit and kindness, made a more lasting impression upon my mind, than did the features of the man; at the time of the assassination of the Prophet I was nearly seven years old. My thoughts have often dwelt upon the firm manner in which he bore the trials and persecutions which were continually heaped upon him by his enemies, and my earliest recollections of him are of seeing him at my father's house, trying to keep out of the sight of his enemies who were seeking him night and day, that they might destroy him. The remembrance of the spirit which attended the great man is fresh in memory never to be erased.—S. L. Partridge

### TO MY HUSBAND'S MOTHER

Let lighter affections go whither they may,  
And passions less holy be lost and decay;  
Let doubts and suspicions false sympathies ever,  
But may our true friendship endure forever!  
May that love, dear mother, between us exist,  
Which can every test and temptation resist;  
With a union like that of Naomi and Ruth,  
Firm as Heaven's own justice, and fair as its truth.

—Lula

EDITORIAL NOTES: On Thursday, February 20, 1890, Mr. George H. Home and Miss Alice S. Merrill were united in marriage; the ceremony was performed in the Logan Temple. On the Monday following, the 24th, a reception for the newly wedded bride and bridegroom was held at the residence of Mrs. Bathsheba W. Smith, the grandmother of the fair young bride. The bride who is young and beautiful looked charming (of course). Her dress was neat and becoming, of white India silk and made with her own hands; exquisite soft lace lay gracefully on her neck, she wore a delicate rose in her hair, vines and white blossoms were prettily draped from her shoulder to the waist, she was certainly a handsome bride.

MALAD STAKE: The Quarterly Conference of the Relief Society of the Malad Stake was held at Portage, Feb. 9th, 1890. Pres. Lucinda Hoskins presiding, addressed the meeting. “We are living in a time that will try the hearts of all; our greatest aim should be to stand firm in the kingdom of God. The Relief Society is doing a great work wherever it has been organized, we should be diligent in attending to all our duties.”—Eliza A. Hall, Sec.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS: It was thought that there was not in the United States any memorial of Christopher Columbus. One, however, has been found. The consul-general of France at Baltimore, in 1874, erected a column which bears the name of the discoverer. He placed it in an obscure place on his grounds, and when streets were laid out it there remained, hidden from sight by trees and shrubs. It was almost forgotten till recently, when it was brought to light.—Selected



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

**"SENSIBLE** and responsible women do not want to vote." So wrote ex-President Cleveland in 1905. This is one of a host of interesting items recounted by Agnes Rogers in her recent volume, *Women are Here to Stay*. Surprisingly, the author has succeeded in collecting 502 pertinent (and frequently impertinent) pictures to accompany her account of woman's progress during the past half century. Miss Rogers (Mrs. Frederick Lewis Allen) is also co-author, with her husband, of the best seller, *I Remember Distinctly*.

**DETA PETERSEN NEELEY**, a Doctor of Education, has used her knowledge of child psychology and a child's vocabulary in her volume, just off the press, *The Journey to the Promised Land*. This is the first part of the Book of Mormon story, told with continuity and absorbing interest, for children, and it is easily read by a child of fourth-grade ability. Dr. Neeley, crippled and in constant pain from Parkinson's disease, has composed this book in a wheel chair. With hands rendered useless and a voice affected so that it is barely more than a whisper, she has spoken this book into a dictaphone. She has been motivated by the desire to inspire faith in the hearts of her readers.

**LOUISE SNELGROVE RICHARDS** (Mrs. Willard B. Richards, Senior) observed her 93rd birthday December 12. Never idle, Mrs. Richards has made more than four hundred soft, lovely baby blankets, with crocheted edges, as gifts for young friends who were expectant mothers. With each blanket she has sent a prayerful wish: "Dear Expectant Mother: Hoping you will have courage and strength to go forward; may you have a safe delivery, a speedy recovery, and a desire to rear your children close to the Lord, and keep his commandments." With her clear, vivid memory, Mrs. Richards is an authority on early pioneer history. Nine of her children are living.

**IRIS THORPE**, a young Salt Lake woman, is enjoying an unusual experience teaching school in Wurzburg, Germany, which was 85 per cent destroyed by bombs during the war.

**SARAH SPRAGUE BATES**, of Murray, Utah, celebrated the ninety-sixth anniversary of her birth December 15. Eight of her twelve children are living, and more than 100 descendants. In early days Mrs. Bates was a telegrapher, and she also skinned deer and made doeskin gloves.



## *The Handmaid to the Priesthood*

THE Relief Society has been termed "the handmaid to the Priesthood of God in carrying on his work for the salvation of man."\* This being the case, it is easily understandable why it has also been characterized as the greatest woman's organization in the world.

When one considers the Priesthood and its powers, one more fully appreciates the position held by the Relief Society. Realizing the importance of the society, Relief Society officers are always seeking to impress upon the womanhood of the Church, the blessing and responsibility associated with membership in it.

Sometimes women Church members seem not to realize that the organization of Relief Society by divine inspiration entails the responsibility of giving their support to its activities. What weight will membership in any other woman's organization—be it cultural or philanthropic—carry in the day of judgment in comparison to an active membership in the organization which is "handmaid to the Priesthood?" Latter-day Saint woman's primary duty is to support first the Relief Society before any other woman's organization.

A great and valuable contribution

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\* (J. Reuben Clark, Jr., "Our Homes," *Relief Society Magazine*, Dec. 1940, page 802).

to the furtherance of that part of Church work assigned to women is expected from the members of Relief Society, essentially a work of compassion among the Church membership. Because of its divine origin, Relief Society officers, general, stake, and ward are privileged to be directed by the Priesthood, and Relief Society leaders themselves have the right to the inspiration of the Lord in carrying on their work.

And certainly every worker in Relief Society would acknowledge how, through bestowing watchcare and loving service on others, there returns to her an increase in her own understanding, growth, and progression along that straight and narrow path to eternal life.

Sometimes, instead of considering the hours of devoted service a faithful member gives to the work of Relief Society, it would be well for each member to consider the great goodness of the Lord in giving to his daughters here on earth an organization, also to consider the blessings of leadership, experience, and doing good which flow to the sisters who continue steadfast in their loyalty to the society through the years.

When Nephi was being shown the events of the latter days, he saw that while the dominions of the saints were small, they

were "also upon all the face of the earth." It is inspiring to a Relief Society member to realize that usually wherever the Church is organized there is likewise a Relief Society composed of faithful sisters, each society in its own land serving as handmaid to the Priesthood in that land.

March 17, 1950 commemorates the close of the 108th year of Relief Society and the beginning of the 109th year.

In this coming year the hearts of the sisters will again rejoice and their voices rise in praise and grati-

tude to the Lord for his goodness to his daughters. The testimonies heard each month in every Relief Society organization on the face of the earth, in different languages and under varying conditions, attest in unison of the goodness of the Lord in inspiring that great Prophet of the latter days to organize Relief Society. The testimonies of the members, forming a band around the earth encircling the daughters of Zion within the Church, inspire them to seek to fulfill the full measure of Relief Society's creation.

—M.C.S.

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### *Announcing the Special April Short Story Issue*

THE April 1950 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* will be the special short story number, with four authors being represented, each with an interesting story. Enjoy these stories in April:

"The Thickness of Water," by Nellie Iverson Cox

"That Monson Kid," by Sylvia Probst Young

"The Oldest Girl of the Oldest Girl," by Blanche Kendall McKey

"A Chaperon for Miss Fanny," by Pansy H. Powell

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### CREDIT ACKNOWLEDGMENT FOR PHOTOGRAPH USED IN THE FEBRUARY MAGAZINE

Due to an oversight, the photograph of Abraham Lincoln used on page 82 of the February Magazine was not given a credit line. The photograph was taken from the statue of Abraham Lincoln by Avarad Fairbanks. This well-known and much admired statue is at the Ewa Plantation School near Honolulu, Hawaii. Dr. Fairbanks is Dean of the School of Fine Arts at the University of Utah.

# Notes TO THE FIELD

## *The Importance of the Visiting Teacher Message*

OUR attention has been called to the fact that some visiting teachers are under the impression that since a report as to the delivery of the message in the homes is no longer required, it is not necessary to present the message itself in the homes. Stake and ward presidents are requested to correct this impression and to emphasize the fact to the visiting teachers that the delivery of the message in the homes is a vital part of the visiting teaching program and its importance has in no way diminished, even though a monthly report of this activity is not now required.

## *Summer Work Meetings*

It is the desire of the general board that a work meeting be held each month, as heretofore, during the summer period, June through September. Church welfare sewing should take precedence over all other work activities.

## *Organizations and Reorganizations of Mission and Stake Relief Societies*

Since the last report, printed in the March 1949 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, to and including December 1949.

### NEW ORGANIZATIONS

<u>Missions</u>	<u>Formerly Part of</u>	<u>Appointed President</u>	<u>Date of Appointment</u>
Chinese	New	Hazel M. Robertson	April 29, 1949
Great Lakes	Northern States	Ella C. Burton	October 21, 1949
<u>Stakes</u>	<u>Formerly Part of</u>	<u>Appointed President</u>	<u>Date of Appointment</u>
East Riverside	Riverside	Bernice S. Anderson	June 10, 1949
Glendale	San Fernando	Mary E. Cutler	December 4, 1949
South Bear River	Bear River	Rebecca C. Mortensen	May 23, 1949



## REORGANIZATIONS

<u>Missions</u>	<u>Released President</u>	<u>Appointed President</u>	<u>Date of Appointment</u>
Argentine	Cecile S. Young	Leonor J. Brown	March 12, 1949
Brazilian	Diania H. Rex	Mary P. Howells	January 28, 1949
Danish	Eliza Petersen	Minnie B. Sorensen	June 24, 1949
European	Leona B. Sonne		
Japanese	Irene P. Clissold	Ethel L. Mauss	August 3, 1949
Netherlands	Adriana M. Zappey	Lillian D. Lillywhite	December 11, 1949
North Central States	Ann Jane L. Killpack	Laura M. Hawkes	January 26, 1949
Northern California	Mary S. Ellsworth	Amelia E. P. Gardner	June 10, 1949
Norwegian	Margaret B. Peterson	Grace M. Gowans	November 18, 1949
Pacific	Elva T. Cowley		
Swedish	Ethel J. Blomquist	Annie B. Johnson	September 12, 1949
Swiss-Austrian	Nida A. Taggart	Lenora K. Bringhurst	January 3, 1949
Tahitian	Emma Ruth M. Mitchell	Franklin J. Fullmer	April 14, 1949
Tahitian	Franklin J. Fullmer	Muriel R. Mallory	December 12, 1949
Texas-Louisiana	Christie J. Smith	Leone R. Bowring	October 31, 1949
Western States	Lula P. Child	Mildred M. Dillman	October 5, 1949
<u>Stakes</u>	<u>Released President</u>	<u>Appointed President</u>	<u>Date of Appointment</u>
Berkeley	Louise O. Knight	Vera H. Mayhew	January 1, 1949
East Jordan	Vella C. Jones	Grace G. Thornton	October 30, 1949
East Mill Creek	Muriel R. Mallory	Erma M. Dixon	November 13, 1949
East Provo	Amanda Johnston	Zina P. Dunford	August 14, 1949
Emery	Orlinda N. Ware	Surelda C. Ralphs	August 21, 1949
Farr West	Nellie W. Neal	Geneva J. Garfield	June 1, 1949
Gunnison	Orlene L. Henrie	Iva D. Fjeldsted	August 21, 1949
Highland	Josephine S. Jones	Florence M. Holland	December 4, 1949
Inglewood	Josephine B. Prestwich	Lavena L. Rohner	September 25, 1949
Juab	Lua L. Stephenson	Lyle C. Pratt	November 27, 1949
Kanab	Lillian C. McAllister	Vera Deane Blackburn	July 31, 1949
Millard	Fern Robison	Faymetta S. Prows	March 20, 1949
Moon Lake	Birdie R. Swasey	Anona O. Miles	October 30, 1949
Nebo	Nadine Brown	Lucille H. Spencer	June 5, 1949
New York	Louesa R. MacDonald	Vera H. Hales	May 15, 1949
North Sanpete	Pearle M. Olsen	Pearle U. Winkler	August 7, 1949
Oahu	Mary A. Tyau (died Mar. 31, 1949)	Sadie Kamaile Kauhini	May 15, 1949
Panguitch	Lareeta Yardley	Cleo V. Hatch	February 6, 1949
Phoenix	Mable D. Mortensen	Lola M. Shumway	February 27, 1949
Riverside	Sarah N. Twitchell	Drusilla B. Newman	July 18, 1949
St. George	Leila K. Atkin	Verna L. Dewsnup	January 9, 1949
St. Johns	Anona C. Heap	Mary H. Gibbons	September 4, 1949
Sacramento	Erma F. Roskelley	Lesslie Stubbs	September 18, 1949
San Fernando	Mary E. Cutler	Evelyn P. Brown	December 26, 1949
Shelley	Annie B. Johnson	Eva L. Clinger	August 14, 1949
South Idaho Falls	Eleanora B. Allen	Edna J. Kindred	May 15, 1949
Tooele	Emma R. Hanks	Leona P. Boyce	January 16, 1949
Washington	Gwendolyn T. Gwynn	Else B. Lundberg	March 6, 1949



Photograph courtesy Ivy H. Jones

## JOSEPHINE ORTIZ, FRESNO, CALIFORNIA, MAKES CLOTH DOLLS FOR FUN—AND FOR PROFIT

JOSEPHINE Ortiz has a natural gift for making and dressing cloth dolls. She gives them beauty and personality, as well as color and style. The doll which Mrs. Ortiz is holding is named "Juanita," and was sent to a little girl in Provo, Utah. There the doll created so much interest among the Primary children that an inquiry was made regarding the pattern. A large department store in Albuquerque, New Mexico, gave an order for two dozen dolls last fall and has given other orders for more dolls to grace the 1949 holiday season. In the "Talents" project of the Spanish-American Mission, Sister Ortiz earned \$66 for her Relief Society and received much joy and satisfaction in the use of her unusual gift.

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## *Winter Was Long*

Lael W. Hill

. . . But silver-velvet buds erupt  
 Along each pussy willow bough—  
 The sky is new and clean and tall.  
 Under snow's crystal edge are cupped  
 The golden crocuses; somehow  
 Old sheaths of winter burst and fall—  
 And spring emerges, after all.

# *The American Red Cross and Its Program*

Information Released by the Office of Public Information, Pacific Area

**A** Maryland mother saved her three-year-old son's life this summer by applying artificial respiration after she pulled him from a fish-pond in the back yard. While waiting for help, the resourceful mother knelt over her unconscious child and worked skillfully to restore his breathing. Her knowledge of what to do in this emergency saved her child's life. She had been trained in lifesaving by the Red Cross.

In Los Angeles a five-year-old victim of nephrosis, an often fatal disease, needed a rare blood product, serum albumin. Two hundred ampules of the precious fluid were flown from the east to give this child a chance against the disease. The life-giving serum was processed from 800 pints of blood collected by a Red Cross blood center.

Traditional Red Cross educational health services—Water Safety, First Aid, Accident Prevention, Home Nursing—provide thousands of Americans with knowledge and skills to enable them to save lives in emergencies and to better the nation's health and safety. To provide these and additional services the Red Cross in its March fund campaign appeals to the American people for \$67,000,000.

Contributing to the welfare of Americans struck by disaster—flood, fire, storm, and other unexpected catastrophes—Red Cross provides immediate and long-term aid for victims. In the emergency period of a disaster, Red Cross workers arrive on the scene to supply food, clothing, shelter, and medical care. Long-term aid is accorded those victims to whom the loss of home or small business may mean financial ruin. During the past fiscal year 228,515 persons received assistance in 330 disaster relief operations.

In fulfilling its responsibility to serve members of the armed forces and veterans, the Red Cross assisted more than two million servicemen and veterans and their dependents in working out personal and family problems. Help in filing government claims for veteran's benefits, financial assistance pending receipt of benefits, and provision for trained staff and volunteer workers to bring recreational and welfare services into military and veterans hospitals were provided to an expanded military force and an increasing veteran population.

Your help is solicited for the 1950 fund to carry on humane services through the Nation's Red Cross.

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## *Poised Moment*

Marvin Jones

Poised, high on the thin edge of morning,  
Night leans toward eternity,  
Then like the meteor my heart is, falls hissing  
Into the green foam-slope of the sea . . . .

# Oriental China, Ancient and Modern

## II—JAPANESE WARES

Rachel K. Laurgaard

Illustrations by Elizabeth Williamson

NOT until the twelfth century when they came to know the Sung wares of China, did the Japanese produce anything noteworthy in the way of ceramics. In 1223, a potter named Kato was sent to China to learn techniques. Returning, he opened a kiln in the province of Owari, and began producing wares far superior to anything hitherto known in Japan.

In 1520, another potter, Shonziu, made his way to the Ching-te-chen works, where he acquired the art of manufacturing porcelain, and of decorating it in the underglaze blue. He set up his kiln in Arita, province of Hizen, and imported the fine white clay from China for his work.

Many years later, the victorious generals of Hideyoshi, the dictator, at his request, brought back to Japan, Korean potters. Hideyoshi was a patron of the arts when he was not engaged in conquering neighboring countries, and was most anxious to encourage the art of ceramics in his native land.

His desires were gratified when one of these Korean potters, under the patronage of the Lord of Satsuma discovered that the fine white clay, the stone for manufacturing glaze, and the ash from the bark of the Nara tree—all to be found on his master's estate—made pottery of unusual beauty. This was the original Satsuma ware.

Other Korean potters had equal

success with materials to be found in other provinces, and soon the Japanese ceramic industry was on its way to becoming famous. Dutch traders spread its reputation and, by 1639, when Japan was closed to all but the Dutch, a world market for Japanese wares had become well established.

Various grades of porcelain comprised the bulk of this export, for the Japanese, like the Chinese, were quick to discover that the highly decorated porcelains pleased the Westerner more than the glazed earthenware which "felt" as well as "looked" beautiful to the Oriental collector.

The products of the countless kilns which soon came into existence all over Japan were known by the name of the province in which they were made, or by the name of the feudal lord who had subsidized them.

Satsuma and Imari became the most familiar to Westerners and, as a result, dealers have been prone to class many pieces as "Satsuma" or "Imari" in order to sell them when, in reality, they came from some lesser known but just as skillful pottery-works, such as Hirado or Seto.

Imari took its name from the port from which it was shipped. The factory was located at Arita, eight miles away. Old Imari porcelain is now extremely rare and costly,



IMARI VASE

Old Imari ware is now very expensive and difficult to obtain.

but when the potteries of Arita were young, the story is told of a vendor of medicines who ventured into the village to dispose of his herbs and powders. He saw a pile of pottery stacked outside a house and, not knowing its value, proposed to trade some medicine for a vase or two. The potter told him to take all he could carry!

**E**ARLY Imari pieces were simple, but exquisite in their delicate whiteness, and slight but beautifully proportioned in design. It was the preference of Western buyers for ornately decorated china that developed the brocade style, with its lavish ornamentation, which characterizes more recent Imari.

The Hirado porcelain works were famous for underglaze blue and overglazes of varying shades of brown, black, and blue, with designs

depicting small boys and old men.

The most famous potter of the province of Hizen was Kakiemon, who gave his name to a certain type of decoration. His delicate designs of quail and partridge were the models for English and German china painters of a later date. Another potter who refused to slavishly copy Chinese designs was Kenzan. Because his art was more purely Japanese than the others, he was considered one of Japan's greatest craftsmen.

On the porcelains named for their patron, Prince Nabeshima, a thin but bright underglaze blue was characteristic, but on-glaze enamels were also used in green, black, and turquoise, with gold.

The village of Kutani in the province of Kaga was famous for its porcelain clay and produced two wares. One had a brilliant deep green glaze used with yellow, purple, and blue, and the designs were marked on the biscuit in black. The

PRINCE NABESHIMA  
PORCELAIN

A characteristic of this exquisite ware is a bright blue underglaze.



SATSUMA VASE WITH LANDSCAPE  
DECORATION

other featured a soft opaque red, peculiar to Kutani, together with applied ornamentation of green, yellow, blue, gold, or silver.

Seto wares were decorated in cobalt blue underglaze, and also overglaze enamels. Enormous quantities of white ware, sometimes of eggshell thinness, were brought from Seto to Tokyo to be decorated in elaborate and colorful designs, heightened with gold.

**M**UCH of the so-called "Satsuma" is Kyoto ware painted in the enameling establishments at Tokyo. The Satsuma faience or stoneware was sparingly colored with much attention being directed to the beautiful ivory-white crackled glaze. Another Satsuma glaze was called "dragon's skin" because of its shriveled look, and was made in brown, iron-rust, or tortoise-shell.

Soon after Commodore Perry's visit to Japan, the demand for Japanese china became so great that it could not be met with wares of the highest quality. Inferior products, designed to look like genuine Satsuma, Arita, and other fine wares, were sent out in large quantities.

The reputation of Japanese pottery suffered as a consequence, and, although beautiful pieces were still issuing from the kilns of many potters, some of them descendants of the original Korean artists brought over 350 years ago, the epithet of "cheap" was wrongly attached to all Japanese production.

Noritake china, for years past, has been ranked with the finest commercial porcelains made, far surpassing the modern Canton porcelain of the Chinese. Many other Japanese porcelains marked only "Nippon" are carefully decorated with artistic patterns of chrysanthemums, bamboo, pine, or plum blossoms, and deserve to be cherished by their possessor.

Today, the Japanese Culture Society sponsors the Folk Art Museum in Tokyo, which exhibits and awards prizes to outstanding wares, thus encouraging the hundreds of potters who, in their small backyard kilns, are fashioning bowls and cups of lovely lines and texture, which often find their way into the bags of returning American soldiers.

There is something very appealing about these simple pieces, and, perhaps, the time has at last arrived when many Westerners will also prefer the smooth surfaces and soft curves of undecorated wares.



JAPANESE AWATA BOWL

Note the floral design, both on the inside and the outside of the dish, and the delicately fluted edge.



Photograph by Willard Luce

SEAGULL MONUMENT, TEMPLE SQUARE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

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*More Than the Law*

*Eva Willes Wangsgaard*

Here seagulls crowding the plow will scream,  
 Noisy as breakers and white as spray,  
 Over the loamy waves that steam  
 Brown in the sun of a warm March day,  
 Fragrant with promise where white drifts lay.

It is more than the law—deep in his veins  
 A man remembers the starving year  
 Of scanty crops and scantier rains,

A scourge of crickets, and the double fear  
 As swooping, gorging gulls appear.

His heart still lifts with a great relief—  
 Incredible white scourge gulping the black—  
 His heart still swells with his father's grief,  
 His father's faith in a time of lack,  
 And the gulls feed undisturbed at his back.

# You Can Learn

## Part IV

### *G Is for Grandpa and H Is for Heir*

Katherine Kelly

I dropped the handle of the cream separator and burst into the house, breathless and glowing. "Tom, I did it! I did it! I did it all by myself and even poured the two buckets of milk in without stopping the separator and without spilling a drop!"

Tom took his hand away from his eyes and smiled at me. "You're getting good," he said. "If I had known I'd ever get down like this I wouldn't have bought such a large-sized separator for a pint-sized wife. That's too hard for you. Why didn't you call me? I could have stepped out long enough to lift those heavy buckets for you."

"You've stepped out too much as it is. This backset is worse than the influenza was in the first place. If you hadn't been too ambitious and got out so soon you might have been well by now."

"Well, it sure puts the roses in your cheeks. I'm lucky to have such a good-looking wife to wait on me." Tom patted my hands as I lifted the hot pack from the side of his face and examined the angry looking swelling just in front of his ear.

"I'm afraid you chose a wife more ornamental than useful," I answered absently. "This gathering worries me, don't you think we should call the doctor?"

"No, it will be all right. I've had a swelling before. Had one when

I was in the army and didn't even tell the sergeant, rather drill than land in the hospital."

"Well, I'll get Mary to come over and take a look at it after while and see what she thinks."

Mary was his sister and he set such store by what she said.

"Anyway I think it would be a good idea to get Mary to stay with you and Ernie while I am gone this afternoon."

"That's all nonsense. I'll be all right. And any time I can't handle my own son, at least while he is this size . . . . You go ahead and get it over with."

I walked into the kitchen to clear away the breakfast things and caught Ernie, our son and heir, just tipping his mush dish upside down on top of his head with the last of the mush and milk running in rivulets through his hair and down his face.

"Oh, no, no, Ernie! Naughty, naughty!"

Crash went the dish on the floor and Ernie looked at me with big innocent brown eyes, lashes more or less decorated with breakfast cereal.

I lifted him from the high chair and led him over to the wash basin. At the same time I noticed that Tom's breakfast was practically untouched.

"Why Tom, you ate scarcely anything. Weren't you hungry?"



“Oh, it hurts my head to eat. I’m not hungry anyhow. Maybe I’ll eat something later.”

**E**RNIE toddled into the bedroom on his little fat legs and I seized the opportunity to slip out the back door. The foam had just about settled on the milk, but I carefully poured off the top anyway, somebody had told me that the foam would kill any animal and I wasn’t taking any chances with my lambs. I got a good hold on the big fourteen-quart bucket and slowly eased it down the back steps.

As I reached the outdoors I just had to stop and take a deep breath. The air was so fresh and exhilarating. A meadow lark trilled from the back fence and the last notes seemed to blend with the brightness of new green leaves and the sparkle of the sunlight on the morning dew.

The lambs saw me coming and started from the field on a run. I was plenty proud of those lambs, eighteen of them, and all getting so big and fat. I was raising them on shares for my father. That meant that nine of them would be mine in the fall. He said that they ought to weigh out close to ten dollars apiece. That was going to be right close to a hundred dollars!

I quickened my steps. I had to get the milk in that trough before the lambs got there or they would spill it all over the place. I reached the wire fence and climbed up a step so I could lift the bucket over the fence and pour the milk in the trough on the other side. Just as I lifted the bucket all eighteen of those lambs hit the fence, the buck-

et flew up in the air, and most of the milk came down on my head. I stood in the puddle of spilled milk, shaking myself and wiping milk from my eyes and hair, while the lambs clamored for their breakfast on the other side of the fence.

Just then I heard my father’s cheery voice. “Well, my little girl, looks like you could use some help.”

If ever a voice was welcome it was his. There was nobody else in the world like my Dad. Tall and lean he was, and tough as leather from the years of battling wind and weather, his hat habitually turned up in the front from facing the wind and searching the skies for the clouds that would make or break his dry land crops. My Dad! He had just turned fifty a few days after the arrival of Ernie had made him a grandfather.

“Well, Grandpa,” I teased, “you were never more welcome. But I’m afraid it’s too late. I’ve spilled all the milk. Those darned lambs . . .”

“Don’t you darn those lambs. Remember half of them are mine. And there is no use crying over spilt milk, so we better fix it so you won’t spill any more. Now what you need is a little pen to feed those lambs in and that trough staked down. Get me that shovel from over there while I get these posts and we’ll have it fixed in a jiffy.”

I was so relieved I could have cried. Dad always knew what to do and nothing was ever hard for him.

**H**E took the shovel from me and while he dug the post holes I found a loose piece of woven wire out by the pasture fence, although I

couldn't see just how this pen was going to work.

"Now, young lady, we've got to have some sort of a gate. Get me those flat boards over by the woodpile and a few nails and some staples for that wire. Better get the hammer while you are at it."

In no time Dad had built the other three sides of the pen, using the fence for the fourth side. He had a nice little wooden gate with a strong slide fastener on it.

"Now you need that trough fastened down so those roughnecks can't tip it over and you will be all set." As he drove the stakes that fastened the trough securely in place, he was talking steadily. "Now, little girl, when you go to feed those lambs next time you can shut the gate until you get the milk in the trough, then open the gate and let the lambs inside and they can't tip the trough and waste half the milk."

As he talked I surveyed the pen and thought how simple things could be when you knew how to do them. However, I made one reservation. I was going to stand up on the fence while I opened that gate, those lambs were getting big enough to knock me down and go right over the top of me.

"How's that man of yours this morning, is he any better?"

"Not too well. I am really worried about those gatherings in his head."

"And how is Grandpa's young man? He hasn't any gatherings in his head, has he?"

"No, nothing but mischief. He's fine and dandy. I'll bet if he saw you drive up he is really making things hot for his Daddy."

"Well, I am all through here now. We'll go and find out."

Sure enough, Ernie was standing by the window waiting for Grandpa and I had to watch that I did not knock him down when I opened the door. He dodged past me out onto the porch and straight into Grandpa's arms.

Grandpa threw him up in the air a couple of times and called to Tom, "How are you doing, young fellow? If you don't get well fast I'm going to steal this boy of yours. I believe he is pretty much Grandpa's right now."

"Yes, I think he is, too. You play with him so much. Then since you gave him that sheep he is a man of property." Tom was leaning shakily against the bedroom door.

"Every time he sees the ewe he says, 'Mine, mine,' so I have named her Minnie," I explained. "Come to the window and see what I use her for. She is my automatic mower. See, I stake her out with that rope and when she eats the lawn clean and smooth in one place I move her to another. While she is close by the house Ernie loves to watch her."

"Trust you to put her to work. Now, that's Ernie's sheep, and when she multiplies into a whole herd, it will send him to college."

**WHEN** Grandpa rose to go Ernie had to have a jacket on and go with him out to see "Minnie." Ernie clapped his hands and gurgled, "Mine, mine."

Minnie lifted her eyes from the green lawn grass and chewed on complacently. She stomped one front foot and backed up a little as Ernie ran toward her, but she stood

quietly and let him put his arms around her neck although she still eyed Grandpa suspiciously.

"I got to be going, got work to do today. Let me know if you have any more trouble, and take good care of that old man of yours." Grandpa stepped into his old pickup and was gone in a cloud of dust.

Ernie whimpered as I took him back into the house and I felt sort of forlorn myself. Somehow Grandpa made everything seem so bright.

Tom had lain back down in the darkened bedroom and my anxiety returned as I sat down on the bed beside him. "Do you want that hot water bottle filled again?" I felt so inadequate, if there were just something I could do!

"No, I think maybe I can sleep a little while now if you keep Ernie out of here. I didn't get much sleep last night."

"All right, I'll keep him with me." I closed the door softly and set about the morning chores.

As I piled the dishes and washed the separator, I was worrying about that afternoon. As playleader for the stake Primary we had spent many afternoons practicing, and today was the great occasion, I just couldn't fail the girls now. The whole stake would be out to the May Festival. But I felt I really shouldn't be leaving Tom at all.

He felt better when he woke from his sleep. "You go and get your dancing over with. Any time I can't tend my own son I'll let you know," he said.

The old Chev started off quite willingly, for a change, and I was glad. There just wasn't time to bother with Freckles, my old white horse, today.

We had a big crowd out. It was such a lovely day, and when it was finally over everyone complimented us and was very nice. As soon as it was possible to break away I thanked the girls and hurried home.

As I drove down the lane I could see Tom and Ernie out on the lawn.

"You shouldn't be outside. You'll catch your death of cold," I called anxiously, as I stopped the car.

"We just came out to move Minnie. She was wearing a white half circle on your lawn from walking back and forth trying to reach fresh grass."

"Oh, Tom, I didn't know you cared about the lawn! You must be feeling better to even see it. You do look better!"

"I'll say I feel better. The pain is all gone. You see Ernie is a right good nurse," he said jokingly as we went into the house.

The table was all set, and from the stove came the delicious odors of mutton chops and baked potatoes. I hadn't realized how hungry I was.

"Why, you sweet things, you've cooked supper all ready for Mommy. What nice men folks to have to come home to."

"Well, we thought if we couldn't do anything outside, we could at least have supper ready for you when you came home. It seemed so good to be rid of that pain that I had to do something, and Ernie thought he was a great help."

"Oh, Tom, I'm so glad you are better," I sighed as he put his arm around me and I laid my head on his shoulder, "It seems so good to have a man to lean on."

# Volcano Irazu

Jeanne Tenney

**H**OW would you like to drive in an automobile right up to the very top of a volcano, 12,000 feet high? That is what you can do in Costa Rica, down in Central America. There is a fine paved road all the way from San Jose, the capital city of Costa Rica, to the top of the mountain, Irazu (pronounced Ee-rah-soo). It takes only about an hour, driving leisurely through pretty country, past lovely homes and gardens, which are quite different from those in the United States. Most of them are one-story houses, made in the South American style, with balconies, and fancy edges on the roofs. Some of the country homes are made of adobe, plastered white on the outside, with tile roofs. The gardens are filled with Bougainvillea, hedges of hibiscus, and stands covered with bright purple orchids. Since the altitude here is between 4,000 and 5,000 feet, it is very cool, and many northern flowers grow abundantly, too.

The road takes you past coffee *fincas* (plantations) and through pastures dotted with cattle. As it winds higher and higher, the houses are fewer and farther between, until at last almost no houses are seen at all. Then you notice that the wind has suddenly become cooler, and you close the windows of the car almost shut. You are up in the clouds, and fog surrounds you, but the car slows only a little, for there is almost no traffic on the road, and presently it winds up out of the clouds, and comes out into the bright sunshine again!

At last the driver says this is as far as the car will go, that you have to go the rest of the way on foot, but it is not far, only just over there a little way, to the crater of the volcano!

You get out of the car, and the cold air whips past your ears, but it is a delightful, fresh feeling, and you can look way out over the clouds, to the next mountains, blue in the distance. When the driver asks if you want to walk to the crater and look down into it, you are glad you have on good walking shoes, for the rest of the way is rough and rocky, although a road of sorts has been made. You have just to walk down a little slope and around a ridge, about five minutes walk. You are just a bit nervous, for there is a stream of smoke going up from the crater, and the ground feels warm beneath your feet! You wonder if that is partly caused by the sun, beating down on the ground, but you also imagine that it must be largely caused by the heat of the volcano itself!

The crater is shaped like a big bowl, several hundred yards across from rim to rim, and quite steep down inside. In the bottom of the bowl is the actual hole of the real crater, perhaps twenty or thirty feet across, from the depths of which comes the smoke. On the edges of the hole are yellow streaks, which are sulphur stains.

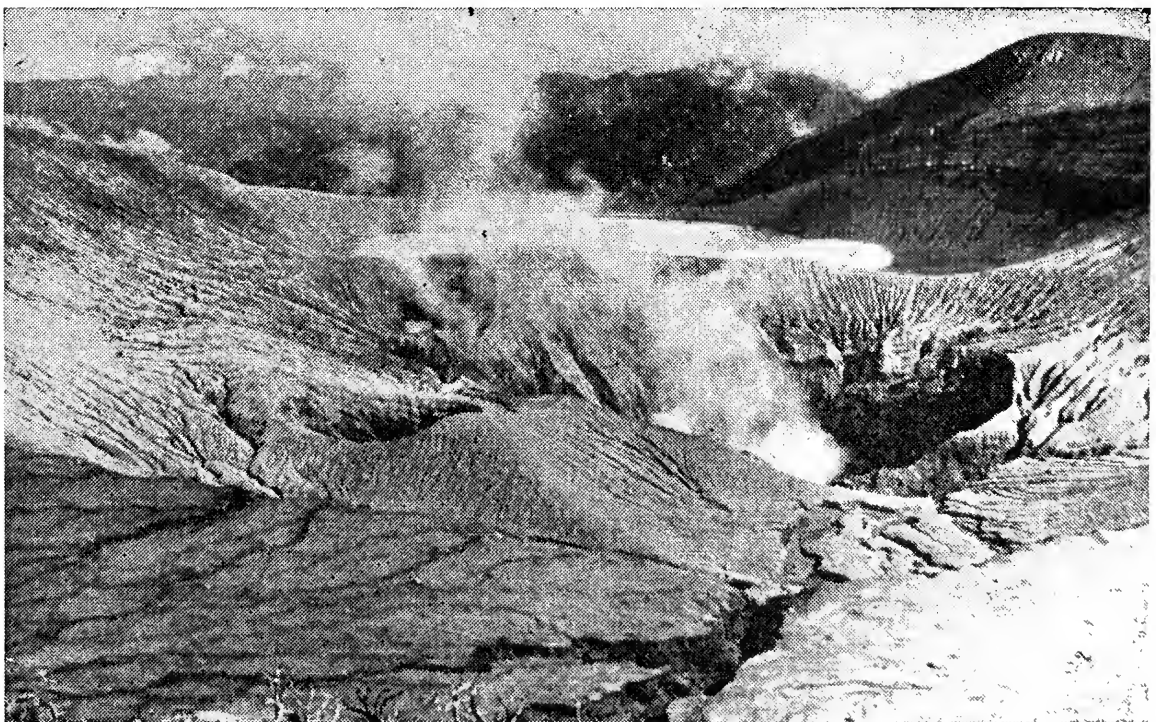
You have been wondering why the driver, who acts as guide, too, carries a pistol in his belt, and in a few moments you see. When you

get quite close to the edge of the huge crater, you smell the gunpowder smell that comes from the volcano, a smell like burned sulphur matches. Then the driver says that the volcano does not like loud noises, and if he shoots the gun, it will show its anger by sending up puffs of smoke! He shoots the gun into the air, to demonstrate, and sure enough, a few seconds after the shot, up come a couple of big puffs of smoke from the hole in the center of the crater!

It is a bit alarming, but the driver says it has been quite a few years since the volcano has done anything more than send up puffs of smoke, and many people come up to see it at any time. But since you know that the city of Cartago, which you went through on your way here from San Jose, has been damaged badly by earthquakes not many years before, you wonder what would hap-

pen if the volcano were to erupt suddenly, with you right there on the edge of it!

**T**HE driver says that any loud noise, such as a shout, will make the volcano puff, so you give a shout, and almost jump when the puff of smoke comes; then your companion shouts, and the driver shouts, and so several more puffs come out, one after another. There is an interesting echo with every shout, too. Then the smoke calms down again to a wavering stream going steadily up. The rim of the crater on one side becomes narrower and narrower as you walk along it, and the outside steeper and steeper, till you come to the end where it juts off, and you can look almost straight down the mountain on one side, and straight down into the crater bowl on the other side. Part of the sides of the crater are rough and not so steep,



Courtesy, Jeanne Tenney

VOLCANO IRAZU, COSTA RICA

and you are told that sometimes people climb down there to get to the very edge of the hole and look down it, but it is a little dangerous, for a slip might cause one to fall right toward the crater itself, which is several thousand feet deep! What a terrible thought! Besides that, there are fumes coming up from inside the mountain, along with the smoke, which you can smell right where you are, but which are much stronger near the hole. The driver says he has been down there several times, taking people down to see, and once a man fainted near the edge, overcome by the fumes, and had to be carried out! So, although you would like to go down and look in, you don't dare even think seriously of doing it!

Although the air is cold, the sun feels warm and comfortable. When you turn and look out over the clouds, they seem to cover the earth not very far below you with a gleaming, fluffy carpet of purest white.

The shining billows reach from your mountain all the way to the next, and you fancy you could almost step down on to them and walk across to the other mountain! How beautiful it is! You wish you could stay longer here at the top of the mountain, but of course you can't. There is absolutely nothing up here at the top, not even any plants grow here—either the heat or the fumes of the volcano keep all plants from growing, so that there is nothing but bare brown and gray rocks. Nevertheless, you are surprised at how close to the top pasture grass and shrubs do grow, with cattle wandering just a few hundred yards below the rim!

Reluctantly, you turn away to go down the mountain, excited and happy that you have actually seen a volcano puffing up smoke, and with the beautiful scene of clouds and mountaintops to remain still in your mind.

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## *When I Am Old*

Hannah C. Ashby

When years roll by and I am old  
 I shall not weep;  
 I shall not hold one bitter thought  
 Of days long gone;  
 But I shall lift my thoughts above  
 And still move on.  
 I would not roll life's curtain back  
 One single day,  
 Lest some great purpose might not move  
 In God's appointed way.  
 Hope, faith, and trust shall still be mine,  
 For I shall know  
 I move but nearer to the life divine  
 When I am old.

# Dark in the Chrysalis

Alice Morrey Bailey

## CHAPTER 3

Synopsis: Edith Ashe, a widow, forty-seven, dependent upon her son Kit, overhears his wife, Annette, complaining of her self-pity. Edith, penniless, cannot live with any of her three other married sons. In desperation, she takes a position as companion to an elderly woman, Mrs. Lewis, whose son Cory is leaving for an extended business trip. The responsibility of an old crippled woman, a large, ugly, badly run house, an unhappy housekeeper, Amanda, combine to convince Edith, who considers herself an ill woman, that she cannot keep the job.

**I**N the morning Edith awoke to the sound of singing. At first it seemed a part of her dreaming, orchestrated by the great chords of her nightmare, an angel song, high and sweet as the wind from some cosmic force. For a moment, opening her eyes to the strange room, she could not remember her whereabouts, but the singing was very real, still angelic and high and richly pure. Not in opera, not in pictures, nor on the air had Edith ever heard a voice to compare with it.

"It's Linnie! Linnie's home!" Mrs. Lewis was chirping excitedly from the next room. Below, in the living room there was the crash of chords from the piano in the alcove, and a cessation of the song, followed by a rush of footsteps on the stairs. Before Edith could struggle into a robe and slippers, the girl burst into the room, rushed to her grandmother's bed and smothered her with kisses.

"Home! Home!" she said ecstatically. "Where's Dad?"

"He's gone to take care of his stores," her grandmother told her. "He will be gone for a month or six weeks."

Linnie squeezed her eyes tight in disappointment. "My wedding's in June," she said. "I need Daddy."

"It's your own fault, Linnie. You will never let him now exactly when you are coming."

"Because it is too much fun to come home like this!" Linnie stood up. "It's all right, Grammy." It was not until then that she saw Edith.

"Linnie, this is Edith Ashe," quavered Mrs. Lewis, "my new companion. Her husband was Dr. Ashe. He brought you, Linnie."

Linnie's eyes met Edith's. They were frank and wide and grave in her oval face. Edith thought she had never seen such a beautiful girl, such a radiant, warm face. The features were chiseled to loveliness, the line of her brow and jaw sweetly turned. Yet there was a quality, indefinable and vague, that hurt Edith. Perhaps it was the gallant way she held her head, her wistful eagerness.

"That makes us practically relatives," she said, and the smile she gave Edith was the most joyous thing that had happened to Edith in two years. "Aunt Edith."

"Look, Grammy, look!" said Linnie, turning back to the bed. "Did you ever see anything so beautiful?" She turned her slim hand to show her engagement ring. It

was indeed a beautiful ring, a large diamond, flanked by smaller ones, set in yellow gold.

"Just wait until you see Paul. He is so distinguished and so handsome. The Fontaines are prominent in Boston, but don't think Paul is fusty. Every girl in Boston wanted him—and he wanted me. Think of it!"

"Where did you meet him, child?"

"He heard me sing. It was out from the school and we were giving a benefit. I wasn't the soloist. We were only background for a celebrity, but Paul saw me. He came backstage and asked me to supper. Miss Julien wasn't going to let me go. They are very particular about us. And Paul told her it was all right, I was the girl he was going to marry, and his mother was with him. You should have seen her flutter."

"He was an impetuous young man, I should say," remarked Edith.

"He meant it," said Linnie. "He said it again at supper and has never stopped saying so. His mother was with us and she was horrified. He should have at least asked for my pedigree, she thought. She doesn't think anyone west of Philadelphia has ancestors." Linnie's laughter was infectious. "She is really a dear, though," said Linnie, sobering. "She gave teas for me and introduced me like I was something special. She was very brave about Paul marrying me, and only hinted once that he could have had a De Peyster. She told her friends that I was a great artist, and my father a prominent chain store man. She wouldn't say groceries."

"I don't like the woman," said Grammy vindictively. "I don't like her one bit."

"Oh, now, I've done it," said Linnie contritely. "You will love her when you see her."

"No I won't," said Grammy firmly, "anybody that runs my Cory down!"

**T**HE house was different with Linnie there. Her swift grace and her singing were everywhere in it. She was unbelievably slim, with delicately turned bones, and her fair hair flew back as she raced to answer the telephone and the doorbell, which were constantly ringing, for she seemed to have myriads of friends and she was in love.

There were long distance calls from the young man in Boston, there were letters, air-mail and special delivery, and flowers to brighten the boxlike furniture of the living room and Linnie's own bare room.

Edith had indulged in a little sigh of relief that she was home and could assume the responsibilities of the house, but it was soon evident that Linnie wouldn't. When the sink stopped up Amanda came to Linnie about it, where she was writing one of her voluminous letters at the roll-top horror of a desk.

"Goodness," said Linnie, looking up in wide-eyed consternation. "I wouldn't know the first thing to do. Aunt Edith," she said, for Edith was just passing on the way to the kitchen sink with the luncheon trays. "Amanda says the sink is stopped up. What shall we do?"

"We'll probably have to call the



plumber," said Edith. "But I'll look at it first. Mrs. Lewis is asleep."

After half an hour of dipping, working with detergents and scalding water, and with the use of a plunger, Edith had the sink cleaned and draining swiftly.

"Aunt Edith, you're wonderful," enthused Linnie, who had watched the whole operation with interest, asking questions as if she considered Edith an experienced plumber.

"I'll say," said the relieved Amanda. "A plumber would have charged a fortune to do that, and then might not have come for weeks."

And I should have called a plumber, Edith was thinking angrily to herself; she hadn't done such a menial job for years. Why should she do it now?

"It is wonderful to know how to do things like that," Linnie said, as starry-eyed as if she had just received a dozen roses. "Paul doesn't make as much money as Daddy, and I'll have to learn ways to save it. I'll bet there are many things you could teach me, Aunt Edith—things about, about running a house that I never dreamed of. Will you teach me? I so much need to know."

"Why, surely I will, Linnie," Edith promised, wondering vaguely when any teaching could be sandwiched in between her duties with Mrs. Lewis and Linnie's own harum-scarum schedule, for Linnie was always on the go.

"They always had housekeepers," said Mrs. Lewis when Edith told her about it. "Poor Linnie spent her summers here with them and her winters in boarding school, and she

never learned the first thing about keeping house. A mother will put herself out to teach a child, but not a housekeeper. I had my hands full during those years. Cory's father was an invalid for years before he died and then I got this bad leg, and I couldn't give Cory a hand with the child. We lived in San Francisco, and I only saw the little girl on visits."

"It's too bad," sympathized Edith, thinking with genuine concern that Linnie's marriage might easily be jeopardized by ignorance and incompetence in the basic housekeeping principles. "I promised to teach her, but the time is so short, and I don't know just when I could do it."

"If it wasn't for me—a useless old woman—you'd have lots of time."

"It it wasn't for you," said Edith, "I wouldn't be here."

I mustn't think of it, she told herself. It's too bad, but, after all, it isn't my responsibility, and I can't do anything about it now. It is a wonder the child grew up as successfully as she did—not a worry in the world. I don't think I ever saw a happier, more joyous person.

**L**INNIE was, too. Her lips were always curved to laughter, her eyes always tender with the inner burning of love. Edith was curious about her friends, but somehow they never came there, even though Linnie had been home a whole week.

"That's sweet of you to think of coming," Linnie would say over the telephone. "But don't bother to drive by. I'm on my way to

town. I'll meet you there. We'll have lunch at Cathy's, or go to a show, or some other thing."

She would rise from the telephone and say suddenly, "I'm going out," although she had said previously that she was going to stay home all day, practice her singing, get her clothes in order, or write letters. Restless as a butterfly, Edith thought, just as beautifully gay, and just as irresponsible.

Thursday Edith had her first check, made out in Mrs. Lewis' shaky handwriting, an occurrence she had forgotten entirely in connection with her job. It gave her a wonderful feeling, greater than she had thought possible from a mere thirty-five dollars. She began planning immediately what she would do with it, and remembered only then that she had meant to quit the next day after she came.

What I ought to do is put it in the bank, she told herself, against the time when she should go back to live with Kit and Annette. Oh, Kit had been generous, buying her clothes and filling her needs, but she had felt guilty living off his bounty, and had limited herself to absolute necessities. Now she needed a few personal items before she should bank the rest.

"Mrs. Lewis, can you spare me to go down town while you take your afternoon nap?" she asked next morning.

"Why, surely," Mrs. Lewis replied. "I'll be fine. Take the whole afternoon and evening if you like. Amanda can bring me my supper and help me to bed. Linnie can read to me."

"Oh, I won't need that much

time," said Edith. "I only want to go to the bank and do a little shopping."

Nevertheless, she ended by taking that much time. First, in her anxiety to secure Mrs. Lewis against any possible need, she missed her bus and arrived at the bank just after they had closed the doors. Walking aimlessly, wondering what next to do, she passed a shoe store. From the window display her eyes singled out a handsome pair of English walkers. They were of black calf, beautifully turned. Edith couldn't resist trying them on. They fitted her feet as if they had been the last upon which the shoes were made.

"Seventeen-fifty," the clerk told her in answer to her query. Why that was half her check, and of course, out of the question. She shook her head, eying them regretfully. The clerk was examining the end of the box. "No," he said. "They have been marked down to fourteen."

"I'll take them," said Edith, and when she went to pay for them the girl at the desk smiled.

"Stockings to match?" she suggested, running her hand expertly into the leg of a sheer nylon, holding it against her skin for Edith to see.

"Yes," said Edith. "I'll need stockings." She chose a pair that the clerk called Ruby Nectar, and escaped, hugging her purchases. Feeling reckless, and remembering the struggle she had with her hair, she decided to go to a beauty salon for a shampoo. Perhaps the operator could give her some pointers on how to manage it, and it had been

a long time since she had indulged in such an expense.

"Why don't you have it cut?" suggested the operator, a young man with large, surprisingly deft hands. "No wonder you can't handle it. We could make you a coronet with what we cut off, perhaps a cluster of curls. Hair style possibilities, suitable for every occasion, are endless." He brought out pictures, showed Edith her profile and back view, catching her hair up this way and that, crystallizing her indecision. "It so happens I have a cancellation and could give you a permanent."

**I**N the end he had his way, and four hours later Edith emerged from the salon with fifteen dollars less and her hair smartly clipped, waved, and coiffured. It seemed anticlimax to go home now, feeling so chic. Half a block up a theatre marquee blazoned the title of a picture she had long wanted to see, along with the information, "last times today."

Edith's self-indulgence met no resistance and she paid for her ticket before calling the Lewis home.

"Amanda, I'm having a spree," she said. "I'm going to a show. Mrs. Lewis said that you could help her to bed and Linnie could read to her."

"I've already give her her supper," said Amanda. "Sure, you go on and go to a show, now. You need it, and I'll be glad to pay you back for helping me with the sink."

"No pay necessary for that, but I'll get dinner for you on Sunday."

"Oh! Would you true?" Aman-

da cried, pleased. "I wanted awful bad to go to the country to see my daughter. It's her birthday Sunday, but I couldn't see how I'd get away. Mr. Lewis promised I'd have my Sundays off, but I haven't had them."

"You shall, from now on," promised Edith magnanimously.

Never, in a long time, had Edith had such a day of abandoned freedom. Spending her own money had done something definite to her. Something good, she decided. She had pinched and held her emotions until her soul felt small and warped. Now she would not chide herself for unplanned spending. She loved the shoes, and thrilled whenever she thought of them. A suit would come next, and a hat. The praise of the operator about her hair was pleasant to her yet.

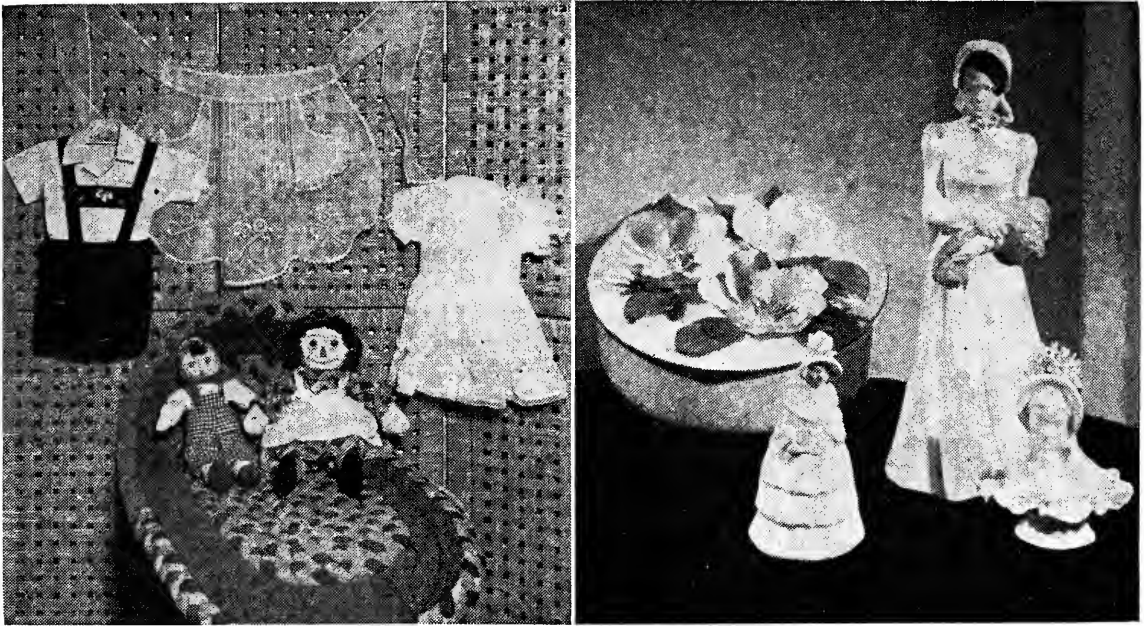
"You look twenty years younger, Mrs. Ashe. If you won't take offense, I would say that you are a woman with glamor and no age."

"Glamor indeed," scoffed Edith. Of course, they were paid to flatter the customers, but they didn't have to sound sincere, and the mirror bore him out. She still felt exhilarated when she went up the Lewis walk at ten-thirty.

"Why, Aunt Edith, you've had your hair cut—and you are beautiful, simply stunning." Linnie had been playing the piano in accompaniment to her singing, love songs of tenderness and passion.

"If your sweetheart could have heard you, my dear," Edith parried, "he would have listed himself among the world's greatest beloved."

(Continued on page 213)



## *Gifts From the Mormon Handicraft Shop*

Josie B. Bay

Member, General Board of Relief Society

Beautiful and creative handwork has ever been a tradition among Latter-day Saint women. Nowhere can there be found an array of more unique, original, and useful articles than those displayed for sale at the Mormon Handicraft Shop, produced by the skillful hands of Church members.

Among the most attractive gifts are tea aprons, so satisfactory for sharing or wearing; lovely, dainty ones for serving, and the colorful coverall type for practical wear.

Children's clothes, including suits for boys, and girls' dresses that are extremely neat and dainty, are appropriate for the approaching spring. Dotted swiss in lovely colors, sheer imported organdy or washable, crisp cottons, are available in a variety of sizes.

There is something very engaging about the colorful figures of rag dolls for sale at the shop. Their softness makes them ideal toys for very young children.

Lovely ceramic figurines make an artistic and decorative display, each bit of work alive with its own personality. These figurines are made from materials rich in quality and warm in color, molded and tinted by the hands of our own Latter-day Saint women.

Pretty and simply designed hooked and braided rugs are produced by imaginative and energetic women, and the shop has a wide variety of colors and patterns.

Relief Society women are urged to buy gifts from the Mormon Handicraft Shop. Articles for your own home and beautiful gifts for all occasions may be obtained there.

# A Place For Three

Ezra J. Poulsen

**T**HOUGH Jamie Ryan knew he'd acquired a wife worth her weight in gold when he married Daisy Marsh, the little red-headed girl he'd met at the ward reunion, he didn't realize how wonderful she was. It takes time to learn the true worth of a woman.

Even when she told him they were going to have a baby, he failed to see the extent of her resourcefulness, for he went to his classes at the law school that day with a faraway look in his eyes, and his mind so muddled with worry he scarcely heard the lectures. Trying to live on his G.I. pay in their stuffy attic apartment was a sort of sleight of hand performance within itself, just for him and Daisy. But with a baby coming—well—that was something requiring action.

It followed, therefore, that he went secretly downtown and secured a job for the afternoons in a hardware store. The act was perfectly in keeping with his belief that the man is the natural head of the household, and the protector of the weaker sex. A woman going to have a baby had to be cherished and taken care of, and kept in a pleasant state of mind. Daisy wouldn't approve, so he didn't intend to tell her about the new arrangement. She was very insistent on his putting all his time on his studies. That evening, however, he spent the last of his pocket money for a bouquet of carnations which he took home to her.

"Oh, darling," cried Daisy, after staring at him and the flowers in blank amazement, "oh, they're beautiful! But—but—you shouldn't. You can't afford . . ." She got no further. The only way she could express her feelings was to throw herself into his arms and half smother him with kisses.

Jamie's heart beat wildly as he held her. The extra effort required to take a job in addition to carrying on his exacting legal studies seemed to vanish into nothing. He felt very noble and heroic. "Sweetheart," he murmured, "it's a pleasure. I wish I could have done more. But I will as time goes on."

Then, impulsively, as if to demonstrate his power as a man, he picked her up bodily, and carried her across the room, depositing her gently on the sofa. "Honey," he said, kneeling beside her, "I'll take the best care of you. In fact, I won't let you do a thing. You must rest and take care of yourself until the baby comes."

Daisy, with her loose red hair falling around her head on the pillow, was ravishing. Her eyes, which Jamie had always thought were some kind of mixture of amber and fire, seemed unusually bright. And her upturned lips, parted half in expectancy, and half in sheer amazement, were moist. "Jamie, of course I'll take care of myself. You're a perfect dear. The flowers are gorgeous. Now, let me get up and fix your supper. You must be starved."

"Oh, no, you stay here. I'll get supper."

He was really in earnest. But Daisy arose, put on her apron, and began bustling about in a most housewifely manner. She could laugh that one off as one of Jamie's sweet gestures, not to be taken literally. "Now, darling, you get to work on those law books."

Seeking his usual corner by the table in the tiny living room, he laid out his books in the order of their importance, and began to study. Jamie was a methodical person. First, there was the volume on contracts, next came torts, and finally evidence. Each had to have its share of sweat, he'd often said laughingly. And now, term exams were less than a week away. But he found it very hard to concentrate, though he sat on a small chair, and let his chest tilt forward aggressively. His mind seemed to be in a whirl of emotional disturbances, involving hardware and the uncertainty of coming events.

**F**OR a week Jamie came home every evening with his law books under his arm, after a hard half day in the very unlegal atmosphere of the hardware store. Daisy didn't seem to suspect any change in his program, a fact for which he was thankful. But, in spite of his best efforts at studying, which kept him up until well after midnight, he felt himself slipping. He began to be haunted by fear, and this made it more difficult to concentrate.

In the exams, he fell down badly. In fact, he knew without being told, he'd failed in contracts. On top of it all, Daisy seemed complete-

ly indifferent with regard to her condition. Several times, when he came home, she seemed to have been in the house herself only long enough to get her coat and hat off. Then, she'd pitch right in getting supper, protesting when he tried awkwardly to help her.

"You know, Jamie, we're getting along nicely on your G.I. pay this month. I'm going to be able to manage until next week when your check comes."

"You're wonderful," he complimented. His mouth was so dry he felt as if he'd choke. He'd made up his mind to quit school, and had arranged at the store to begin work full time. In fact, he'd missed all his classes for three whole days. Perhaps, here was the time to begin to tell her. "Don't worry about the extra cost of the baby. I'm working something out to take care of that." He kept his serious face buried in the book on contracts, though he could scarcely tell one word from another.

"Oh, yes." Daisy tossed her head back lightly. "We'll manage all right." She looked at him suspiciously, then, with a queer little smile, turned away.

He celebrated his first pay check by buying more flowers, and getting a nice cake from the bakery. Her soul seemed to shine in her eyes as she took the flowers. "Oh—oh—Jamie." Tears began to glisten in her eyes.

The telephone rang. She turned to answer it. "The Dean's office," she said quietly, handing him the receiver.

His hand trembled as he took it, then, listening, his face turned

white. "Yes sir, I—I—feel it's the only way." The voice at the other end spoke at some length. "Yes, yes sir, I'll call and see you. I promise." He hung up.

When he turned to Daisy again, he found her regarding him with deep yearning, and the light in her eyes made it clear she understood everything. The corners of her firm little mouth twisted several times as if she was about to speak. Finally, she rushed into his arms. "Jamie, you crazy, wonderful idiot," she sobbed. "Didn't you know you didn't have to do that?"

"Daisy," he said sternly, holding her at arm's length, "I want you to understand I'm head of this household. I did what I knew was best for you and the baby. Understand?" He felt like shaking her but, in deference to her condition, he refrained.

Daisy listened meekly. Then, suddenly she recovered her own poise, and going over to her purse lying on the table, she pulled out a

check and showed it to him. He looked at it and gasped. It was twice as big as his own. "You see, I'm working for the poultry association over at the egg candling plant," she explained, "and, darling, I'm good at it. I worked at the job three years back home before I married."

He started to scold her, but she kept on talking. "I'll have a sock full of money months before junior gets here. And—and—I'm enjoying the work immensely. I never felt better in my life. But, honey, where do you think we'll be in ten years from now if you quit school? Don't you realize I've, we've got a stake in your future?"

Jamie felt his shoulders sag painfully, but he was staring at her with a new and wonderful light in his eyes. Slowly, he drew himself up with determination. "Darling, I'll be the best lawyer you ever saw," he declared. Then, turning to the phone, he dialed the Dean's number.

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## *The Valley Train*

Evelyn Fjeldsted

The valley train comes nosing down  
 The slight incline along the lake;  
 With boisterous mien it enters town,  
 An echoed whistle in its wake.  
 Then thundering on with smoky mane  
 Curling in the lonely breeze,  
 A black streak in the fields of grain,  
 It tracks the running miles with ease.

For those whose destiny is home,  
 The light of day would come in vain  
 Without the dreams that shine like chrome,  
 Wild, enchanting dreams that come by train.

# The Place of Music in the Lives of the Women of the Church

*Melissa Glade Behunin*

For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart; yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads (D. & C. 25:12).

**S**INCE singing is pleasing to our Heavenly Father, a prayer unto him that should come from our hearts, surely we as members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints should learn to sing in harmony with his spirit and with more perfect understanding.

Music is an expression of feeling and emotion. It is one of the most ancient of fine arts and one of the avenues by which we reach back to our Father in heaven. From the beginning of time people with musical talents and abilities have been raised up and have unselfishly given of their time and talents to the blessing of people on the earth.

We learn from Genesis that "Jubal was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ." The children of Israel sang as they came out of bondage. Psalms were sung and composed by David.

Singing has its place in the joyous festive occasions, the solemn sacred service, and in the hours of sorrow.

Matthew tells us that after the feast of the passover when Christ introduced the sacrament, before they went, in the spirit of sadness, from the supper table, from whence Christ knew he was going to his betrayal and death, they sang a hymn (Matt. 26:30).

From the re-establishment of our

Church music has played a great part. It has opened the way for the spirit of our Heavenly Father to enter into the hearts of the saints and it has helped to instill a testimony, to strengthen the testimony, and thus make more sure and perfect the contact with heaven.

So important was singing in the lives of the early Latter-day Saints that the Prophet's wife Emma Smith was called to the work of making a selection of the songs of Zion. From the Doctrine and Covenants (128:22) we have a reference to singing in this way: "Let your heart rejoice, and be exceedingly glad. Let the earth break forth into singing." And again, "Praise the Lord with singing, with music, with dancing, and with a prayer of praise and thanksgiving" (136:28).

The song "The Spirit of God Like a Fire" had a humble, inconspicuous beginning. It was written by Brother William Wines Phelps, one of the most gifted and prolific hymn writers of our early Church period. Though it was sung before the completion of the Kirtland Temple, it was not until that time that its full spiritual and emotional power was felt. During the dedicatory service, March 27, 1836, Elder Sidney Rigdon referred to the sacrifices that had been made by those who had labored on the building



and wet the walls with their tears, while praying to God to stay the hands of the ruthless spoilers. In the repeating of the inspired dedicatory prayer, which is section 109 of the Doctrine and Covenants, appears these verses:

O Lord God Almighty, hear us in these our petitions . . . and accept the dedication of this house unto thee, the work of our hands, which we have built unto thy name (D. & C. 109:77-78).

After the prayer singers, stationed in the four corners of the building, together with the assembly, sang "The Spirit of God Like a Fire" with such emotional fervor as never to be forgotten.

These events paralleled to some extent the description given of the dedication of Solomon's temple, which says:

. . . as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of musick, and praised the Lord, saying, For he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever: that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord. . . for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God (II Chron. 5:13-14).

Music was early associated with the educational activities of the Latter-day Saints, and the first municipal university of America was founded by the Church in Nauvoo, Illinois, in 1841, with music a part of the curriculum. In those last agonizing hours of the Prophet Joseph Smith's life, the song "A Poor, Wayfaring Man of Grief" was sung for him.

When the refugees from Nauvoo were hastening to part with their table service, jewelry, and other valuables, they had no thought of giving up their favorite band instruments. A brass band led the pilgrims into the West. Always in the lead, it cheered the hearts of the marchers. At night smaller groups played music around the campfires. Colonel Kane in 1851 wrote that even though he knew the saints' peculiar fondness for music, he was astonished at the high type of men in their band and the fine rendition of their music. He also said that the membership of the orchestra had been converted as a body and took up their trumpets, trombones, and drums, and followed the missionary to America.

The circumstances under which "Come, Come, Ye Saints" was written, are poignant and reflect the spirit of the great migration. President Young, feeling great anxiety because many of the saints were ill and discouraged, called Brother William Clayton aside and said, "Brother Clayton, I want you to write a hymn that the people can sing at their campfires in the evening—something that will give them succor and support and help them to fight the many troubles and trials of the journey."

Elder Clayton withdrew from the camp and in two hours returned with the hymn "Come, Come, Ye Saints." His personal testimony is to the effect that it was written under the favor and inspiration of the Lord.

You recall the story told by President Grant on the influence of music on the angered men. Two

brethren had seen life in Nauvoo together; they knew the hardships of the westward trek, the struggle of our early community life, and they had established themselves in business. Then they had misunderstandings in their business dealings and agreed that no one less than the President of the Church could settle their dispute. Both agreed, however, to abide by the decision made by President John Taylor.

The appointment with President Taylor was kept, but before they presented their problem he asked permission to sing a hymn. He then said he had never heard one of our hymns but that he wanted another and so he asked permission to sing the second. He then said he had always understood there was luck in odd numbers and asked permission to sing the third. After singing the third song, he said, "Now, brethren, I do not want to wear you out, but if you will forgive me, and listen to one more hymn, I promise to stop singing and will hear your case."

When this song was finished the brethren were shedding tears, their difficulty had melted away. The spirit of the Lord had entered their hearts; they shook hands with each other and apologized for taking President's Taylor's time.

It is with joy that we recall the accomplishments of Brother Evan Stephens. Though he came of humble people and knew lowly occupations as a boy, he became one of the great inspired song writers of our Church. While directing the Tabernacle Choir at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, President Woodruff said, "A shepherd boy has come down from the mountains and is here to contest in this great competition." His choir won the second prize of \$1000 and he received a gold medal.

As in a great choir, in the band, the orchestra, or the beautiful tapestry, each individual part is important to the entire whole. So, in the plan of our Heavenly Father, each one of us has a distinct part to play in his divine harmony.

---

## *On Borrowed Wings*

Ora Lee Parthadius

The river's green-gold curved far below  
 Grandpa's white house in a satin bow,  
 And, looking down, I could not decide  
 How the bow, if ever, came untied.  
 But Grandpa slung cable, wrist-thick, orange-red,  
 On a sycamore limb far above my head  
 And whittled a cedar slab, woody-sweet,  
 Into the sturdiness of a seat  
 Where a lad could travel on borrowed wings  
 To see the how of puzzling things . . .  
 And sure enough, from the tip of space,  
 Between banks edged with willow lace,  
 I saw the ribbon of river run  
 Straight as a line toward the sinking sun.

## *A Letter From Mother*

My dear Children:

Greetings and love to you, my dear ones.

**Thank you** for your very serious letter just received, telling me about the unhappiness of this little family next door to you, soon after the birth of their first child, itness of this little family next door to you, soon after the birth of their first child. It see it. Sometimes young husbands are crowded off into a corner when the first baby comes. Suppose that could be the trouble?

**Young mothers** often do not know that good fathers are not born. They are made, in the true sense of what is expected of fathers in our modern society. It is hardly reasonable to assume that a husband knows how to be the thoughtful, considerate, and wise father you wish him to be, the first day his baby is brought home from the hospital. No, indeed. He has it all to learn.

He must learn how tender and kind he can be to this little child of his flesh, how indulgent to his crying demands. How solicitous he must be toward his sweetheart-wife who has so willingly paid the price of motherhood. Oh, no. It would take a superman to know all that without experience. He must also learn the joy of ownership—*his baby!* And the pride of possession. The satisfaction of seeing the love light in his baby's eyes. And the warmth of the love that surges through him when he cuddles this little gift from heaven and realizes, in imagination, the joy of future companionship when a more adult stage of development occurs. He must be given time to know how to be a father—a good father.

With a new mother it is quite different. She has loved and nourished her child for months ahead of his birth, and she has known a pre-birth love that is so fascinating and anticipatory as to make her over impatient to hold this little one in her arms. All this love is awaiting but the birth trial in order to have fulfillment. Besides, as a child, she mothered her dolls, also her younger brothers and sisters, probably. That gives her a big headstart over the father in experiencing parental affection.

Any young husband and father is likely to sit on the side lines, never quite able to pay the entrance fee. But if he is lovingly invited in, he will soon assume his new responsibilities. All too often, however, his wife does not understand his natural reticence and takes it for indifference, thereby suffering a keen disappointment.

If she could watch his eyes resting upon her in this new and lovely role of motherhood, she would hold out her arms to him. Such love as he now has for her she has never had before. There is adoration in it, and new, fresh yearning for her sympathy and love. She would do well to cultivate it and wait patiently for the father love that will naturally follow.

If these young people understood these things, I am sure they could get together in love and unity and share the glow and the glory of this great experience which can bring them closer together than ever before.

Love does it, my dears, that never failing, elusive gift and blessing we store in our hearts. Please be sure to let me know more about these neighbors of yours. Call on them often, why not? Maybe you can help.

With dearest love to you all,

Mother  
Clara Horne Park

## *For That Rainy Day*

Gertrude LeWarne Parker

**C**HOOSE a well-lighted corner of any room—the kitchen is ideal, if convenient. Fasten a piece of plain oilcloth, or, for economy's sake, plain wrapping paper to the wall with thumb tacks, being careful to have it within reach of the shortest little arms.

Provide a low table, if possible, and for each child a chair, blunt scissors, and a ten-cent paint brush. Magazines, seed and flower catalogues, mail-order catalogues, fashion books, or any available pictures and prints complete the equipment.

Make a bowl of common laundry starch, boiling it until quite thick. Cool it, and you have a clean, transparent paste which has the great advantage of not making little hands sticky. The pictures can be dipped in the starch or the paste put on with the brush.

The children can now begin decorating the wall by pasting the cut-out pictures on the oilcloth or wrapping paper. First a house and a garden, then a vegetable garden, thereby promoting interest in the necessary vitamins. Families of dolls, animals, fashions, old and new, playgrounds, swimming pools and beaches. All these may be found in magazines and catalogues. The possibilities are endless, developing the child's ingenuity and creating an appreciation of color and harmony.

For a change of scenery, wash the oil-cloth or put up another piece of paper. The walls are again ready for other inventions and new flights of fancy.

Such a corner will be a continual delight to your children and an answer to the question oft repeated, "Mother, what can we do?"

---

## *The Desert Is a Lady*

LaVerne J. Stallings

Upon her sands at midday,  
Resenting beauty's plea,  
The desert lies in a heavy trance  
Dreaming silently.

But when the dusk winds gently blow,  
Taking beauty's hand,  
She flings away her sultry mood  
To wander down the land!

Swirling crimson robes about her,  
Shaking golden hair,  
The lady looks to the mirrored sky,  
Knowing she is fair.

Then, reaching for a sunset candle,  
Tantalant and bright,  
She slips along the cool white dunes  
To a rendezvous with night!

# Suggestions to Contributors

## 1. EDITORIAL POLICY

- a. All manuscripts must be in harmony with Latter-day Saint ideals.
- b. We reserve the right to edit all accepted manuscripts according to the needs of the *Magazine*. Where the changes are slight, the contributor will not be contacted regarding them. However, where more important changes may be necessary, the author will be contacted whenever this is possible.
- c. We do not solicit reprints and we publish material of this type only by special arrangements. Therefore, do not send us material of any kind which has been published or is in the hands of a publisher.
- d. Payments are made on publication and no promises can be made as to when accepted manuscripts will be published. If an author wishes to have a manuscript, which has been accepted and is being held for publication, returned, he may request this to be done.
- e. Seasonal material should reach us four to six months prior to publication date.
- f. We do not offer detailed criticism of rejected manuscripts.

## 2. PREPARATION OF MANUSCRIPTS

- a. Manuscripts should be typed (double-spaced) on one side only of regulation 8½"x11" paper. Authors are asked to retain carbon copies of all manuscripts submitted to *The Relief Society Magazine*.
- b. For submitting manuscripts it is convenient for authors to use envelopes of two sizes, the larger envelope for the outgoing manuscript and the smaller envelope, bearing the writer's name and address, for return in case the manuscript is not accepted. Stamped envelopes, designated as No. 8 and No. 9, and which may be purchased at post offices, are suitable for poems and short manuscripts. For stories and longer articles 6"x9" and 6½"x9½" envelopes may be used.
- c. Adequate postage should be provided for both outgoing and return envelopes. Manuscripts, which must always be sent first class, require (for the United States, Canada, and Mexico) three cents for each ounce or fraction thereof.
- d. Correct spelling, paragraphing, and punctuation are definite aids in the acceptance of a manuscript.
- e. All factual material should be carefully checked for accuracy and references should be given.

## 3. CURRENT NEEDS

- a. Stories, preferably short stories between 1500 and 3,000 words. Serials of eight to ten chapters of about 2,000 words each. For serials, submit at first only chapters one and two and an outline of the remainder. Two-part, three-part, and four-part stories are also solicited, each part to be about 2,000 words in length.
- b. Articles, from 500 to 1500 words. Material should follow a definite outline with an interesting beginning and a logical sequence.
- c. Poetry, of definite pattern in stanza, form, and meter. Since many of our poems are used as fillers, we can more readily accept short poems (4-12 lines) than longer contributions. The use of archaic words, inversions, and contractions should be avoided. Poems of excellent quality and seasonal appeal for use as frontispieces are particularly needed at this time. These should run from 14 to 30 lines.
- d. Photographs, glossy black and white, size 8"x10", suitable for cover or frontispiece.

# NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for April 1948, page 274, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

## BAZAARS, CONVENTIONS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Lenora K. Bringhurst

### SWISS-AUSTRIAN MISSION, FRANKENBURG (AUSTRIA) BRANCH BAZAAR

Left to right: Hilda Dittrich; First Counselor Maria Dittrich; President Juliane Brueckl; Grete Dittrich.

Sister Lenora K. Bringhurst, President, Swiss-Austrian Mission Relief Society, sends an interesting report regarding Relief Society activities in her mission: "Bazaars have been held in all branches of our mission and a marvelous spirit of co-operation, unity, and love has prevailed throughout. Many hours of knitting and sewing have been put in by each sister to make the bazaars a success, but of all the bazaars that were held, there was one that was outstanding in achievement and that is the Frankenburg Branch in Austria. These four women are very proud of their work which went into preparing this lovely bazaar, and the house slippers, which you see in the photograph, were professionally made by one of the sisters. One could never expect to buy finer slippers in a large shoe store . . . Although this society consists only of the president and a mother and her two daughters, the spirit of the work is with them and the Lord is blessing their efforts."



Photograph submitted by Alice Voyles

**SOUTH CAROLINA STAKE SINGING MOTHERS ASSEMBLED AT RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION, October 22, 1949**

Front row, fourth from left, Breta McBride, chorister; fifth from left, Alice Voyles, President, South Carolina Stake Relief Society; sixth from left, Nellie Bolick, pianist.



Photograph submitted by Erma Roskelley

**SACRAMENTO STAKE (CALIFORNIA), ROSEVILLE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS**

Front row, left to right: Mary Call; Nellie Boller; Clara Vanderhoof; Effie Bowman; Lillian Goddard.

Back row, left to right: Erma Roskelley, former President, Sacramento Stake Relief Society; Kate Gibby; Elizabeth Smith; Emma Sorenson; Myrl Johnson, President, Roseville Ward Relief Society; Ethyl Boice.

These women have served as presidents since 1923, when the missionaries first came to Roseville.

Sister Roskelley reports: "In the last four union meetings held in the spring our stake invited guests to give instructions to the Relief Society leadership of the wards. We had an interior decorator to give points to homemakers, an expert from a charm school to give good advice on poise, good manners, etc.; in March we had a milliner come in and talk about hats and the most flattering types for each type of woman; in April we invited an expert on materials to talk on the care of clothes and what types of materials are best for various costumes. These talks were accepted with enthusiasm by our ward officers."

Lesslie Stubbs is the newly appointed president of Sacramento Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Barbara Funk

PASADENA STAKE (CALIFORNIA), ROSEMEAD WARD RELIEF SOCIETY  
BAZAAR, November 5, 1949

Only part of the many excellent displays is represented in this photograph. A lovely crocheted tablecloth, several beautifully designed quilts, a number of well-made blouses, many household decorative articles, and many hand-embroidered pillow cases, and other articles were displayed. In this photograph, note the children's clothing and the many attractive aprons.

Sister Madge P. Fowler, President, Pasadena Stake Relief Society, reports the outstanding accomplishments of this ward: "Rosemead is our smallest ward and their bazaar was very lovely and a big success." Emmadean Lines is president of the Rosemead Ward Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Jean D. Wright

SOUTH AFRICAN MISSION, MOWBRAY, SEAPOINT, AND PINELANDS  
RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, November 5, 1949

Front row, seated at the left, Hilda Dyason, President, Mowbray Branch Relief Society; third from left, Theodora Cherrett, President, Pinelands Branch Relief Society; fifth from left, Agnes Hubert, President, Seapoint Branch Relief Society.

Second row, seated third from left, Jean D. Wright, President, South African Mission Relief Society.

Standing at booth, third from left, May Rayner, chairman of the sewing displays.

Sister Wright reports the following from her mission: "Five of our branches held very successful bazaars in November. Other branches had successful food and



rummage sales earlier in the year. In addition to the stall, pictured above, this bazaar consisted of cake and candy stalls, fresh produce, toys (mostly old toys made over), Christmas cards, and a 'white elephant' booth. Light refreshments, lunches, and suppers were served. The bazaar was very successful financially and most of the funds secured will be used for equipping the new Relief Society kitchen which is now under construction at the mission headquarters in Cape Town."



Photograph submitted by Elna P. Haymond

#### NORTHERN STATES MISSION, ONEIDA (WISCONSIN), BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS AT WORK CANNING APPLE SAUCE

In circle, at front, left to right: Arylss Schlievie; Vivian Schlievie; Velore Millhieser; Cora Dovstator; Sarah King; Elsie Webster; LaVern House; Ella Henderson.

Standing at back, left to right: Elder Norman L. Howell; Margaret Powless; Celine Webster; Bertha King.

Sister Elna P. Haymond, former president, Northern States Mission Relief Society, reports on the activities of the Indian women in Oneida Branch: "They are now organized into a Relief Society with Mrs. Lincoln Neider as president. Mrs. Neider is the only white woman member of the Church in the branch. At Christmas time (1949) two of the Indian women from this group came to Chicago and were baptized. During the past harvest season, these Relief Society women canned the following products: 400 quarts of beans, 1,000 pints of corn, 36 quarts of tomatoes, 50 quarts of apple sauce.

"These women are happy and they are anxious to work. They sing the songs of Zion as members of long-standing do and are very anxious to learn more. The work among the Indians has brought great joy and satisfaction. There is much to be done, but the Indians are grasping the truth very readily."

Since this information was received at the general office the Northern States Mission has been divided, creating a new unit, the Great Lakes Mission. New mission Relief Society presidents have been appointed in both missions, Ella C. Burton in the Great Lakes Mission, and Lucy T. Anderson in the Northern States.



Photograph submitted by Norma Nock

WEISER STAKE, CASCADE (IDAHO), BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY  
ASSEMBLED AT THEIR CHRISTMAS PARTY, December 19, 1949

Front row, left to right: President Mary Engle; First Counselor Gertrude Stevens; Secretary-Treasurer Norma Nock; Second Counselor Irene Stiburek.

Naomi Chandler is president of Weiser Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Zelma Miller

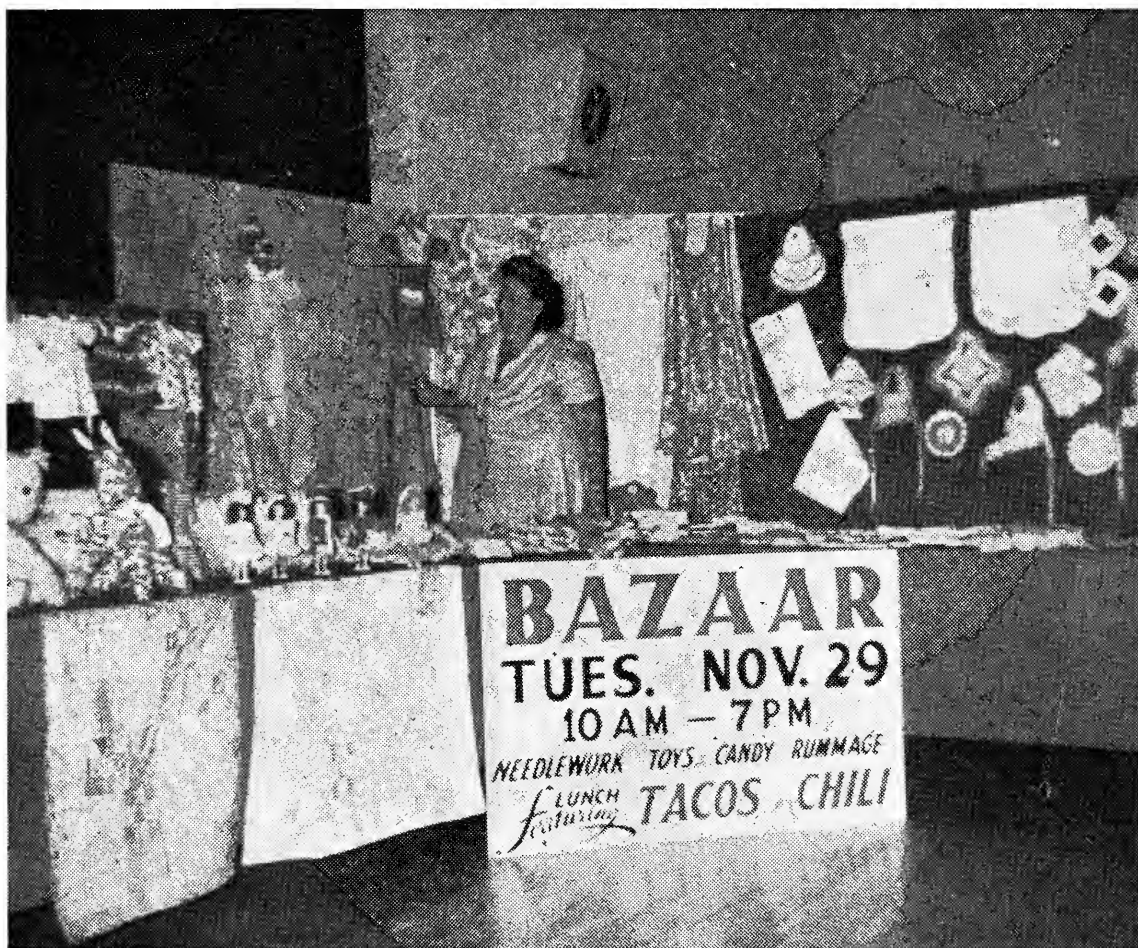
MESA STAKE (ARIZONA), RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD MAKES FIRST VISIT  
TO HAYDEN BRANCH BY PLANE

Front row, left to right: Irene Duke; Louis S. Ison; Mary M. Davis; Zelma Miller, President, Mesa Stake Relief Society; Ruth T. Lamoreaux; Edna S. Hooks.

Back row, left to right: Mary Sorenson; Nellie Miller; Second Counselor Ellare Reber; First Counselor Evalyn B. White; Secretary-Treasurer Fern B. Yerby; Lula Allen; Dave Lamoreaux, owner and pilot of the plane.

President Zelma Miller reports an unusually interesting visit: "Mesa Stake has

acquired two new branches (Ray and Hayden) situated in the mountains, necessitating several hours driving for stake Relief Society officers. Brother Dave Lamoreaux, whose wife is stake thology leader, furnished his plane to take stake board representatives to Hayden, which was the first time in the history of their branch that they had had visitors to a Relief Society meeting. Brother Lamoreaux also piloted a group to Hayden to visit the first Relief Society conference ever held in that branch. This picture was taken on December 14, 1949, at the airport, when the stake board was assembled at the home of Sister Lamoreaux for their December board meeting and a Christmas social."



Photograph submitted by Ruth Burgess

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSION, REDDING BRANCH BAZAAR  
November 28, 1949

Ruth Burgess, President, Redding Branch Relief Society, is pictured with some of the displays of this unusually successful bazaar.

Sister Burgess reports on the bazaar as follows: "The old proverb, 'In unity is strength' was certainly proved in our recent bazaar. A feature which was a summer project and which proved very successful, was that of making stuffed toys, dolls, and doll clothes. They sold very readily for Christmas presents, along with fancy aprons, pillow cases, baby clothes, luncheon sets, and various household articles. In the busy kitchen, Mexican tacos, enchiladas, and chili were prepared and served, also nuts, candy, seasonal pie, and many delicious cakes. About 160 people attended the bazaar. The outstanding success of this event can be attributed to the fine co-operation and industry of the Relief Society members."

The officers of this society, in addition to Sister Burgess, are: First Counselor Lillian Petersen; Second Counselor Thelma Patterson; Secretary-Treasurer Margie Mortimer.

Amelia P. Gardner is president of the Northern California Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Lisadore B. Crookston

**TAYLOR STAKE (CANADA), RAYMOND SECOND WARD SINGING  
MOTHERS ASSEMBLED FOR THEIR ANNIVERSARY DAY  
PROGRAM, March 1949**

Gladys Gough, the chorister, is seated at the piano, in front, and the pianist, Dora Oler, is seated just back of Sister Gough.

Lisadore B. Crookston is president of Taylor Stake Relief Society.

Due to an error, the above photograph was printed in the February Magazine, with a caption which referred to a photograph of the Raymond Third Ward.



Photograph submitted by Marijane Morris

**NORTH BOX ELDER STAKE (UTAH), CORINNE WARD, FOUR RELIEF  
SOCIETY PRESIDENTS HONORED AT SOCIAL**

Left to right: Former presidents Leona Cheal and Sarah Young; present president, Alice Norman; former president Hulda Campbell.

These presidents were honored at a recent social and presented with corsages as a token of appreciation for their years of service to Relief Society.

The occasion was also a time for reviewing the history of the Corinne Relief Society. The first president, Mary A. Dunn (deceased), was set apart thirty-five years ago. Previously the women of Corinne had met with the Relief Society women of Bear River City. The Corinne women, since their organization, have worked together with a spirit of joy and service, making hundreds of quilts, renovating clothing, and doing many types of exquisite and useful handwork. They have interested themselves also in the education and religious program of the society and have presented the lessons in an efficient and inspirational manner. The minutes of the society reveal that on May 20, 1915, Emmeline B. Wells and Sarah J. Cannon visited the Corinne society, arriving in the morning. They were presented with many beautiful bouquets of flowers and were entertained at a noon "dinner."

Lucille L. Wight is president of North Box Elder Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Martha W. Brown

CENTRAL STATES MISSION, ANADARKO (OKLAHOMA), RELIEF SOCIETY  
MEMBERS ASSEMBLED AT THEIR BAZAAR, December 16, 1949

Front row, seated, left to right: Second Counselor Esther Parker; President Ethelynde Roberson; Patsy Tustison; Martha Ellis; Rose Hunt.

Back row, standing, left to right: Myrtle Holder; Clara Hinkle; Martha Loco; Elder William Payne; Clara Traywick; Essie Shocky.

Martha W. Brown, President, Central States Mission Relief Society, reports that this bazaar was most successful: "The women did all the work themselves. This Relief Society was organized in April, 1949, and now has sixteen members."

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*New Face*

Leone E. McCune

March is such a dirty child,  
He's played out endlessly;  
He won't come in to wash himself,  
He wants to wait and see  
If the miracle of last year,  
Can happen to him still;  
He'll wait and watch for April  
To come across the hill.

*Goodbye*

Helen S. Hughes

How loath I was to say goodbye  
To those I loved, until I knew  
The word goodbye came from a term  
Used long ago, God be with you.

And now to you I say goodbye;  
I wish you joy, good fortune, too;  
Until again we meet, you will  
Not be alone—God goes with you.

## Dark in the Chrysalis

(Continued from page 193)

"He is," said Linnie simply. "But don't turn the subject. What have they done to you? You look as young almost as I do."

"Nonsense," said Edith modestly. "I am old enough to be your mother."

Linnie's expression crumbled. For a moment Edith thought she was going to cry, but was mistaken. Linnie laughed, heartily, joyously and long.

Edith went to sleep hearing that laughter, vaguely troubled by it. She awoke, perhaps some hours later to quite another sound. Across the hall, definitely from Linnie's room, came the sound of awful, tearing sobs.

(To be continued)

---

### *This I Know*

Arvilla Bennett Ashby

I don't know much about this world  
One way or another;  
For instance, how the stars are made,  
Or how the storm clouds gather;

Or how the sun gives off its heat,  
Or how the moon its light;  
Or where the swallows wend their way  
When winter casts its blight;

Or what the morrow has for me,  
Or why I strive with strife.  
But this I know with all my heart  
I'm quite in love with life.

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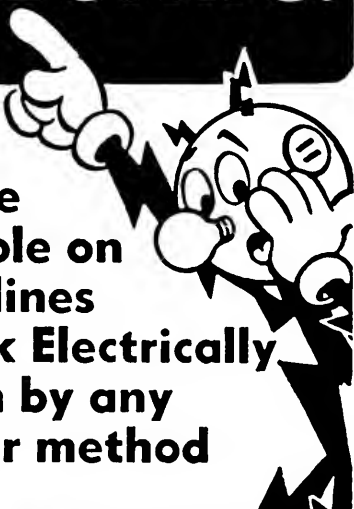
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*Love Is Music*

Margaret B. Shomaker

Love is music with enduring wear;  
Beyond the years it glows, a light  
Amid the shadows of the soul;  
A beacon through the lonely night.

*Silent Wings*

Gene Romolo

Time, passing, wafts its way on wings,  
On silent wings and fleet,  
And varying events it brings  
Speed or retard our feet.

Though we would halt the wings of time,  
Some joyous hour to hold,  
We cannot; there is not a clime  
Where wings of time may fold.



## An Afternoon With Molly

(Continued from page 165)

"And you didn't forget the resolution you made in your heart, Mollie, with the first visit?" Julia asked eagerly.

"No," Mollie answered, "you don't forget how good life is—when you make a practice of visiting shut-ins."

"I'm already seeing things in a different light," Julia said softly, "and somehow, of a sudden, I seem to know things have a way of happening for the best. That trip to Florida won't even be missed, because," just for a minute the speaker paused, then a broad smile wreathed her face, "I've just decided John's mother is coming to live with us."

\* \* \* \*

Four years of worthwhile living have slipped by since Julia Dutton made her first visit to the shut-ins, and today she has endeared herself to many invalids in the city that shelters her; and the light that glows in her beautiful eyes is a clear revelation of the joy that comes to those who give happiness to others.

### My Baby

Jessie J. Dalton

Snubby nose,  
Crinkled toes,  
Cheeks of rose,  
My baby.

Eyes of blue,  
Skies shine through,  
Lovelight, too,  
My baby.

Hair amiss,  
Sweetest kiss,  
Heaven and bliss,  
My baby!

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## From Near and Far

Yesterday the January Magazine came with the announcements of the contest winners and the winning entries. I was so glad to get my Magazine again, after being without it for some time. It is a splendid Magazine and I am very proud of it. The literature lessons are especially fine and very much enjoyed by the ward I am in. The poetry is always most excellent and I enjoy the stories. The new serial "Dark in the Chrysalis," by Alice Morrey Bailey begins in an interesting way and I am sure I shall enjoy it. "Joanna" (by Margery S. Stewart, 1949) was also well written and interesting throughout.

—Beatrice K. Ekman, Portland, Oregon

My Relief Society Magazine has started coming. Now I have the November and December copies to read until my January number arrives. Words cannot express how happy I am to have this Magazine. You see, the nearest Church (of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints) is thirty-seven miles from my home. Thanks again for the Magazine. I feel like a child with a new toy—I enjoy it so much.

—Mrs. Richard Franklin,  
Sulphur Wells, Kentucky

The first prize story "Grass in the Market Place" (January 1950) is vivid and real. The characters come to life and the writing style reveals distinction and outstanding craftsmanship.

—Dorothy J. Roberts,  
Salt Lake City, Utah

I am very devoted to *The Relief Society Magazine*. I could not keep house without it. I haven't missed a copy in thirty-five years. The story "You Can Learn" (October and November 1949 and January 1950) is very interesting. I lived on a farm three summers and know just what she means—*You can learn*. The lessons are wonderful and educational.

—Eva Christiansen, Gunnison, Utah

May this be a happy New Year of spiritual growth for the Magazine's many readers.

—Sadie W. Adamson, Twin Falls, Idaho

So many times when I have been pressed for time I have opened *The Relief Society Magazine* and found just the inspiration I was needing. Sometimes it has been in a story or an article, often in a brief poem. I really like the third prize poem in the January Magazine by Margery S. Stewart, especially the part about finding ourselves between the covers of a book we had never taken time to read.

—Lydia M. Sorensen, Emery, Utah

I wish to thank all the staff for such a good Magazine. It is the best paper I ever had the privilege of reading. It not only supplies clean literature, but also gives us a variety of features, and the greatest blessing of all is that it gives me courage and strengthens my testimony of the gospel which I had long looked for.

—Mrs. R. E. Dry, Brownfield, Texas

I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine* very much and want to tell you I have especially enjoyed the series of stories called "You Can Learn" by Katherine Kelly (October, November, January). They are the kind of everyday things that might happen to any young wife and mother, and I think it is the little things that we learn from day to day that increase our faith and strengthen our testimonies.

—Mrs. W. A. Christensen,  
Salt Lake City, Utah

An interesting letter has been received from Mr. Sanjoy Das of Siliguri, Bengal, India. A part of the letter, and a few lines from one of his poems follow: "My late father was a regular and eager reader of your Magazine and books. Formerly, after his departure, I received the Magazine for some time. I am a student of science in college.

"I tell the tales of fairy and flowers,  
Of nature's blossoms and sunny bowers;  
The call of silence at the death of night,  
The hues of rainbow—miracle of light."

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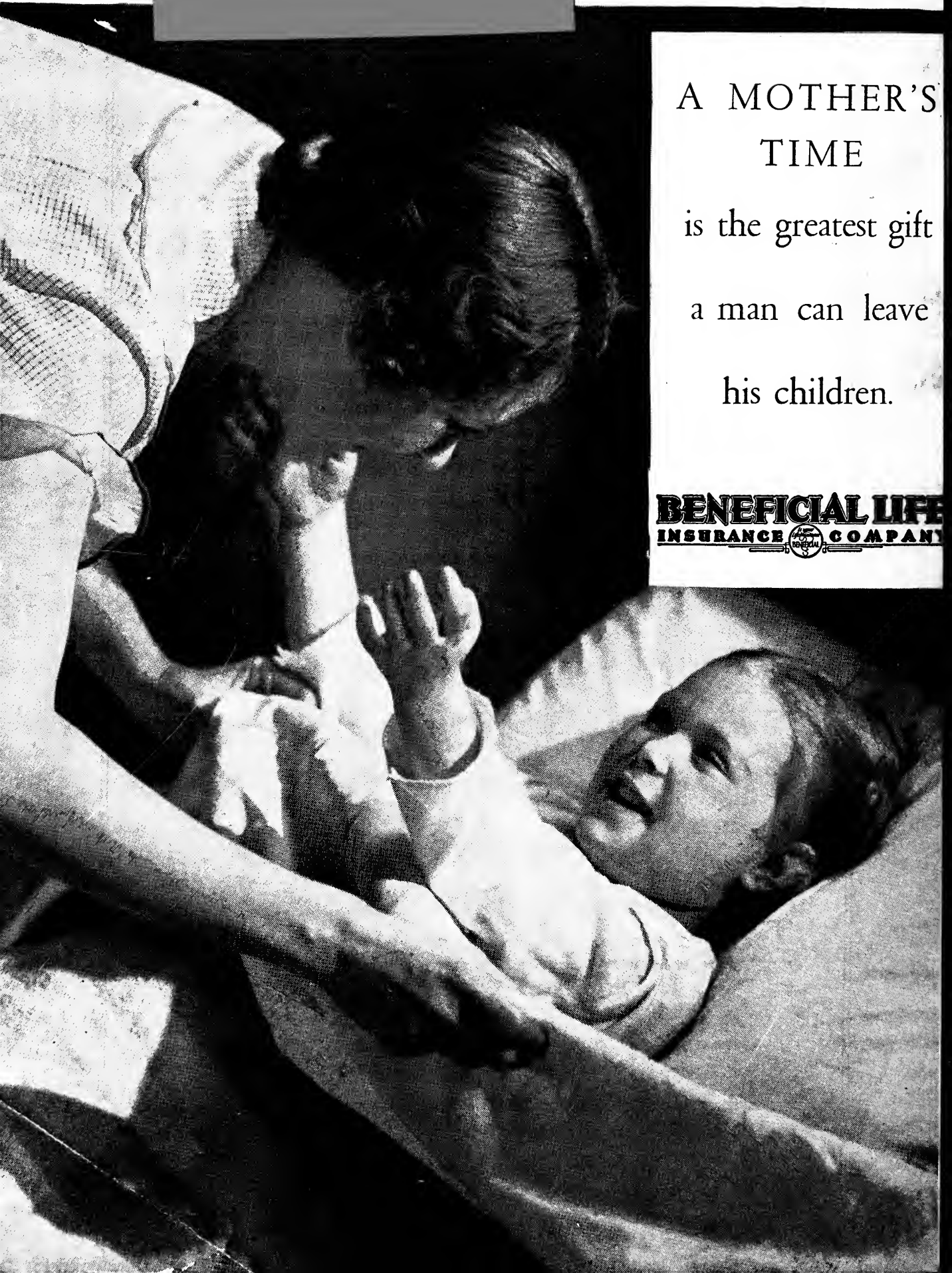
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VOL. 37 NO. 4

Special Short Story Number

APRIL 1950

# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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APRIL 1950

No. 4

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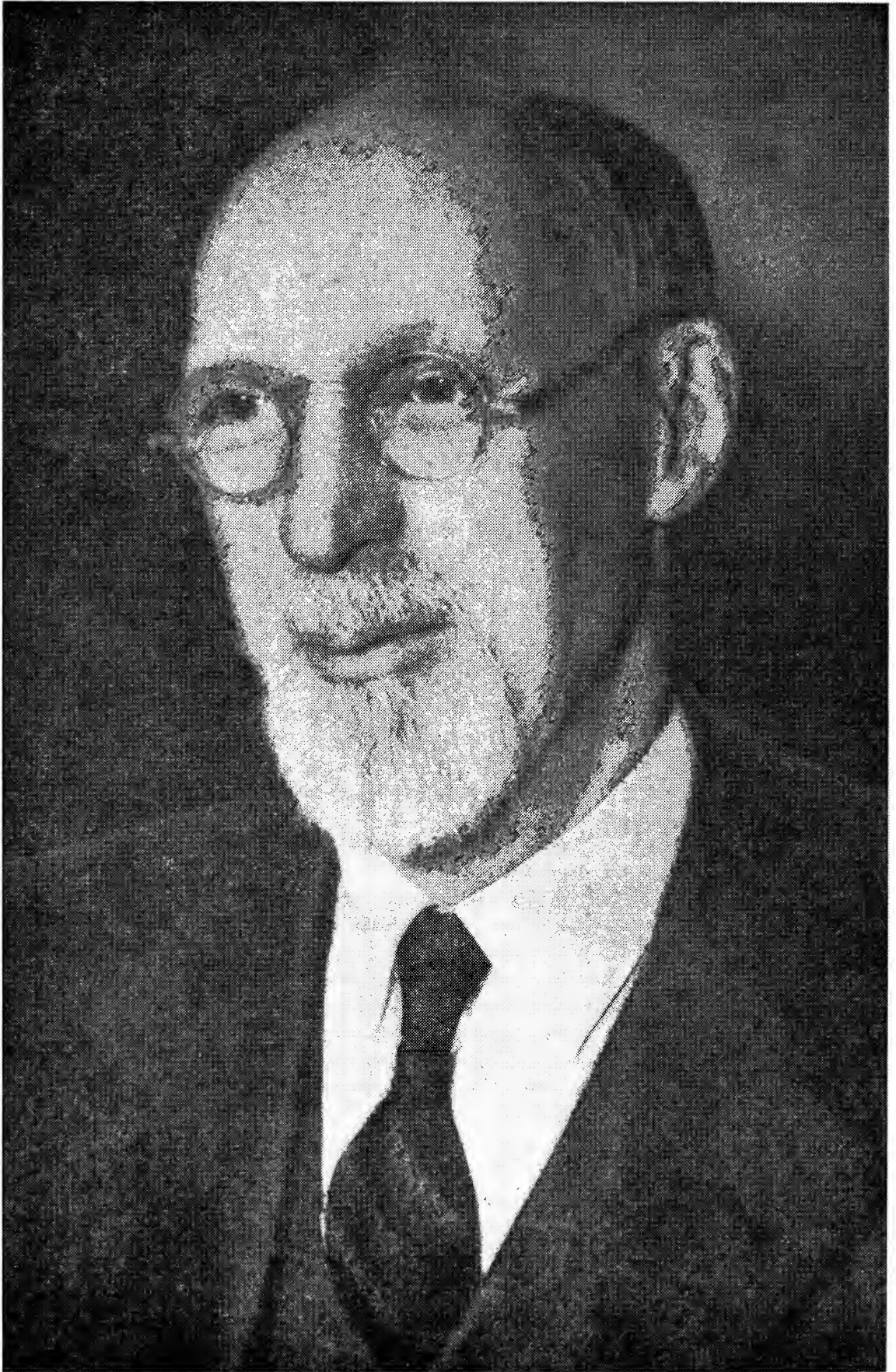


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PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH



# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 37, NO. 4

APRIL 1950

## *Sharing Your Treasure*

To President George Albert Smith on His Eightieth Birthday

*Berta Huish Christensen*

Your fathers' father helped to plant the seed  
Of liberty in virgin Plymouth soil,  
The growing tendrils fed by faith and toil  
Until they interlace a nation's length.  
His love of freedom shaped your patriot strength.

Perhaps from him you learned of labor's worth;  
Your spirit, mellowed to compassion, flows  
In warm and deepened currents. Quick to sense  
Another's loss, or bitterness or grief,  
You spread a kindness, like manna, on our need.  
That we are all God's children—your belief,  
Sharing your treasure with the least of us—your creed,  
And love your only weapon or defense.

As wind that blows across a threshing floor,  
You winnow error from the past, but keep  
Its wisdom, holding faith with all  
Who know his word; linked in prophetic chain,  
You humbly wear the mantle of your call.

You know the questing song that young hearts sing,  
For you have walked the upland path with youth,  
Have shared their reach of dreams, and with them spanned  
The barrier miles upon a silver wing.

Yours has been the vessel outward bound—  
A golden largess for our sons and daughters;  
And now your autumn hours are richly blessed  
By its return, to bring such kindnesses  
As you have cast, like bread upon the waters.

---

The Cover: "Lily of Easter," Photograph by Willard Luce.

# An Exemplar to All Men

## *A Birthday Greeting To President George Albert Smith*

President David O. McKay  
Of the First Presidency

AS members of the Church and thousands of other admiring friends express congratulations and good wishes to President George Albert Smith on his eightieth birthday, there will be awakened in their minds, as jewels in a diadem, the many virtues that contribute to his noble character. From these I will mention only two—Love and Trust—as I pay a brief tribute to him with whose close acquaintance and association I have been honored for over half a century. To virtues that contribute to success in life, these two are what the diamond and the pearl are to other precious gems.

### *Love for Fellow Men*

When Jesus was asked to name the greatest of all commandments, he answered: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

This truth President Smith has exemplified throughout his life. As a true representative of his Lord he has gone about doing good—administering to the sick, comforting the bereaved, kindly admonishing the wayward, visiting the fatherless and the widows, pointing out the

light of the gospel to those hitherto blind to its glories—winning gratitude from those who had thought themselves dealt with unjustly, and gaining merited favor from men in high places.

Truly, in deeds of love and kindly service, he stands out as one who loves his fellow men; consequently "his name leads all the rest" as one who loves the Lord.

### *Keeping Unsullied an Honored Name*

Every normal person born into this world brings with him a mighty responsibility—his ancestral lineage. If that lineage was noble when he received it, his responsibility is to keep it noble, and pass it on to the next generation unsullied. If the lineage possesses weakness, it is the responsibility of the inheritor to strengthen and pass to his descendants a higher and better standard. One of the most impressive of Paul's appeals to Timothy was—"Keep the trust committed to thy care." Daniel Webster was once asked what was the greatest thought that had ever occupied his mind, and he answered: "The consciousness of duty—to pain us forever if it is violated, and to console us so far as God has given us grace to perform it." In keeping the trust committed to him by a noble ancestry, in holding high the standards of an inspired parentage, President Smith

has set an example worthy of imitation by young men and young women not only in the Church, but also throughout the world.

Undoubtedly, one of the happiest experiences of his life came to him when in a dream or vision he met his departed grandfather. "I remember," he said when relating the experience, "how happy I was to see him coming. I had been given his name, and had always been proud of it.

"When Grandfather came within a few feet of me, he stopped. His stopping was an invitation for me to stop. Then—and this I would like the boys and girls and young people never to forget—he looked at me very earnestly and said: 'I would like to know what you have done with my name.'

"Everything I had ever done passed before me as though it were a flying picture on a screen—everything I had done. Quickly this vivid retrospect came down to the very time I was standing there. My whole life had passed before me. I smiled and looked at my grandfather and said: 'I have never done anything with your name of which you need be ashamed.'

"He stepped forward and took me in his arms, and as he did so, I became conscious again of my earthly surroundings. My pillow was as wet as though water had been

poured on it—wet with tears of gratitude that I could answer unashamed.

"I have thought of this many times, and I want to tell you that I have been trying, more than ever since that time, to take care of that name. So I want to say to the boys and girls, to the young men and women, to the youth of the Church and of all the world: Honor your fathers and your mothers. Honor the name that you bear, because some day you will have the privilege and the obligation of reporting to them (and to your Father in heaven) what you have done with their name."

Love of the Lord and of one's fellows expressed in thoughtful, kindly deeds, a trust kept inviolate by living a clean, upright life—these are godlike virtues contributing to a nobility of soul, and are outstanding traits of our beloved President's character.

Dear President: Eighty years true to self!—most of those years spent in service to your fellow men, and therefore in loving service of the Christ whose authorized servant you are—we extend to you affectionate greetings and congratulations! Joy and peace attend you on this your Natal Day, and God's choicest blessings be yours on each of many Happy Returns!

---

I am grateful to my Heavenly Father that I was born in this land of the free, in this great nation, in this valley, among the people who have dwelt here. I am thankful for the companionship during my life of the best men and women that can be found anywhere in the world both at home and abroad. We are here to listen to the inspiration that will flow from him to us. We are here to say by our prayers and by our singing voices, "Heavenly Father, we thank thee for all that we enjoy." This is a blessed privilege.—President George Albert Smith, Conference Address, April 4, 1947.

# “And This Is Life Eternal!”

Elder Harold B. Lee

Of the Council of the Twelve

THE subject heading for this written article are words quoted from the sublime prayer of the Master, a prayer such as only he could utter. This prayer is appropriately referred to as the Lord's High Priestly prayer or the great intercessory prayer just prior to his betrayal, trial, and crucifixion. The words of that prayer which give meaning to the words quoted above are as follows: “. . . Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee: As thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him.

“And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent” (John 17:1-3).

In these words, Jesus declares the Father as the source of his own power and authority to give to others of our Father's children this precious gift of eternal life even to as many as pass the test of worthiness to be numbered as sons and daughters of God.

Some explanations and definitions from Bible scholars might be helpful in considering the meaning of the words of that scripture.

## Explanation of Verse 2:

At the incarnation, the Father gave the Son authority to die for the sins of the whole world and to proclaim the Father's gracious offer of salvation to all mankind. Those whom the Father gives to Christ are those who freely accept the

offer of salvation which is freely made to all.

## Explanation of Verse 3:

Eternal life consists in obtaining a knowledge of God and of Jesus as the Messiah sent from God, i.e., as a pre-existent divine being. Knowledge here is *not intellectual knowledge, but knowledge based upon the religious experience of the devout Christian soul* (Bible Commentary—Dummelow). (Italics are the author's.)

What is that knowledge of God and Jesus Christ which is essential to eternal life, and how might it be obtained? In some inspired items of instructions given by the Prophet Joseph Smith, April 2, 1843, he declared that:

Whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection.

And if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come (D. & C. 130:18-19).

From this statement have come two sayings which are often misinterpreted and misunderstood. One of these is a partial quotation from a revelation of the Lord: “The glory of God is intelligence,” and the other, a coined expression from the above quotation, “A man is saved no faster than he gains knowledge.” These sayings have led some to suppose that these references relate more particularly to secular knowledge rather than to “knowledge based upon the religious experience

of the devout Christian soul"—to use the words of the Bible scholar in the *Commentary* above referred to.

The Prophet Joseph Smith has clarified the meaning of this essential knowledge which saves, by saying:

The principle of knowledge is the principle of salvation. This principle can be comprehended by the faithful and diligent; and every one that does not obtain knowledge sufficient to be saved will be condemned. The principle of salvation is given us through the knowledge of Jesus Christ . . . knowledge through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ is the grand key that unlocks the glories and mysteries of the kingdom of heaven (D.H.C. V, pp. 387, 389).

And again:

A man is saved no faster than he gets knowledge, for if he does not get knowledge, he will be brought into captivity by some evil power in the other world, as evil spirits will have more knowledge, and consequently more power than many men who are on the earth. Hence, it needs revelation to assist us, and give us knowledge of the things of God (D.H.C. IV, page 588).

ONE of the prime reasons for the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ is to give light and knowledge to the world; to the end that all might be saved. The restored gospel in this dispensation was to be a "light unto the world and a standard to my people" that they might seek to it, even as it was in the days of the Apostle Paul who declared a purpose of the organization established by the Master with prophets and apostles at its head to be "for the edifying of the body of Christ: Till we all come in . . .

the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man" (Ephesians 4:12-13).

It is a significant fact in every age when men have begun to apostatize from the truth that the sure knowledge of God and his Son begins to fade and the Supreme Being comes to be spoken of as a myth. To the mind darkened by sin and apostasy, God becomes merely a universal essence such as ether or electricity, without form and void, and "who sits on the top of a topless throne, large enough to fill the universe and yet small enough to dwell in one's heart." To those in darkness, likewise, the Son of God, even Jesus Christ, the Savior of the world is but a great teacher among men, shorn of his divine nature. Evidences of similar spiritual decline are seen in our midst today when we hear teachings to the effect that "man makes his own god, who changes with the times and with the cultural and intellectual development possessed by the man creating him . . . that the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and of Moses and of the Israel of the time of Moses and later, is not the God of the Christian world, not the God of today, but that now we have another, a more humane God, one of love and mercy." (See *On the Way to Immortality and Eternal Life*, by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.)

This dispensation of the fulness of times, as with all other dispensations, was ushered in by mighty revelations of the character, reality, and the personality of the Father and the Son. These divine personages presented themselves by personal visitation to the Prophet of

this dispensation. Those who scoff at the story of the first vision as related by Joseph Smith by citing the statement quoted in John 1:18, "No man hath seen God at any time. . . ." might well ponder soberly the rendering of that same text as credited to the Prophet Joseph Smith: "No man hath seen God at any time, except he hath borne record of the Son, for except it is through him no man can be saved."

Following that first great vision to Joseph Smith, the Lord gave revelations to the Church defining the relationship of himself to the Father and clarifying the record of John above referred to as to how he, Jesus, "received not of the fulness at the first, but received grace for grace; And he received not of the fulness at first, but continued from grace to grace, until he received a fulness . . . of the glory of the Father; And he received all power, both in heaven and on earth, and the glory of the Father was with him, for he dwelt in him" (D. & C. 93:12, 13, 16-17). Then the Lord gives the reason for these revelations concerning himself and the Father: "I give unto you these sayings that you may understand and know how to worship, and know what you worship, that you may come unto the Father in my name, and in due time receive of his fulness . . . and be glorified in me as I am in the Father (*Ibid.* 93:19-20).

These words make it increasingly clear why it is "life eternal to know God and Jesus Christ." One must understand the divine nature and the attributes of the God whom he would worship. By understanding how the Son gained the fulness of

the glory of the Father by continuing from grace to grace, we as mortals are given the true pattern as to how by an emulation of him whom we worship we, too, might come unto the Father and receive of his fulness and be glorified in the Son even as the Son is glorified in the Father.

**T**HESSE great teachings relative to the Fatherhood of God and the Sonship of Jesus Christ as our Elder Brother make meaningful the injunction of the Master: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect!" To know and to understand is essential to emulation and reverence. One is inclined to oppose and doubt that which he fails to comprehend. The evidence of reverence is obedience to the commandments of him whom we worship. A disinclination to keep the commandments, upon which the blessings of eternal life are predicated, is a certain sign of an ignorance of and a lack of an intelligent comprehension of that Divine Being whose children we are and of that One who gave his life that all men, including ourselves, might live again.

To all of us as the children of our Heavenly Father wandering in the maze of the uncertainties of this life, the Lord issues a call to high achievement which is at once a commandment and a glorious promise: "Therefore, sanctify yourselves that your minds become single to God, and the days will come that you shall see him; for he will unveil his face unto you, and it shall be in his own time, and in his own way, and according to his own will"

(D. & C. 88:68). The way to become "sanctified" in the language of the Lord's revelation is reduced to something of a formula by which it might be accomplished in another revelation, as follows:

Verily, thus saith the Lord: It shall come to pass that every soul who forsaketh his sins and cometh unto me, and calleth on my name and obeyeth my voice, and keepeth my commandments, shall see my face and know that I am (D. & C. 93:1).

Those things enumerated by the Lord as essential to our entering into his presence are reminiscent of what he said to the Jews in another dispensation when they were astonished at his doctrine. To them on that occasion he declared: "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." Here, then, is made clear to us another divine truth. Knowledge of God and Jesus, his Son, is essential to life eternal, but the keeping of God's commandments must precede the acquisition of that knowledge or intelligence.

On this point President Joseph F. Smith makes this explanation, which also distinguishes between the knowledge of the world and that knowledge and intelligence which is necessary to eternal life. This is his explanation:

Satan possesses knowledge, far more than we have, but he has not intelligence or he would render obedience to the principles of truth and right. I know men who have knowledge, who understand the principles of the gospel as well as you do, who are brilliant, but lack the essential qualifications of pure intelligence. They will not accept and render obedience thereto. Pure intelligence comprises not only knowledge, but also

the power to properly apply that knowledge (*Way to Perfection*, page 231).

The apostle Paul wrote to the Corinthians:

No man speaking by the Spirit of God calleth Jesus accursed: and that no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost (I Cor. 12:3).

The prophets of every dispensation of the gospel have taught that the gift of the Holy Ghost was a divine bestowal upon them who had entered into covenant by baptism as a witness that they had taken upon themselves the name of Christ and would be obedient unto the ends of their lives. By this bestowal of the Holy Ghost their hearts were changed through faith on his name and they were spiritually begotten of him and thus became his sons and his daughters (Mosiah 5:2-8). By the power of the Holy Ghost we can know the truth of all things, including a knowledge of God, our Heavenly Father and his Son Jesus Christ.

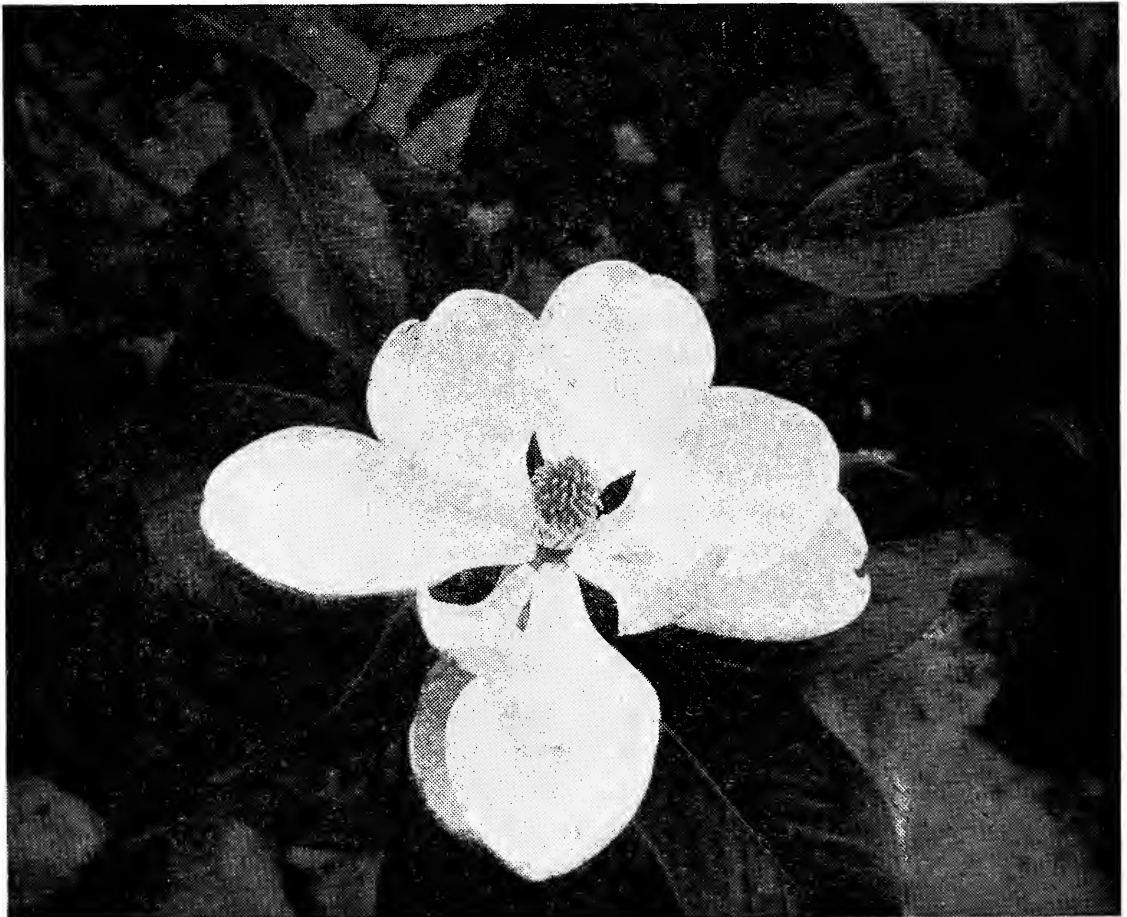
One of the most beautiful descriptions of him whom we worship as the Son of God and by whom we come to our Heavenly Father is contained in the writings of John the Revelator. John saw him:

. . . clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt above the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow, and his eyes were as a flame of fire; And his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters . . . his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength. And when I saw him I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not, I am the first and the last: I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore . . . (Rev. 1:13-18).

It was this same personage who appeared to the Prophet Joseph in the grove and was described by Joseph in words similar to those used by John when the Lord by personal visitation appeared to Joseph and Oliver in the Kirtland Temple. It is concerning that same personage, his reality and his mission and about whom I have a special witness by

the power of the Holy Ghost. It is the same personage about whom all may know by the power of the Holy Ghost which is shed forth upon all those who love God and keep his commandments.

God grant us all, through faith and obedience, that knowledge, to gain which, is life eternal!



Josef Muench

MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM

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*From Your Believing*

Lael W. Hill

New faith has come to me from your believing,  
 And courage from this love we two have known—  
 Enough, perhaps, to guide me out of grieving  
 To where I shall not fear to walk alone.



# The Thickness of Water

Nellie Iverson Cox

GRETCHEN hastily jerked her scorched finger away from its contact with the hot stove lid. "Ouch!" she ejaculated, surveying her finger ruefully. "And some people think I should settle down permanently to this business of living on a farm!" Gingerly, she began ladling the smooth batter onto the smoking griddle, but turned at the sound of pattering footsteps. Six-year-old Ronnie, barefoot, and pajama-clad, came through the door leading to the bedrooms.

"Oh, Mommy, I don't want to wear these short trousers; I want overalls like Kenny wears!" His boyish face, with its recently acquired tan, wrinkled up at her imploringly as he held the knee-length suit to her view. When she did not answer, he came nearer and caught hold of her dress insistently. "Mama, you're not going back to the city; I hate it. I hate Olga and Mrs. Watts at the Day Nursery 'n everything. I want to live here with Kenny 'n Nora 'n Thayne."

Gretchen's mind sought desperately for words that would satisfy him without actually committing herself. "Now, son, their aunt and uncle are coming to take care of them. The telegram came last night."

"But Mommy, they want us to stay 'n their mama wants us to stay 'cause Nora said so."

"Well—we'll see. Run and dress now. Breakfast is almost ready." She was always weak where Ronnie's desires were concerned, but this

time she just couldn't give in. Even Jeff had admitted that it was too much to expect that she should give up her good job for an uncertain future on the farm he wished to buy.

Through the gingham-curtained window she could see Thayne coming with the milk. Even his chore clothes did not hide his blond handsomeness. How proud his mother had been of him and what high hopes she had entertained for the development of his really fine voice.

"You certainly hurried," she told him, preparing to strain the milk.

"Yes ma'am." His voice was musical as he regarded her soberly from under his amazingly long lashes. "There is only Julie to milk now. I'm letting Bess go dry. She is going to have a calf you know."

Yes, she knew. Ronnie had excitedly informed her of the fact. It was going to be harder than she had thought to convince him they must leave.

A sweet-faced girl with brown braids came through the door. "Why did you let me sleep so late?" she asked reproachfully, beginning to set the table.

"And why not?" asked Gretchen smiling fondly. "You needed to rest after climbing hills all day yesterday. Ronnie seems to be determined to see the other side of every hill around here."

"I like to take him hiking. He has so much fun 'cause he says

there aren't any hills in the city and he couldn't climb them alone if there were." She slipped her hand into Gretchen's. "I'm so glad Mom had a friend like you," she ended chokingly.

Gretchen drew the girlish figure close. "Your mother was lucky to have three such fine children," she said softly.

A tousle-headed youngster came in, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. "Good morning, Kenny," smiled Gretchen. "I guess Ronnie is the slow-poke this morning but we won't wait. Hurry and wash."

"Say," began the eight-year-old, splashing vigorously, "that's just the way Mom used to talk. 'Kenny, hurry 'n wash', she'd say first thing." His lip quivered and he hurriedly applied the towel to his freckled features. There was an unhappy silence which lasted until Kenny, with the quick versatility of childhood, said excitedly, "Say, Ronnie and I want to build a rock dam across the creek and make a duck pond. We can finish it in a week easy, and then when school starts. . . ."

**N**ORA interrupted him. "Mama never told us where she met you, Mrs. Bradley."

"Why, it was last spring. She came to my apartment building in search of your aunt. . . ."

"Aunt Winona," interposed Thayne.

"But your aunt had moved away, so I asked her to spend the night with me. It was late and she was a stranger in the city. She told us about you children—that Thayne loved to sing and Nora's hobby

was photography, and Kenny, she said, was her little farmer, always making dams and ditches."

In her mind's eye Gretchen could still see the faded little woman who had seemed so out of place in the richly carpeted halls of the New Breton. Gretchen had just stepped out of the elevator and was looking through the letters she had collected in the lobby. There had been a bill, an advertisement, and an invitation to vacation again at Sheerdrop Ski Resort, but nothing from Jeff. Even if he did feel resentful because she insisted on keeping her job, he could write oftener, if only for Ronnie's sake. Was he still working on a ranch? she wondered.

Intent on her mail, she did not at first notice the woman in front of one of the apartment entrances. When she did, her first thought had been, that's what I might have looked like if we had bought the farm Jeff was always dreaming about. Involuntarily, she had glanced down at her own fashionable business suit above the trim brown Oxfords.

The woman was undoubtedly from the country. She was no shabbier than many women seen in the city, but there was a rugged strength in her thin frame, and Gretchen knew, with the quick preception that had won her the excellent position she held, that those brown, roughened hands were accustomed to hard toil.

The stranger had turned, and Gretchen had been surprised at the look of eager expectancy on the still young face. It was as though she had been waiting for someone

and must scrutinize every comer.

On sudden impulse, Gretchen asked, "Are you looking for someone?"

"My sister wrote me from this address, but there seems to be no one. . . ."

"I believe the people who were in that apartment have been gone for several days. Perhaps the management. . . ."

"No. It doesn't matter now. Maybe I can find a hotel."

Surprising herself, Gretchen exclaimed, "Won't you spend the night with me? My son would be so pleased. He doesn't see many people."

"I couldn't impose on you that way. What would your husband. . . ?"

"Jeff doesn't live here any more." And then, fearing she had sounded facetious, "He has been overseas and the city gets on his nerves."

"I see. Then I shall be happy to stay." The haggard look had lifted from her features, leaving them suddenly alive. "Then I shall be very happy to stay. I'm Mrs. Hackett from Dixon, upstate."

"And I'm Mrs. Bradley. Come, then, and meet my son." She led the way to the spacious apartment where a curly-headed child joyously threw himself into her arms.

"Hello, darling. Hello, Olga. This is Mrs. Hackett. She is going to spend the night with us."

The visitor smiled at the maid and then took Ronnie's hands in her own.

"I have a little boy named Kenny. I have a big boy, too, and a girl."

"Oh, where do you live?"

"On a big farm in a place called Dixon."

"Oh. My daddy is working on a ranch."

GRETCHEN interposed, "Mrs. Hackett is tired, son. Perhaps after supper she will tell you about her children."

After the simple meal the guest brought some snapshots from her purse.

"Nora is always taking pictures. Would you like to look at these, Ronnie?"

His eyes sparkled. "Oh, Mommy, look at this big boy in swimming! And here is one of a big load of something. . . ."

"That is a load of hay that horses and cows eat," said their visitor. "You poor little city tike, get your mama to bring you to the farm when she takes her vacation."

The idea, thought Gretchen almost indignantly, that anyone whose children ran barefoot in thorns or whatever country children ran barefoot in, should feel sorry for her son who had the best of everything. Why, the woman sounded almost like Jeff. He had said a child might as well be in jail as locked up in an apartment all day.

"You were saying?" she apologized, conscious that she had not been paying attention in her indignant remembrance of Jeff's attitude.

"Won't you bring him to the farm? I just couldn't bear to have my children raised anywhere else. It's been hard work for a woman alone, but nothing else could ever be so satisfying."

"You mean you run it alone?"

"Since Cal died five years ago. It

has left its mark on me, I guess. I finished paying off the mortgage last year, so it will be easier now. The house can be fixed up real nice and I know you'd like it."

What is the woman trying to do, thought Gretchen, amazed. It sounds like she is trying to sell me her farm.

"Say you will visit us," insisted the woman, but Gretchen had smiled at the improbability of such a thing. However, she had not reckoned with the letters that came from Mrs. Hackett after she had returned home. They were filled with numerous little details about calves and colts, puppies and kittens, and seemed written with the intent in mind of whetting to greater pitch Ronnie's eagerness to visit the Hackett farm. Even Gretchen found herself wondering if the frost had got the peaches, or if Mr. Burgess, the neighbor who helped run the farm, had recovered from his injury in time to get the hay in. Was Julie's calf the heifer they hoped for, and how many pups did Flora have? Ronnie never allowed her to skip any detail when reading one of the frequent letters, and he often insisted on her writing for information he wanted. It was not long until she knew the size and shape of the house, the color of the wallpaper in every room, and the general layout of orchard and field. She was amused at herself for being interested, but it was for Ronnie's sake, she told herself. Lacking companions of his own age, the letters from the farm supplied a definite lack in his life.

Then, suddenly and unexpectedly, a telegram had come signed by Mr.

Burgess, saying that Mrs. Hackett was very ill and had asked for her. Obtaining a leave of absence, she had entrained for the farming community as soon as possible, taking Ronnie with her. Upon arrival, they had been approached by a grizzled farmer in wrinkled overalls.

"You that city woman Leonora Hackett sent for?"

"I'm Mrs. Bradley."

"Well, my wife is over there now. Been there since Leonora died last night."

SO, sitting beside a taciturn farmer in a dilapidated farm truck, Gretchen and Ronnie had ridden to the Hackett farm, which looked just as they had known it would, save there was no thin figure in a house dress to welcome them. Gretchen was immediately placed in charge by the neighbor woman who had attended to all needful details. Later that evening, they had attended the simple funeral and had gone to the little cemetery, and Gretchen had tried conscientiously to soften the grief of three orphan children.

"Leonora set great store by you," said white-haired Mrs. Burgess. "She wanted you to stay with her children."

Stay with the Hackett children—handsome Thayne, winsome Nora, and little Kenny who had welcomed her own Ronnie like a brother? Of course she would stay until the aunt could be located. But to give up permanently her luxurious apartment and the fabulous salary she received to care for the children of a stranger—surely Leonora Hackett

had never thought she would do such a thing! What she had said to Mrs. Burgess had been only the meandering of a sick mind. Still, there had seemed to be a hidden purpose behind all those letters she had written.

I can't do it; it's fantastic! she told herself. Why no one more unfitted to run a farm ever lived than I. When Winona Cappelli arrived, she, Gretchen Bradley would slide gracefully out from under this unwanted responsibility and let the aunt take over. And that was that.

She came back to the present when Nora said hesitantly over her scarcely touched breakfast, "You are going to stay with us, aren't you?"

"Now, sis," began the boy, "Mrs. Bradley has her job and her home and maybe she has to go back."

Gretchen flashed the boy a grateful look. He was trying to make it easier on all of them with his adult understanding of the position she was in.

"Your aunt and uncle are coming on tonight's train. If we hurry, Nora, we can finish the dress your mother was making for you so you can wear it when we go to meet them. It was made so nicely."

The air was quite cool with a dash of rain when they started in the early dusk toward the little railway station. Too late, Gretchen realized that their path was taking them past the cemetery where a new mound showed up dark in the early twilight.

She began to chatter brightly, "Wait, I want to count noses. Is everyone here?"

"Yes, and mama is here, too. Her grave is all wet and looks so cold," and Kenny began to sob wildly.

The lump in Gretchen's throat still choked her when at last the train pulled in and a few passengers alighted. A flashily dressed woman, accompanied by a portly man, descended upon the children.

"Nora's babies!" she cried shrilly. "Aunt Winona will take care of you."

Somehow, Ronnie had got included in the caress as she threw her arms around them. Gretchen realized, with astonishment, that the woman actually did not know how many children her sister had. Mrs. Cappelli began to talk, moving around so that the odor of the perfume she wore reached Gretchen overpoweringly.

"Your uncle and I own a tourist court in Florida. Since receiving the news of your mother's passing, we have decided to take over the night club in connection. Thayne can sing—oh, yes, your mother sent me the clipping the time you sang over the radio, and Nora is old enough. . . . Oh, yes. I know your mother had this foolish idea about wanting you children to be raised on the farm—she told me so when she wrote that the doctors had given her but a short time to live. Let's see, that was before we went to Florida, while we were living at the New Breton. I wrote her that I would do what I could and for her to come to see me, but we left unexpectedly and she probably didn't come. But don't worry, Aunt Winona will take care of you."

GRETCHEN knew sudden shock. Then Leonora Hackett had known she was going to die when she had conversed so calmly in that city apartment—when she had written those letters whose hidden purpose was now so apparent. What utterly magnificent courage! Was she, Gretchen Bradley, so utterly lacking in courage that she, with the advantage all on her side, would not dare what the other woman had dared?

Mr. Cappelli cleared his throat. "Er—that is, we can take the two older children. The boys here would hardly. . . . You are the neighbor who sent us the wire?"

"Yes—no—that is. . . ."

"Well, never mind," put in Mrs. Cappelli. "We can make some arrangement I am sure. The farm will have to be sold, and something could be allowed to someone for taking care of the younger children."

There was no intention, then, of fulfilling the last wish of a dying woman. Especially was there no place in this set-up for an eight-year-old boy who bitterly missed his mother. Suddenly, Gretchen was angry. Such heartless callousness to one's own blood!

"I guess you did not know," she said determinedly, "that it was Mrs. Hackett's wish that I stay and care for her children. I have witnesses to prove what I say. These children must not be separated."

"But," sputtered the other, "I'm her sister. Blood is thicker than

water, you know, and what you say would never hold up in court. You cannot produce a letter to prove. . . ."

"Letter!" They all turned to face a twelve-year-old girl whose face was brilliantly alive, as she delved frantically in the deep pockets of the raincoat she wore. "Oh, Mrs. Bradley, mama gave it to me to mail, but she took so bad and I ran for Mrs. Burgess, and I forgot all about it." Her hand came out triumphantly with a thin envelope.

Unmindful of the eyes upon her, Gretchen tore it open. They all crowded behind her as she read:

Dear Mrs. Bradley: I'm asking a mighty big favor, but I believe the Lord sent me to you in answer to my prayer. I went to the apartment to beg my sister to come to the farm and care for my children when I am gone, and when I did not find her I was desperate. I knew my time was getting short. Then you came, and I knew you had to be the one. I can rest easy if you will move to the farm and take care of my darlings.

Leonora Hackett

The look Gretchen turned upon the group was the satisfied one of a woman who has discovered fountains of hidden strength and who glories in the discovery.

"Come, children," she said, proudly possessive, "your aunt and your uncle will want to rest before they return to Florida, and I must send a telegram to Ronnie's daddy, asking him to come and help us run the farm. I know he will be glad because he always wanted to be a farmer."



Photograph by Josef Muench

BLACK LOCUST IN BLOOM

*Dresden Day*

*Anna Prince Redd*

A day of opal weather,  
Tender and close, yet remote,  
As faintly scented as heather,  
A lark song in the throat;

Crystals on new grass glistening,  
Sunlight in warming floods,  
The earth awake and listening  
To the whisper of stretching buds;

Tomorrow may fret with thunder,  
I shall feel not the least dismay;  
Let storm confirm the wonder  
Of this fragile Dresden day!

# “That Monson Kid!”

Sylvia Probst Young

SHE was coming out of the gate of a cemetery along the highway when I stopped to give her a ride, a small, slim-bodied girl I took to be in her middle twenties.

“It isn’t far to town,” she smiled brightly. “I came through the fields and I was going back that way. It is hot out here, but there are plenty of trees inside.”

“A lovely place for a cemetery,” I observed, “here on the hill overlooking the whole valley.”

“I like it,” she said. “With the mountains all around, there’s something so peaceful about it.”

“I read about your hero coming home. I guess this town is mighty proud of him. Not many towns can boast a soldier who won a Congressional Medal.”

“Yes, everybody is proud of Freck, now. You should have seen the crowd that gathered for his memorial service—officials and officers, the Governor, people from all over. It was so different from the last time he came home.”

“Oh. Tell me about him will you?”

\* \* \* \*

It goes way back to grade school, Freck’s story. Freck—that wasn’t his name, of course; it was George Henry Monson, but no one ever called him anything but Freck, although he only had a few washed-out freckles across his nose. He was a big, awkward kid with hair the color of that ripe wheat in the sun. You might have called him homely except for his eyes. I have

never seen eyes so full of longing and loneliness as his eyes were. You see most of his life Freck starved for love—love and understanding and a feeling of being wanted. He never knew his mother. She died when he was a baby, and his dad was a no-good sort—drunk most of the time, and seldom home. Freck lived with his old grandpa, and I guess he did the best he could for the boy, but he was a stern man—hard as granite, and Freck didn’t drive easily. What Freck needed was love, especially a mother’s love.

He was a smart boy and full of energy which, undirected, was turned into mischief. If there was a broken window, a tack on the teacher’s chair, or an inkwell upset, more times than not, it was Freck who had done it. But I don’t think he was ever given the benefit of a doubt; no matter what went wrong, someone was always ready to voice the general opinion, “that Monson kid again.” Being blamed only antagonized Freck, and he used to do a lot of things just to show them.

The old Monson place is about half a mile up from ours, and Freck had to pass our place on his way to school. I think I was in the fifth grade and he in the sixth when he started to walk home with me occasionally. At those times he used to tell me the things nearest his heart, and I came to know how lonely he really was. My folks disapproved of him, however, and I



think that he knew it. After grade school days he never bothered to wait for me, and in high school he started to pal with some boys from Glenn Ferry. Along with them, he picked up some pretty bad habits. But I knew that he would have liked so much to join in the real fun of high school—the parties and dances, because I saw him more than once watching from the side. That was how it was for Freck—always on the outside of things, wistfully looking on.

He was in his Junior year when the real trouble happened. Some supplies were taken from the chem. laboratory, and during a special assembly program the hall was filled with a putrid smelling gas. It caused a great deal of commotion—almost a riot. But, for once in his life, Freck wasn't implicated. The principal didn't believe that though, Freck was always in on the devilment. So he was expelled, with four others.

**W**HEN I came home from school a few nights later I was surprised to see him waiting at the bend in the road. It was the first time I had walked with Freck since grade school days.

"Hello Jean," he said, "mind if I walk up with you?"

I knew that he wanted to tell someone about what had happened.

"For once, believe it or not, I had nothing to do with it," he blurted out. The anger was glinting in his eyes, and I knew that he was telling the truth. "But old Foster has it in for me. Maybe I'd have gone another year and maybe I wouldn't, but I won't plead to get

back. I think old Foster is going to be sorry, though."

I tried to change his mind about things, but I knew that I didn't get very far.

About a week later he and one of the boys from Glenn Ferry took the principal's car. They were just going over to Coatsville—about twenty five miles away—and then bring the car back. They just wanted "to get even with the old boy," and had no intentions of causing any trouble. Outside of Glenn Ferry, they started speeding, and then they hit another car. The occupants, a minister and his wife from California, were seriously injured. Their car rolled over twice. The principal's car was quite badly damaged but, aside from a few cuts and bruises, Freck and his companion weren't hurt at all. But they paid dearly for that foolhardiness—in the state penitentiary for a year.

I don't think anyone in town felt very sorry for Freck. "That kid had it coming to him," they said.

It was almost two years before I saw Freck again, but when he came back he was a changed boy. It was in the spring of 1941, just a few days after commencement. I was working in Murphy's Drug for the summer. The evening he came in I was making a sundae with my back toward the counter so I didn't see him until he sat down and said hello.

There was something familiar about that "hello." I turned quickly, and there he was, smiling at me.

"Freck Monson," I gasped.

He grinned, "In the flesh."

He was different, I knew it immediately. Something about the

lift of his head—his straightforward gaze. I felt that something good had happened to him while he had been gone.

“When did you get back?”

“I came yesterday. How have you been, Jean? Golly, you’re grown up.”

“Well, you’ve surely grown, too.”

He was instantly serious. “In more than height, I hope. Gramp told me about your mother. I’m awfully sorry.” A sudden shadow crossed his eyes. “I—I know how it is to have your mother dead, I’ve known that all my life.”

I saw that old hurt in his eyes, but it was gone again in a moment.

“Guess I’d better get this prescription taken care of—something for Gramp’s asthma.”

He crossed to the prescription counter, and Mr. Murphy greeted him civilly, but that was all. Seeing him waiting there, I suddenly thought of the story of the prodigal, but I was certain that no one would kill a fatted calf for him.

When he started to go, on sudden impulse, I called to him, “Freck, wait a minute.”

He came back to the fountain. “Yes, Jean?”

“If you can wait a few minutes I’ll walk up with you, I’m off at nine.”

“Gee, I’d like that, but Mr. Murphy’s just likely to call and tell your dad.”

“Freck, he wouldn’t, besides dad’s not home. He’s East on business.”

It was a lovely night, the hill road was bathed in moonlight and scented with the fragrance of blossoming apple trees.

“THIS seems like long ago,” Freck said, “me walking home with you. In those days I was always airing my grievances to you. I’ve learned a great deal, Jean. That year in jail wasn’t easy, but I got a new perspective there. A warden there—Jim Hayward—makes it his business to understand people and to help them. Jean, for the first time in my life, I felt that someone understood me and believed that I could be different than my dad. He used to talk to me about life and values and about myself. He made me want to amount to something because he thought I could.

“When I had served my term he got me a job on a dairy farm upstate—some friends of his—they were grand to me. I’ve come home now because I want to show Gramp and the town that I’m walking up the right road now. I’ll always be sorry for that accident—for the injury it caused those people, but I’ve learned, and I know which way I’m going, now.”

It thrilled me to hear him saying those things. “Oh, Freck, I’m so glad,” I said. “I want you to know two people believe in you—I as well as the warden.”

That was the beginning of a close friendship between Freck and me and I spent a lot of time with him while he was home. Aunt Mary was a bit dubious about it. She was staying with me while dad was gone.

“I don’t think your dad would like you going with Freck Monson,” she told me more than once.

“But Freck has changed, Aunt Mary, and I believe that he’ll be as fine a man as ever lived in Hillsburg. Right now he needs a chance.”

But it wasn't easy for Freck. The town had its opinion of him; hadn't he been in prison for a year? People didn't forget that, nor did they let him forget it. Building a new reputation is a tremendous task, but he tried and tried hard. A few times he went to public gatherings, but he wasn't comfortable; people turned to stare at him and whisper. So he stopped going. Oh, I'm not saying that I'm any different from the rest. It's so easy to become smug in our own little worlds, and how few of us are Christian enough to be tolerant! But in Freck's case I was all for him, because during that summer I came to love him.

More than once he told me that people were talking about me going with him, and I knew that, too, but I didn't let it bother me much, except I couldn't help wondering what dad would think if he knew. I was surprised that someone hadn't written him about it. I knew Aunt Mary wouldn't. She isn't like that, but there were others who might have done.

In early September dad came home. He just walked in one evening without telling us that he was coming. I was going to a show with Freck, and I was waiting for him. Dad could see that I was going out, and he seemed rather disappointed.

"Well Jeanie, whose your big date? Couldn't you call it off and talk to your dad tonight?"

"Why yes, dad, he'd understand. It's Freck I'm going with."

"Freck! Look, Jean!"

I could see the anger rising in dad's face.

"That Monson kid is not in

your class, and I don't like the idea of your going with him like I understand you have been doing. (So someone had written him about us.) Aren't there enough nice fellows in this town without you going with a boy like that—a boy with a prison record?"

**HIS** words caused anger to flare in me. "Dad, that's not fair. Sure, Freck made a mistake, how many of us don't in one way or another? But he's paid for his folly. What he needs now is another chance and, like everyone else, you're not willing to give that to him, you're. . . ."

A sound on the porch interrupted my outburst. I ran to the window and saw Freck going down the steps. Without another word, I was out of the house running after him.

"Freck, wait. You heard. I can tell the way you look. Freck, dad doesn't understand. You knew it would be hard to change the opinion of the town. Dad's like the rest of them. But I don't care what anyone says—I believe in you. . . . I. . . ."

"Jean!" Suddenly he caught me in his arms and kissed me almost fiercely. "If you believe in me, that's all that counts, because I love you. But your dad voiced it, I'm not in your class. I've dreamed about you and me, but I guess that will always be a dream."

"No it won't. I love you, too, and I won't let anyone spoil our lives."

He held me close, but I knew that dad's words had been like the lash of a whip.

THE next week Freck went back to the dairy farm. He wrote to me, but I didn't see him again until December. It was just about a week after Pearl Harbor that he came over to Westwood, where I was going to college, to tell me goodbye. He had joined the Marines. I'll never forget how he looked in that uniform. We went out and celebrated our last night together.

"Jean," he said, "I'm going to try to be so fine a Marine that your dad and the folks back home will be proud of me. Then everything will be okay for you and me, unless you find someone while I'm gone."

"Don't say that, ever. You know I'll be waiting and counting the days."

That's the last time I ever saw Freck. As you know, he was killed at Saipan. You probably remember how he won that medal. I can remember those accounts of his bravery so well. "The enemy had almost completely surrounded the men from another battery. They were sorely in need of help. When the fury of the attack became apparent a young P.F.C. George (Freck) Monson instantly volunteered to go to their assistance. Freck found an unmanned ambulance jeep and headed it straight into the battle, in reckless disregard of rifle and mortar fire. Reaching the zone of action, the youthful Marine loaded as many wounded men into the jeep as it would hold

and ran the hot gauntlet back to safety. He then returned. Again and again, he made this trip, loading, returning, loading, returning. In three amazing hours, single-handed, he evacuated forty-five wounded Marines. On his last trip he spotted two injured comrades lying in the open, in a field of intense fire. He vaulted out of the jeep and went to get them. A sniper shot him dead."

You can imagine how that news affected our town. People were amazed to think that Freck Monson could be such a hero. They forgot about his prison record then. They were proud to claim him.

Old Gramp Monson went back to Washington D. C. to get Freck's medal. And to the kid who had been the town rascal came the highest honor that a grateful Government could bestow.

That's his story. Now, he's home again, resting in honor. He wanted to make them proud of him, and he did. But it took a war to give him that chance—a war that cost his life.

\* \* \* \*

I wanted to ask her about herself, but I didn't think that I should, and she didn't volunteer to say, though somehow the way she told me Freck's story made me know that part of her heart would always be buried beside a hero in that little cemetery in the shadow of the hills.

# Plants of the New World

Willard Luce

THE impact of the white man's civilization upon the red man has been terrific. Yet few people realize how much of our way of life came originally from the New World and the Lamanites.

When Columbus died, he was considered a failure because he had not found India and the spices and riches for which he had been searching. Magellan's success was also his failure; for, in proving that the world was round, he also proved that it was much larger than he and Columbus had believed. A ship could not reach the Spice Islands faster by sailing westward around the world.

But neither man need have failed. The spices, the foods, the medicines, and the riches were all here in the New World when Columbus came. They were here when Magellan by-passed them for the then known riches of the East. Thousands of other men failed to recognize them even as Columbus and Magellan, but they were here, good and bad. They are found in the far corners of the world.

First let us take the potato, the Irish potato, as people call it.

The white potato was first discovered by white men in 1538. Pedro de Creza de Leon reported it to be one of the natives' two principal items of food, the other one being maize or corn. He described the potato as a kind of "ground-nut."

Slowly the use of the potato as

a food spread through Europe. Ireland was the first country to cultivate it extensively, and here it is given credit for saving millions of lives during times of famine. In Scotland at first its use was prohibited, first, because it was not mentioned in the Bible, and second, because it became identified as the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden!

In California during the gold rush, some of the Chinese restaurants lost much business by refusing to cook potatoes. They considered them food only for the poor and poverty-stricken; rice was for the rich man. Today, the food of the "poor and poverty stricken" and the "rich" are nearly equal in popularity, for the white potato feeds more of the world's population than any other food except rice.

Of cereals, corn alone is a native of the New World. In the world today it ranks third in importance, rice and wheat heading the list. Here, then, we have two foods, cultured and developed first by the Lamanites, among the first five food producers in the world. And, of course, there are tomatoes, squash, cranberries, lima beans, peanuts, and many others, all products of the New World.

Not only did the Indians develop these foods, they also developed flavorings and spices which today have considerable economic and gustatory importance: cayenne, chili, paprika, vanilla, and choco-



Josef Muench

## TASSELED CORN

late, to name but a few. Just think a moment how changed our eating habits would be without these last two, vanilla and chocolate.

**T**WO of our most important drugs also came originally from the New World. Indians at the time of Francisco Pizarro's conquest knew the effect of chewing the leaves of the coca plant. They

knew its pain killing quality, perhaps they also knew the habit-forming devastation it wrought. They knew, too, that the bitter, red bark of the cinchona tree cured the miseries of chills and fever.

Pizarro's conquistadors found the cocaine from the coca leaves readily enough, but it was a hundred years later before the quinine of the cinchona was discovered. The

Spanish conquistadors made no friends among the Indians of South America, but the Jesuit priests who came later did. One of these who had labored and worked among the Indians became desperately ill with malaria. He was finally cured by powdered cinchona bark administered by a native medicine man. From that day until the discovery of atabrine during the last World War, the quinine from the cinchona tree was the only defense against the ravages of malaria.

The drug soon reached Spain and its use rapidly spread throughout Europe where it was known as Jesuit's Powder. The demand became so great as to practically destroy the cinchona forests of South America. By 1795, it was estimated that twenty-five thousand trees were felled each year, the bark stripped, the trees left to rot.

But for the Dutch, there could have been but one ending. In 1852 the Dutch government sent Justus Hasskarl to South America to collect slips and seeds of the cinchona for planting in Java. Since South America had a complete monopoly on the quinine trade, Hasskarl was anything but welcome. His native helpers saw to it that the roots of his young trees were exposed to the scorching heat of the tropical sun. They managed to wet his seeds at every river crossing. Not only this, but they guided him to where the poor, sparse species grew.

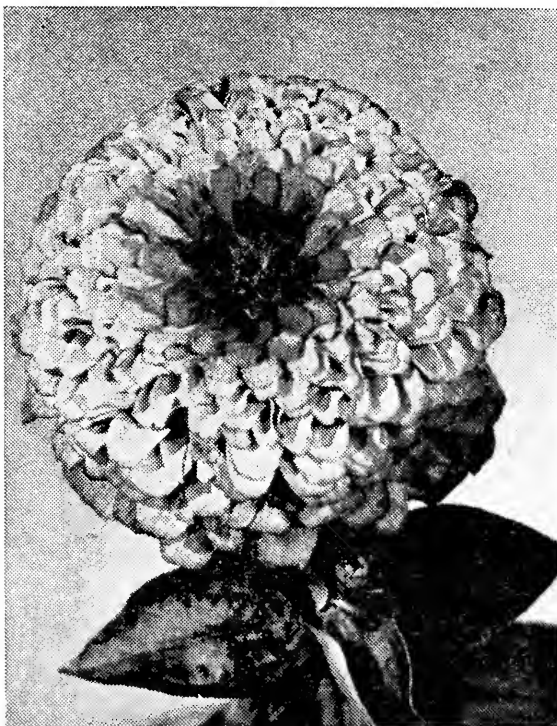
As a result of all this, Hasskarl failed in his first attempt. But a year later he went deep into the jungles of Bolivia, posing as an amateur naturalist. After much

expensive bribing he secured several hundred young trees which he shipped to Batavia. These trees were the beginning of the extensive cinchona plantations and the quinine monopoly of the Dutch East Indies.

And, speaking of drugs, in 1947, an estimated 2,167,702,000 pounds of tobacco were raised in the United States alone. This must have produced quite a quantity of nicotine!

Tobacco, also, was a New World plant.

For various reasons, many of the New World plants and plant products became misnamed. The Irish potato has already been mentioned. Then there were Turkish tobacco, India rubber, and the African and French marigolds. These bright yellow and orange flowers, although grown extensively throughout



Courtesy W. Atlee Burpee Company

LUTHER BURBANK ZINNIA



Willard Luce

## PETUNIAS

Europe and Africa, came originally from the Western Hemisphere.

So did the bright yellow sunflower. There are about fifty species of sunflower, most of them coming from North America. The common sunflower, State flower of Kansas, grows under cultivation to a height of seventeen feet, with flower heads over a foot in diameter. It is grown extensively in Russia for poultry food. Other species of the sunflower grown for food are the Jerusalem artichoke, and the Indian potato.

Other Western Hemisphere flowers include the Poinsettia, phlox, verbenas, California poppies, nasturtiums, petunias, cosmos, and zinnias, to name a few.

But not only food and flavorings and flowers and drugs came from the New World; rubber came also.

It is certainly difficult to imagine our civilization without rubber. The Indians of South America understood the complicated process of curing rubber, but the more advanced civilizations of China, Persia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, and Arabia, failed to do so and all these countries either grow rubber-bearing plants or have close access to them. Neither did the peoples of Ceylon, Indo-China, Malay, the Spice Islands, or any of the other islands of the Pacific discover rubber. Only the Indians of South America.

Whether Columbus himself



brought back the Indian play-balls as it is reported, or whether they reached Europe by some other source, they remained little more than a curiosity for a great many years.

But there are always men of vision. They kept remembering the stories of the Indian waterproof hats and boots. They kept dreaming dreams and experimenting with the rubber. Somehow it defied the laws of chemistry which they knew. Progress was slow indeed. Oh, they made waterproof hats and coats and boots all right. But in the winter they became hard and brittle, and in the summer they became sticky, and gave off a very unpleasant odor.

However, these men persevered

until, slowly, little by little, they came to understand this new, complicated product.

Once again South America held an almost complete monopoly, for there in the valley of the Amazon grew the best rubber producer of all the hundreds of plants which do produce it. This time it was England that smuggled out the seeds, 70,000 of them. These seeds were quickly taken to Kew where they were planted in the orchid houses and propagating sheds. Over two thousand of these germinated, and almost as many were shipped to Ceylon in 1876. Other plantations were soon established in Malay and Sumatra.

In her effort to maintain her mo-



Josef Muench

POINSETTIA IN BLOOM

nopoly, South America unwittingly helped these new plantations to survive. Instead of cutting the price of rubber, she kept pushing it up higher and higher. In 1910 the price went to an all-time high of \$3.06 a pound. At this time the plantations of Ceylon, Malay, and Sumatra were just coming into good production. This high price not only pulled the plantations out of the red, it enabled them to expand. In 1932 the price of rubber hit an all-time low of 2½ cents a pound.

As in the case of hunting a substitute for quinine, the second World War also stimulated the

search for a good synthetic rubber.

Yes, it is hard to imagine our civilization without rubber. It is difficult to picture our gardens without cosmos, marigolds, and zinnias; Christmas without Poinsettias. And just think of our soda fountains and candy counters without vanilla and chocolate! Think of our kitchens without them!

And our hospitals would be pain-ridden indeed without cocaine.

All of these, and many others, came from the New World, to modify and help build our way of life into what it is today.

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## *Then Easter Came*

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

This vivid bush which now in radiance glows  
 And pours a fragrance from each scarlet flower  
 Not long ago was just one perfect rose  
 Brought by a friend to cheer my darkest hour—  
 A rose for me, who, lost in grief, must face  
 Your final absence. Scarlet petals fell,  
 And need for comfort led my hand to place  
 The stem in earth beneath a glassy cell.  
 While winter ruled, it lay in seeming death,  
 Locked in a double tomb of glass and snow;  
 Then Easter came and brought the warming breath  
 Which coaxed the dormant spark to live and grow.  
 Now I, who prayed for hope beside your tomb,  
 Am answered in this miracle of bloom.

# The Oldest Girl of the Oldest Girl

*Blanche Kendall McKey*

WHEN Nancy awakened, the early morning sun's rays lay golden on the foot of her white counterpane. She sat up with a quick thrill, a pale holdover of the little-girl rapture that used to accompany her cry, "It's morning!" But her eyes fell immediately on her typewriter standing mute beside the unfinished story, and she closed them and lay down again, motionless. She seemed to be hearing again Chris Randall's thin voice saying, "You must train your subconscious to work for you, Nancy. Sometimes mine works all night long, and I wake with my plot clear and the story running smoothly ahead." Nancy tried to comb the dark space that backed her eyelids, but her heroine's dilemma was as puzzling as before. I don't think I have a subconscious mind, she thought, with a half-smothered moan.

Frantically, she began recalling bits of advice and terse explanations she had gleaned from night school lectures and books on the technique of poetry and short story writing. "Poetry is emotion remembered in tranquility." That definition had struck her forcefully once; now she doubted if she had ever experienced real poetry. Of course there was that evening when she and David had walked all the way around the lake in the park and had returned to stand arm in arm watching thin clouds drift over the moon. Somewhere the breeze had picked up the scent of lilacs; a

light from the opposite shore rippled yellow on the dark water; swaying branches of a great willow tree trailed, sighing, into the waves. That was poetry. She knew it! And here in her aunt's apartment she had tranquility. But she hadn't sold a single poem—just "placed" one or two in obscure magazines. And as for selling a story . . . She felt a gentle rush of moisture to her burning eyelids.

With a rat-ta-tat on the panel, her aunt opened the door.

"Hi, Skylark," she called.

A dark coat covered her white uniform. Aunt Jane was not so old as mother, who was forty-one, but she was getting on. Nor was she so pretty, although she was stronger looking and gayer.

"Problem clear up all right last night?" she asked breezily.

"My subconscious ran out of gas."

"Your oracle failed you!" Aunt Jane deplored.

Nancy sat up. "Why do you dislike Chris Randall?" she asked, in accents as near the North Pole as her warm little voice would go.

"Why do you like him?" Jane countered.

"Well, he's a good night school teacher. He has a lot of answers. And he publishes."

"But what does he say?"

"Oh, he isn't interested in messages. He's thinking of checks."

Jane sat on the foot of the bed. "If I were a writer and couldn't say something that fed

somebody somewhere, I would rather be a commonplace reliable nurse."

"Aunt Jane," asked Nancy, seriously, "do you remember how Mother looked when I blew up that day at home and decided to come here with you?"

"I don't think I do, exactly."

"It was her expression that decided me. She leaned on the carpet sweeper and her face was pale. 'I was the oldest girl in our family, too,' she said. 'I know what it is to have a baby in your arms when you long to be out playing with the other children. I want Nancy to have some time for herself—to go with Jane—' She looked as though she had lost something precious—"

"Well, I wouldn't worry too much. I am sure she would rather have your father and a house full of children, whatever her young dream was." She crossed to the dresser and began tying a scarf over her neat hair. "Skylark," she asked casually, "what has become of David?"

**N**ANCY kept her small face straight. "David who?" she asked. Then she laughed shakily.

"I haven't seen any letters lately."

"I guess he's too busy at the university—"

Jane turned, her eyes reproachful. "Not David," she said.

Nancy hopped out of bed and then stood gazing directly at her. "I was eager to give my life to writing— I thought of the way mother looked. . . . I've had a lot of dishwashing and baby tending already. . . ."

"Well?"

"I guess I wasn't very nice to him. So he didn't answer. Oh, I've made a mess of everything! I haven't sold a line, I've lost David, and now I'm beginning to think I can't write. I'm just a failure. And I guess I'll lose Chris, too."

"You're only twenty, honey," reminded Jane gently, after a moment. "How can you reflect life if you haven't lived? And you're no failure. You've given me the happiest two years of my adult life. Something warm and sweet to come home to—a snack always ready—the apartment clean." She looked at her watch, bending to kiss Nancy's hot cheek. "It's bus time! One of these days you're going to hit the jack pot. That will be fine. But my deepest wish for you is that you'll be spared loneliness. See you tonight."

She hurried out and her niece stood listening to her footsteps running down the hall. For the moment Nancy felt that she loved Aunt Jane more than anyone else in the world. She was so understanding, so charitable. And for all her high spirits, she was lonesome! Nancy had never suspected that.

The mailman brought plenty of envelopes, both bulky and thin. Nancy would never have dared to send out all her neatly typed manuscripts if she hadn't known that she would be alone when they came back. But today there were two letters that stood out among her self-addressed envelopes—a long one with "Home Magazine" in the corner and a square one in father's round hand. With quivering fingers, she tore open the first, and as she unfolded the paper, a green check fluttered to the floor. Breathless,

she stared; then she bent over it.

"Three hundred dollars," she gasped.

The first wave of elation carried her almost to her fixed stars.

"Oh, glory, glory," she cried, jumping about like a child. Just wait until she took *this* to night school. And what would Aunt Jane say? Her father hadn't given her the typewriter in vain. She ran her hand lovingly over its keyboard. Her mother hadn't done the work at home alone for nothing. Nancy could sell. She would write.

And then she read the editor's letter.

This story shows a warmth and sympathy for your characters that you have never exhibited before. You have evidently found your stride. Congratulations and let us hear from you again.

The story Nancy had sent, without any hope of acceptance, was one about a little boy afraid to start school, and she had written it two years ago, before she had ever left home!

Nancy's elation receded, like a great wave rolling back into the sea, leaving the wet grains of sand moving uncertainly downward. Confusion rushed in to take its place. Was all the study fruitless? What had she lost in her long, "tranquil" hours alone? Needing help, she turned to her father's letter and read:

Dearest Nancy,

You will be surprised, as we all are, but you have a tiny sister. We were going to tell you when you came home next time, but the baby decided to arrive long before she was expected. Your mother had a close call, but she is safe now, and

your incredibly small sister is receiving every care.

I hope you never know, my daughter, what I went through when I thought your mother was slipping. I can never thank God for sparing her though I serve him all the days of my life.

Lovingly,  
Father.

NANCY read the letter again, and then the tears that had been brimming her heart all day spilled over. If I had been home to help, mother might have been all right—ran over and over in her mind like a dolorous strain of music.

She telephoned to see if the railroad schedule had changed, packed her suitcase, wrote a note to Chris Randall at the high school, and left a note for Aunt Jane on the kitchen table. Last of all, she folded the precious check and tucked it deep into her wallet. She could go home with her chin high.

She sat down to read her father's letter again and noticed that he had written with a faint pencil a postscript, probably added at the postoffice: "David is home for a day or two between quarters. He has just been asking about you." She folded the letter thoughtfully and put it in her bag.

When Nancy arrived at the little station, night was falling. Street lights were on and windows in farmhouses gleamed yellow. The air was soft with the promise of spring. She decided to walk the few short blocks to her home. Quietly she opened the front door, tiptoed down the hall, and peered into the living room. Her three brothers were seated around the table, busy with home work, rays from the reading lamp flooding their young faces.

Father, in his Sunday clothes, was resting in his large chair, a newspaper over his knee, his head back and his eyes closed. He had lighted the little golden lamp mother loved, which stood on her sewing cabinet beside her empty chair. It was a harmonious room, with mother's own hand-painted dishes gleaming through the glass doors of her china closet.

Mother had wanted to be a writer when she was a young girl; and her face had been so sad that day, more than two years ago. Chris Randall knows publishers and what they want, Nancy thought. He's a good critic, too, and he's ambitious for me. The check will make him proud of his pupil. I think I had better marry Chris. It was as though she were steeling her heart against the sense of everyday, happy living that seemed to throb into the hall with the rays of light. I want to write, she whispered to herself. "Oh, life, let me live deeply!" She drew in her breath and the boys turned.

"Surprise party," she hastened to cry, throwing the door wide.

There was a scramble for her, and laughter, and another scramble for the box of candy she had picked up at the drug store.

"This is great," cried John. "Who would have thought of seeing you! Weren't you surprised, Father?"

"No," said Father, kissing Nancy. "I thought she would come."

Nancy's heart swelled, for she felt his pride in her. And he didn't know a thing about the three hundred dollars!

"I'm just back from the hospital," he went on. "They turned me out

tonight. But I can take you up tomorrow. Your mother's fine. And they may let you peep at the tiny baby in the incubator."

NANCY went up to her room, feeling snug. She heard the boys finally settling down and father coming up the stairs.

"Goodnight, my dear," he said at her open door.

"Good night, Father. It's good to be home." Contentedly, she picked up a book and began to browse.

The telephone rang and she hurried down.

"Hello," she answered in a low tone.

"Hello," replied a deep voice. It was David. "I just heard you were home. Could I come over for a moment?"

She tried to keep her words steady. "Of course, David."

When he came into the room, Nancy saw that David had changed. His long hours of study had left their mark. There were shadows under his eyes, and he looked older. He came toward her purposefully, taking her hands, and as he bent over her she felt the bigness of him. And the tenderness.

"You can write if you want to, Nancy, but I feel as if life isn't worth struggling for without you."

"All I want is to struggle with you," cried Nancy, already in a battle royal with tears. "I want you to take me and keep me. Forever. I—I—" She said in her mind what she couldn't speak aloud. I guess God knows what's best for women when he makes them the way they are. Then she managed

to whisper, "I'll be a good wife. I'll help you as a doctor. I—"

He couldn't speak, but his kiss said what no man seems able to put into words.

It was nearly midnight when the telephone rang again.

"Hello," said Nancy, dreamily.

It was Aunt Jane.

"I got to worrying about you and couldn't sleep. Is everything all right?"

"As fine as can be," said Nancy. "I'm going to the hospital tomorrow, and then I'll give you a ring."

"Good."

"Aunt Jane, I have two wonderful things to tell you."

"Yes?"

"One is about a check and the other is about David."

Aunt Jane lifted her voice, but for once her contralto was drowned by Nancy's treble.

"Oh, Aunt Jane, I'm going to live every minute of my life just as deeply as I can—crowd my heart full of things to remember—and when I'm old, forty or so, I'm going to write some really lovely poems and stories out of my subconscious."

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## *Image of Joseph*

*Alta Leafy Dew*

The slave pit yawned  
 And swallowed this too-favored son,  
 Secure but yesterday within his coat  
 Of many hues. A lonely one  
 He was, gathering about him prescient dreams  
 Of bowing sheaves—of stars and moon and sun.  
 Too long his vision had provoked the schemes  
 That boiled and spewed with hatred in  
 The seething caldron of his brothers' hearts;  
 And so with one accord they caught  
 And sold him—alien to a land apart  
 That flowed with milk and honey. There  
 The dreams took shape and ate each other up.  
 The buxom days heaped up like hoarded grain  
 Swift-poured into a china measuring cup;  
 And when the land grew fat, the famine came.  
 The favored youth, grown now to graver years,  
 Took up the scepter and doled out,  
 With careful hand, life—mixed with tears—  
 In sacks to brother lands  
 Until the days of wrath were spent. All the skies  
 And all the earth looked then and understood  
 The wondrous love that shimmered in his eyes.

# *Sixty Years Ago*

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, April 1, and April 15, 1890

“FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE  
WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS”

**THE GOSPEL AT HOME:** It may well be said this people have a history, and as is often remarked a peculiar history; they have been denominated a modern Israel and the name is an appropriate and significant one. The people of the earth are assuredly flocking to Zion; they come singly and in large parties, and they inquire concerning this and that, and there is a good opportunity to give information on Gospel subjects.

## COQUETTISH APRIL

So doth fair April herald in the Spring,  
And seemingly delighted to tease and vex;  
Her wonderful allurements she doth bring.  
Sometimes to charm but oftener to perplex.  
—E. B. W.

**NOTES AND NEWS:** The estate of Robert Browning amounted to eighty-five thousand dollars—all earned by writing poetry.

**R. S. GENERAL CONFERENCE:** The first Annual Conference of the Relief Society of all the Stakes of Zion, was held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall in this City on Monday, April 7, 1890 commencing at 10: a.m. Mrs. Zina D. H. Young presiding. Pres. Zina Young welcomed the congregation in her most happy manner, said we were living in a peculiar time, yet never felt better, realized the beginning of the end was near at hand; felt so anxious concerning the daughters of Zion, that she would give her life, if it would save them from the many snares and temptations surrounding them at the present time.

E. B. W., Cor. Sec.

## OVER THE HILLS

Over the hills to a land far away,  
Far away from all sorrowing gloom,  
From blight and disease, from mortal decay,  
To a spring-time of immortal bloom.  
Over the hills, tried soul, speed thy flight,  
To that glorious land of the blest  
Where day endeth not in darkness of night,  
Dangers never intrude to molest.

**MISCELLANEOUS:** If you could once make up your mind never to undertake more work of any sort than you can carry on calmly, quietly, without hurry or flurry, and the instant you feel yourself growing nervous, would stop and take breath; you would find this simple, common sense rule doing for you what no prayers or tears could ever accomplish.—*Elizabeth Prentiss*.

There are two freedoms—the false, where man is free to do what he likes; the true, where man is free to do what he ought.—*Kingsley*





# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

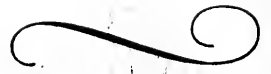
**M**R. ISAAC A. CLAYTON (Fanny Young), daughter of President Brigham Young and his wife Mary Van Cott, died January 31, at the age of eighty years. Her passing leaves her sister, Mabel Young Sanborn, as the last living child of President Brigham Young. These two sisters were honored guests last summer at the Chicago Railroad Fair. Until Mr. Clayton's health failed, he and his wife visited every year, on the anniversary of their wedding, the Logan Temple, where they were married. She bore adversity, particularly the tragic drowning of her son Waldemar and his wife Juliet, with a noble fortitude. A lady in the finest sense of the word, Sister Clayton also had great faith, and she offered some of the most beautiful and reverent prayers heard among the people.

**V**ERNA WRIGHT GODDARD, wife of J. Percy Goddard, died last November 26. She had served in the general presidency of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association for eleven years. Sister Goddard knew the art of giving happiness and comfort to all around her. Her magnetic personality drew to her the love of young people, and her inspirational work among the youth will not be forgotten.

**T**HREE hundred grandmothers met at the National Grandmothers' Club convention in Atlanta, Georgia, in November. They discussed: permanent peace, better radio programs for grandchildren, welfare work, blood donations, and other timely topics. We applaud this step. The nation would be better off if it would profit by the vast store of wisdom accumulated by such women through the years, and they have more leisure to do something with their wisdom than have mothers who are tied down with small children. National Grandmothers' Day was recognized in twenty states on October 9th.

**E**LECTED for a six-year term as the lone woman member of the Spokane, Washington, school board, Mrs. Desla S. Bennion has now been named its president, to fill the unexpired term of S. F. Kinder, who moved from the city. She had already been president in her own right during 1947. Mrs. Bennion is popularly remembered by many Utahns as the former Edna (Ted) Hull, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hull, Salt Lake City.

**E**MILY POST defines the attributes of a lady as: "simplicity, sincerity, serenity, sympathy, and sensitivity."



## *A Time for Rejoicing*

APRIL comes as the month of promise and planting, a time for rejoicing in the renewal of the earth, for, as the Bible so beautifully expresses our joy, "Lo, the winter is past . . . The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come . . ."

As members of the Church, we realize, also, the great significance of this season of beauty and gladness. According to our understanding, it was this time of the year when Jesus was born; when he was crucified and resurrected, and walked again on the Judean hills with his disciples.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized April 6, 1830, reaffirming and illuminating the ancient truths which existed before the earth was created. In commemoration of this event, the annual general conferences of the Church are held in April and the sixth day of the month is included in the sessions.

It is well at this time to recall the day one hundred and twenty years ago when six young men met at the Whitmer farm in western New York and organized the Church. The significance of that event has been described as "a day now revered by hundreds of thousands . . . a day to be held in sacred veneration throughout all time . . . until the Messiah himself shall come." The ancient faith, which

had been lost, was once more revealed in purity, restored to earth, and established by the covenant of witnesses.

The youthful Prophet described the solemnity of the occasion in words of great simplicity, glowing with the splendor of truth:

Having opened the meeting by solemn prayer . . . we proceeded, according to previous commandment, to call on our brethren to know whether they accepted us as their teachers in the things of the Kingdom of God, and whether they were satisfied that we should proceed and be organized as a Church according to said commandment which we had received. To these several propositions they consented by a unanimous vote. I then laid my hands upon Oliver Cowdery, and ordained him an Elder . . . after which he ordained me also to the office of an Elder . . . . We then laid our hands on each individual member of the Church present, that they might receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, and be confirmed members of the Church . . . . We now proceeded to call out and ordain some others of the brethren to different offices of the Priesthood, according as the Spirit manifested unto us; and after a happy time spent in witnessing and feeling for ourselves the powers and blessings of the Holy Ghost, through the grace of God bestowed upon us, we dismissed with the pleasing knowledge that we were now individually members of, and acknowledged of God, "the Church of Jesus Christ," organized in accordance with commandments and revelations given by Him to ourselves in these last days . . . . (Joseph Smith, the Prophet, *History of the Church*, I, pp. 77-79.)

Today we are privileged to have

as our leader President George Albert Smith, who reaches his eightieth birthday on April 4th. He again exemplifies the directing hand of our Heavenly Father in establishing as his special witnesses men of great faith and singleness of purpose. President Smith's ideals are revealed in his integrity and generosity. He walks among the children of men with that grandeur of spirit and simplicity of manner which have characterized so many of the leaders of the Father's kingdom in all the dispensations.

Hearing his voice in the assemblies of our people, we feel a deep conviction of respect and reverence. The spirit of our Heavenly Father

is with him—this realization, deep and abiding, comes to us on many occasions, and our lives are given direction and illumination by the Prophet who presides in these latter days.

As Relief Society women, we feel that we are blessed to live at this time, to partake of the lofty spirituality and the deep and gracious kindness which our President gives so freely. May his days be filled with strength from our prayers, and the prayers of others, for his welfare, and may health be given him, and comfort, and may we express our appreciation through increased loyalty and devotion to him and to the Church.

—V. P. C.

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## *Possession*

*Katherine Fernelius Larsen*

Everything you love is yours,  
 Though ephemeral as dew,  
 Or unreachable as stars;  
 What you love belongs to you.

Everything you love you own,  
 Be it fleeting as a kiss;  
 Be it held—or never won;  
 Wise of heart, remember this.

## *Departure*

*C. Cameron Johns*

It is not into darkness that we go,  
 Or journey toward any shadowed place,  
 But through a winter-world where ice and snow  
 Conceal the bloom of spring's eternal grace.

Not with reluctant steps do we depart,  
 We walk with firm assurance through the night,  
 Knowing clouds that now obscure the way,  
 Disperse before the radiance of light.

# The April Garden

Hazel D. Moyle

Deseret News Garden Editor



Photograph, Courtesy  
Jackson and Perkins Company  
Newark, New York

## HYBRID TEA ROSE DIAMOND JUBILEE

E. S. Boerner, Originator

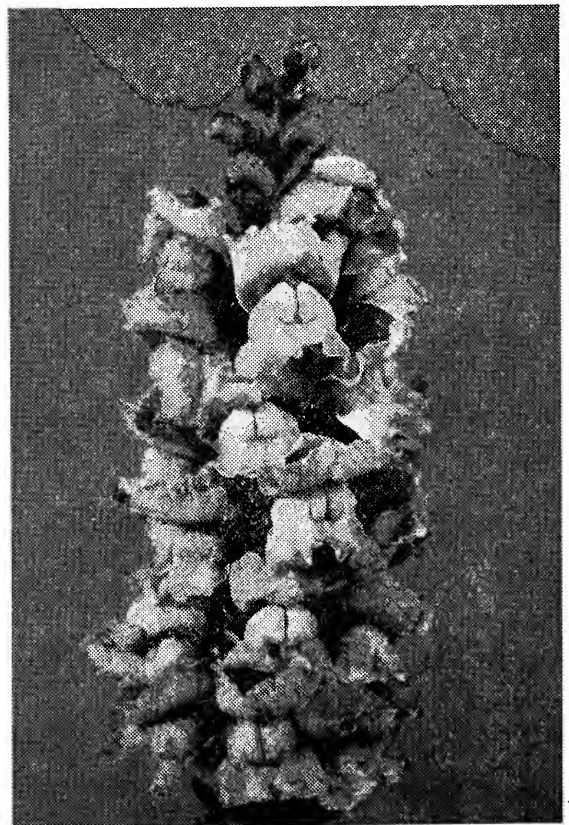
**T**HE enchanting, fickle, and magical month of April turns the entire world to garden-making.

Whether April weather comes at its regularly scheduled time, or lags with maddening reluctance, as it so often does in northern sections, or even though it glides in without that wild burst of revival, but merely continues with added luxuriance, as it is wont to do in California, still, when this season of returning spring does arrive, we all respond to that primeval urge, handed down by Father Adam and

Mother Eve, to work and till the soil.

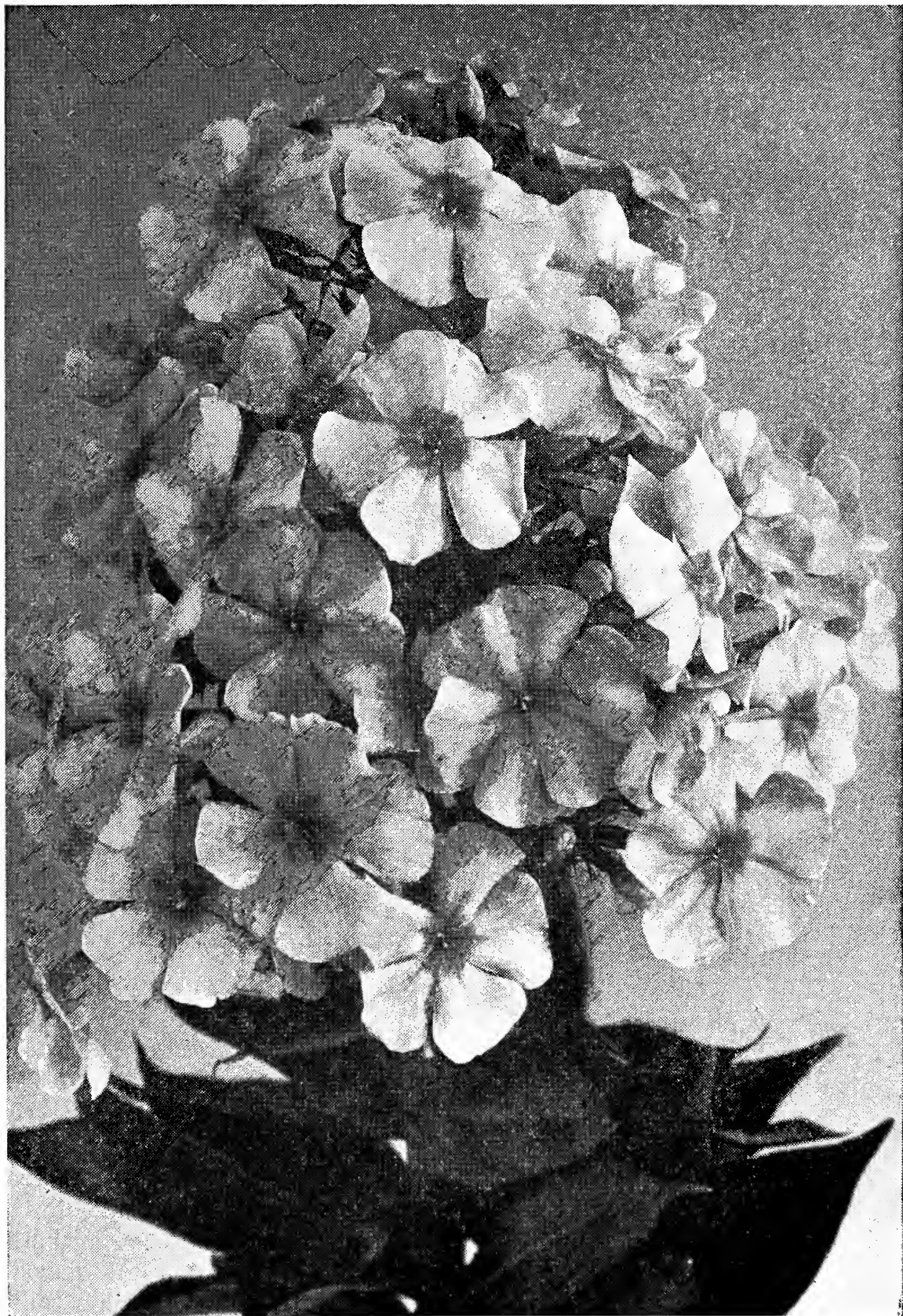
Even non-gardeners are enticed to venture out and rake and hoe on the first April days; but we who are true garden lovers are stimulated into a sweet and feverish activity. We rush hither and yon, torn between the joys of opening buds, the first beguiling flowers of spring, and the many important jobs crying to be done. The fires of returning spring completely take over and possess us.

But we must keep our heads and



Courtesy W. Atlee Burpee Company

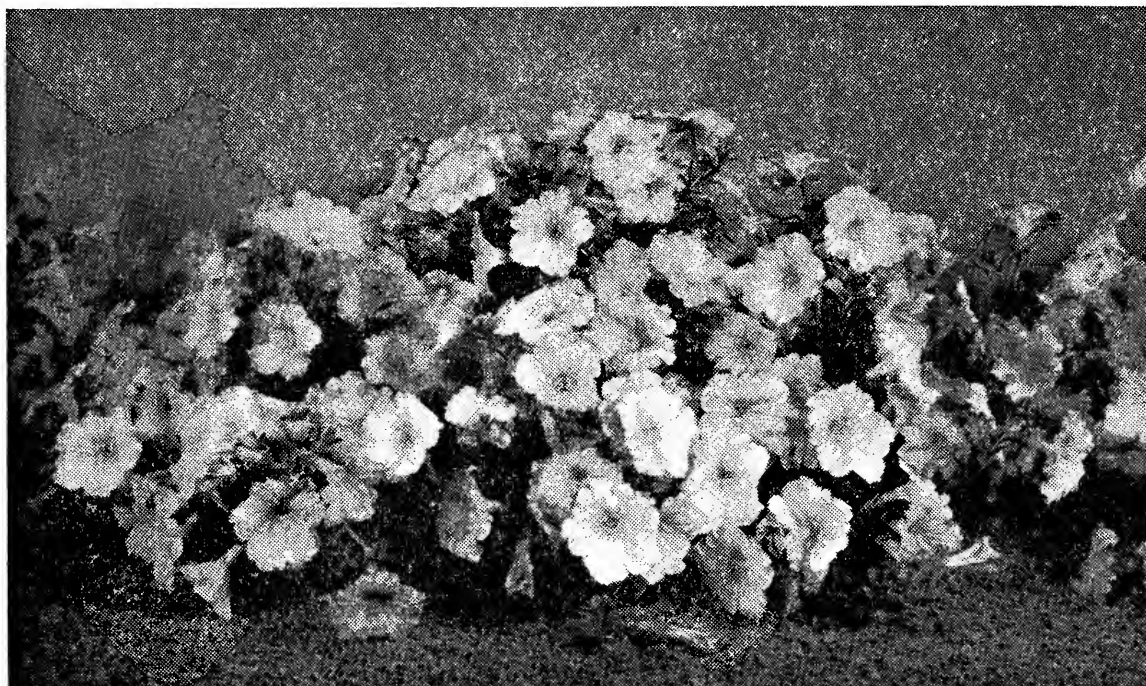
## PUFFED TETRA ORCHID SNAPDRAGON



Courtesy Jackson and Perkins Company, Newark, New York

**PHLOX**

A Perennial of Lasting and Luxuriant Beauty



Courtesy W. Atlee Burpee Company

#### GARDEN BORDER OF PETUNIAS

let reason guide us during these delightful early spring days, for this is one of our most important planting months of the entire year. We must use discretion and list our garden jobs in order of their importance.

Cleaning-up of the garden is still in order, with pruning of roses a must. Hybrid tea roses need yearly cutting back to two or three good buds on each main stem, with cutting out of weak stems and, also, any that grow in toward the center to keep out sun and air from the plant. Climbing roses are best left alone until the leaves have appeared so that we can remove only the wood which is dead. Further pruning of this class of roses is best done after the flowers have faded.

Roses, shrubs, trees, and evergreens can be planted with good success during this cool month, but this should be done early.

Each of these important classes of plants demands good preparation of the planting space, a wide, deep, and generous hole, well enriched below with old manure, and with good, well-prepared soil placed directly around the roots filling the planting hole. Such planting insures long years of good behavior for these long-lived subjects. And remember that you can never again have the same opportunity to provide such excellent growing conditions for the roots of such plants, so by all means do not neglect these planting rules.

Remember, also, that manure must never come in direct contact with roots when planting, but should be placed below or above the roots with a layer of good soil between.

April is ideal for planting most perennials. Such lovely midsummer bloomers as delphiniums should be

set out early in the month. Phlox, that extravagantly profuse flower of summer and fall, which displays such melting and varied tints and vivid colors, should be included in every well-planned flower garden. Give this important plant deep, rich, and well-prepared soil and a little afternoon shade, with a mulch of old manure, to be applied later, and soil mixed with peat moss, or even the lawn clippings, to help the surface of the soil from drying out during the flowering season. You will be well rewarded for such trouble.

Fall perennials should be placed back of lower growers to make a

pleasing grouping. Shasta daisies, iris, and spring bulbs may be placed in the front line, with chrysanthemums also included here for later fall bloom.

**S**EED planting is also important during April. The hardy annuals, such as larkspur, bachelor buttons, poppies, sweet alyssum, both the white and lilac colored, calendula, stocks, cosmos, and verbena can all be sown where they are to bloom as soon as the ground is workable. These charming bloomers actually germinate best during the cool, damp weather of early spring. Be warned, however, that the soil



Grace T. Kirton

INFORMAL ARRANGEMENT OF SHRUBBERY ON  
UTAH STATE CAPITOL GROUNDS  
Mormon Battalion Monument in Background

should first be well dug, raked, and leveled, and old, well-rotted manure, garden compost, and peat moss added. This will insure top quality bloom and good germination.

Such garden beauties as Salpiglossis, petunias, in variety, lobelia, ageratum, cosmos, African marigold, and sweet sultan are best planted in boxes or pots of fine soil and kept in some warm spot covered with a pane of glass and a layer of brown paper to keep out light and air until the seeds are up, then uncovered and brought into a light, sunny, and cool room, or, better still, placed in a glass-covered cold-frame outside, where they will grow quickly and become sturdy young plants to set out a little later when danger of frost is over.

Annuals make the most thrilling midsummer and September gardens, pouring the bounty of their riotous bloom in the most generous abandon. Their short life is a gay and merry one, and we must take the trouble to keep them constantly growing. From the moment the tiny spears of green push up through the soil, they need air, sun, food, and drink. Most of these gay flowers demand a permanent spot in the sun in order to produce this colorful display. They also respond well to frequent feeding, a sprinkling of plant food, lightly cultivated in near the roots, and then a good deep soaking to dissolve this potent fertilizer and carry it to the roots.

This fertilizer can be used at

two-week intervals during the summer. Plenty of moisture must also be given when using such products. A mulch of well-rotted manure is also excellent in promoting growth and profuse bloom, and this also helps to conserve moisture. Frequent light cultivation of the soil between the plants while they are developing, and also a pinching off of the tip to make the plant bush out, are also necessary in order to achieve strong, wide mats of flowers. Be sure that each plant has room in which to spread out and grow. Those that were planted directly in the ground will need to be thinned out, and later pinched back to make them spread.

Annuals have their place in every garden. Indeed, we can make a most complete and scintillating display from only a few packages of seeds. Annuals also lend themselves to a place among the hardy perennials, and especially for planting over spring bulbs. They can be transplanted there or even planted directly among the spring tulips and carry on and fill this spot with color and fragrance for the remainder of the year.

We have mentioned only a few of the worthwhile varieties of annual and perennial plants that do well in most gardens. There are many others from which to choose. It is for each gardener to select and plant those best suited to her own needs and space. And April, sweet and glamorous garden month of the year, is the time to be about this pleasant task.



# Unwrapping the Cancer Enigma

Wm. H. Kalis, Jr.

Prepared under the direction of the American Cancer Society

**I**N a darkened motion picture projection room this year, your family doctor will see a film that may help save the life of your wife or your mother or sister.

The film will be "About Cancer: the problem of Early Diagnosis." It's an example of how the American Cancer Society is attempting to penetrate the riddle of cancer. . . .

Early detection is the keynote of the society's program to inform the public of cancer's warning signals and to educate general practitioners in recognizing those signs. . . .

The point that the Society makes is that while advanced cancer is nearly always fatal, early cancer is one of the *most curable of all diseases*.

Cancer is the most pressing medical problem of our time because its cause is not known. We do know that it starts when one of the millions of cells that comprise the human body becomes an outlaw and attacks its neighbors. . . .

The nation's leading research scientists are hard at work seeking the key to the cancer mystery. . . .

In Philadelphia a woman scientist discloses that she has found fungi in every human and animal tumor she has examined over a period of eighteen months. Are

almost invisible plants a factor in cancer? . . .

A team of scientists and physicians in New York discovers that the new and extremely scarce hormones, ACTH and cortisone, cause some types of cancer to regress. . . .

In New Orleans famed surgeon Dr. Alton Ochsner, who is ACS president, continues to provide useful years of life for lung cancer patients by employing new methods of radical surgery. Until sixteen years ago lung cancer was conceded to be 100 per cent fatal.

In addition to supporting research and education, the Cancer Society carries on. . . a program of service to cancer patients. All of these programs are made possible by generous contributions made by the public each April during the ACS annual fund-raising campaign. Cancer control starts with the individual. Every man and woman should have a complete physical examination each year. Women over forty should be examined twice a year. . . .

Remember that early discovery means quick recovery.

And don't forget this: Cancer can strike anyone. But you can *strike back* by giving generously to the 1950 Cancer Crusade of the American Cancer Society.

# A Chaperon for Miss Fanny

*Pansy H. Powell*

MISS Fanny awoke at five o'clock. Her alarm clock on the table by the bed did not ring; it didn't need to, for Miss Fanny was always awake at five, winter and summer.

For a few minutes Miss Fanny lay watching the light coming through the lace curtains at her east bedroom window. It was going to be another bright, hot July day, she could tell. No robins chirping outside, no soft morning breeze gently pushing the curtains back and forth, could deceive her. After sixty years in one house, she was an astute weather prophet. This would be another Missouri "scorch-er."

The curl papers that fringed Miss Fanny's round, pleasant face shook merrily as she sat up in bed and looked around her bedroom absent-mindedly. Miss Fanny's bedroom was like Miss Fanny—old-fashioned, neat, and spinsterish. Everything in it was older than Miss Fanny herself—the rag carpet that stretched from wall to wall, the walnut stand, with the marble basin, the highboy, the walnut four-poster.

But Miss Fanny was not noticing all the heirloom setting in which she had awakened. Her thoughts were where they had gone when she first awakened—to John, her hired hand.

She could hear John down in the kitchen, stirring up a brisk fire in the iron cookstove Miss Fanny still used. She knew that when she had

dressed and gone downstairs, John would be out doing the milking, but the fire would be just right for frying ham and eggs, and the oven just the right temperature for the hot biscuits Miss Fanny made for breakfast every morning. John loved biscuits, with fresh butter and honey, or some of the strawberry preserves that won the blue ribbon for Miss Fanny every year at the county fair.

In spite of all this comforting knowledge that the day had started in customary fashion, Miss Fanny frowned at her reflection in the long gilt-framed mirror. Dressing methodically, like one whose thoughts were very far away indeed, she slipped on a starched green and white checked gingham dress that reached below her boot tops and a big red coverall apron. She was ready for the day. Her curl papers remained as they were, but a snow white cap was slipped over them, and her rosy round face appeared under the ruffle of the cap as though she hadn't a care in the world. However, the frown still hung on, and her blue eyes did not sparkle as they usually did.

How, she kept thinking, how can I tell John today that I've decided to let Julie and Ralph live with me when they are married? What will John do if I tell him I won't need him any longer to work for me? After all, he's been here over twenty years, first working for Pa and then for me after Pa and Ma died. It just don't seem right somehow to

tell him, to explain that I won't need him any more.

Finally, Miss Fanny bustled down the stairs, and soon she had ham sizzling on the stove. Biscuits went into the oven, and a clean spread on the kitchen table by the window. But Miss Fanny did not set a place for her niece Julie this morning, for Julie had left even before Miss Fanny was awake. Today Julie was going home to try on her wedding dress and help her mother with the finishing of it.

Miss Fanny carefully set John's place and then stood for a moment looking at the plate. I won't tell him at breakfast, she concluded to herself, better to wait until noon. I'll think over this morning what I'll say. I've already told Julie and Ralph what I've decided. I'll have to tell John today.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of John's steps on the walk outside her screened-in back porch. While he strained the milk and set it to cool on the porch, she dished up breakfast. John splashed at the washpan on the porch and soon appeared in the doorway, ready to eat. He was a thin, graying man, a little older than Miss Fanny. His sunburned face had a healthy glow, and his brown eyes were honest and friendly.

"Come on, John," Miss Fanny said in a cheerful voice, "everything is ready."

**A**FTER they were seated, Miss Fanny said grace for the meal. This had been her customary action during the fifteen years since she had been mistress here.

At the death of her father, who

had outlived her mother by five years, Miss Fanny's brothers and sisters had tried to convince her that she should rent or sell the place and move to town or else live with one of them on his farm. But Miss Fanny had independently declared that she did not want to live anywhere else. So her brother Fred had insisted on sending his oldest son to live with Miss Fanny. And, after the boy grew up and married, another nephew had lived under Miss Fanny's roof. Then, finally, Julie had come, and now she seemed like a daughter to Miss Fanny. It was right for her to have the farm and right for her husband to manage it, even though, in a way, it seemed that the fields belonged to John. For, as the years had gone by, Miss Fanny's farm produced good crops. Twice she raised John's wages, although he didn't ask for more money. John had never mentioned leaving, and Miss Fanny believed he was happy, living there in a comfortable home with an assured income. She thought she knew how much she had depended upon him, but now it seemed best to let him go, with Ralph coming to manage things. Ralph would farm the land on a share-crop plan. They would keep her as long as she lived. It was all very clear in her mind, except for one thing. What would become of John? You couldn't expect John, after so many years, and at his age, to find another good job.

All this Miss Fanny thought as she and John companionably ate biscuits and ham and discussed the day's activities.

John spoke slowly, almost drawl-

ing his words with an unexpected care in diction, "Maybe I'd better cut those weeds in the west pasture," he suggested. "They're getting kinda tall."

Miss Fanny agreed. One thing about John that she especially liked was that he never let things go. His harness was kept oiled, his machinery was put out of sight in sheds when it was not in use, his pasture fences and road margins were clear of high weeds. All this he did without being told, but he always asked Miss Fanny's permission, as though he were unwilling to assume authority. It was going to be hard to get along without John here to plan and oversee the necessary work. Ralph wouldn't be too sure of himself to start.

"Will you drive Daisy and Bell on the mower?" Miss Fanny asked. Daisy and Bell were the oldest horses, always dependable.

"I thought I might try the young ones this time," John ventured. "They're working into things pretty well. Might as well get 'em used to all the farm work."

"Be careful," Miss Fanny cautioned. "'Course I know you will be," she added immediately. "You're always careful. If I had a dollar for every accident you've had on this farm, I couldn't even buy a sack of flour."

The telephone rang just then and Miss Fanny took down the receiver from the old-fashioned box on the wall. A fresh young voice answered her hello.

"Hello, Aunt Fanny! This is Julie. We're getting along fine. I'll be home soon!"

"Thanks, dear!"

"I'll be on my way! 'Bye now."

JOHN finished his breakfast during this brief conversation and now excused himself. Miss Fanny bustled around to do her dishes and her beds before Julie got back. She meant to make some yellow tomato preserves today. Julie could help. She and Julie had done a lot of canning and preserving together this summer. Julie's wedding was to be in August, and Miss Fanny was enjoying the preparations as much as Julie's own mother, who lived only two miles away.

As she hurried through the morning work, Miss Fanny couldn't get John out of her mind. She remembered hundreds of little errands he had done to save her steps—trips to the cave for bottled fruit or meat, churnings he had done on bad days when he couldn't get out to work at the barn, trips to find her turkeys when they strayed, times he mowed the lawn to save her the weary job.

He couldn't have been more help if he had belonged here, she thought. Fiddlesticks, she scolded herself, get downstairs and get to work, Fanny Grover. Mooning around because you're going to have to tell John he can't work here any more!

By the time Julie arrived Miss Fanny had brought up jars and lids from the cave where she stored such supplies, had dressed a chicken for dinner, and put it to cool, had a big pot of green beans on the stove slowly cooking, and had taken down her curl papers and combed her hair neatly, straight

back from her forehead, with a big bun at the nape of her neck.

Julie found her on the cool screened porch, surrounded by pans of ripe yellow tomatoes, and cheerfully working away at preparing them for the stove.

"Yoo-hoo! Julie called, her young voice a cheerful disturber of the warm summer morning.

"Yoo-hoo!" Miss Fanny answered. "I'm on the back porch, Julie."

Miss Fannie loved Julie. There was something so real, so young, so fresh about her. The old house seemed to shake itself and breathe more freely with Julie there. Now Miss Fanny looked up smilingly as the petite brunette appeared at the corner of the house.

Julie wasted no time getting down to business with the yellow tomatoes. She was a worker, Julie was, and she would be a capable farmer's wife. Now she chatted gaily as the pile of tomatoes in the preserving pan rapidly climbed.

"Aunt Fanny, we almost finished my wedding dress today. Just a little handwork left. Then you can see it all done. Ralph is counting so much on coming here to live. I hope you won't be sorry after he's here."

"I won't be Julie. I've thought it all out for a long time. I'm not getting any younger, you know, and I want you to have this place when I'm gone, so why not start your marriage here? I've got some plans. Maybe I'll take a long trip. I've never been out of this State, except that time you and Carrie took me to Colorado for two weeks."

"I do hope you will, Aunt Fanny. You deserve some good times.

You've nothing to hold you here, really. When Ralph gets here, you can be freer to go than you've ever been in your life."

Miss Fanny piled tomatoes deftly for awhile in silence. Over in the west pasture she could hear the steady whir of the mowing machine, punctuated now and then by John's voice saying, "Steady, there! whoa! Giddap!"

Finally, Miss Fanny asked, "Have you and Ralph set the day for sure?"

"Yes, August eighteenth for sure. We decided last night. We're going to drive to Yosemite and Banff for our honeymoon. But, Aunt Fanny, have you told John yet?"

"No-o," Miss Fanny hesitated. "I hate to tell him. But I'll tell him at noon, sure."

JOHN came in at one-thirty for lunch, full of praise for the young team that he had been working.

"They're the best young team that I've ever worked," he said, as he helped himself to fried chicken. "A little bit skittish, but not near what Daisy and Bell were when they first went to work. Work together fine."

"Good," Miss Fanny said. "Course you're a good hand with teams, John. Pa always said a team's like its master, good or bad, nervous or placid, and I guess he knew."

In her mind Miss Fanny was readying her speech to John. Let him finish his cherry pie, she thought, no use breaking such news in the middle of a good dinner.

Then, as she saw the last bite of flaky crust disappear, she spoke, try-

ing to be casual: "John, you know we're going to have a wedding in the family."

This was no news to John. Julie had shown him her ring three months ago. Now Julie dimpled happily, and John smiled at her.

"I figured that was going to happen," he said, his gentle brown eyes looking directly at Miss Fanny's embarrassed face. He knew she had more to say than this.

"I've been thinking, John, and I've decided to let Julie and Ralph live with me. He can farm for me, and we'll divide the crops."

John's eyes did not leave Miss Fanny's face while she was speaking. Then he asked, "But you—what are you going to do?"

Miss Fanny did not fail to note anxiety in his voice. He was worrying about her, not about himself.

"Oh, I'll live here, too," she said lightly. "Thought I might take a trip for a while. Need to get away, and September would be a good time to travel. After Julie and Ralph get back from their honeymoon, I might go to California for a few weeks."

"Well, that's mighty fine for you, I do declare. Well—when did you plan to be through with me?"

Miss Fanny was somewhat taken back by his matter-of-fact tone, but she managed to say, "Julie and Ralph are going to be married on August eighteenth. They're going on a trip for two weeks, and they'll be back about the first of September. By then we ought to have things ready for Ralph to take over."

She wanted to ask him to stay until then to help her, but she

didn't have the courage to suggest it.

John spoke at once, however: "Then you'll need me until about September first. I'll stay until they get back."

"Oh, thank you, John." Miss Fanny's relief was sincere. She had put off the day of John's going, and perhaps by then he would be able to find another job. She spoke again: "Of course, John, I'll be glad to try to help you find another place."

He looked up at her, but said nothing. Miss Fanny dropped her eyes. After all, what hope did she have of finding any place for him that would compare with this one? She felt for the first time that her plans were selfish.

After dinner Miss Fanny and Julie washed the dishes, put the preserves on to cook, and sterilized the jars. They could hear the mower now along the road where John was cutting weeds on the banks. The whir of the machine sounded now close at hand, now more at a distance, as he carefully clipped the offending plants.

"You know, Aunt Fanny," Julie said once, while they were pouring the thick sweet preserves into clean jars, "you ought to have married. How come you never got married?"

MISS Fanny was not a bit nonplussed by the question. Her answer came quickly and without rancor. "Well, Julie, dear, the fact is—I never was asked!" The chuckle that followed indicated that she had never worried about it.

"But you're so kind and sort of—well, motherly. Mother says you

were very pretty when you were young. You're nice looking now," Julie hastened to add, "but mother said you were slender and liked to dance and skate. It's too bad somebody didn't take you when dad took mother. You just stayed on here with grandmother and grandfather, and you ought to have had a family of your own." Julie's voice trailed off into indistinctness, as she carried a load of sealed preserve jars to a shelf on the porch to cool.

But Miss Fanny wasn't listening to Julie, anyway. She was listening to the odd change that had come in the mowing machine rumble. It had suddenly accelerated and had become a clatter. She could hear horses' hoofs pounding the hard surface of the dirt road.

"Julie," Miss Fanny called, "the team! It's running away!"

She was running toward the front of the house as she called. Through the open door she could see a cloud of dust hanging over the road. She could hear the sounds of hoofs and machine dwindling in the distance. Was John on the machine? John, good, faithful John, was he being carried to death by that fear-maddened young team? Miss Fanny started down the front steps to look after the vanishing team, but her eye lighted on an inert form lying on the edge of the road, not far from the house.

"Julie," she called to her niece, who was not far behind her, "get Doctor Welch quick! John's hurt!"

Miss Fanny ran across the lawn, her skirts held high out of her way, and across the road to that strangely quiet figure lying on the bank.

"John, John," she called, kneeling beside the unconscious form.

Blood was streaming from a cut on John's forehead. One arm lay grotesquely bent under him. Miss Fanny, with no thought of her appearance, ripped a wide band from the bottom of her white petticoat. Yards and yards of material came off and were bandaged tightly over the bleeding wound in John's forehead. John made no sound and lay quiescent as Miss Fanny and Julie gently carried him across the road to the shelter of a maple tree in the yard. Julie ran into the house for cold water as Miss Fanny eased John's position as best she could with pillows from the front porch chairs.

"John, John," she kept calling, but John made no response until Julie had washed his face with the cool water and held Miss Fanny's smelling salts under his nose. When his eyelids quivered and a deep sigh came from his throat, Miss Fanny unashamedly cried, "Thank God. He isn't dead," and wiped big tears away from her cheeks.

Doctor Welch rattled up in his old car. By this time John was conscious and suffering silently from the wounded arm. Doctor Welch, thin, wiry, and matter-of-fact, soon had a new, authentic bandage to replace Miss Fanny's extemporized one, and then set about the business of repairing the broken arm. With only Miss Fanny and Julie to help him, and with his patient lying on the ground under the maple tree, Doctor Welch did an expert job of setting the broken arm and placing it in splints. All this John bore without outcry. Miss Fanny

moved dexterously at Doctor Welch's bidding, and John's eyes followed her ceaselessly.

By the time the doctor had the patient easy and ready for sleep, Julie's father and mother were there, summoned by Julie. John was placed on a cot and carried carefully into Miss Fanny's seldom-used downstairs parlor bedroom. Miss Fanny's brother dashed off then to follow the wayward horses, and John went to sleep, restful under Doctor Welch's opiate.

MISS Fanny sat down beside the bed, her eyes never wavering from John's face. Lying there swathed in bandages, he looked so helpless, so dependent, so—so—Miss Fanny did not want to think the word, it seemed so immodest under the circumstances—so *lovable!* Why had she never felt this way before about John? Why had she not more fully realized how likable, how devoted, how wonderful John was until today! Now maybe he had a bad concussion, maybe worse. Maybe he'd have a blood clot or something. Miss Fanny did not realize it, but she was falling in love.

Suddenly the figure on the bed moved. The one eye that could open, the other being covered with the bandage, looked full into Miss Fanny's face. The lips that showed only partially under the bandage smiled, and John's good arm moved out toward Miss Fanny's hand lying on her knee. Miss Fanny sat in helpless silence as John's strong fingers pressed hers.

A voice came out from the midst

of the white gauze: "Are you all right?"

This was too much for Miss Fanny. Such consideration for her when he lay there injured was too overpowering for even Miss Fanny's stolid sixty years. She wept unashamedly and managed to say between sobs, "Oh John! Are you all right?"

"Sure," the muffled voice continued. "I'm all right. Where's the team?"

"Fred's gone for it. Charlie Jones phoned and said they ran in at his gate and stopped—worn out. They're all right. Don't try to talk, John."

"Must say," the voice in the gauze went on, "don't worry about how I'll do. I got money saved. Brother Sam's been trying to get me to be his partner for five years. Good business, hardware store."

"Five years," Miss Fanny ejaculated. "You could go into the hardware business and you've been staying on with me! Why on earth didn't you go?"

John's good eye looked Miss Fanny straight in the face. "You needed me. Now that Julie's husband will be coming, I'll go."

All this time John's hand had lain over Miss Fanny's. Now he did a strange thing. He lifted her hand and carefully raised it to his lips. Through gauze and tape, Miss Fanny felt the caress, warm on the palm of her hand, and she was happy—so happy she wasn't even conscious of how it happened that she was kneeling by the bed and her head was lying by John's and tears were streaming down her face as she said, "John, you won't have to



go. We'll work it out somehow. Maybe we can live in town near your brother. Maybe we'll stay on here with Julie and Ralph. But you're not going away from me, ever—ever"

They were so absorbed in each other and the new-found wonder of love that Julie's mother cleared her throat three times before Miss Fanny realized they were not alone. She tied on her bonnet as she briskly said, "Fred and I are going now,

you won't need us tonight. The tomato preserves are all in jars. Look very pretty, too. I'll say goodbye now. I'll call in the morning and come over if you need me."

Miss Fanny suddenly realized what was happening. "Oh," she gasped, scrambling to her feet, "oh, of course, but Julie must stay." Then Miss Fanny knew that she was blushing like a young girl, and, for the first time in her life, she sensed the propriety of having a chaperon.

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## *Renewal*

Grace Sayre

Beauty renews itself each spring.  
 See where the patched hillside,  
 Mottled with the brown stain of loam,  
 Shows through the melting snow.  
 And see the streams assert themselves!  
 Willow catkins fluff,  
 Trailing arbutus opens its fragile pink trumpet,  
 Fragrance lies in the throat of the lily;  
 Dogwood branches hold out their pure flame .  
 Of green and white beauty,  
 Lighting the roads and wooded paths;  
 Beauty renews itself in the land.  
 Spring is here.

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## *Diamonds*

Katie Harris Lewis

April is the month of diamonds,  
 I can see them as I pass,  
 After every April shower,  
 Diamond stickpins in the grass.

On each weeping willow finger,  
 Shadows slip a diamond ring,  
 And on every April flower,  
 Place a birthstone from the spring.

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## *Nothing So Lowly*

Margaret T. Goff

The storm-pools in the hollows  
 Look heaven in the face,  
 While glory is reflected  
 By the most commonplace.

For nothing is so lowly  
 Upon this earth of ours  
 But ever is revealing  
 The touch of higher powers.

## Save the Magazines

Cleopha J. Jensen

HOW grateful mothers are at housecleaning time for the willing help of daughters with some of the heavier tasks! But these same lovely daughters, whose more limited experiences in life have not taught them to fully value or properly appreciate some of mother's hoarded relics, are sometimes bent on ferreting out and discarding from every corner what to them is only "old trash."

"There will soon be a salvage paper drive," my daughters explained. "This will be our chance," they said, "to rid mother's attic store of all those old papers and magazines!"

I was rather reluctant to remonstrate—really I appreciated their helpfulness, but somehow I felt there were too many precious memories tied up in some of those old boxes of magazines just to be "junked." I kept a furtive eye on the several bales as they were carried out, and at length I spied the one box that I knew contained the last twelve volumes of my beloved *Relief Society Magazine*.

Not that box! I winced, but refrained from any comment. However, I kept a careful eye on that particular box and, unobserved, I found my opportunity to rescue my treasure before the salvage truck arrived.

With the strength born of an emergency, I was able to tug the box back to the house, and there I again hid it away in the farthest dark corner of my stair closet—for safe keeping, all the while joyfully contemplating the time when I should bring it forth again and relive some of the pleasure and inspiration I had enjoyed in the past.

That time came during the long evenings of this past winter. What a thrilling adventure was mine! I lost myself for hours at a time as I brought forth from my box of *Magazines* one volume at a time, and again thumbed through each *Magazine*. Some articles, especially checked, had been so dear to me. Now I selected and carefully clipped out each article I wished most to preserve. These were stapled separately, marked on the margin with date of the *Magazine* and the volume from which each was taken. The clippings, of course, included those particular articles which had held special interest and inspiration to me personally. I realized I could not keep all that I should like to, for soon I had a large stack of clippings.

Then came my problem of how to file them for keeping. I was fortunate in finding a nice loose-leaf ring binder the exact size of the *Magazine*. With the aid of a paper punch, I could very nicely fit them into the binders.

I then began to sort and classify my material under various headings and I now am assembling several scrapbook volumes of most precious and valuable reading for future reference and enjoyment.

My first complete volume contains all the lesson outlines and notes of the past twelve years of literature study, that being my special department.

I shall call one volume "Literature Lights." This contains material relating to good literature, selective reading, and literature standards. Another scrapbook volume, which I shall inscribe "My Inspiration," contains the many special articles

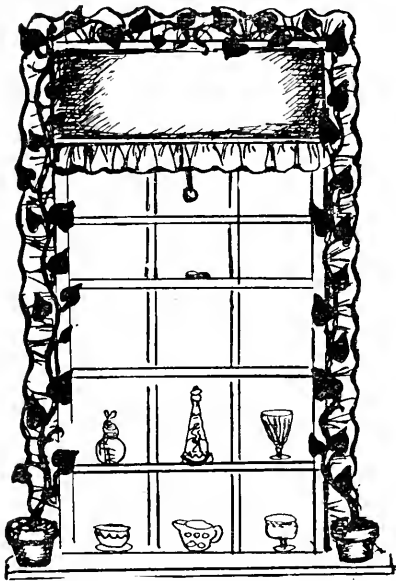
that have inspired me, the uplifting, soul-stirring messages, sermons, and many lovely poems. Then there will be "Biographical Sketches" and "Pioneer Stories and History," and no doubt others, as I am finding this a very interesting work and hope to continue adding new material and new ideas to my *Relief Society Magazine* scrapbook hobby.

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## Goodbye Kitchen Curtains!

Rachel K. Laurgaard

Illustration by Elizabeth Williamson



If your kitchen curtains won't stand another washing, and you are longing to discard them for something new and different, anyway, try this:

Pick out a crisp plastic shelf-edging, the ruffly kind, or the flat, lacy type. There is a surprising variety in the stores these days, and so reasonable—ten cents a yard for some of the prettiest ones!

Using thumb tacks the color of your edging, frame your window along the sides and top, and add a ruffle to the hem of the window shade for extra effect.

The flat, lattice-like shelf-edging lends itself nicely to the gracefully twining habits of the hardy philodendron, and it is surprising how quickly a frame of green leaves will circle your window bringing indoors a bit of the garden to brighten your cooking and dishwashing hours.

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## *To My Three-Year-Old on a Boat*

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Her eyes were wide with new-found seeing;  
 They flashed delight and awe at being  
 In a little boat on blue, blue water.  
 "Are you afraid, my winsome daughter?"  
 "Oh, no"; her lips spoke happiness;  
 Her fingers tightly clutched my dress.

# Dark In the Chrysalis

Alice Morrey Bailey

## CHAPTER 4

Synopsis: Edith Ashe, a widow, 47, is unable for various reasons to live with any of her four sons. After hearing her daughter-in-law Annette complain to her son Kit, Edith takes a job as companion to an elderly woman, Mrs. Lewis, whose son, Cory, is away on a business trip. Discouraged by the responsibility of a big, ugly, and old-fashioned house, the crippled, despondent old woman, and the unhappy housekeeper, Amanda, Edith decides to quit, when Linnie Lewis, Cory's daughter, comes home from Boston, where she has been studying voice, to be married. Linnie seems happy and carefree, but Edith hears her crying in the night, and goes to her.

EDITH listened in consternation to Linnie sobbing across the hall. It would be better, she told herself and much more tactful, just to ignore it. No doubt Linnie would be herself in the morning. She turned over to shut out the sound, but there was a heart-tearing quality in the girl's weeping, a despair Edith would not have thought possible to the joyous girl. She slid into her robe and slippers and crossed the hall.

"Linnie," she said softly, tapping on the girl's door.

There was an instant cessation of sound, and a strangled "Yes?"

"May I come in?"

"Why, certainly," said Linnie, after a moment's hesitation.

In the soft light from the window the girl's throat and shoulders were outlined. Her face was a pale, tragic oval, her eyes and mouth velvet dark.

"I heard you crying," Edith said.

"I know. I thought everybody was asleep, and no one would hear my histrionics." Linnie's voice was gay, a gallant tilt to her head, but her breath caught in an involuntary, childish sob.

"Would it help to talk about it?"

"It wouldn't do any good," Linnie began dully. "Any more than crying—oh, Aunt Edith!"

Suddenly Edith was sitting on the side of Linnie's bed and the girl was in her arms.

"There, there," she soothed. "Cry it out."

"It's this house—and my wedding in June," Linnie said in a tumble of words between jerky sobs. "This horrible horror of a house, and that ugly furniture. All my life I've wanted a beautiful wedding reception in my own home!"

"I don't blame you one bit," said Edith. "I noticed it immediately when I came in."

"See!" said Linnie, seeming to take comfort in the agreement. "Wouldn't any person of taste and distinction feel the same—coming into our house?"

"I'm afraid so," admitted Edith.

"Paul's mother is a woman of taste and distinction," sobbed Linnie in a fresh burst of tears.

I ought to have more tact, thought Edith—to convince the girl it isn't really as bad as she thinks, but the truth of it was she felt quite as violent about the ugliness as Lin-

nie did, and had been longing to say so. "That's why you don't have your friends in," she divined.

"Exactly," said Linnie. "I couldn't bear it. They all have beautiful homes—oh, I don't mean they are all wealthy. It isn't the money, Aunt Edith, it is the ghastly taste. Daddy makes lots of money, but where the house is concerned he has a spot, blind, deaf, and dumb. He just isn't interested in it—or in me."

"Now, Linnie, that's not true. He spoke to me about you."

"He did?" Linnie was eager. "What did Daddy say?"

"He said you were being married in June and that he regretted very much having to be absent at this time."

"Just like dictation. Just like his letters to me."

"He said something else," said Edith, striving to remember. "I'll think of it."

"I thought I could work on him, and get things ready—do something to the house, I don't know what—have a witch-burning for the grizzly furniture and swing on the ropy drapes. I got the carpeting last summer, and I didn't dare ask for more. Two thousand dollars, Aunt Edith, for the carpeting alone. Of course there was the stairway and the upper hall, besides the music room."

"I wondered how that beautiful floor came to be."

"I chose it all by myself," said Linnie, pride in her voice. "I was scared to death. I don't know the first thing about interior decoration."

"It is perfect," Edith told her. She was thinking how nice it would

be if her furniture were here instead of in Kit's extra room. Kit could have his dark room, and Linnie would be happy, but no—it would create a situation. Mr. Lewis wouldn't like such presumption, and, after all, Edith was, to put it baldly, only a servant.

"I feel better now, even if nothing is really different," Linnie said. "I don't remember my mother, but I need her so very badly sometimes. And just now I need her worse than ever before. I couldn't bear it without you, Aunt Edith."

"I never had a daughter," said Edith, clinching her teeth against sudden tears. "I always wanted one, and I think I should have wanted her to be just like you."

"No one," said Linnie, "positively no one has ever said a nicer thing to me. I'll go to sleep like a baby on that." She burrowed into the pillow and Edith tucked her in.

SHE went back to her room, thoroughly wrung with pity for the motherless girl, but she could not sleep for thinking tumbled thoughts of the girl and her dilemma, the hideous furniture, and her mother hunger. Edith turned and tossed until she was thoroughly miserable.

So long had she been wrapped in the cocoon of her own tragedy and misery that her thoughts and emotions had all turned inward. To think, even momentarily, of the problems of others, as she had been forced to do in the last few days, was painful, had made her ill. Mr. Lewis' vaguely worded concern about his daughter's coming wedding, his mother's wish for death,

even Amanda's dissatisfaction, had made inroads on her concern, but this was different. Linnie's weeping had done something to her, had split the shell around her and left her tremblingly exposed to the needs about her, to her own painful self-condemnation.

She wasn't a human being any more, she chided herself, that she couldn't have offered the girl the things she had that might help—her linen and dishes, and the beautiful furniture. She wasn't even sure that the excuse she had offered herself was true—that her impulse was irregular, would find disfavor with Mr. Lewis. Was it not more true that she wanted not to be involved in Linnie's difficulty?

She punched her pillow, dived into it and tried to sleep, but it was no use. Suddenly she sat up in bed with the remembrance of what Linnie's father had said. "Feel free to take the initiative in anything that needs doing."

"I'm not a mere servant," she said, sitting up.

Mr. Lewis thought of her as the widow of Marvin Ashe—a prominent doctor. "Aunt Edith" she was to Linnie, had been from the first. Mrs. Lewis had adopted her immediately—"She'll do, Cory." Even Amanda respected her as a person of authority. Only she herself had, by her reluctance to assume the responsibility, by her evasion of the needs of the house and its people, relegated herself to the servile post.

What do I want, she asked herself angrily, to go back and live with Kit and Annette, to survive only on self-pity?

"No! Never!" she said aloud.

Once again she got into her robe and slippers and crossed the hall to Linnie's room. There could be no waiting until morning. The cold light of dawn, the pressure of the day's duties might erase this impulse.

"Linnie, wake up. Wake up, darling. I just remembered what it was your father said."

"What was it?" queried Linnie sleepily.

"He said I was to use my initiative."

"Initiative! Initiative!" repeated the girl, struggling up from the depths of slumber.

"Can't you see? It's all that furniture of mine, packed away in my son's extra room—and he wants it for a dark room anyway."

"The furniture?"

"No, the room, and its Queen Anne and Duncan Phyfe, and there are dishes and linen. You can have it for your wedding reception."

"Queen Anne! Duncan Phyfe!" cried Linnie, thoroughly wide awake now.

"There's plenty of modern overstuffed with slipcovers for comfort, and tables and lamps and the writing desk. You just wait until you see my needle point."

"Oh, Aunt Edith, pinch me! I know I'm dreaming—but no! I couldn't use your furniture. I just couldn't!"

"You can, and you shall. Kit will be glad to be rid of it. Use it as a favor. I get so lonesome for it."

"I want to go downstairs," chirped Mrs. Lewis when Edith told her about it at breakfast. "I've not stirred out of this room for

weeks. I thought I'd just stay here until I died, and I didn't care how soon that would be, but I don't want to miss this."

"When do we start?" asked Linnie, coming in. "I can hardly wait."

"As soon as I get your grandmother taken care of," Edith said. "We'll look at it this afternoon while she has her nap and see what is best to do."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Lewis. "Get me my wheel chair. Among the three of you, I should think you could get me down there."

**T**HE job seemed colossal to them when they looked at it from the living room, Mrs. Lewis in her wheel chair, Linnie and Edith with their hair swathed in dusters for protection. Even Amanda came in from the kitchen, her dish towel in hand, to hear the plan.

"It needs so much more than furniture, Aunt Edith," wailed Linnie. "I don't know what besides the draperies. What about the woodwork? I always wanted a white staircase."

"Paint," said Edith. "And the right kind of paper would do it—with the draperies, of course. Venetian blinds, glass curtains, and some bright draperies would bring out the beauty of those windows. The fireplace should stay as it is, clean and polish it, of course. That heavenly walnut matches my furniture."

"That's just what I think," chirped Mrs. Lewis. Her eyes were lively with interest. Not wanting to die this morning, Edith observed with satisfaction.

"But paper! It will cost money won't it? I have forty-five dollars," Mrs. Lewis offered.

"That would help, but not enough." Edith was thoughtful. "Paperhangers are worth their weight in gold. And painters."

"There's the checking account Cory left," contributed Mrs. Lewis. "It was to run the house, though."

"We won't touch that," said Linnie quickly. "I think we had better forget the whole business." She sat dejectedly on the stair.

"We'll do no such thing," said Edith firmly, dialing Kit's number.

"Your furniture? You're not serious," said Kit when Edith told him what she wanted. "Mother, don't you think you're going a little overboard?"

"Kit, you just do as I say!" Edith demanded, exasperated. "If you don't, I'll get somebody else to do it, but I want my furniture."

The next days clipped off like newspapers from a press. It was a newspaper Linnie waved at Edith the next morning.

"I ran an ad and sold the furniture. Ninety dollars for the whole lot! First thing this morning. They'll come for it before noon."

"Linnie, you didn't!" said Edith, secretly glad. "What will your father say?"

"A good job, I'd say," applauded Mrs. Lewis. "The place is better empty, and the money will pay for the work."

At ten a van came and removed the offensive furniture; Edith's arrived at noon. Linnie rushed from piece to piece as Edith unswathed it, with little cries of delight, but

Edith eyed it critically. In spite of the protection, dust had seeped through. She vacuumed and shampooed it according to her own careful formula while Amanda scoured the woodwork with caustic soda. Linnie, perched on a ladder, polished the windows and the chandeliers, and her singing held a new note. Mrs. Lewis wheeled back and forth, chattering like a little brown sparrow, dispensing pithy advice and pungent witticisms. She was gaining strength, Edith noticed.

They chose a creamy off-white paint to match the background of the paper which had a satin self-stripe. The ceiling was lemon yellow, and the fireplace wall was brown. The dining room was done in green and white—a realistic ivy pattern for the far wall, white and green plaid for the rest; the worn rug was removed, the oak floor polished and waxed.

It took the workmen a full week to finish, but when they were through, their paraphernalia cleared out and the room set to rights, Edith's furniture was set off like jewelry, but the money was gone, and there were, as yet, no window decorations. Linnie had taken the stringy relics down.

She took time out only to answer Paul's letters, now. All other engagements were cancelled. "I'm terribly busy," she would say, "and having the best time of my life. I'm planning to have you all in for a trousseau tea soon."

"Trousseau!" she said once, hanging up the telephone. "As if I had one."

The very idea, Edith thought. A girl like Linnie, and no trousseau!

"What's Cory thinking of?" charged Mrs. Lewis. "I'll give that boy a piece of my mind."

"I'm going to charge them," Edith said in sudden anger.

"Charge what?" asked Linnie.

"Venetian blinds, curtains, drapes."

A little, appalled silence greeted this daring announcement.

"I don't know," said Linnie doubtfully. "Daddy never charged anything."

"Go to it! Go to it!" clacked little old Mrs. Lewis. "I've not had so much fun since my house burned down."

AT last it was done. The bill for the window treatment was so steep that Edith had vertigo every time she thought about it. "If I have to, I'll pay it myself," she said, but the result was elegance itself. The dining room curtains, in an ample criss-cross of white organdy, were cool and crisp, and the living room draperies, in a subdued floral pattern, were so lovely that Linnie pulled the cords that swept them closed and open with sheer delight.

Every prism of the chandeliers was diamond bright, every tile of the fireplace shone, every spindle of the intricately designed mantle. On the tiny, round platforms of it, Edith had placed her rare bits of Dresden that Marvin had bought for her. It was rich against the golden brown wall. They all gazed in awe at their handiwork.

All Edith had to do now was to think, with growing alarm, of the reckoning, when Mr. Lewis should come home and learn of her high-handedness, but her worst night-



mares were not as bad as the truth, for he came home the next evening, while they were dining in state.

Linnie flew to greet him; he greeted his mother, wheeling after her, with a puzzled look of surprise.

"Mother," he said kissing her. He looked weary. "Mrs. Ashe, Amanda."

"Look at our house, daddy! Isn't it lovely?" Linnie cried. She flew from piece to piece, the tale of their endeavors tumbling in bright words from her lips. "All of it," she finished, "is due to Aunt Edith—it's her furniture. And it's all paid for except the—"

"I charged the window decorations," Edith said flatly. "The bill is quite high."

Cory looked about, at the windows, at the whole room. Then he went from one point to another,

examining minutely every detail, his face completely impassive. They were silent, rooted in a kind of fascinated terror.

Once Amanda ventured to say: "I'll set another place, Mr. Lewis. We were having dinner and there's plenty—"

"No thank you, Amanda. I ate on the diner."

He finished his scrutiny in silence and started toward the stairs without a word, passing his bag where he had dropped it beside the door. Linnie flew after him.

"Daddy! Daddy! I didn't think you'd care. I sold the furniture for the money. I did so much want a beautiful wedding reception."

Mr. Lewis answered not a word, but went on up the stairs without a backward glance.

(To be continued)

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## *Give Me Words*

Grace M. Candland

Give me words just made for springtime,  
When the land is free of snow,  
And the soft brown earth is breaking  
Over rootlets down below;

Some phrases gay and debonair  
For capricious April rain,  
Some magic line for growing grass,  
Creeping over hill and plain;

Accents that will weave a pattern  
Of the budding, blooming trees,  
Perchance convey the lilt that comes  
With returning chickadees.

How shall I say my heart is glad  
For the rainbow hung on high  
And for the promise that it holds—  
Seeds and harvest by and by?



Courtesy Fae D. Dix

## *Hannah Davis Foster Makes Aprons for Health and Happiness*

Fae D. Dix

**M**RS. Hannah Davis Foster, former president of the Cedar City First Ward Relief Society, is proving to her friends and family that her will to live usefully despite the handicap of arthritis, is bearing results—lasting and abiding—to her spiritual and physical well-being.

Eight years ago this courageous woman was stricken with arthritis, which rapidly spread to her hands, arms, and legs. She has been unable to walk for the past three and one half years. But, last September, she quite suddenly decided to try sewing kitchen aprons as a way of helping to forget her pain. Her capital output was ten dollars, which she had received from selling a small woodpile in her backyard. She asked a friend to spend all of it for her in the purchase of gay prints, ric-rac, and thread. Then, painstakingly, she began to sew. She was overjoyed with the realization that treading the old-fashioned sewing machine was relaxing her leg muscles. Soon she was aware that guiding the cloth under the needle was relaxing to her fingers. By Christmas time she could cut out and make three aprons in a day, and had finished 110 aprons.

Friends were intrigued with her pluck and planned a "Friendship Tea" to display the aprons. Cedar City women came in large groups, bought the aprons, and placed orders for more.

Looking back upon her long years of illness, Mrs. Foster can find hope that someday she will be able to join in Relief Society work again. "I've been everything but the organist," she laughingly says, recalling the forty odd years she spent in Relief Society activities.

## *A Letter From Mother*

My dear Children:

Greetings and love!

It is such a pleasure to receive your letters. They show me beyond any other thing, that my "little" children have grown to thoughtful adulthood. I am very happy to discuss your problems with you, my dear ones. It makes me feel closer to you and keeps me in touch with your thinking, all of which enriches my life.

You say you are distressed by people talking disrespectfully about the Church authorities. It seems to be a too common failing of people to criticize. And you would like to know how you can keep your children from acquiring such a destructive habit later in life.

This is truly a subject for thoughtful consideration. There is one avenue of approach to a solution for you, though, that I believe will give you the assurance you so earnestly desire. It is through prayer. I am such a great believer in the effect that prayer has on our lives. If children are taught how to pray sincerely for the President of the Church, his counselors, and our other Church authorities, their minds will be able to grasp the love and respect for these leaders that should be cultivated within them. It would help them to have a feeling of kinship for these wonderful people who are giving their lives in the service of God.

You young mothers have such a great responsibility, but could you take on just a little more? At bedtime, before their prayers are said, sometimes tell your children something about the President of the Church. Acquaint them with his name. Tell them where he lives. Arrange to pass his home if you are riding near it at any time. Tell them when he goes away sometimes, perhaps to dedicate a chapel somewhere, and tell them we must pray for him so the Lord will bless him while he is on this trip and bring him safely home. Then, when he does return, tell them he is safely back again. This will increase their feeling of closeness to him and they will understand, little by little, that he, in a sense, belongs to them and they to him.

If your children pray earnestly for the President of the Church and the other Church officials who come within their range of knowledge and experience, all their lives they will love and honor them and strive to obey their counsel, for they will feel that their own prayers have helped them to be chosen men of God.

May our Father's blessings ever be with you. May he keep you safe within his fold!

Please write soon. Always your loving,

Mother  
Clara Horne Park

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### *Great Salt Lake*

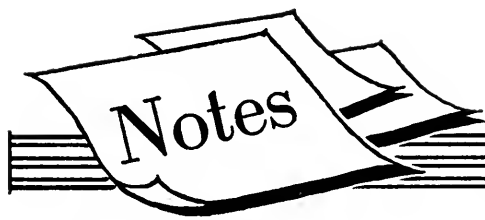
Ora Lee Parthesius

It can be diamonds  
Splintered by a hammer-noon,  
And sunset mirrored  
In opal fire, or silver  
To mold the arrowed swimmer,

### *The Song*

Lydia M. Sorensen

Out of the struggle is born the song,  
The song and the heart of peace,  
The dream and the hope from the tears  
and the prayer,  
And the faith to go on.



# From The Field

## REGULATIONS GOVERNING THE SUBMITTAL OF MATERIAL FOR "NOTES FROM THE FIELD"

See also *Handbook of Instructions of the Relief Society*, page 123

*Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer*

(All notes and photographs are to be submitted through stake and mission Relief Society presidents.)

**T**HIS section of the *Magazine* is reserved for narrative reports and pictures of Relief Society activities in the stakes and missions. Its purpose is threefold: (1) to provide a medium for the exchange of ideas and methods for conducting Relief Society work which have proved successful in some organizations and which may be helpful and stimulating to others; (2) to recognize outstanding or unique accomplishments of Relief Society organizations; (3) to note the progress of Relief Society work in various parts of the world. It is recognized that personal accounts of individuals who have long served Relief Society, or who have otherwise distinguished themselves, are always of great interest, but the space available for "Notes From the Field" is so limited in relation to the number of stakes and missions that it must be reserved for reports on the work of the organization rather than that of individuals.

Wards and branches desiring to submit reports for publication in "Notes From the Field" are requested to send them *through the stake or mission presidents*. It often happens that one or two wards or branches in a stake or mission will send reports on special activities which are being conducted on a stake-wide or mission-wide basis, and, in such instances, it would be to the advantage of the stake or mission to have the report cover the entire activity in the same issue of the *Magazine*, with all participating wards or branches represented.

Reports and photographs should be submitted as promptly as possible after the events described have taken place in order that they may be published while the activities are still of current interest.

Where narrative reports are submitted, with or without accompanying photographs, the name of the stake and ward, or mission and branch, should be given together with the title of the activity reported, the date, and other pertinent data, including the name, address, and position of the person making the report.

Pictures which are submitted for publication can be used only if they are clear and distinct and will make good cuts for reproduction. Black and white glossy prints reproduce most satisfactorily. Pictures should have the following information written clearly on the back:

Name of stake and ward, or mission and branch

Title of picture, stating the activity represented or the purpose of meeting of the group

Date picture was taken

Name, address, and position in Relief Society of person submitting the picture

Identification of persons in the picture should be made on the reverse side. Names should be given from left to right, written clearly, and spelled correctly. The given names of the women should be used, not their husbands' names (for instance, Sarah D. Erickson, not Mrs. James Erickson).

The positions of the executive officers: president, counselors, and secretary-treasurer should always be listed with their names.

If the photograph has reference to some particular activity, such as sewing, visiting teaching, etc., the name of the leader and her position should also be listed.

Material submitted for "Notes From the Field" should be addressed to the General Secretary-Treasurer of Relief Society, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

## BAZAARS, SOCIALS, SINGING MOTHERS



Photograph submitted by Holly W. Fisher

### WESTERN CANADIAN MISSION, GRANDE PRAIRIE BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY CONDUCTS SUCCESSFUL BAZAAR

Left to right: Alice Scott; Hilda Forward; Sister Roberts; Alene Obrian; Irene Scott; Ruby Pierson.

This branch, organized in 1948, with six members, has been very active in Relief Society work. Their bazaar, consisting of several booths of clothing and exquisite handmade articles, together with a food sale, netted this society \$430. All members of the branch assisted in making Christmas toys.

Holly W. Fisher is president of the Western Canadian Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Emily Pollei

EMIGRATION STAKE (UTAH), EAST TWENTY-SEVENTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY HONORS PRESIDENT AMY BROWN LYMAN ON HER BIRTHDAY  
February 7, 1950

Left to right: Viola Walton; Adeline Jensen; May Thiriot; Mildred Higham; Madelyn Hodson; Grace Rawlinson; Vilate Peterson; Marintha Williams; Cornelia Monson; Corene Chamberlain; Fern Newman; Rowene Obert; President Amy Brown Lyman; Anna Ohlson; Mina Wignall; Florence Noakes; Nan Bullen; Geneva Barton; Tessie Solitti; Emily Pollei, President, East Twenty-Seventh Ward Relief Society.

President Lyman is the literature class leader in her ward, where her alert and active mind and her faithful service are an example and inspiration to all.

Winniefred Manwaring is president of Emigration Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Twila Isaac

PALMYRA STAKE (UTAH), BIRDSEYE BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR  
December 2, 1949

Front row, seated, left to right: Nora Mitchell, First Counselor; Callie Lasson, President; Maurine Jackson, Second Counselor; Mabel Lasson, Secretary-Treasurer.

Back row, standing, left to right: Francis Oberhansley; Allie Oberhansley; Sula Lasson; Oleah Mitchell; Rachel Spencer; Betty Tibbs; Iva McKean; Betty Howard; Louise Spencer; Edith Lasson.

Members not present when picture was taken: Ethel Houtz; Lucille Mitchell; Quetta Dixon.

These women travel from one to ten miles to attend Relief Society meetings—rain or shine. Their successful bazaar, illustrated above, brought them \$265. Rugs, quilts, embroidered pillow cases, dish towels, aprons, and many other attractive articles were displayed.

Twila A. Isaac is president of Palmyra Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by May W. Andrus

#### NORTH IDAHO FALLS STAKE (IDAHO), VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT SOCIAL

Front row, left to right: Maggie Harker, a visiting teacher for 43 years; Mary Maxfield, 35 years; Nola Clayton, 44 years; Mildred Hudman, 50 years.

Second row, left to right: Annie Robinson, 40 years; Esther Hammer, 55 years; Daisy Larsen, 50 years; Elsie Gardner, 49 years.

Back row, left to right: Mary Myler, 40 years; Adelaide Westerburg, 40 years; Lenora Ottesen, 53 years; Elsie Gardner, 49 years.

May W. Andrus, President, North Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society, reports that many of the visiting teachers in her stake have served faithfully for very long periods of time. "An almost unbelievable total of more than eleven hundred years would be the sum of the service devoted by the twenty-eight visiting teachers of the North Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society, if their individual records were added together. Among those honored at a recent social held in connection with the visiting teachers convention, who do not appear in the above photograph, were Mabel Fillmore, who has served 45 years; Elizabeth Godfrey, 37 years; Anna Jacobsen, 51 years; Ellen Fowler, 41 years; Alzada Crook, 40 years; Magdalena Hirschi, 40 years; Sarah Thompson, 38 years; Edith Southwick, 44 years; Lydia Thueson, 50 years; Hannah S. Tueller, 52 years; Lydia Walker, 50 years; Millie Horkley, 50 years; Eliza White, 49 years; Sarah Hathaway, 41 years; Sarah Byram, 59 years; Luvina Miskin, 36 years.



Photograph submitted by Martha W. Brown

CENTRAL STATES MISSION, ARKANSAS CITY (ARKANSAS) BRANCH  
RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, December 3, 1949

Left to right: Dorthy Hunter Chapman; Ivy Hunter; little Mary Jane Welch; Marie Welch; Rosie Nickle; Secretary-Treasurer Julia Boehner; President Donna White; First Counselor Preseline Richardson; acting Second Counselor Betty Hale; Dorothy Beck; Bobbie Jean Glover.

Standing at the right, Elder Hale.

Martha W. Brown is president of the Central States Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Louisa Stephens

MONTPELIER STAKE (IDAHO), MONTPELIER SECOND WARD RELIEF  
SOCIETY BAZAAR, November 4, 1949

Note the quilts in the background and the display of beautiful hand-embroidered pillowslips. The dolls, doll dresses, house plants, and many handy miscellaneous articles made this an unusually interesting bazaar.

The officers of the Montpelier Second Ward are: President Bertha Montague; First Counselor Lillian Phelps; Second Counselor Evelyn Kunz; Secretary-Treasurer Velda Derricott.

Louisa Stephens is president of Montpelier Stake Relief Society.





Photograph submitted by Erma M. Dixon

EAST MILL CREEK STAKE (UTAH), CUMMINGS WARD SINGING  
MOTHERS PRESENT CANTATA "THE MUSIC OF BETHLEHEM"  
December 14, 1949

Front row, left to right: Afton Haslam; Miriam Jensen; Afton Green, chorister; Mildred Thiede; Jennie Naish.

Second row, left to right: Lucy Jones, President; Virginia Fisher; Elsie Bowring, Counselor; Morjorie Eskelsen; Ellis Lindgren; Kathryn Sorenson, Counselor; Florence Monson; Mona Gourley, organist.

Third row, left to right: Edith Tyler; Rebecca Rogers; Amy Painter; Maysell Goble; Mary Donaldson; Mae Bergstrom; Vivian Rice; Myrtle Russell; Gertrude Lockwood.

Back row, left to right: Edna Buchanan; Betty Wanberg; Lillis Wilkens; Margaret Pace; Alta Boulware, Secretary-Treasurer; Ada Schneider; Josephine Davis; Beverly Stutsnegger.

Erma M. Dixon is president of East Mill Creek Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Reva E. Wicker

SOUTH DAVIS STAKE (UTAH), BOUNTIFUL FIFTH WARD RELIEF  
SOCIETY VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE 100 PER CENT RECORD  
FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS

Reva E. Wicker, President, South Davis Stake Relief Society, reports that the sisters of this group are known for their happy approach, their faithfulness, and their integrity. Every home in the ward has been visited every month regularly for a year and a half, without exception.

The ward bishop, Lloyd Parkin, stands left, at the back.



Photograph submitted by Clarissa B. Ward

BEAR LAKE STAKE (IDAHO), FISH HAVEN WARD RELIEF SOCIETY  
MEMBERS MAKE A WELFARE QUILT, January 23, 1950

In circle, around quilt, left to right: Erma Stock; Secretary-Treasurer Vera Kearl; Hattie Finley; Ruth Beyeler; First Counselor Fern Pope; President Rose Smith; Second Counselor Rozella Erickson; work director Effie Stock; Orean Stock; Ethel Perkins.

Clarissa B. Ward is president of Bear Lake Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Mary H. Smith

HAWAIIAN MISSION, HILO DISTRICT RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR  
November 5, 1949

Members of Hilo District Relief Society Board and branch Relief Society presidents, left to right: Amoe Ah-Moo; Kate Simmons; Annie Iankea; Hannah Cardejon; Amy Chun Akana; Mary H. Smith, President Hawaiian Mission Relief

Society; Edith Kanakaole, President, Hilo District Relief Society; Becky Kanuha, First Counselor; Lydia Ishibashi, Second Counselor; Cheyo Myers, Secretary-Treasurer; Eva Malo.

Included in this beautiful display are shell leis, koa calabash, lauhala floor mats, lamp shades made of lauhala, crocheted bedspreads and doilies. The unusually attractive quilts in the background were made with applique and were beautifully quilted in fine, close designs.



Photograph submitted by Zelda Wakefield

NORTHWESTERN STATES MISSION, SPRINGFIELD (OREGON) BRANCH  
RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, November 1949

Edith Green, Southern Oregon District Secretary; Ruth Barnhurst, Secretary-Treasurer, Springfield Branch Relief Society; Bertha Johnson, work leader; Vivian Morris, Second Counselor; Zelda Wakefield, President; Della Nelson, District President; Miriam Johnson, First Counselor.

Georgina Richards is president of the Northwestern States Mission Relief Society.

---

*The Birth of Harvest*

Margaret B. Shomaker

The barren orchard blooms from winter snow  
And flawless pink-white petals grace the bough  
In carved perfection like a cameo;  
Till undeveloped ovules form, and now  
The bees suck deep inside the velvet shell,  
Touch light the anther pollen from the wing,  
For nature's secret only time will tell;  
The birth of harvest comes in buds of spring.

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**Our April Short  
Story Writers**

Nellie Iverson Cox, St. George, Utah, lives on a ranch and is the mother of six children. Mrs. Cox describes her literary activities as being, at present, a hobby. "My first baby's first pair of shoes was bought with the money I received from the sale of my first poem. Only recently have I attempted story writing and have had two accepted for publication. My poetry has appeared in five different publications and I am at present writing the history of my grandfather, Hans Peter Iverson, a pioneer of 1861 in the "Cotton Mission" of Southern Utah. He wrote poetry, too, and I call his story 'Poet and Pioneer.'"

Sylvia Probst Young, Midvale, Utah, tells us that the needs of her family put writing in a secondary place, and she has other hobbies as well. "Reading is one of the most important, some of my dearest friends are books, and the fact that I prefer Charles Dickens and O'Henry to most modern writers, makes me quite old-fashioned, I'm sure. I don't profess to have a 'green thumb,' but I do enjoy gardening—the feel of soil in my fingers and the thrill of watching things grow. But one thing I enjoy most of all is being the mother of three active little boys. That I wouldn't trade for anything in the world."

Blanche Kendall McKey, now living in Washington, D. C., is the sister of Senator Elbert D. Thomas. Her sisters are Kate Thomas (deceased) and Rose Thomas Graham, both gifted writers. As a young girl, Blanche appeared in New York City theatres and on tour as an actress with Richard Mansfield, Sir Henry Irving, and other famous actors. She played Tirzah in *Ben Hur* and Hope Brower in *Eben Holden*, and later married William Richard McKey, who was starring as "Eben." After her husband's death, Blanche, as the widowed mother of two small children, became a school teacher at Weber and Ricks Colleges and, as head of the speech de-

partments, presented many plays, among them being dramas of her own composition. A versatile and talented writer, she has won many awards in poetry, story writing, and dramatic composition, including awards in the Relief Society literary contests, and in 1947 her play "Lamps of Glory" was presented in the Salt Lake Tabernacle.

Pansye H. Powell, a teacher in East High School, Salt Lake City, Utah, is a graduate of the University of Missouri and has studied also at Columbia University. Her son Michael is now a student at the University of Utah. A poet of distinction and excellent craftsmanship, Mrs. Powell has been awarded many prizes, including four awards in the League of Utah Writers' contests. In 1949 she placed third in national competition for the Huckleberry Contest prizes. Her poetry has appeared in many anthologies, her sonnets being particularly meritorious. Mrs. Powell, a member of the Art Barn Poets and the Poets of the Pacific, is busily engaged in furthering the cause of good poetry in her work as chairman of Observance of Poetry Day in Utah. "A Chaperon for Miss Fanny" is Mrs. Powell's second published story.

---

### *Beyond Discovering*

Dorothy J. Roberts

This thought must rest forever,  
A white bird with folded wing,  
Bending the long bough of silence,  
Beyond discovering.

### *Announcement*

Hilda V. Cameron

In the first warm light of morning  
I heard a robin sing,  
Calling to its love mate  
Announcing that it's spring.

My heart responded quickly  
And I, too, began to sing,  
For bird-song, like spring fever,  
Is a most contagious thing.



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## From Near and Far

A friend of mine likes the February issue of the *Magazine* so well that she is eager to have a copy, so I am enclosing a check to have the *Magazine* sent to her for a year. She mentioned the beautiful set-up of the *Magazine*, Anna's article ("The Enjoyment of Literature," by Anna Prince Redd), and said it was especially interesting and well written, also the one by Inez Bagnell ("I Know Where You Are"), and also "A Letter From Mother" (by Clara Horne Park), and she even read the lessons. She thought the second prize story ("The House That Jim Built," by Norma Wrathall) very well written and interesting all the way through and enjoyed the humor. I also think it was very well written. I believe each issue of the *Magazine* gets better. Incidentally, I have had letters from two young missionaries about my story ("Grass in the Market Place," first prize story, Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest, January, 1950). I've never had so much fan mail. One man addressed me as *Noted Writer*, Boise, Idaho. The emphasis was his.

—Dorothy Clapp Robinson  
Boise, Idaho

The poem "Lines to Lincoln" (February 1950, page 82) by Josephine J. Harvey, was read in our Sunday School by Elder Lawlor. It was most appropriate, being Lincoln's birthday. I take *The Relief Society Magazine* and it is very nice and I like the good stories in it.

—Dorette Shandley,  
Niagara Falls, New York

The reaction of my friends and acquaintances to my little story "I Know Where You Are" in the February issue touched me deeply. It renewed my hope that I might always write material that I am proud to have as my own and that might appear in a magazine of the high caliber of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

—Inez Bagnell  
Kamas, Utah

I can't resist mentioning the contributors to our *Magazine* who have been doing very outstanding work recently. I saw in the February *Good Housekeeping* a lovely poem, "Song for a Daughter," by Margery S. Stewart. Also, Katherine F. Larsen has recently placed a poem with *Ladies' Home Journal*. Eva Willes Wangsgaard, a very active writer, is continually winning national poetry contests, and Christie Lund Coles is known to many national magazines. Many Salt Lake City people were recently thrilled by Luacine Clark Fox's charming comedy-drama, "Cinderella," produced at the Bryant Junior High School. Continued success to our contributors!

—Dorothy J. Roberts  
Salt Lake City, Utah

I am an ardent fan of *The Relief Society Magazine* and have enjoyed the serial stories "Joanna" (by Margery S. Stewart, 1949) and "Dark in the Chrysalis" (by Alice Morrey Bailey, beginning in January 1950). All of your stories and poems seem to have such a heart-warming, sincere quality. I have found the story "You Can Learn" (by Katherine Kelly, October and November 1949 and January and March 1950) to be most entertaining. Surely the author must be relating true happenings. I have missed these stories so much in the last few issues. Aren't we going to go through the alphabet with Kate? I hope so!

—Mrs. Leo L. Weeks,  
Los Angeles, California

I am only a year old in the Church, but they keep me very busy. The *Magazine* is a comfort and it inspires me to do my best. I hate to miss a single issue.

—Mrs. Lucille Ashton,  
Prineville, Oregon

*The Relief Society Magazine* is a periodical which I cherish and read from cover to cover.

—Clara J. DeGraff,  
Provo, Utah

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## *Songs for David*

Lael W. Hill

Where are the songs that were never sung  
For David, when he was very young?

I. He with his bonny look, his winsome ways,  
Was never cradled in silence. Yet—and yet—  
The lyrics that were for him those first earth-days,  
To tell of his darkling eyes, now I forget;  
And the dimpled arms, and the mischief in his smiles  
Were never told in the lilt of singing words,  
Were never written for him, in afterwhiles  
To read and remember, as chittering of small birds . . . .  
*All the songs that David ought to know  
Are gone where the small, pink dawn-clouds go.*

II. His voice, as he learned the sound of spoken thought,  
Was a trickle of music, young and eager brook;  
And when he faltered his first step, were there not  
Elf-patterings at his side? But there is no book  
Full of picture-words that might someday have been  
For him and all other Davids to enjoy.  
Now where are the lost songs hidden, where locked in,  
Since he is no longer so small a curious boy?  
*His mother was busy about their home,  
And the little songs drifted away like foam.*

III. He ran through fields, like a puppy in his play;  
He found the underneath of sun-warm stones,  
A world of quick new creatures . . . Day on day  
Such learning filled his eyes and stretched his bones;  
But not one singing line was ever penned  
To capture his delights when he was small.  
Regretful, now I search my thought's frayed end . . . .  
(David is eight years old, and very tall.)  
*His little self is vanished now,  
Like petals blown from an apple bough.*

And his mother marvels, and sighs, and sings  
Only shadow-songs of remembering.



Josef Muench

RHODODENDRONS

# A Mother's Influence

Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin  
Of the Presiding Bishopric

(Address delivered at the officers meeting in the Assembly Hall on September 29, 1949, of the Annual General Relief Society Conference).

**P**RESIDENT Spafford and sisters, I deem it a high honor to participate with you in this session of your great conference.

I look into your faces and what do I see? I see the finest in motherhood. You represent the best in life, for you live the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in this great Relief Society in which you enjoy membership, you render a Christ-like service, taking care of those who are in distress. And you are responsible for the cultural and spiritual development of the mothers of Israel, and I know of no greater nor more important work.

In thinking of you this morning, words of the ancient writer of Proverbs come to mind. He wrote:

Who can find a virtuous woman for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it, with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. . . . She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her (Proverbs 31: 10-16, 26-28).

I am sure that these words are most applicable to all of you. The most important unit in the Church and in the nation is the home, and you are the homemakers.

Mothers are blessed with a divine something that men do not enjoy. You disseminate a feeling of calmness, of peace, of good will and love. The divine spark in your hearts is one of the attributes which implies partnership with our Heavenly Father.

It is little wonder that the Prophet Joseph declared that one of the duties of the sisters was to provoke the brethren to good works. I, and every man who has achieved in the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ or in any other important field of endeavor, has been provoked to do good, to be energetic, and to achieve his ambition by his mother or wife.

If it were not for you mothers, in many instances, our sons who constitute the Aaronic Priesthood of the Church might not be as intensely interested as they are. And as a member of the Presidency of the Aaronic Priesthood of the Church, I plead with you to provoke your sons to good works in the Priesthood of Almighty God, for therein will be found spiritual security. I am certain that when the Lord said to the officers of this great organization to provoke the brethren to good works, he had in mind your

husbands and your sons. There is no one who can do more with a man, whether he is young or old, than his wife and his mother.

Yours is a great mission in this day when the truth is to be disseminated to all nations, kindreds, tongues, and peoples, to inculcate into the hearts of your sons the desire to go out and serve the Lord in preaching the restored gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ to the world.

In this matter of homemaking, the Relief Society has contributed much. I recall a little mother who lives on the fringe of the Church and who said to me: "I am far away from the body of the Church. I live out here practically alone, but," she said, "you will never know what the courses in the Relief Society mean to me. I can still study the finest things in literature and deeply appreciate them because the Relief Society has worked out a course that I can follow."

It is a wonderful thing that those who reside out in the far reaches of the Church receive inspiration from the courses provided by the general board of the Relief Society. We have often thought that culture is only found in the highly and densely populated areas; but I say that culture is found out on the fringe where the courses as prescribed by your board reach women who study these courses carefully, and who manifest the good that comes from them in their lives, and who teach these fine cultural and spiritual things to their families.

**YOU** mothers, teach your children to pray. It is at your knee that they first become acquainted

with God. At your knee they come to know God in whose image they are created, a God with body, parts, and passions. It seems that our concept of God teaches the most simple lessons to children, something that is tangible and understandable.

I recall a mother who was seriously ill. She became so ill that her life was despaired of, and out of anxiety relatives and friends crowded the house. Two children had to remain outside—a boy thirteen years of age and a girl eleven. They listened to the screams of pain, one saying: "Let us pray for mother."

They could not go into the house. The only place left was the coal shed. Kneeling down among the lumps of coal, the thirteen-year-old boy and the eleven-year-old girl supplicated God that their mother might be restored.

Before the sun went down that day, that mother was relieved of the pain and she was restored to her children. The Lord answered the supplication of the children. But there was more than that to it. That mother had taught her children to pray from the time they were able to speak a word, and out of her teachings they developed a profound faith in their Heavenly Father; and the mother received a much-needed blessing, the reward for teaching prayer in the home.

Relief Society leaders have much to do in the matter of instructing our mothers as to what kind of reading material should be available in the home. You have no doubt observed the various kinds of reading material that are now available, much of it having to do with sen-

sationalism, such as crime and sex problems, and, unfortunately, much of this trash is being read by young people and older ones, too.

I have thought that it would be a fine thing if in each ward in this Church the Relief Society might conduct a survey to determine what kind of reading material is available to youth in Latter-day Saint homes. I hope such a survey would not shock us; but, on the other hand, I would not be surprised if you would find some of this worldly and obscene literature.

You have a great responsibility, advising and counseling the mothers of Israel to provide the right kind of reading material. After all, the things we read become the thoughts we think, and the thoughts we think, at some future time, are expressed in deeds of good or evil.

It is wonderful to teach our children to use the right kind of words. I am thinking now of taking the Lord's name in vain and of using profanity. And may I say that profanity is becoming common among women as well as among men. When a child hears a mother use a word that does not express something of culture and refinement, the child may pick up the word and use it.

**S**OME people who are well educated and seem to have had fine cultural training, fail in this matter of choosing the right kind of words. I recall an experience I had while traveling to the Seattle Stake several years ago of meeting a young lady who sat across from me in a Pullman car. Out of our conversation I decided that she was intelligent and cultured, that she had a good mind.

She informed me that she was a graduate of one of the universities of Montana. Later she went down the aisle of the car and commenced playing cards with some soldiers. In the course of the game she must have made a mistake, and when it was drawn to her attention she ripped out an oath, an oath that I had not heard since my boyhood days when we owned mules. In fact, I had forgotten mule language until this supposedly well-cultured and brilliant young woman used profanity at its worst.

She came down the aisle of the car a little later. Taking her seat very timidly, she said to me: "I suppose I am in the doghouse."

I said: "No, of course not," but I thought to myself, no respectable dog would have you in his house.

So this matter of choosing words during childhood and adolescent days is most important.

Mothers in Israel should be kind. Kindness is the essence of the spirit of God, and in any home where kindness does not abound we find the negative spirit, that spirit which breeds contempt, anger, faultfinding, and criticism. However, I am quite sure that in the home of every real Latter-day Saint mother, the predominant influence is that of kindness.

Latter-day Saint mothers should keep their children busy. If there is one curse in the world today, it is the curse of idleness. And one of the sad things about it is that there are those in high places in government who advocate idleness through the plans they propose to fasten on the American people. We have too much leisure time. Leisure

time breeds idleness, and idleness, in turn, leads people, both young and old, into paths that cause difficulty and trouble. Recreation—yes, in its place and in the home under the direction of father and mother, where father and mother participate. And the time will come when youth leaves the home, goes out into the world, then recreation should be found first in the ward and in the stake, where Latter-day Saint ideals are upheld under the supervision of the Priesthood of God.

It is unfortunate that in our midst there are such recreational centers, not sponsored by the Church, where young people are told, "Here is the basketball, here is the other equipment for such games as you care to play, and you will find the cigarettes here."

I hope the mothers of Israel will be on guard to the extent that when their sons and daughters go out they will know where they are going and do all they can to persuade them from frequenting any place where tobacco or alcohol is used.

**M**OTHERS in Israel, teach your children the law of virtue as it is taught by the restored Church of Jesus Christ. There is but one standard for men and for women, and rather than lose one's virtue, better one lose his life, for at least he will die clean in the sight of God.

No nation can endure when its citizenry becomes immoral, for immorality brings with it all the weaknesses that destroy spiritual, physical, and mental strength. The Lord declared to the Prophet Joseph, "I will have a clean people, and I

will chasten them until they become clean before me."

I hope that Israel will never be chastened by the Lord because of uncleanness, but that by living the law of virtue as God has given it to us, we can be looked upon by him as a peculiar people. Any people who are sweet, clean, and have the highest ideals with reference to virtue are a peculiar people. We can become a peculiar people if we live up to our covenants with the Lord. We will be clean and loyal to our chosen life's companion, not only a companion in life, but throughout eternities to come.

Give consideration to faith in God, mothers in Israel, obedience to his commandments, virtue, industry, frugality, care of family, words of wisdom given in the spirit of kindness, gospel teachings, and out of it all there will preside in Latter-day Saint homes the kind of a mother that God wants the mothers in Israel to be, the kind of a mother best described in the words of Elbert Hubbard:

It requires two to make a home. The first home was made when a woman, cradling in her loving arms a baby, crooned a lullaby. All the tender sentimentality we throw around the place is the result of the sacred thought that we live there with someone else. It is our home. The home is a tryst, a place where we retire and shut the world out. Lovers make a home just as the birds make a nest, and unless a man knoweth the spell of the divine gift, I can hardly see how he can know a home at all, for, of all blessings, no gift equals the gentle, trusting, loving companionship of a good woman.

God bless you and sustain you always, I humbly ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.



# The Household of Faith

Vesta P. Crawford

Associate Editor, *Relief Society Magazine*

**M**ANY people have long believed that there is a pattern in the adversities that perplex our lives and sometimes turn them into channels of trial and difficulty. A great poet once wrote: "Sweet are the uses of adversity." There are many noble souls who rise above personal tragedies and stand before their families and their friends as valiant ones. But there are few, indeed, who have builded something beautiful and strong and radiant out of adversity.

I shall long remember a day in the early spring of this year when I visited a family who have achieved a united victory over a great sorrow, who have found a peace so beautiful and a faith so strong that these qualities radiate far beyond the walls of that home and the hearts of that family.

The wide-windowed house, close to Provo's high eastern mountains, faced the south, and I walked slowly toward the door. Something of the woman's story was already known to me—certain facts and events of her life. And also it was known that her earth life was drawing to its close and that the disease which had afflicted her for seven years had now almost completed its work. That there would be sorrow in this home, I had expected, but nothing in my life had prepared me for the sharing of the rich and beautiful spirit which permeated that home and all of its members—a spirit of

trust and serenity so great that it had overcome the approach of death and had placed our earth existence in its proper element in the spheres of eternity.

It seemed strange, at first, to hear someone playing the piano beyond the closed door. As I learned later, the oldest girl, nineteen, was teaching one of her pupils. The notes were beautiful and not loud, however, and I felt, even then, an impression of harmony and peace.

A dear little grandmother opened the door to me, her sweet, round face revealing an aged and gentle wisdom. Later, she said she was eighty-three, the mother of the woman who was so ill in the east bedroom, the grandmother of the five children of this household. A shaft of afternoon sunlight struck her white hair, wound high on her head, shining and lovely, and in that moment I realized more poignantly than ever before the beauty that an aged woman wears, gracious and wise and etched by the years.

The sick woman's only sister was there, also, to assist in the household and lend her strength to one who greatly needed all that could be given her. Capable and kind, she exemplified the ideal image many of us hold in mind as a picture of a true Latter-day Saint woman who earnestly believes and makes belief a part of her life. This sister, a stake Relief Society president, was all that such an ideal might em-

body, and she moved with quiet steps to lead me into the east bedroom.

I shall never forget the lovely blue eyes of the little mother who lay so quietly on the high bed, unable to turn or move. She spoke haltingly, made me welcome, expressed her appreciation.

If her strength had been great enough that afternoon, no doubt she would have explained to me, as she had to another visitor a week before, that no one should feel sorry for her. Her life, she confided, had been satisfying and complete, full of joy and fulfillment. Her parents, of the best of pioneer lineage, had trained her carefully in the principles of the gospel. In her father's house she had had the security of love and devotion. She had fulfilled a mission for the Church, had married a returned missionary, and with him had made a home and welcomed six children. One of her sons had died in early childhood. "He may now be in need of me," she said. The youngest child, a son, had been born two months after the mother had undergone a major operation in an effort to halt the disease which had proved to be so persistent.

**B**UT the little mother, Virginia, did not say much about the illness which had defeated her body. Rather, she spoke of all that life had given her. She had enjoyed the privilege of rearing her children as Latter-day Saints, the dear routine of Primary and Sunday School, and the blessing of the sacrament meeting, the preparation of lessons and talks and booklets, and the deep

growing of childish testimonies. She recalled work as a Relief Society teacher, the years when her husband served as a ward bishop, the full, rich years. But this day it was difficult for her to talk.

She was very tired and so I moved away. The thought kept recurring . . . she is young to leave her home and her children.

But this, too, she had explained on that other day to another visitor . . . . That this life is only a brief event in the Father's reckoning of time; that they would be united again, husband and wife, children, relatives, and friends; that they would know again the dear bonds of unity which held them together upon the earth. And all the loved ones of the family would surely come, eventually, to join the one who first made the journey.

This thought, almost too deep for words, was interrupted for me by the two youngest children, a boy, six, and a girl seven, coming home from school. And, of course, the first thing they did was to look for mother. They came in quietly and edged up to the bed, their bright faces glowing with health. The mother reached out her hand towards them and her blue eyes lighted up.

Soon Virginia's mother and sister showed me some of the fourteen needle point chair covers which Virginia made during her illness—handwork so exquisite and of such quality that it will adorn the home for many years to come. They also brought out a Doctor's academic robe which Virginia had made for her husband. The workmanship was faultless, all the rows of difficult

smocking, the velvet stripes, sewed carefully and accurately by hand. From her bed, also, Virginia had directed the affairs of the household, even doing the mending and the hand sewing on her children's clothing, trying right up to the last to be a good mother, a thoughtful wife, an accomplished housekeeper.

And she had completed a very special project, intended to be a lasting gift for each member of her family.

Perhaps, in moments of wondering, it has occurred to most of us—what would we do with our last earthly weeks of time if we knew that our stay was limited to narrow bounds of days?

Virginia's answer expressed beautifully her philosophy of life that is eternal. For each of her children she had made a book of remembrance, containing photographs and records of the ancestors on both sides of the family; bits of family history, and precious incidents that shaped family attitudes and accomplishments. Each book contained pictures of the son or daughter from babyhood into the developing years, birth certificates, and other records, school mementoes, accounts of birthday parties—the dear familiar events of childhood.

**F**OR her husband, Virginia had collected copies of the talks he gave as ward bishop and some of his other addresses, several of his delightful essays on such subjects as children, gardening, and Church work, his circular letters to his brother and sisters announcing the births of the children. Among the choicest items in the husband's book

were the accounts of his visits to the general Church conferences in Salt Lake City.

The few lines from a circular letter quoted below reveal something of the kindness and humor which characterize the family.

. . . . The summer is pretty well planned, and our whole life for that matter, children everywhere you look, morning, noon, and night. On the stairs, under the table, in the bed, playing the piano, not a dull moment, a real community—home evenings, sores, love affairs, report cards, chiggers, haircuts, food, dish towels, dresses, shoes, and so on . . . . I'm really proud of the kids and the fine mother . . . . We're both healthy and like to be worried with children . . . .

Virginia's own book, systematically and beautifully arranged, was divided into four sections: My Kin—My Story—My Children—Prose and Poetry. She included a tender poem, written to her youngest son, to go with a sweater she had knitted for him while she was in a hospital far away from the little boy:

#### TO LITTLE JOE ON HIS THIRD BIRTHDAY

Each stitch says, "Joe, I do love you."  
Each stitch says, "Be a good boy, too."  
Each stitch a prayer that you will grow  
The goodness of the Lord to know.

Turning the pages of the books, enjoying the word-treasures there, I had not heard Virginia's husband come in, until he called to her from the doorway, "How are you coming, Mom?" Her wide blue eyes answered him and she whispered something as he stood by the bed. Then he showed her the chairs he had just bought for her needle point covers.

Soon the fifteen-year-old girl, tall and lovely, came home from school, and then the eleven-year-old boy, and the family members were together—not just assembled—they were together in a unity of spirit transcending anything I had ever seen—a deep, spiritual oneness, as an eternal family should be.

Saying goodbye to Virginia and her family was not easy, and yet the memory is not a recollection of sorrow or grief in that home, but a

memory of faith triumphant and the spirit of the gospel which had brought comfort and peace to them.

And this, from a letter which the husband wrote long ago to his wife's grandmother in Arizona:

Virginia is a beautiful girl—the beauty of a sunrise in character and face. But you are beautiful, too—the beauty of the sunset in your gray hairs—and your life so mellowed by the years. Sometimes even great artists cannot say which is the more beautiful—the sunrise or the sunset.

Note: This brief tribute to faith and courage concerns Dr. Harold Glen Clark of Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, his children, and his wife Virginia who passed away March 16, 1950.

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## *Pastel of Spring*

Dorothy J. Roberts

But a few days now till spring be over  
 And summer whiten the lanes with clover.  
 Swift were the metamorphoses  
 From the branches' brown cocoons to these  
 Tiny, lifted wings—like feather—  
 Sprouting from every twig. Oh, tether  
 This gauze of bud-lace a moment longer  
 Until the image be made stronger  
 Of this first live pastel of spring,  
 After a year's remembering.

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## *Meditation*

Bessie G. Hale

To him who knows the sweetness  
 Of prayerful quietude,  
 The things which are revealed  
 In lofty solitude,  
 There comes a benediction  
 As of moonlight over land;  
 One feels the very presence  
 Of his gracious, guiding hand.

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## *Art*

Florence Berrett Dunford

Fashioning a poem is like  
 Capturing a moment out of time;  
 The moment lengthens,  
 Becomes a piece of that far horizon,  
 A lost smile—  
 A bit of love's perfection;  
 These are yours to keep,  
 When you write a poem.

# The Recital

Deone R. Sutherland

ON Fridays, Miss Carroway came to give us piano lessons—Richard, Randy, and me.

The doorbell rang, and Mama called from the kitchen, "See who that can be."

Richard opened the door. "It's only Miss Carroway," he called.

"Good afternoon," said Miss Carroway, striding in past Richard through the hall to the living room. She set her brief case on a table and unpinned her hat.

"Good afternoon," said Mama, coming in. "Which of the children would you like to hear first?"

Mama always asked this question, and Miss Carroway always answered, "I think we had better get Richard out of the way first."

"Richard," Mama said, her voice gliding upward on the a-r-d.

We sat down, and Richard, dragging his feet, went to the piano. His shoulders slumped. Miss Carroway unfastened her brief case, took out her music, sat down, and leaned her head back.

"Posture!" she said to Richard. "Now the scales."

Up and down went Richard laboriously, stumbling over the notes. Then he opened his book. He skipped parts of pages now and then, but Miss Carroway didn't seem to notice. She always noticed though when we tried it. Finally Richard said he was through.

"I should think so," said Miss Carroway.

Mama always looked very strained during our piano lessons.

"Your practice record book," said Miss Carroway.

Richard opened it.

"He really practiced the half hour daily," said Mama, "but he doesn't seem to concentrate properly."

Miss Carroway marked the book, assigned the new lesson, arched her hands, and showed Richard how his pieces should go. Thump, thump, went her fingers.

"Now, the girls," said Miss Carroway. She didn't seem to mind us so much. Richard sighed with relief as he sat down by Mama. Mama looked at him despairingly.

We were glad when our lessons were over. "A piano lesson spoils the whole day," decided Richard.

Mama always went through Richard's music lessons with him, but he didn't seem to improve.

"Do you think we should give up?" Mama asked Papa.

"Yes," said Richard.

"No," said Papa.

Randy and I looked pityingly at Richard. "Your soul isn't in it," said Randy, "you have to have depth to play the piano. You don't have any."

Richard held his nose.

The next Friday Miss Carroway announced the pieces we were to prepare for the recital. Richard's was something about spring. "I can't come," said Richard.

"Of course he can come," assured Mama soothingly to Miss Carroway.

"I won't be able to play," gasped Richard with earnestness.

"Yes, you will," declared Mama, looking at Miss Carroway with a strained smile.

"I'll break my arm," said Richard.

"He's had the piece three months," Miss Carroway said, "and there are three more weeks before the recital."

"The recital will be good for him," said Mama; "his father thinks so, too."

AFTER dinner Papa made Richard play his recital piece. Richard went up and down on the piano, repeated, stumbled, crouched, hunched, hammered. Papa looked at Mama doubtfully. Richard got up from the piano bench.

"That's fine, Richard; we'll practice you every night as well as every afternoon, and you'll do fine," Papa promised.

"When do we get to practice?" Randy asked.

"I won't play," said Richard, and he went mournfully to bed.

"If he really doesn't want to?" questioned Mama.

"Nonsense," said Papa, "though I suppose it means we'll have to go to hear him." He sighed and looked at his paper.

Miss Carroway called Mama on Thursday. "I won't be able to give the children their lessons tomorrow; I have quinsy. Since it's so near recital time, I'm going to send my niece, Susan Carroway. She's preparing for concert work, so they'll have an adequate teacher." Miss Carroway's voice faded away entirely so she hung up.

Mama told us that we were to practice especially hard to impress Miss Carroway's niece. We practiced as usual.

On Friday afternoon Miss Carroway's niece came to give us our lessons. She wore a kind of pink velvet tam on the side of her head. "Let me take your coat," Richard said. She wore a pink sweater and a navy blue skirt.

"Thank you," said Susan Carroway, and she smiled two dimples at Richard. Her hair was light and short and fly-away curly. Richard carried the brief case to the table.

"I usually play first," Richard said, "but I hate to because I don't play very well."

"What an understatement," murmured Randy, but Richard never noticed her.

"Oh, I think you'll do fine," encouraged Susan. She pulled her chair over by the piano. Richard opened to his scales.

"No," said Susan, "let's hear the piece."

Richard had been practicing twice as hard all week, but had shown little improvement until now. There was something gentle about the way he approached the music.

Susan played the passages where he stumbled. Then he played them. "Do you feel the difference?" she asked.

"Yes," said Richard fervently.

Randy and I were jealous, but when it was our turn Susan helped us the same way.

"How well you play," said Susan to Randy, "but the run here should go—" and she played it for us. Randy glowed. So did I.

"What a lovely piano lesson," said Mama. "I don't feel so discouraged about the recital now."

"Will you come next time?" asked Richard, standing on one foot.

"If my aunt isn't well enough," answered Susan, putting soft pink gloves on her white hands.

"I'll practice all week," promised Richard, changing feet eagerly, gazing after Miss Carroway's niece. He did, too. We fought for the piano. Thursday morning at five Mama had to hold Papa back to keep him from going into the living room to drag Richard back to bed. We could hear Mama arguing with Papa about it. Richard was using the soft pedal, but we could still hear the piano. Mama explained about Susan Carroway.

"You're improving," Papa said to Richard, "but don't overdo it."

"No sir," answered Richard, exercising his fingers and humming his recital piece.

SUSAN Carroway rang the doorbell on the next Thursday, also. We were waiting for her, watching through the curtains.

"My, how you've all improved," said Susan. "I think you'll all play lovely at the recital. You'll not be late?"

"Oh, no," said Richard emphatically. We waved goodbye.

Afterwards Richard sat and held his music. "I think I'll be a concert pianist," he said.

"Richard can't keep this practicing up much longer," said Papa. "This Susan Carroway must be something to take a piano lesson from."

"Yes, she is." Mama looked worried. "How can this all end?" She began darning our stockings. Richard came in and sat at the piano. It was his turn.

"Richard," Mama said, "I just want you to play well enough for your own enjoyment." She bit her thread.

"Do you think she'll really like this?" Richard asked, playing again.

The Thursday before the recital we made Susan Carroway promise us that she'd be at the recital.

"I wouldn't miss it," said Susan, dimpling for us.

"Can I do anything for you?" asked Richard, as Susan was preparing to leave after this last lesson.

"Just play as well Wednesday night as you played for me just now."

"I will," cried Richard, hanging out of the door, looking after her.

"We will," we cried.

"Of course you will," said Mama. "Now come help me get dinner on. No one is to touch the piano tonight while your father is home. He's been under quite a strain these past two weeks, and he seemed very nervous about your practicing this morning at five, Richard."

But Richard didn't hear her at all, and we hardly heard. We could still smell the perfume of Susan Carroway.

At last it was Wednesday. Randy and I wore ankle-length dresses, which were new. We practiced going to the piano, curtseying to the audience, and then sitting down gracefully. Richard tried on Father's dress suit, but it was far too big, so he just wore Father's bow

tie and shirt front with his own best black suit.

Mama was doubtful about Richard's clothes. "The neck on the shirt is too large, Richard."

"Do I look old?" asked Richard, scowling in the mirror above the fireplace.

"You'd better wear one of your own shirts," said Mama.

Richard looked at her scornfully. "I've never looked better," he declared. He combed his hair again and wiped the comb on his handkerchief. He had put oil on his hair to hold it straight back and flat. He held his music carefully.

"What on earth did you do to your hair?" Papa asked Richard when we went down to the car to go. My stomach felt hollow now that we were at last on our way. Richard kept swallowing and wetting his lips with his tongue. Randy's hands were almost as cold as mine.

**M**AMA and Papa went in through the front door, and we entered a side door. We took off our coats and hung them on hangers. Randy tried to fix Richard's shirt which was dislodged when he took off his overcoat. Miss Carroway assigned everybody seats on the platform. We couldn't see Susan.

"Isn't your niece going to be here?" Richard planted himself in front of Miss Carroway.

"Of course," said Miss Carroway, who kept dashing back and forth very busily. "She's going to be in the audience. Everyone ready now?"

We lined up. The audience clapped politely as we went onto the platform. My program was wrinkled

from my damp hand. Richard wadded his into a ball.

We stared out at the audience. I picked out Mama and Papa. Papa was staring back hard at us; then I noticed he was staring at Richard. Papa looked very flustered. I looked at Richard. He looked quite odd in Papa's dress shirt. Richard had to keep pushing it up because of the large neck size. Papa leaned over and said something to Mama; she shook her head and frowned. She didn't look at us at all.

Miss Carroway was announcing that the program was to be carried out as written on the programs. Then the music began. The less advanced students played first. We had our pieces memorized, but Richard kept looking at his piece which he had brought to review until the last moment. He also kept searching the audience.

The door at the back of the hall finally opened, and Susan Carroway slipped in. A tall man in a tweed overcoat followed. They sat in seats at the rear.

Richard straightened up, stared wildly, and then slumped back in his seat. Randy and I both had to poke him when it was his turn. He went awkwardly to the piano and slouched on the seat. He began, stumbled, and came to a halt. He had forgotten!

Randy picked up his music and took it over to him. "What's the matter with you?" she hissed. Richard scowled at her and opened his music. I looked at Papa who had slid way down so I could hardly see him. Mama had fixed her eye on a chandelier.

Richard began again and went



clear through without a mistake. I played and then Randy, and at last it was all over. Mama and Papa came up to us. "That was fine," said Papa heartily. "Richard, why don't you put on your overcoat? Ready to go, girls?"

We were. It was fun now that it was all over. Susan Carroway made her way up to the front where we were. She brought the tall man with her. "My fiance," she explained. "Why, where is Richard?" He had slipped back into the cloak room.

I went for him. "You have to come out, Richard," I said.

Richard came out. "You played very well," said Susan smiling, and she shook hands with him. Richard looked very stiff and pale, but he shook hands.

"Well," said Papa when we were all going home, "what kind of sundaes do you want?" We chose hot fudge, but Richard didn't say anything.

"Richard?" asked Papa.

"Not any kind," said Richard, but when we drove up, he said maybe he'd have a fudge one.

Mama let us have a brief holiday from practicing the piano, and then we had to start again. Thump, thump, went Richard doing his scales.

"I'm glad there won't be another recital for a whole year," said Mama.

"Me too," said Richard tiredly, stumbling over his new piece, keeping one eye on the clock. He was back to practicing one half hour a day.

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## *The Childless Mother*

Christie Lund Coles

I take no honor from the many who  
 Are mothers and who wear their motherhood  
 With grace as beautiful as candle-glow,  
 Whose hands are swift in doing constant good.  
 And yet, I know for certain there are those  
 Who truly would be mothers and who ache  
 Deeply within themselves when seeing rows  
 Of girls in dresses that their mothers make.  
 For they are mothers to each lonely child  
 In neighborhood or church. They smile, they teach,  
 They encompass with love. Unreconciled,  
 They crave always this thing beyond their reach.

So, on this day, honoring another,  
 I pay a tribute to each childless mother.

# A Converts' Granddaughter Returns

## Part I

*Helen and Cyril Pearson*

I'M never likely to forget Valentine's Day, 1948. That's when our European trip had its inception. The telephone was ringing. It was one of the fellows at my husband's office in New York.

"Hold the line a moment," he said, "your husband Cy wants to speak to you."

My woman's curiosity was aroused. First of all, I don't like the nickname "Cy," but I've learned to put up with it. It was Cy all right.

"I'm going to Europe on company business," he said, "how'd you like to go along? We'll cross the Atlantic by the Queen Elizabeth—New York to Southampton, then up to London. Have a look at Hyde Park, and then wander over to Upper Brook Street at Horsehoe Yard, next door to the old home of Handel the composer. At number 6 Horseshoe Yard we'll find European Mission Headquarters. Then take the Golden Arrow train to Paris by way of the white cliffs of Dover."

"Don't forget Switzerland," I cut in, rising to the bait like a game trout to a hackle, "and Scandinavia, and Holland, and Belgium. By the way, when do we start, and how much is the ocean fare?"

"Leave New York on the Elizabeth, April 14th," Cy said, "round-trip cabin fare costs four hundred and fifty dollars."

And that's how it came about that the converts' granddaughter came to visit the land of her forefathers.

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IF once you have traveled by ship to Europe, as a missionary, you have a memorable contrast in store when you go by our ship, the "Lizzie," as the Queen Elizabeth is called, which is a floating palace. If the Hotel Utah had a twin, and the two of them could cruise together like an iceberg at thirty knots, you'd have a good comparison with the luxurious "Liz." A woman passenger expressed it well when she asked the deck steward, "When does this place reach England?"

The ship was in the lower Hudson opposite the Aquarium formerly known as Castle Garden, the European immigrant station of former times. You might call Castle Garden the Plymouth Rock of nineteenth century Zion. Tens of thousands of immigrant Mormons, with the gospel's burning zeal in their bosoms, have debarked at Castle Garden from vessels of sail and steam.

After passing Ambrose Light and you're out on open sea, it takes a good share of the afternoon to get settled in the small stateroom that will be your home for the five days until the Queen reaches a not-so-"merrie England." The officials check passports, distribute infor-

mation forms to be filled out, and keep you busy with a dozen other chores, including assignment of seats at the dining table. It's not till evening that you go out on deck to look at the brilliant moon and stars. The rain clouds have departed and the sky is as clear as night over the Arizona desert. Nearly a century ago your own grandparents were voyaging westward over this very sea—destination Zion in the Rocky Mountains, just like all the others who made the same journey in the past century.

According to the sailors aboard a modern ocean liner, each crossing of the Atlantic is either the roughest ever made or it's the smoothest. The sailors never admit that a crossing is perhaps just in between. It wouldn't be fair to the passengers, a grizzled steward remarks with a smile. Our voyage is the smoothest. The Liz's first stop is Cherbourg, France. Then she doubles back to Southampton. Contrariwise, landing day in Southampton is as sunny as embarkation in New York was rainy. The boat train is waiting to take us to London.

There's a catch verse in an old-fashioned reader that you used to think was a little oversweet. It ran. "Oh, to be in England now that April's there." Now you know the author wrote the truth. "This day is one of a dozen that've happened in England since the Middle Ages," a Londoner tells you facetiously. The mountain blooms of Provo Bench on the fairest day of a century couldn't surpass old Grandmother Britain today. The

English fruit trees, hundreds of thousands of them, are literally weighted down with pink and white blossoms, drenched by hot sun. The train is racing through Hampshire. You wonder how many missionaries from the time of Heber C. Kimball till now have made this trip to London and have labored in these very towns. You recall that John Taylor, the only President of the Church who wasn't born in America, came from

. . . this scepter'd isle. . . .  
 This other Eden, demi-paradise;  
 This fortress built by Nature for herself. . . .  
 This precious stone set in the silver sea. . . .  
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,  
 this England.  
 (William Shakespeare, *Richard II*,  
 act 2, scene 1)

IT'S an hour and a half from Southampton to London's Waterloo Station, but you begin to scent the air of London about the time you reach Wimbledon, celebrated in the sports world as the great tennis center. London's an unknown big city, so you profit by past experience and take a taxi to your hotel on Piccadilly. Piccadilly is next to Hyde Park, where our Latter-day Saint missionaries hold forth at open-air meetings. Speaking Corner in Hyde Park is just next to Marble Arch, and it's just five minutes walk to Selfridge's American Style Department Store on Oxford Street. You can pick up a good American breakfast at Selfridge's. Marble Arch is the site of a bloody London gallows of the Middle Ages, so it's literally true that the sound of the voices of Lat-



LATTER-DAY SAINT OPEN AIR MEETING, HYDE PARK, LONDON

ter-day Saint elders, proclaiming the gospel at their Hyde Park meetings, carries right to one of the strongholds of ancient English tyranny.

On your first trip to Hyde Park, about seven in the evening, you meet the elders for the first time out, and you look on firsthand at the test by fire of a Hyde Park meeting. In a sense, the gibes of the crowd aren't personal, but the new missionary has to have the spirit of the Lord with him if he's going to stand up to his hecklers.

"Prove there's a God," bawls an atheist.

The presiding elder, an ex-United States Army bomber pilot, once stationed as a soldier in this very London, is willing to discuss the existence of God, and he does. At a favorable moment he asks a new missionary to embark on his speaking career.

"Tell them of the first vision," the experienced elder suggests.

The newcomer relates very simply, albeit a trifle haltingly, how the Father and Son, in response to the boy Joseph's prayer, visited the earth.

A raucous cockney in the crowd yells at the young elder, "You warn't there! Hi don't believe a word of it!"

A man in the crowd, sympathetic to the missionary, chides the heckler, "Leave the Mormon be! Maybe I don't believe it either, but I'll give 'im a chance."

This little dramatic clash makes the crowd perk up. Other people surge over to see what's going on. Quietly the ex-pilot missionary takes over from his less experienced colleague. He asks the interrupter, "Have you ever been at the North Pole?"

The crowd gets the point, and there's a modest clapping of hands and even a "Hear! Hear!" from the listening audience.

As you take the trip by bus from London to Oxford and from Oxford to Stratford on Avon, you see the breed of folk who have lived on these farms and fields since the time of the Saxons. One cannot help thinking how much Stratford-on-Avon resembles a New England village. There is no place in Utah quite similar to Stratford. Perhaps Logan, with the college taken away, would be most like it. Yet out of little countrified Stratford, in the sixteenth century, came the world's supreme literary genius.

Shakespeare's life is still an enigma. Perhaps the Latter-day Saint doctrine of the pre-existence would explain the life and works of the bard of Avon.

**YOU'D** like to stay longer in England, but you've got to move to France. So you begin the journey from London to Dover's white cliffs. Your train, the Golden Arrow, compares favorably with America's best. You reach Paris on the evening of April 30th, just in time for May Day, and you have your reservations at the Hotel California, just off the Champs Elysees, the Fifth Avenue of Paris. Paris is laid out like Washington, D. C., or, more properly, Washington is laid out like Paris, since the American capital was planned by a Parisian architect. As a lady missionary put it, if you know your way around Paris, you can get to your destination on the bias.

"But, Sister," she said to me, "if you don't know your way around Paris, stick to first principles. Other-



ANN HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE, STRATFORD ON AVON, ENGLAND

wise you'll end up where you're least expecting!"

For example, the intersection of streets at the *Etoile* in Paris reminds one of Washington's Dupont Circle. French Mission headquarters were formerly at 8 Place Malesherbes. You walk along the *Champs* to Napoleon's Arc de Triomphe at the *Etoile*, and then take Avenue Wagram, which leads you to Boulevard Malesherbes, near which is 8 Place Malesherbes. Incidentally, when you reach your location, you find memorial statues to Sarah Bernhardt and Alexander Dumas in a park next door to former mission headquarters of "L'Eglise de Jesus Christ des Saints des Derniers Jours," as our Church is known in France.

In Paris each apartment house is under charge of a caretaker. The caretaker is generally a woman known as a *concierge*. The *concierge* at 8 Place Malesherbes tells you that French Mission headquarters have been transferred to Geneva in Switzerland, but that services in Paris are held at 184 St. Germain Boulevard, on the left bank of the Seine. We start for the St. Germain address.

To use a phrase well-known to Latter-day Saints, the weather continues to be of the kind that might be described as "paradisial." Over here they say, "Paris in the spring!" and let it go at that, but it has a special meaning to the Continental mind.

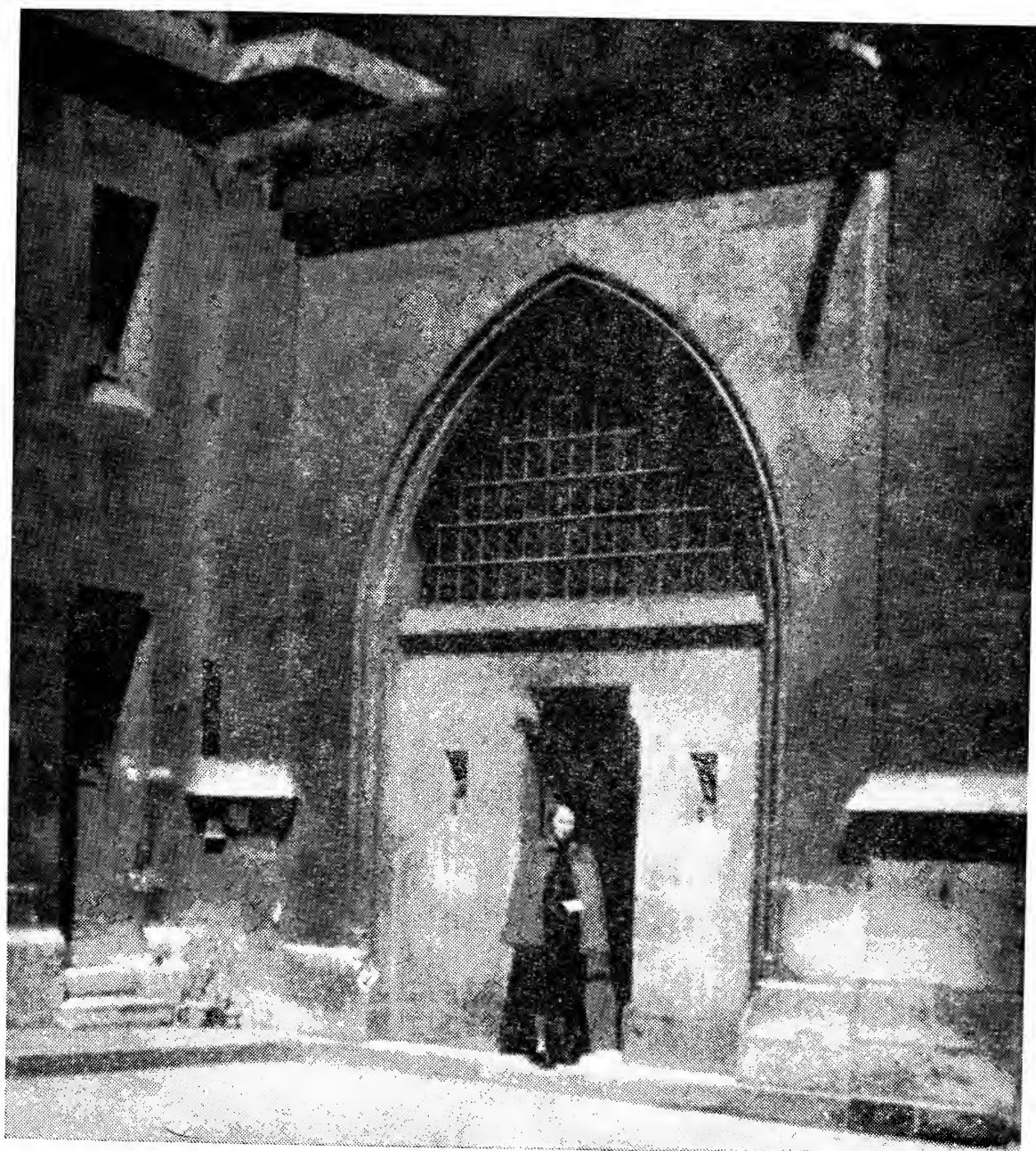
**M**OST of the streets of Paris are named after great men and women and historical events. For example, the Cours de la Reine is

the road taken by Queen Marie Antoinette from the suburbs of Paris to her prison in the *Conciergerie*. Boulevard Hausmann is named for the great planner of modern Paris. There are streets and squares named for Voltaire, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Leningrad, and British King George V (everyone, including Americans, gives it the French designation, George Cinq). As we walk, a crossing street sign says "Place de Toquerville." Baron de Toquerville was an early French explorer who visited the West. Toquerville in Utah is named for the same man whose name is honored by the street in Paris.

You cross the Seine and arrive at the Church hall in the vicinity of Mont Parnasse. L'Ecole des Beaux Arts, where many a Utah artist has studied, is nearby. Today is fast day. A hymn "Sois Tranquille—Maitre la Tempete Lance, Ses Vagues Autour de Nous," is sung. Translated, of course, the song is "Master the Tempest Is Raging." A small group of faithful saints are present and bear their testimonies in easy-flowing French, the despair of a mere American who only studied the language in school. But the spirit is just the same as that of testimonies borne in Utah or Hawaii, or among the Indian tribes.

"After all, why shouldn't it be?" a delightful old French sister remarks after Church. "All of us are the sons and daughters of God who lived together for aeons in the pre-existence; we only reside on this earth three score years and ten!"

After services, the missionaries take us nearby to Henriette's, a small



CONCIERGERIE, DEATH PRISON OF MARIE ANTOINETTE,  
PARIS, FRANCE

French restaurant, liked by our elders and students these many years. The table service at Henriette's is gratifying to a Latter-day Saint visitor. It means you won't have to wrestle with explaining you drink neither "vin blanc" (white wine) nor "vin rouge" (red wine), and what you want is simply "l'eau naturelle," or ordinary water out of the faucet. Henriette and her staff

serve pitchers of water to the missionaries, and have been doing it for years. If that seems a small thing, wait until you've visited Europe as a tourist.

"See Paris and die!" is the old adage, but for the present we decide to forego the latter part of the adage and see Switzerland instead.

(To be continued)

# A Pattern For Mother

Caroline Eyring Miner

WHEN mothers were given to us, or we were given to them, I was plain lucky. I can't think of any other reason for my getting a near-perfect one.

First and foremost, mother is, and always has been, my best friend, my most ardent admirer. I am absolutely secure in my feeling that what I do will be wonderful to mother, and I always felt that way. I believe it made me want to try to do things that would really justify her extravagant praise.

"That cake," she said to me once when I was a child and had presented my trial to her for approval, "has the nicest frosting you've ever made." That was true enough and the hole in the middle of the cake itself, where the top had tried to meet the bottom, didn't seem to matter much, after all. Later, perhaps, it did, when my brothers joked me about it, but for that moment it was good. Mother wasn't disappointed. I thought then she didn't even see the fallen part. Now I know she did, but she saw the bigger thing, the commendation I needed for my earnest effort in spite of results.

Mother is an optimist. She sees the bright side of everything. I guess that is a sort of gift, but it can also be cultivated. She almost never eats a meal that isn't the best one she has ever eaten. Each sunset is the most glorious ever. Each grandchild is in his way practically perfect. It's a wonderful

gift she has of being uncritical.

Talk about a worker! There's not an idle muscle in her body. This almost-perfect world seems still to have plenty of room for her mending, her scrubbing, her re-arranging. She's up with the crack of dawn, and while there's work to be done she's at it.

She loves the little things that matter; the things that are free have a special lure. From the time we were tiny tots we learned that when we ran to tell mother about the silver fingernail moon or the golden curtains in the western sky, she would drop everything and go with us to enjoy it. And we learned to truly value these things because mother loved them and that meant they must really be remarkable.

Mother was a psychologist long before that term became commonplace. "You've had all you can eat, Thomas; you know you have!" she would insist to her young brother who had had only half enough pancakes to satisfy him. But he would nod his head in affirmation. He says now he must have been hypnotized. This, too, was part of her philosophy of optimism.

Every holiday was a marvelous occasion at our house because of mother, and the birthday of each of us a major holiday. It wasn't that we had much in the way of material things, but there was always something and a great deal of optimistic praise and happiness to set it off as a prize package. The year I



got some red beads and some woolen material for a blouse for my Christmas I felt like a queen. I now know it was largely because of mother's enthusiasm.

One year we couldn't spare the dollar for a Christmas tree, so mother helped us set up a heavy tree branch in a can of rocks and then we children gathered mistletoe to make it a perfectly beautiful tree.

There never was a better audience than mother. When I was practicing she would announce the

speech or contest entry I had to prepare in order to make the situation seem realistic to me, and would listen patiently and enthusiastically while it was being perfected. If we had assignments to make in Sunday School or 4-H Club she was right there to see that we did our job. Nothing was impossible of accomplishment for mother, or for us; she figured "the impossible was only a little harder."

Do you want to be a good mother? I've given you a sort of pattern.

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## *Stay With Me Now!*

Pansy H. Powell

Stay with me here on this grassy mountain ledge  
 High from the valley, and look down upon  
 Aspens and pines and the rock-strewn river's edge.  
 Stay here awhile until the sun is gone;  
 See where the wall of green can touch the sky,  
 Lifting above the valley's checkered spread.  
 Lean on this graying lichen stone, or lie  
 And watch the mounting clouds grow tinged with red.  
 Silently now the mountain creatures wait  
 The dawn of night, and I would wait with you,  
 To feel the present comfort of my mate,  
 Knowing how fleeting are these days and few.  
 Stay with me now; these mountain walls enfold  
 Too much of beauty for one heart to hold!

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## *Daily Bread*

Miranda Snow Walton

"Give us this day our daily bread—"  
 Her children learned to pray,  
 But bread was such a homey thing  
 And God seemed far away.  
 They watched her baking golden loaves,  
 A thing which they could share,  
 And symbolized this daily rite  
 As answer to a prayer.

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## *In These Hills*

Evelyn Wooster Viner

Here in these hills  
 My roots grow deep.  
 I look across the richness  
 Of the fruited plain  
 But feel no covetousness  
 For others' worldly gain.  
 Here in these hills  
 My roots grow deep.

# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, May 1, and May 15, 1890

## "FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS"

**A HAWAIIAN SUN MYTH:** Ages ago there ruled over one of the seven isles that now form collectively the kingdom of Hawaii, the powerful demi-god Maui. So great was he that the island which he governed is known today by his name, and is second in size and importance of them all. The great demi-god saw each day the sun rise out of the vast crater on the eastern summit; and he resolved like Joshua of old to stop it on its course. So he prepared a net and had it carried on the shoulders of a thousand men, and in one night spread it from one peak to another, until it covered the great crater. Then he watched, and when the sun god again arose from out of the depths of that profound abyss he found himself entangled in the spreading mesh. In vain he sent his fiery shafts abroad; they passed through the deftly woven meshes without weakening them; and so at last the sun god prayed to be released. Maui exacted but one condition; that was that for all future time the sun should shine with warm but gentle power on the island, never shrouding his rays in mist or fog or causing them to beat too strongly on the favored island. The promise given, the net was cut away, and since then sun has kept its pledge.—*Ex.*

### CHANGES

Beauteous, blissful, sunny childhood,  
Peerless, priceless, joyous youth!  
Pure, unburdened, simple pleasures,  
Fraught with trust and love and truth.  
Wherefore do ye fade and vanish,  
Ere we learn to prize your worth?  
Ah! you're crowded out by changes—  
New delights, new ones find birth.

**SANPETE STAKE:** The Quarterly Conference of the Relief Society of Sanpete Stake was held at Ephraim, in the meeting house, Friday, March 14, 1890. Pres. M. A. Hyde presiding. Pres. Hyde spoke of the appearance of the Prophet Joseph, the impression he made upon those with whom he associated, his noble and dignified bearing. She had the privilege of hearing his teaching, but did not then appreciate the importance of each golden word. He seemed to have the power of winning every heart, and even his enemies softened towards him if he could converse with them. Alluded to the time when her husband, Apostle Orson Hyde, returned from a council very sad, informed her that Joseph had thrown the responsibility of the work upon the Twelve, she felt then something would take him from the people. Sister Hyde then exercised the gift of tongues, and Sister Snow gave the interpretation.

**MISCELLANEOUS:** It is one of the strangest of all strange things in life that people are not kinder to one another. And it is beyond all understanding why one trudging along life's highway should care to go out of his way to stab another, who is doubtless having all he can do to keep up the march and tug his gripsack along.

—*Boston Commonwealth*



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

**T**HIS Mothers' Day month we are proud of our aged women—the mothers who have so greatly influenced the life of our communities. Full of years, full of grace, faith, and the deeper wisdom that comes with approach to the eternal portals, they give forth inspiration among us. In this group are: Anne C. Milne, 101, exceeding by three and one-half months the age of Mary Susannah Higgs Slaeter, also 101; Samantha Jane Tawney, 100, living with a son aged 80; Lucy Smith Cardon, Logan, 98, who has been a subscriber to the Relief Society's literary organ every single year since its first appearance as the *Woman's Exponent* in 1872.

Ruth May Fox, 96, for forty years was a member of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association general board, and for almost nine years its general president; Martha Burnham, 96, oldest Davis County pioneer, born in Iowa, where her father originated the American greenback; Sarah Sprague Bates, 96, one of the first pioneers of Monroe, Utah, with more than 100 living descendants; Susannah Matilda Huish, 95.

Augusta Winters Grant, widow of President Heber J. Grant, lacks two months of being 94; Sarah Graham Buxton, 91; Ursula Bandley Gee, 91, who has served 60 years

as a Relief Society block teacher; Mary Schwartz Smith, widow of President Joseph F. Smith, known as a "Mrs. Good Deeds."

**W**ITH their husbands, Mrs. Emily Cooley Wells of Vineyard, Utah, and Mrs. U. E. Curtis have celebrated their sixty-seventh wedding anniversaries, while Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Petty have enjoyed their sixty-sixth anniversary.

**R**OSALIE KIMBALL EDWARDS, a faithful and beloved woman, who was the last surviving daughter of President Heber C. Kimball, died recently in Ogden. She was the mother of ten children.

Death has also claimed Nicoline J. Hansen Heiselt at the age of ninety-seven and Frankie Olivia Glen, ninety-six.

**T**WO women who contributed much to the cultural life of Utah have also been called by death: Nellie Druce Pugsley, who was soloist with the Tabernacle Choir at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, and a promoter of higher educational goals in Salt Lake City; Kate Thomas, one of the persistent promoters of our Oratorio Society, and one of our most sensitive poets, expressed the spirit of our State and people as few have been able to do.



## *Memorial Days*

**DURING** the month of May, throughout this Nation, two memorial days are observed: Mother's Day on the second Sunday of the month in veneration of ideal motherhood; and Memorial Day, or Decoration Day, inaugurated to honor our soldier dead, and observed May 30.

Mother's Day is the "holiday of heart and home," wrote Ann Jarvis, its founder. It was designed as a great homecoming day, a day of family reunions; a day of uplift in the homes and churches and in the individual lives of men and women. It is a day set apart for loving remembrance of mother, for a glance back through the pages of time and a recollection of the lessons she has taught and the righteous principles she has endeavored to inculcate in us. It is a day wherein our appreciation for her loving service and our thankfulness for her life find expression in word and deed. No one can deny the worthwhileness of the day and the enduring values of love and strengthened family ties accruing therefrom.

Memorial Day was inaugurated in 1868 by General John A. Logan for the purpose of decorating the graves of Civil War veterans. It has now become a national holiday, on which we pay tribute not alone to those whose courage, love of country, and allegiance to it made them willing to sacrifice their lives in defense of

it, but to all of our loved ones who have trodden the path of life, left their mark upon our lives, and returned to their heavenly home. It is becoming for the living to think in loving appreciation of the dead. Calling to mind their virtues strengthens the virtues of those who remember. With this appreciation comes soul growth. Who would question the worthiness of Memorial Day?

The creation of memorials in one form or another to commemorate great events, to perpetuate noble ideals and worthy accomplishments, to honor distinguished persons, is as old as time itself. Exodus 12:14 records the observance of memorial feasts in the days of Moses: "And this day shall be unto you for a memorial; and ye shall keep it a feast to the Lord throughout your generations; ye shall keep it a feast by an ordinance forever."

The New Testament records memorial observances. The sacrament is a memorial. In Luke 22:19 we read: "And he took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me."

Today some of our finest works of art, executed by the greatest of craftsmen inspired by the nobility of a character, the loftiness of some pursuit, or the greatness of an

achievement, stand as memorials to men and events of the past.

Irrespective of the form, whether it be a special feast day, sacred service, holiday, or work of art, a memorial calls to mind things of worth from the past. Remembering, our souls are stirred and, relating these to the present, they become factors in our own conduct. We find our-

selves stimulated by loftier aspirations, strengthened by higher resolves, and imbued with a greater determination to live our own lives better.

It is entirely right that memorials be created. It is befitting that we observe memorial days, considering well the reasons for their existence.

—B. S. S.

## *The One Hundredth Anniversary of the Founding of the University of Utah*

(1850-1950)

ONE hundred years have passed since the General Assembly of the State of Deseret passed a resolution founding a university in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. The time was only three years after the first pioneers drove their covered wagons through the portals of Emigration Canyon and beheld the valley of promise before them. Our pioneer forefathers, who had already established a university in their beloved Nauvoo, set themselves to build an institution of learning in the western wilderness. In the midst of poverty, insecurity, and the exacting labors of conquering a desert land, they looked well to the future and laid the foundation for a university which has grown to large stature and ranks high among American institutions of learning.

In the interval between 1850 and 1950, men of intellectual strength and broad vision have presided over the university and directed its advancement. Orson Spencer was ap-

pointed as the first chancellor and was followed by John R. Park, the first president, who served twenty-three years and willed to the university his entire estate, including a 4,000 volume library. Our own beloved apostle, James E. Talmage, a world-renowned scholar, served as president four years and resigned at the time of his selection as a member of the Council of the Twelve. He was followed by Joseph T. Kingsbury, a scientist, who became president in 1897. John A. Widtsoe, now a member of the Quorum of the Twelve, also served as president of the university, which attained high standards of scholarship and influence under his leadership. George Thomas, an able and experienced educator, followed President Widtsoe and, in turn, was succeeded by LeRoy E. Cowles, whose administration was marked by the establishment of many new departments. Since 1946, A. Ray Olpin, who completed his undergraduate work at Brigham Young University,

has presided over the University of Utah, directing the institution in a period of rapid expansion.

The centenary observance which took place in February was an occasion for remembering the struggles and achievements of the past and a dedication to future progress. Many distinguished visitors attended the celebration and thousands of alumni returned to the campus. An outstanding feature of the occasion was the academic procession, which was followed by a convocation in beautiful Kingsbury Hall.

At this meeting, President George Albert Smith of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was hon-

ored by the conferring upon him of the honorary degree of Doctor of Humanities. In presenting the degree to President Smith, Dean Meredith Wilson read, in part:

. . . . He has helped to build a living economy, devoted years to the handicapped, kept alive a devotion to the ideals and achievements of the pioneers, and invested his best efforts in the leadership of tomorrow. A prophet to the members of his Church, a counselor, and friend to all, being a servant of all men, he is in truth, a man of God. For this lifetime of devoted service to the welfare of his fellow men, I recommend that he be awarded the degree of Doctor of Humanities. . . .

—V. P. C.

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## *The Landmark*

Evelyn Fjeldsted

The cottonwood was mountain strong,  
 Yet a gentle thing, a living song;  
 Its gnarled old branches, reaching high,  
 Wove a silver net against the sky.  
 The shining leaves vied with the stars;  
 Great clusters, hiding century scars,  
 Were tremulous like wind-touched lace  
 As the big tree swayed from clefted base,  
 And with shattered nest and lonely sound,  
 Like an emerald cloud, lay on the ground;  
 The foliage fell like tapestry.  
 Landmarks were mentioned quietly.

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## *Without Price*

C. Cameron Johns

Only as a pine tree owns the hill  
 Or white silk clouds lay claim upon  
 the sky,  
 Can the heart possess beauty.

To hold it with an open hand,  
 To touch it with light fingers,  
 To fill the eye with never-sated hunger  
 for it,  
 Is as near to purchasing  
 As we may come.

## *Reflections*

Rose Lee Bond

What do you think I did last night?  
 I lighted a lamp, and there in its light  
 I saw your face as it used to shine,  
 Two loving eyes looked again into mine.  
 While in this dream the flame burned  
 low;  
 As it flickered and died, you seemed to go  
 Back into the twilight, from whence you  
 had come,  
 Leaving me breathless, and glowing, and  
 young.

# Dark in the Chrysalis

Alice Morrey Bailey

## Chapter 5

Edith Ashe, a widow, forty-seven, in pride and desperation, after hearing her daughter-in-law Annette denounce her to her son Kit, takes a job as companion to an aged, crippled woman, Mrs. Lewis, whose son Cory is away on a business trip. Edith has four sons, none of whom she can live with, but has always longed for a daughter. She warms to Cory's daughter Linnie, who has come home from Boston to prepare for her wedding in June. Edith is jarred from her own self-pity when she hears the girl crying in the night because the big house is so ugly. Edith offers her own much-loved furniture, which has been stored, and together they redecorate the living room and dining room.

Cory, coming home unexpectedly, looks minutely at the beautifully furnished room, says not a word, but goes upstairs, apparently angry.

**E**DITH lay awake in alternate anger and mortification for hours after the nightmarish scene with Mr. Lewis at dinner. She dreaded to meet him in the morning, and could think of no graceful way out of the situation. She was tempted to pack silently and be gone in the morning—let him do as he wished about the furniture.

None of them had eaten. Linnie had turned from the stairway with a gesture of helplessness, tears glistening on her long lashes. Edith could offer no comfort; the kind she had offered had only made matters worse. Why hadn't she known it would offend and anger him? Again, as at Annette's party, she had missed

the whole delicacy of human relationship.

Nevertheless, at breakfast neither Linnie nor her father betrayed by tone or look any remembrance of last night's episode.

"They're an old family, Daddy," Linnie was saying.

"And are these Bostonians coming out here to the wedding? Will they inspect us?"

"They are coming to the wedding—Paul's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fontaine, and his sister Emily Barnard—and her husband, and Gene Hilyer, Paul's best man."

"And I guess we are to put them up."

"Yes, Daddy. Almost a week."

A week! Edith was appalled, thinking of the bedrooms upstairs, the old-fashioned bathroom, the archaic kitchen, and the impossible back yard she had glimpsed from the kitchen windows. It was the end of April and the yards around the neighborhood were sprouting new grass, putting forth green leaves, but the Lewis yard was overrun with rank growth, unplanted and untended, rose bushes all run to thorns, and a lone weeping birch. A high rock wall surrounded it and Edith loved rock walls, but this one was broken and crumbling untidily in spots, buried under spiny bushes of no character. The front yard, while planted to lawn, had bare spots and overgrown corners.

The April rains had washed the dark stone of the house, however, and it shone as if waxed. The ivy had lost its lifeless look. Its tender green fingers spread in all directions, and reached to the eaves of the brown, slanted roofs. The beauty of the flagstone terrace could not be spoiled by neglect. The architecture was compact, old-fashioned as it was. Edith guessed it had been conservative in its day. Beauty was beauty from any age of building, and the lines of the house were lovely.

"Mrs. Ashe," Mr. Lewis broke in on her musings, "may I see you directly after breakfast?"

Edith's heart plunged. He looked stern, would probably let her go—after indicting her with a few well-chosen words, of course. Her hands and feet were icy as she followed him into the living room. He indicated a chair, and took one himself, facing her. He regarded her gravely for some moments, and she waited, calm now, with rising indignation.

"You have made this room very, very beautiful. I can never tell you how thankful I am that you came to us at this time," he said.

**E**DITH'S head whirled with dizzy relief. "I—I thought you were angry, Mr. Lewis, at my presumption, and about my—initiative." How she hated that word.

"Angry? Why should I be angry?"

"Linnie said you never charged anything, and I—"

Mr. Lewis made an impatient gesture with his hand, as if the matter was of no importance. "Give me the bill and I'll send a check."

"You didn't say anything. Linnie and I both thought you were angry."

"I was overwhelmed. It was seeing a dream—a very old and almost forgotten dream come true. It was pretty vivid, like Linnie's mother and I had planned it—more than twenty years ago. It was unbelievable. I had to get out of here before I made an utter fool of myself."

"Oh, I see," said Edith.

"I had a pretty bad night," he told her soberly.

"I can imagine," sympathized Edith.

"It wasn't just remembering," he went on. "It was seeing what I had failed to do for Linnie that gave me the worst time. What her home could have been like. I could see her love for this room. She has an instinct for beauty, and I have surrounded the child with ugliness, thinking—well, not thinking at all, only of myself. It was pretty bitter."

Edith was silent, her judgment of him undergoing a rapid change.

"There's no excuse for it. I had the money. This house—I can see that I wouldn't think of it because it was painful to go on without her. That place I left dark and secret, and turned my energy into work. Coming into this room last night was like having someone rip away the blinds."

"It was cruel," said Edith, really sorry.

"It was good," said Mr. Lewis, "should have been done years ago. I know I can't make up to Linnie for a whole lifetime, but I would like to make these last weeks into



something special. What does she need?"

"It will be a lot of work—and very expensive," she said.

"Hang the expense! We can hire the work done."

"Well, it falls into three categories," said Edith, "Linnie's trousseau, the yards, and the house. Let me show you." She led the way upstairs for a tour. In Linnie's room a magazine was lying open to a girl's bedroom, done in dainty pastels, with bouffant treatment for the dressing table, spread, and window curtains. Mr. Lewis looked at it, at Linnie's unattractive room.

"I see," he said grimly.

"If Linnie will have guests these other rooms should be done, more moderately, of course, but attractively." She showed him the bathroom, the kitchen, and the back yard.

"I haven't really looked at them for years. They're pretty bad. You'll do it, won't you?"

"Do what?"

"The house. Order anything you want to. I'll send the workmen. I'll take care of the yard. I have a few ideas of my own."

"Linnie and I. She wants the experience for her own house."

"Fine! Fine!" he beamed. "Edith Ashe, you are the best thing that has happened to us in a long time."

"Thank you, Mr. Lewis. Your household has been good for me, too," Edith told him.

"It isn't possible," he exclaimed, looking at her with interest.

"But it is!" insisted Edith. "I was like my furniture, wrapped and stored away—in a state of suspended animation."

"I don't believe it," he scoffed, "anyone as interested in life as you are, as radiant. Yet you are changed. I didn't think of you as particularly beautiful that first morning. Fine looking, aristocratic, yes, but now you are beautiful."

"Nonsense," said Edith, flushing, but his words warmed her long after he had gone.

**T**HERE was high excitement when she broke the news to the rest of them. They had, of course, been bursting with curiosity to know what the interview was about, especially when Edith and Mr. Lewis trooped through the house.

"Oh, Aunt Edith!" Linnie grabbed her and waltzed her around the table; they all talked at once.

"A new kitchen," beamed Amanda.

"Isn't Daddy wonderful? A pretty bedroom! And a trousseau! Come! Come! Come to the fair," she sang, rushing to the piano to play the accompaniment.

The activity began at once. Before noon workmen had invaded the back yard and were pounding at the back door, wanting to know where the "lady" wanted the woodwork washed, the furniture moved, and the painting done. Edith wasn't prepared for them, and sent them to the basement to clean the furnace room.

"A good place to begin," crowed Grandma Lewis. "I never could abide sitting in the parlor, knowing the cellar's dirty."

Two men repaired the rock wall

(Continued on page 355)

# *A Letter From Mother*

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

How are you my darlings! This is a beautiful day. The sun played havoc with my good intentions this morning so, instead of housecleaning as I had planned to do, I spent the time outdoors in my flower garden. Nature certainly does something to one. Intentionally, too. Just look at the shower of beauty on the blossoming trees, and the glowing radiance that greets us along the garden path. Could anything be sweeter? Unless it be love.

Love! If we doubt that this is the time of year for love, we need only look at the newspapers to see pictures of lovely young girls crowding each other for space to announce their coming nuptials, to convince us of the fact. And we wouldn't wish it were otherwise.

Romantic love is necessary to a successful marriage, all right, but it doesn't supply everything, as you well know. I wonder sometimes if these radiant young girls have considered well the basic needs for this long partnership. Has each one found the answers to these questions: Is her lover kind? Is he considerate? Dependable? Are his religious beliefs the same as hers? Ah, there is the important question. When a girl is deeply in love she wants nothing to separate her and her sweetheart-husband, either in this life or the next. In fact, there is no time limit imposed in her mind. Never to part, is the idea.

But does she know that her fiance feels the same way about it? Is it important enough for him to have prepared himself for the consummation of their love at the altar in the only place that can bring about this lasting happiness? Our temple ceremony is thrilling and inspiring, worth great sacrifice in order to obtain its blessings, for it entitles us to eternal salvation in the celestial kingdom of God, together, if we remain faithful to our vows. It is a noble heritage and it can be ours.

These thoughts crowd in upon me at this romantic and glorious time of year. But you know already how deeply serious the marriage vow seems to me. Forever, is the way I regard it.

You might want to teach your very young people, maybe from six years on up, to aim high in their final permanent choice. It might grow to be very important to them.

Evening follows morning, they tell me, so I had better close my letter now and prepare the lesson for Relief Society meeting which we hold in the evening here. Please write to me soon. I love you all dearly.

MOTHER

Clara Horne Park

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## *My Inland Sea*

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Though I am inland born and inland reared,  
I feel the mystery of ancient seas;  
'The wide blue skies embrace all I hold dear,  
And Monday's sheets flaunt white sails to the breeze.

# Storing Food in a Two-Room Apartment

*Esther Clark Naylor*

(Reprinted by request from *The Relief Society Magazine*, August 1948)

**I**N the matter of storing food in my small, heated apartment I have been rather successful. To do this I have had to use care, when the heat was on in the winter months, to select an outside wall or corner of the rooms where there are no heated pipes in the wall or the floor, to stack the cases of food against the wall or in the corner. Then in the summertime the food should be moved to an inside wall or closet, the coolest place in the room.

In this way I have been able to keep the food until it was used up, usually from two to three years. I make my plans to store a two years' supply every summer.

The canned foods stored consist of string beans, peas, corn, tomatoes (if I do not home can the tomatoes), tomato soup, vegetable soup, grapefruit, canned milk, and honey, with some canned meat and fish. The canned milk should be turned over every week or two. By doing this, milk can be kept for at least one year. Of course, dried beans and rice will keep indefinitely. I am now using beans and rice that were purchased about six years ago. However, the rice must be watched to avoid the weevil getting into it. I think the sealed packages would be the safest, although I have been successful in storing the loose rice, by putting it in very thick paper bags and placing these

bags in a very heavy seamless sack and tying each sack tightly.

Butter also can be stored for at least one year if kept in sealed bottles in the refrigerator. Before storing, melt the butter over heat that is hot enough to send the curd or whey to the bottom and then pour the pure butter fat into a well-sterilized bottle, and seal. Care should be taken that no curd goes into the bottle. There is no waste in this method, as the curd or whey can be used in cookie making.

In storing home-canned fruits, such as peaches, applesauce, plums, etc., I have used the same method of storing as for the storage of canned foods. I keep one year's supply ahead, sometimes more. The jams and jellies I store in my cupboards, but I always seal the jams as I do the fresh fruit.

I haven't been very successful in storing cheese for a very long period of time. I have kept flour successfully by lining a wall behind a door with brown paper and stacking flour in sacks, surrounding each sack with brown paper. It kept for over a year.

In planning a storage for a single person in a two-room apartment it is helpful to estimate food needs. A can of peas will last for four meals; a one-quart bottle of fruit will last for five meals; a large can of tomatoes will provide a serving for each of five meals.

# Magazine Subscriptions for 1949

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

WITH thankfulness and gratitude the general board acknowledges the outstanding work which has been done during 1949 by *Relief Society Magazine* representatives—encouraged and supported by their ward and stake, branch and mission presidencies—in placing *The Relief Society Magazine* in the homes of Latter-day Saints and friends. Due to their faithful efforts, and the loyalty of the subscribers, *The Relief Society Magazine* has been placed in 83,444 homes in 1949, an increase of 5,704 subscriptions over 1948.

This remarkable increase is very gratifying and all Relief Society members will rejoice to know that for the first time for the past several years, the *Magazine* has become

once more self-supporting.

The number of subscriptions represents only 68% of the Relief Society membership as of December 1949, so there continue to be goals ahead to be reached.

We would wish that those stakes which are found below 75% in the listing of stakes would resolve to place *The Relief Society Magazine* into more of their homes, for the general board considers it a missionary for Relief Society, and believes any Latter-day Saint woman may receive encouragement for better living through reading in its pages.

The following tables show those organizations to which the highest honors go this year, and the general board congratulates each one of them on its outstanding record.

## *Honors for Highest Ratings*

### Stakes

South Los Angeles (California), 134%  
Magazine Representative—Nancy M. Rupp

### Wards

Twenty-third Ward, Salt Lake Stake (Utah), 284%  
Magazine Representative—Nellie A. Harter

### Mission

California Mission, 96%  
Mission President—Vivian R. McConkie

### Mission District

Mojave Desert, California Mission, 150%

*Mission Branch*

Franklin (West Virginia), East Central States Mission, 263%  
Magazine Representative—Alice B. Hartman

*Six Stakes Achieving Highest Percentages*

South Los Angeles (California) ....134....Nancy M. Rupp  
Provo Stake (Utah) .....121....Flora Buggart  
Rexburg Stake (Idaho) .....119....Daphne Nef  
Phoenix Stake (Arizona) .....113....Zola Stapley  
Shelley Stake (Idaho) .....111....Eva L. Clinger, Pres.  
San Joaquin Stake (California) .....109....Sarah E. Dana

*Seven Missions Achieving Highest Percentages*

California .....96....Vivian R. McConkie, Pres.  
East Central States .....87....Hilda M. Richards, Pres.  
Western States .....85....Mildred M. Dillman, Pres.  
Texas-Louisiana .....85....Leone R. Bowring, Pres.  
Australian .....84....Blanche K. Richmond, Pres.  
Northwestern States .....78....Georgina F. Richards, Pres.  
Northern States .....77....Elna P. Haymond, Pres.

*Five Stakes in Which All the Wards Achieved 100% or Above*

Idaho Falls Stake (Idaho) .....Clemey Young  
Rexburg Stake (Idaho) .....Daphne Nef  
San Joaquin (California) .....Sarah E. Dana  
South Los Angeles (California) .....Nancy M. Rupp  
Sugar House (Utah) .....Melissa K. Wallace

*Wards and Branches in Stakes and Missions Achieving 200% or Higher*

Twenty-third Ward, Salt Lake Stake (Utah) .....284%....Nellie A. Harter  
Franklin Branch (West Virginia), East Central  
States Mission .....263%....Alice B. Hartman  
Halifax (Nova Scotia), New England Mission .....260%....Ruth Robar  
East Point Branch (Georgia), Southern States  
Mission .....250%....Geneve Dubrawski

East Fresno Branch, Northern California Mission	248%	Georgia Markow
Orange Branch (Texas), Texas-Louisiana Mission	243%	Mrs. Clark Barrett
Manavu Ward, Provo Stake (Utah)	230%	Flora Buggart
Priest River Branch (Idaho), Northwestern States Mission	220%	Myrtle Biggs
South Gate Ward (California), South Los Angeles Stake	224%	Marie De Spain
Santa Fe Branch (New Mexico), Western States Mission	214%	Alta Jordan
Glen Huon Branch, Australian Mission	206%	Marjorie Watson
Amarillo Branch (Texas), Texas-Louisiana Mission	200%	Ruth M. Ray
Beaumont Branch (Texas), Texas-Louisiana Mission	200%	Darlene James
Brentwood Branch, San Joaquin Stake (California)	200%	Bernice Geddes
Tyrell's Lake Branch, Taylor Stake (Canada)	200%	Clara E. Selk

### *Stakes by Percentages*

South Los Angeles	134	Farr West	93
Provo	121	Taylor	93
Rexburg	119	North Jordan	92
Phoenix	113	Grant	91
Shelley	111	North Box Elder	91
San Joaquin	109	Salt Lake	91
San Fernando	104	Twin Falls	91
Idaho Falls	104	San Francisco	90
Burley	102	Alberta	90
North Idaho Falls	102	Blackfoot	90
Sugar House	102	Humboldt	89
Rigby	102	St. Joseph	88
Cassia	101	Big Cottonwood	88
San Bernardino	101	Sharon	87
Long Beach	101	Chicago	87
Oquirrh	101	South Box Elder	87
Emigration	100	North Rexburg	87
Highland	100	Ensign	87
San Juan	100	San Diego	86
Bannock	100	Boise	86
Florida	100	Sevier	86
Liberty	99	Oneida	85
Moapa	99	Bonneville	85
Inglewood	98	South Bear River	85
Pasadena	98	Malad	85
Granite	97	Cache	84
Palo Alto	97	Utah	84
West Pocatello	96	Sacramento	83
Nampa	95	South Idaho Falls	83
Wasatch	95	Park	83
Union	95	Alpine	83
South Ogden	95	Denver	83
Kolob	94	Minidoka	83
South Salt Lake	94	Bear River	82
Ogden	94	Cottonwood	82

Bear Lake	82	South Carolina	66
Young	81	Emery	65
Reno	81	Logan	65
West Utah	80	Orem	65
Uintah	80	Mt. Jordan	64
Yellowstone	79	Mt. Logan	64
Portneuf	79	Weber	64
Timpanogos	79	Nevada	63
Parowan	79	South Sevier	63
Weiser	79	East Riverside	63
Mt. Graham	79	Mt. Ogden	63
Wells	78	Montpelier	62
Ben Lomond	78	Riverside	62
East Rigby	78	Spokane	61
St. George	78	New York	61
Hillside	78	Smithfield	61
East Provo	77	Duchesne	61
West Jordan	77	Grantsville	61
Berkeley	77	Lost River	60
Big Horn	76	Morgan	60
Juarez	76	South Sanpete	60
Lethbridge	75	Cedar	60
Maricopa	75	Temple View	60
Davis	75	San Luis	60
South Davis	75	Roosevelt	59
Oakland	74	Summit	59
Palmyra	74	Benson	58
Uvada	74	Blaine	57
Los Angeles	74	East Mill Creek	56
Tooele	73	North Weber	56
Teton	72	Nebo	56
Gridley	72	North Carbon	56
Pocatello	72	Carbon	56
Southern Arizona	72	North Sevier	55
Mesa	71	Beaver	55
Franklin	70	Juab	53
Pioneer	70	Lyman	53
Idaho	70	Woodruff	52
North Davis	70	Wayne	49
Lehi	70	South Summit	49
American Falls	69	East Jordan	49
Lake View	69	Garfield	48
Seattle	69	Gunnison	48
Kanab	69	Washington	48
Deseret	69	Hyrum	48
North Sanpete	69	Portland	47
Millard	68	Santaquin-Tintic	42
St. Johns	68	Moroni	34
Snowflake	68	Moon Lake	24
Raft River	67	Oahu	21
Panguitch	67		
East Cache	67		
Zion Park	66		
Star Valley	66		

Glendale, Nyssa, East Long Beach, East Los Angeles, and University are not listed, as they are new stakes.

## HONOR ROLL

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Alberta Stake	604	545	90	Retta W. Barrus	Ogden Twenty-first	80	61	76	Doris C. Richards
Aetna	21	18	86	Iris Jensen	Ogden Twenty-ninth	65	50	77	Edith Andersen
Beazer	14	13	93	Arla Prince	Benson Stake				
Cardston First	46	58	126	Eleanor Brown	Lewiston Third	64	48	75	Anna W. Mills
Cardston Second	67	56	84	Mrs. David Wilmont	Berkeley Stake	639	489	77	Emma J. Hinckley
Cardston Fourth	60	58	97	La Jeanne Tanner	Berkeley Second	60	51	85	Mary Langman
Glenwood	60	50	83	Eliza Beaves	Claremont	56	45	80	Mabel Smith
Hartley	19	22	116	Annie B. Orr	East Richmond	57	66	116	Elverda Ann Coats
Hillspring	66	69	105	Viola Wynder	Napa	41	41	100	Jessie Stubbs
Jefferson	19	25	132	Chloe Shafer	Pittsburg	57	48	84	Margaret Davis
Leavitt	40	33	83	Emma Broadbent	Richmond	45	47	104	Mary Bledsoe
Mountain View	66	64	97	Mrs. Wm. Payne, Jr.	Walnut Creek	30	38	127	Vera White
Taylorville	16	16	100	Rowayne Wolsey	Big Cottonwood Stake	702	617	88	Ethel A. Smith
Woolford	20	15	75	Margaret Pitcher	Big Cottonwood	50	50	100	Nellie B. Stevenson
Alpine Stake	656	544	83	Edna L. Meredith	Cottonwood	65	68	105	Frances C. Remund
American Fork Third	126	108	86	Donna Tregaskis	Mt. Olympus	107	99	93	Mary L. Timmerman
American Fork Fourth	56	47	84	Ann C. Hansen	Olympus South	80	64	80	Bertha W. Wright
American Fork Fifth	66	60	91	Stella Nelson	South Cottonwood	86	73	85	Elsa O. Fors
American Fork Sixth	60	49	82	Leila Abel	Valley View	84	100	119	Martha W. Paulsen
American Fork Seventh	75	77	103	Marie Reimschiessel	Winder	74	64	86	Phoebe M. W. Stewart
Highland	46	55	120	Ruby Day	Big Horn Stake	776	589	76	Elma S. Johnson
American Falls Stake					Basin	35	37	106	Mrs. Scott Smith
American Falls	46	42	91	Clara Wagstaff	Burlington	59	49	83	Virgie Allen
Rockland	80	83	104	Zina Eliason	Byron	63	60	95	Sally Griffin
Springfield	28	22	79	Lois Lloyd	Cody	29	31	107	Mary Way
Sterling	30	26	87	Annie Nelson	Cowley	116	90	78	Hope Eyre
Bannock Stake	346	346	100	Ida J. Sorenson					
Bench	23	21	91	Rose Hansen					



Central	24	21	88	June Welch	Penrose	10	8	80	Tilda C. Wasden
Cleveland	21	23	110	Mary B. Anderson	Red Lodge	13	14	108	Agusta Crow
Grace	68	74	109	Ethel Sant	Worland	28	31	111	Daisy Nissen
Grace Second	65	72	111	Ada Williams	Iona Branch	17	14	82	Maggie Beal
Lago	35	28	80	Reba Turner	<b>Blackfoot Stake</b>	885	793	90	<b>Zila Clegg</b>
Mound Valley	31	28	90	Afton Farman	Blackfoot First	104	94	90	Ardella Wooton
Thatcher	49	53	108	Earline Smith	Blackfoot Second	102	81	79	Floretta McCurdy
Williams	30	26	87	Merl Kingsford	Blackfoot Third	98	98	100	Vera Orem
<b>Bear Lake Stake</b>	518	423	82	<b>Millie Sprouse</b>	Blackfoot Fourth	107	113	106	Afton Johnston
Bloomington	56	43	77	Bertha C. Thornock	Groveland	75	75	100	Sarah Chapman
Fish Haven	31	31	100	Carol K. Howell	Moreland	88	76	86	Gladys Belnap
Garden City	50	39	78	Ruth P. Hansen	Pingree	36	40	111	Sarah E. Cammack
Laketown	43	38	88	Emma W. Cheney	Riverside	55	54	98	Tacy Winmill
Ovid	35	35	100	Hazel L. Peterson	Riverton	24	19	79	Carrie Brown
Paris First	64	55	86	Rosa Grandy	Rose	38	32	84	Emmeline Chaffin
Paris Second	83	63	76	Gertrude R. Price	Thomas	109	90	83	Gertrude Williams
St. Charles	74	57	77	Wanda S. Rich	<b>Blaine Stake</b>				
Sharon	17	19	112	Ida Prescott	Carey	64	50	78	Verna Cameron
<b>Bear River Stake</b>	519	428	82	<b>Rennis A. Larkin</b>	Fairfield	36	35	97	Blanche Naser
East Garland	30	26	87	Pearl Sorenson	Richfield	40	35	88	Muriel Flavel
Garland First	65	68	105	Celine Johnson	Shoshone	17	13	76	Iva Lou Pingree
Howell	30	33	110	Virginia Kotter	<b>Boise Stake</b>	555	478	86	<b>L. Emma Cordon</b>
Park Valley	35	33	94	Letitia Palmer	Boise First	76	72	95	Utahna S. Randall
Snowville	34	43	126	Cora Daley	Boise Second	57	44	77	Helen Purvis
Stone	22	25	114	Lenore Mills	Boise Third	93	87	94	Leah W. Harker
<b>Beaver Stake</b>					Boise Fourth	81	70	86	Viva Fairbanks
Beaver Third	104	78	75	Kate Bowman	Boise Fifth	45	40	89	Mrs. Stanley Rich- ardson
<b>Ben Lomond Stake</b>	652	509	78	<b>Maude P. Close</b>	Glenns Ferry	34	37	109	Leola Thurman
Lorin Farr	73	81	111	Martha A. Alberts	Meridian	81	72	89	Mable Roylance
North Ogden First	72	74	103	Edith V. Judkins	Eagle Branch	20	21	105	Edith Blackmer
Ogden Seventh	67	56	84	Lenora Poorte	Mt. Home Branch	14	15	107	Estella Hall

Relief Society	Enroll- ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enroll- ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
<b>Bonneville Stake</b>	849	722	85	Jessie H. Jackson	Cheyenne	58	50	86	Vida Birge
Bonneville	96	85	89	Aurelia Lund	Crestmore	49	43	88	Ida H. Clark
Garden Park	104	103	99	Bertha Irvine	Denver Second	39	32	82	Lilly B. Williams
Monument Park	105	81	77	Alice T. Wood	Englewood	53	45	85	Ilah K. Smith
Thirty-third	125	133	106	Harriet Worthington	Laramie	48	49	102	Rose Eads
Yale	188	154	82	Millie Barnes	Pueblo	34	44	129	Ada P. Stewart
Yalecrest	110	83	75	Olive Martin					
<b>Burley Stake</b>	601	616	102	Jane R. Robinson	Deseret Stake				
Burley First	37	45	122	Norma Curtis	Delta First	88	75	85	Ruth J. Jensen
Burley Second	74	76	103	Ella Boatman	Hinckley	98	78	80	Rosa B. Dutton
Burley Fourth	72	81	113	Mary Martin	Lynndyl	39	33	85	Alpha Nielson
Burley Fifth	45	55	122	Zelma Whittle	Oasis	34	26	76	Erma Skeem
Declo	78	78	100	Hattie Richins	Abraham Branch	8	6	75	Emily Young
Pella	33	39	118	Ellen C. Mitchell	Callao Branch	6	6	100	Inez Tripp
Springdale	44	48	109	Gladys M. Johnson	Duchesne Stake				
Star	29	31	107	Gertrude Durfee	Arcadia	33	31	94	Ora N. Holgate
Unity	61	63	103	Mary Lou Funk					
View	55	49	89	Thelma Taylor	East Cache Stake				
<b>Cache Stake</b>	547	459	84	Orilla J. Lucas	Logan Fifth	80	82	103	Abby G. Jensen
Logan Third	76	59	78	Louise R. Rich	Logan Eighteenth	78	68	87	Violet Hall (de- ceased)
Logan Fourth	114	96	84	Jessie Bouwhuis	North Logan	65	58	89	Lenore B. Larsen
Logan Ninth	98	85	87	Beda Crafts					
Logan Fifteenth	78	62	79	Blanch Rogers	East Jordan Stake				
Logan Sixteenth	98	88	90	Genevieve B. Bradley	East Midvale Second	53	41	77	Ida Leafquist
Logan Seventeenth	83	69	83	Effie W. Darley	Garden View	80	67	84	Hazel Anderson
<b>Carbon Stake</b>					East Mill Creek Stake				
Hiawatha	64	60	94	Sadie Frandsen	Grandview	105	112	107	Sarah Pearson
Dragerton Branch	41	34	83	Evona Justensen					
<b>Cassia Stake</b>	202	205	101	Jane R. Hale	East Provo Stake	393	304	77	Sarah H. Passey
Basin	16	19	119	Dona Martin	Provo Eighth	85	74	87	Lou Cox
					Provo Ninth	47	61	130	Norma B. Nelson
					Provo Thirteenth	64	57	89	Ruby W. Hawkins



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Harrisville	65	75	115	Alice E. Hellewell	Mountain View	57	48	84	Ella J. Keddington
Lomond View	48	42	88	Laura J. Olsen	Monte Vista	75	59	79	Isabell Nelson
Marriott	40	40	100	Charlotte S. Blair	South Edgehill	98	88	90	May Johnson
Mound Fort	78	84	108	Phyllis Hufstetler	Wasatch	137	106	77	Doris Hiller
Ogden Fifteenth	55	43	78	Estel Whitney	<b>Humboldt Stake</b>	<b>136</b>	<b>121</b>	<b>89</b>	<b>Charlotte S. Fergu- son</b>
Slaterville	32	35	109	Amelia Holley	Carlin	21	17	81	Charlotte S. Fergu- son
<b>Florida Stake</b>	<b>362</b>	<b>361</b>	<b>100</b>	<b>Maude G. Hawkins</b>	Elko	30	23	77	Genevieve Bell
Axon	34	33	97	Margritte Mizell	Wells	45	47	104	Margaret E. Dahl
Jacksonville	94	95	101	Carene Bethea	Winnemuca	19	20	105	Mary Cowan
Lake City	25	23	92	Ora Lee Milton	Rowland Branch	4	4	100	Gladys Bake
Palatka	38	40	105	Hilda Anderson	<b>Hyrum Stake</b>				
Springfield	60	65	108	Camillus McRae	Hyrum Second	69	52	75	Mrs. J. Lowell Anderson
Waycross	23	21	91	Arzell Jardon	<b>Idaho Stake</b>				
Wesconnett	22	22	100	Elizabeth Jammes	Bancroft	88	67	76	Ethel H. Call
Gainesville Branch	12	15	125	Doris D. McCall	Hatch	9	10	111	Elizabeth Holbrook
Sanderson Branch	17	17	100	Mattie D. Stringer	Kelly-Toponce	33	31	94	Margaret Hebdon
Starke Branch	20	20	100		Lund	20	18	90	Edna Darlington
<b>Franklin Stake</b>					<b>Idaho Falls Stake</b>	<b>473</b>	<b>493</b>	<b>104</b>	<b>Clemev Young</b>
Fairview	69	60	87	Bertha M. Cole	Idaho Falls Second	150	150	100	Lydia M. Clark
Mapleton	28	24	86	Cora Knapp	Idaho Falls Fifth	78	88	113	Estella Salsburg
Preston Second	78	66	85	Chloe C. Peterson	Idaho Falls Ninth	71	77	108	Laura Walker
Preston Fifth	35	32	91	Venus W. Skinner	Iona	109	113	104	Amanda Pearce
Weston	106	82	77	Eliza Binggeli	Lincoln	65	65	100	Dessie Walters
Whitney	61	48	79	Madge H. Rans- bottom	<b>Inglewood Stake</b>	<b>774</b>	<b>761</b>	<b>98</b>	<b>Vera W. Larsen</b>
<b>Garfield Stake</b>					Brentwood	83	140	169	Frances D. Kolarik
Kingston	21	23	110	Gail B. Coates	Centinella	75	61	81	Afton Broberg
<b>Granite Stake</b>	<b>673</b>	<b>654</b>	<b>97</b>	<b>Elizabeth W. Mc- Lelland</b>					
Columbus	75	77	103	Maude M. Sevy					
Fairmont	75	80	107	Ruth M. Durbin					

Forest Dale	150	127½	85	Clara Russen	La Cienega	86	86	Eva Quigley
Lincoln	132	132½	100	Catherine M. Wiseman	Lennox	55	71	Josephine Bullock
Nibley Park	124	129	104	Emma Armstrong	Mar Vista	100	108	Sylvia Peterson
Wells	117	108	92	Johanna Hedges	Redondo	51	54	Rose Dobson
<b>Grant Stake</b>	<b>460</b>	<b>420</b>	<b>91</b>	<b>Allen F. Keller</b>	Santa Monica	125	110	Edna C. Knudson
Hillcrest	92	94	102	Lillian F. Price	Torrance	50	38	Hortense B. Smith
Lorraine	86	86	100	Helen Flowers	<b>Juab Stake</b>			Eva McPherson
Smith	82	83	101	Rubelle B. Francis	Nephi Third	107	87	
Springview	105	82	78	Louisa A. Francom	<b>Juarez Stake</b>	<b>144</b>	<b>109</b>	<b>Anna F. Turley</b>
Wandamere	95	75	79	Iva Dell Holmberg	Dublan	37	37	Melvina Jones
<b>Grantsville Stake</b>					Juarez	57	66	Maud J. Whetten
Wendover	51	51	100	Carol S. Duke	<b>Kanab Stake</b>			
<b>Gridley Stake</b>					Glendale	41	34	Sarah E. Black
Chico	46	35	76	Dorothy Robb	Moccasin	13	14	Margaret Heaton
Grass Valley	26	20	77	Nora Medlyn	Mt. Carmel	19	15	Berneeta A. Tait
Oroville	26	26	100	Violet Gray	Orderville	74	61	Hester P. Heaton
Paradise	19	17	89	Pearl F. Smith	<b>Kolob Stake</b>	<b>701</b>	<b>662</b>	<b>Mary W. Clegg</b>
Yuba City	76	63	83	Mabel Hayter	Mapleton	86	86	Ardilla Perry
<b>Gunnison Stake</b>					Springville First	81	138	Addie Underwood
Gunnison First	69	59	86	Alvina Pierce	Springville Second	67	57	Eudora Jensen
<b>Highland Stake</b>	<b>627</b>	<b>629½</b>	<b>100</b>	<b>Mrs. M. O. Ashton</b>	Springville Third	74	58	Ellen Giles
Highland Park	138	122	88	Birdie E. Vincent	Springville Fourth	74	60	Rose Roylance
Imperial	74	80	108	Marvel Young	Springville Fifth	80	66	Belle Childs
Park Avenue	107	107	100	Adlin Andrus	Springville Seventh	53	57	Effie Philips
Parleys	72	82½	115	Erma W. Bernston	Springville Eighth	65	52	Alice Wilmott
Roslyn Heights	78	78	100	Mildred Hicken	Springville Ninth	59	58	Ellen Larson
Stratford	158	160	101	Alda Anderson	<b>Lake View Stake</b>			
<b>Hillside Stake</b>	<b>762</b>	<b>592</b>	<b>78</b>	<b>Erma B. Williams</b>	Hooper First	78	61	Florence Naisbitt
Beacon	56	49	88	Ethel Flynn	Hooper Second	78	66	Lola Jones
Edgehill	143	131	92	Edith Maughan	Kanesville	36	27	Blanche M. Child
					Riverdale	69	69	Pearl Champneys

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
<b>Lehi Stake</b>				
Lehi First	110	100	91	Hazel May Bone
Lehi Fourth	82	67	82	Marvel Peterson
Lehi Fifth	102	79	77	Ruby Meredith
<b>Lethbridge Stake</b>	637	478	75	<b>Emily Anderson</b>
Calgary First	46	38	83	Helen Faulkner
Clareholm	37	28	76	Luella Rice
Lethbridge First	58	54	93	Mabel Pizzey
Lethbridge Second	65	49	75	Dixie Pratt
Orton	20	18	90	Lavon Orr
Picture Butte	43	33	77	Edna West
Stavely	12	10	83	Ida L. Rodgers
Taber Second	51	57	112	Lucille Valgardson
Brooks Branch	18	15	83	Deleen Eveson
Champion Branch	12	17	142	Carolyne Davies
<b>Liberty Stake</b>	676	668	99	<b>Lila B. Pressler</b>
Eighth	130	151	116	Emma Liebelt
Harvard	140	105	75	Mrs. A. M. Perry
Liberty	110	144	131	Alice Russell
Ninth	75	56	75	Myrtle Robison
North Second	74	74	100	Amelia Marsh
South Second	60	51	85	Amy Zentner
Third	87	87	100	Rena Boyle
<b>Logan Stake</b>				
College	53	44	83	Nettie S. Abrams
Logan Fourteenth	84	65	77	Vernetta Earl
Young	31	25	81	Selma Jensen
<b>Long Beach Stake</b>	1010	1019	101	<b>Ethel Spongberg</b>
Bellflower	87	115	132	Susie Elsmore
Compton	68	77	113	Marie Visser
<b>Maricopa Stake</b>	556	424	76	<b>Lola O. Turley</b>
Mesa First	119	100	84	Amy P. Morris
Mesa Fourth	88	69	78	Millie H. Henkel
Mesa Sixth	97	84	87	Ida S. Verney
Mesa Eighth	66	62	94	Aurelia Kelly
Pine	20	19	95	Celeste Patterson
Tempe	66	51	77	Anne Whitney
<b>Mesa Stake</b>				
Mesa Second	114	90	79	Helene Wagley
Queen Creek	16	16	100	May Bell Pew
Casa Grande Branch	9	7	78	Mrs. Clayton Herbert
Hayden Branch	20	23	115	Etta Phelan
Superior Branch	21	19	90	Leona Robertson
<b>Millard Stake</b>				
Fillmore First	80	80	100	Rachel B. Warner
Fillmore Second	76	62	82	Ireta Bartholomew
Flowell	34	34	100	Mrs. Verl Christensen
Holden	100	78	78	Mrs. Cecil K. Mills
<b>Minidoka Stake</b>	475	393	83	<b>Clarinda Green</b>
Emerson	26	30	115	Louie Mae Mecham
Hazelton	40	60	150	Delilah J. Weckham
Hunt	6	7	117	Phoebe Parson
Paul	50	68	136	Zelma Bauer
Rupert First	43	46	107	Maybelle Stevenson
Rupert Second	89	73	82	Emma Garrett
<b>Moapa Stake</b>	653	644	99	<b>Eunice B. Johnson</b>
Boulder City	85	66	78	Greta Rosenbaum
Bunkerville	32	29	91	Vera Waite

Compton Center	68	69	101	Rebecca Bate	Charleston	78	88	113	Grace McNatt
Fullerton	66	70	106	Erthel Thatcher	Davis Dam	16	20	125	Mae Richard
Long Beach	142	124	87	Lucy Parkin	Henderson	16	25	156	Vera H. Mainer
North Long Beach	65	71	109	Ellen Bramley	Kingman	23	23	100	Leona Peterson
Park View	150	153	102	Theima Taylor	Las Vegas First	98	103	105	Una McDonald
San Pedro	59	50	85	Elsa Pakulla	Las Vegas Second	110	120	109	Carrie S. Beatty
Santa Ana	68	57	84	Fannie Y. Lundquist	Littlefield	14	14	100	Vinda Reber
Virginia	83	86	104	Estella Herrick	Logandale	52	51	98	Betty Adams
Garden Grove Branch	21	21	100	Goldie E. Sadler	Mesquite	66	66	100	Nelda Houston
Huntington Beach Br.	25	25	100	Almira Woodhouse	<b>Montpelier Stake</b>				
Lynwood Branch	24	41	171	Louise Harris	Bern	25	20	80	Myrtle Stecklar
<b>Los Angeles Stake</b>					Geneva	32	24	75	Mrs. Doyle Steight
Arlington	96	91	95	Clara May Parry	Montpelier Second	103	93	90	Larena Pugmire
Hollywood	119	104	87	Charlotte O'Connor	Nounan	19	16	84	Mary Minning
La Brea	51	47	92	Phyllis Brewerton	Raymond	15	15	100	Eleanor Saxton
<b>Lost River Stake</b>					Wardboro	25	25	100	Genieve Kunz
Leslie	32	28	88	Ruth T. Olsen	<b>Morgan Stake</b>				
Moore	38	30	79	Lillen Bingham	Croydon	13	14	108	Faye London
Leadore Branch	15	13	87	Marion Fletcher	North Morgan	63	55	87	Julia Carrigan
<b>Lyman Stake</b>					<b>Mount Graham Stake</b>	661	519	79	Millie Kelly
Green River	58	49	84	Dorothy Daniels	Duncan	51	51	100	Hallie Dees
Rock Springs First	51	42	82	Elizabeth Bateman	Lordsburg	24	26	108	Grace Richins
Superior	32	27	84	Martha Rock	Safford	128	113	88	Itha Booth
<b>Malad Stake</b>	564	477 1/4	85	<b>Mary B. Bush</b>	Solomonville	27	21	78	June Curtis
Holbrook	16	18	113	Evelyn C. Nalder	Viriden	52	44	85	Emma J. Lines
Malad First	98	82 3/4	84	Pearl W. Thomas	Animas Branch	5	6	120	Zylpha Gale
Malad Second	99	104	105	Beth B. Facer	Las Cruces Branch	7	7	100	Mildred Hayner
Malad Third	109	91	83	Catherine E. Thomas	<b>Mt. Jordan Stake</b>				
Pleasant View	34	29	85	Beth C. Davis	Crescent	46	36	78	Ellen Mickelsen
Portage	57	46 1/2	82	Twila Howell	Draper First	101	87	86	Myrtle Webb
St. John	52	52	100	Anna Lyle Jones	<b>Mount Logan Stake</b>				
					Logan Eleventh	95	72	76	Sabra Owen

Relief Society	Enroll- ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
River Heights	54	47	87	Rose Hansen
<b>Mount Ogden Stake</b>				
Highland	83	77	93	Hattie Andreason
Ogden Twenty-third	65	57	88	Edith Larson
Ogden Thirty-third	120	93	87	Hannah B. Allred
<b>Nampa Stake</b>	<b>487</b>	<b>465</b>	<b>95</b>	<b>Sarah E. Squires</b>
Homedale	60	60	100	Lorena Davenport
Melba	32	31	97	Rita Bradshaw
Nampa First	56	53	95	Blanche T. Woolard
Nampa Second	78	79	101	Mrs. Alvin Hunter
Nampa Third	50	59	118	Vilate Adams
Nampa Fourth	55	72	131	Hanna Castagneto
Marsing Branch	34	34	100	Anelda Reece
Star Branch	11	11	100	Emily Kent
<b>Nebo Stake</b>				
Park	80	61	76	Ethel T. Hiatt
Payson West	59	59	100	Laural Loveless
<b>Nevada Stake</b>				
Ely	105	82	78	Susan A. Mulliner
Ruth	31	30	97	Maud Mifflin
<b>New York Stake</b>				
Queens	52	39	75	Mrs. O. C. Mueller
<b>No. Box Elder Stake</b>	<b>576</b>	<b>526</b>	<b>91</b>	<b>Christina N. Bott</b>
Bear River	74	81	109	Seretta Johnson
Brigham Third	76	78	103	Fern Channell
Brigham Fourth	95	80	84	Geneva F. Wright
Brigham Seventh	64	65	102	LaVina S. Hansen
Brigham Eighth	100	78	78	Dorothy Willie
Salem	69	69	100	Verla Price
Sugar	157	125	80	Mary Thomson
<b>North Sanpete Stake</b>				
Milburn	13	13	100	Fannie M. Graham
Mt. Pleasant North	128	110	86	Gladys Peterson
Mt. Pleasant South	106	90	85	Lucille R. Seely
Mountainville	13	12	92	Vera Skelley
<b>North Weber Stake</b>				
Taylor	64	51	80	Lorene Farr
<b>Oahu Stake</b>				
Nanakuli Branch	13	11	85	
<b>Oakland Stake</b>				
Alameda	50	51	102	La Vina McRae
Dimond	112	93	83	Gladys Thomas
Elmhurst	72	75	104	Irene Dutson
Maxwell Park	70	61	87	Veda Mann
<b>Ogden Stake</b>	<b>747</b>	<b>702</b>	<b>94</b>	<b>Chloe F. Summerill</b>
Huntsville	68	61	90	Edris Knapp
Liberty	23	19	83	Mary R. Ward
Ogden Fourth	121	123	102	Viola Perkins
Ogden Sixth	78	69	88	Effie Auffhammer
Ogden Thirteenth	105	111	106	Arva Livingston
Ogden Twentieth	96	126	131	Nana Christiansten
Ogden Thirtieth	73	73	100	Beth Poorte
<b>Oneida Stake</b>	<b>651</b>	<b>556½</b>	<b>85</b>	<b>Kenna Bergeson</b>
Banida	21	18	86	Mrs. Demont Bell
Glenco	24	20	83	Mrs. Delmar Olsen
Glendale	14	15	107	Eulalia W. Larsen
Oxford	27	21	78	Elstia Olson



Corinne	85	73	86	Rose B. Nelson	Preston Third	68	68	Amy S. Kern
Harper	25	20	80	Edith Baty	Preston Fourth	91	91	Lizzie Weaver
Honeyville	57	51	89	Sylvia Hunsaker	Preston Seventh	94	94½	Jennet Swainston
<b>North Carbon Stake</b>					Treasureton	24	19	Vera Atkinson
Helper	85	64	75	Estella Gale	Winder	37	31	Leona P. Winger
Storrs	22	19	86	Sophia Torgersen	<b>Oquirrh Stake</b>	388	390	<b>Ione C. Fuller</b>
<b>North Davis Stake</b>					Hercules	16	17	Hazel Bertoch
Clearfield First	98	106	108	Susan Argyle	Magna	114	114	Izella Jeppson
Clearfield Second	63	47	75	Mary Banz	Pleasant Green	113	126	Myrtle D. Russon
Layton Fourth	88	70	80	Bessie H. Layton	Spencer	57	82	Florence Reid
Syracuse	112	91	81	Alice Anderson	<b>Orem Stake</b>			
Sahara Village Branch	20	25	125	Leora Yardley	Geneva	66	50	Martha Pyne
<b>North Idaho Falls</b>	569	582	102	<b>Lucille Johnson</b>	Orem First	34	32	Eliza B. Anderson
Coltman	50	55	110	Marion Judd	Sharon	50	50	Golda Mangum
Idaho Falls First	91	101	111	Leona Merrell	<b>Palmyra Stake</b>			
Idaho Falls Fourth	96	107	111	Anna Christofferson	Lake Shore	95	76	Bernice Rigtrup
Idaho Falls Seventh	167	145	87	Emma Jensen	Palmyra	39	35	Lois Nash
Osgood	59	65	110	Lucile Sorensen	Salem	92	93	Lavina Thompson
Ucon	106	109	103	Elna Andrus	Spanish Fork First	84	64	Hortense Argyle
<b>North Jordan Stake</b>	519	476	92	<b>Mable G. Morgan</b>	Spanish Fork Third	120	123	Hazel J. Christian-
Granger First	124	124	100	Rosalma Van Bus-	Birdseye Branch	16	14	sen Rachel Spencer
Granger Second	100	100	100	Marjorie H. Coats	<b>Palo Alto Stake</b>	337	327	<b>Sarah Avery</b>
Hunter	100	76	76	Alta Witbeck	Burlingame	31	37	Iris Pickering
Redwood	52	53	102	Louisa Skog	Naglee Park	30	33	Eliza Horsfield
Taylorsville	73	73	100	Loretta Foote	Palo Alto	92	71	Iva Minard
<b>North Rexburg Stake</b>	631	548½	87	<b>Lucy Furness</b>	Redwood City	58	64	Aileen Weaver
Hibbard	68	74	109	Belva Withers	San Jose	40	44	Maud West
Newdale	35	37	106	Zola Allen	San Mateo	50	41	Helen Bredding
Plano	50	54½	109	Arvilla Parkinson	Willow Glen	36	37	Rasmine Jensen
Rexburg First	143	111	78	Eva Summers	<b>Panguitch Stake</b>			
					Hatch	43	36	Effie J. Deuel

Relief Society	Enroll- ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Panguitch North	90	95	106	Thelma Orton
<b>Park Stake</b>	<b>767</b>	<b>637</b>	<b>83</b>	<b>Hattie S. Hanigan</b>
Duncan	66	50	76	Annie Buie
Emigration	68	57	84	Lillian Schricker
First	94	95	101	Clara Dittman
Le Grand	137	116	85	Edna Davis
Tenth	65	66	102	Lamecia Pierce
Thirty-first	108	109	101	Sarah Harmon
<b>Parowan Stake</b>	<b>350</b>	<b>276</b>	<b>79</b>	<b>Betty M. Sorenson</b>
Enoch	35	35	100	Cora B. Murie
Parowan East	84	68	81	Cora M. Rowley
Parowan West	126	95	75	Pearl Benson
Summit	25	24	96	Lucy Green
<b>Pasadena Stake</b>	<b>945</b>	<b>928</b>	<b>98</b>	<b>Selma L. Child</b>
Alhambra	122	122	100	Ruth Harper
Baldwin Park	67	57	85	Lilly A. Wilcox
Belvedere	84	87	104	Katie E. Scott
Eastmont	87	89	102	Caroline Miller
El Monte	83	64	77	Louise Mariger
El Sereno	36	46	128	Selma Child
Los Flores	55	45	82	Seretta Sorenson
Mission Park	61	63	103	Kay Ritchie
Monrovia	71	72	101	Gladys Eccles
Montebello	84	85	101	Nell Maiben
Pasadena	97	94	97	Mabrye E. Phillips
Rosemead	44	46	105	Gwen Boyd
Whittier	54	58	107	Blanche Vaughn
<b>Phoenix Stake</b>	<b>594</b>	<b>672</b>	<b>113</b>	<b>Zola Stapley</b>
Capitol	92	99	108	Rowena Britzing
Glendale	59	68	115	Julia S. Kremer
Phoenix First	94	95	101	Claradell S. Dewitt
Relief Society	Enroll- ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
<b>Raft River Stake</b>				
Malta	56	51	91	Alice O. Neddo
Moulton	12	11	92	Julia H. Clark
Sublett	10	10	100	Sylvia Olsen
Yost	15	15	100	Viola Tracy
<b>Reno Stake</b>	<b>376</b>	<b>303</b>	<b>81</b>	<b>Theresa Larson</b>
Reno	33	44	127	Helen Todd
Sparks	95	110	116	Bertha J. Purdy
Westwood	28	29	104	Mary A. Young
Carson City Branch	9	9	100	Virginia Morris
<b>Rexburg Stake</b>	<b>583</b>	<b>694</b>	<b>119</b>	<b>Daphne Nef</b>
Archer	78	107	137	Norah Grover
Burton	54	66	122	Zina Clark
Independence	39	45	115	Margaret Barber
Lyman	62	73	118	Jessie Moulton
Rexburg Second	133	173	131	Maud Taylor
Rexburg Third	69	72	104	Wanda Hunziker
Rexburg Fourth	148	158	107	Eva Rudd
<b>Rigby Stake</b>	<b>665</b>	<b>678</b>	<b>102</b>	<b>Sara Simmons</b>
Annis	61	52	85	Jeannette Browning
Grant	55	45	82	Rachel Taylor
Hamer	26	28	108	Sarah McClure
Lewisville	109	109	100	Melba B. Kinghorn
Menan First	62	71	115	Emily Hart
Menan Second	74	74	100	Erma Gunderson
Rigby First	87	89	102	Vilate Call
Rigby Fourth	69	69	100	Ann W. Nielsen
Roberts	66	66	100	Ruth Marriott
Terreton	43	50	116	Maurine Peterson
Beaver Creek Branch	13	25	192	Alta Fern Doschades

Phoenix Second	88	99	113	Phoebe Thomson	Riverside Stake	63	68	108	Hillair Daniels
Phoenix Third	78	102	131	Rintha Naylor	Riverside	106	85	80	Elsa B. Conde
Phoenix Fourth	44	47	107	Mary E. Harrison	Twenty-ninth				
Phoenix Fifth	66	88	133	Eulla Davis	Roosevelt Stake	42	35	83	Emma S. Clark
Phoenix Sixth	24	25	104	Ruby D. Biggs	Ballard	82	98	120	Eliza Gilbert
Scottsdale	33	34	103	Ruby L. Cooper	Roosevelt Second				
Buckeye Branch	16	15	94	Stella M. Greene	Sacramento Stake	515	429	83	Susie J. Beutler
Pioneer Stake					Homestead	95	101	106	Augusta Hillman
Edison	79	68	86	Ida H. Deters	Roseville	76	70	92	Nida B. Morey
Glendale Park	35	35	100	Dena Lund	Sacramento	104	82	79	Margherita Singleton
Jordan Park	78	87	112	Mary Jacobs	Sutter	71	66	93	La Verna B. Lewis
Thirty-second	85	68	80	Edith Murray	Woodland	31	28	90	Vendla Gorden
Pocatello Stake					St. George Stake	667	519	78	Agnes Pickett
Pocatello Eighth	71	75	106	Gwen Davis	Central	14	13	93	LaRue Cannon
Pocatello Twelfth	68	52	76	Emma Thompson	Gunlock	18	19	106	Maybell Hunt
Pocatello Thirteenth	124	116	94	Mae Howells	Ivins	13	13	100	Martha Hafen
Pocatello Fourteenth	62	75	121	Cora Hartingsen	Mt. Trumbull	7	6	86	Rebecca H. Bundy
Portland Stake					Pine Valley	12	9	75	Maude Gardner
Colonial Heights	135	105	78	Delores Zobell	St. George Second	75	57	76	Mamie May
Portneuf Stake	451	357	79	Ada L. Parris	St. George Fourth	55	78	142	Eunice Blazzard
Garden Creek	28	29	104	Lucile Capell	St. George Fifth	67	55	82	Elma M. Miles
Marsh Center	20	17	85	Gertrude Parris	St. George Sixth	75	67	89	Emma G. Abbott
McCaunton	71	72	101	Wynona Glass	Veyo	12	12	100	Mildred Bowler
Swan Lake	30	37	123	Marie Henderson	St. Johns Stake				
Virginia	35	29	83	Marian Shappart	Alpine	19	20	105	Jessie Jepson
Merrill Branch	9	8	89	LaVene Pilgrim	Eagar	114	86	75	Agness M. Lund
Provo Stake	438	529	121	Flora Buggart	Luna	23	24	104	Clara B. Laney
Manavu	98	225	230	Flora Buggart	Nutriosio	11	15	136	Marva F. Maxwell
Provo First	108	93	86	Hansinia H. Burr	St. Joseph Stake	539	476	88	Rula Colvin
Provo Fifth	80	80	100	Fanny S. Whimpey	Bryce	19	19	100	Nellie Dixon
Provo Seventh	90	82	91	Mary Josie	Central	56	56	100	Winnie Smith
Provo Tenth	62	49	79	Eva Thorsen					

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Eden	26	21	81	Viola Colvin
Fort Thomas	40	33	83	Ellen Hastings
Globe	55	41	75	Hilda M. Sanders
Miami	54	45	83	Ella Sims
Pima	121	127	105	Zela McBride
Thatcher	168	134	80	Sarah Hales
<b>Salt Lake Stake</b>	<b>886</b>	<b>808</b>	<b>91</b>	<b>Rebecca P. Bean</b>
Capitol Hill	98	79	81	Melba Barnes
Nineteenth	86	69	80	Klea Gray
North Seventeenth	149	159	107	Mary Pack
Seventeenth	209	160	77	Katherine R. Hainline
Twenty-second	98	100	102	Alma Laxman
Twenty-third	37	105	284	Nellie A. Harter
<b>San Bernardino Stake</b>	<b>492</b>	<b>498</b>	<b>101</b>	<b>Hollie Jolley Breech</b>
Arlington	35	31	89	Rebecca Smith
Colton	36	50	139	Cora S. Anderson
Fontana	28	28	100	Alice S. Walker
Ontario	52	53	102	Lois Holbrook
Pomona	72	72	100	Lois S. Higgins
Redlands	25	27	108	Gladys Smith
Riverside	75	75	100	Muriel E. Smith
San Bernardino First	62	64	103	Laura Lee Hilliker
San Bernardino Second	62	62	100	Betty E. Trent
Yucaipa Branch	16	18	113	Sible Reagan
<b>San Diego Stake</b>	<b>475</b>	<b>410</b>	<b>86</b>	<b>Ava S. Jones</b>
Fairmont	69	60	87	Ruth V. B. Rigby
Hillcrest	64	67	105	Sarah C. Bodily
La Mesa	48	60	125	Della Campbell
North Park	65	56	86	Josephine Gallacher
Ocean Beach	63	66	105	Vea R. Beighle
<b>Relief Society</b>	<b>Enrollment</b>	<b>Subscriptions No.</b>	<b>Pct.</b>	<b>Magazine Representative</b>
<b>San Luis Stake</b>				
Alamosa	57	50	88	Opal McDaniel
Morgan Branch	28	25	89	Grace Price
<b>Santaquin-Tintic Stake</b>				
Elberta Branch	16	13	81	Harriet E. Barney
<b>Seattle Stake</b>				
Bellingham	34	34	100	Ella M. Petrie
Olympia	32	25	78	Mary Canning
Queen Anne	62	56	90	Emily Heath
South Seattle	23	24	104	Charlotte Myler
West Seattle	57	46	81	Hazel Doble
Port Orchard Branch	20	15	75	Myra Ennis
Shelton Branch	14	16	114	Lottie Young
White Center Branch	11	10	91	Ercell Fullmer
<b>Sevier Stake</b>	<b>700</b>	<b>599</b>	<b>86</b>	<b>Beth C. Anderson</b>
Richfield First	118	93	79	Myrtle Brown
Richfield Second	113	116	103	Jane Y. Pollett
Richfield Third	120	102	85	Laura O. Wilson
Richfield Fourth	116	104½	90	Naomi P. Foisy
Sigurd	37	43	116	Emily M. Nebeker
Venice	50	50½	101	Wilda O. Brienholt
Greenwich Branch	13	12	92	Mary Bagley
<b>Sharon Stake</b>	<b>382</b>	<b>334</b>	<b>87</b>	<b>Mabel M. William-son</b>
Edgemont	60	60	100	Florence G. Dalton
Hill Crest	71	62	87	Marjorie Mott
Oak Hills	40	51	128	Madge McKell
Pleasant View	41	68	166	Ruth C. Meldrum
<b>Shelley Stake</b>	<b>580</b>	<b>643</b>	<b>111</b>	<b>Eva L. Clinger, Pres.</b>

HONOR ROLL

Valencia Park	55	41	75	Emma Berry	Basalt	53	53	100	Theлма Hoskins
<b>San Fernando Stake</b>	<b>1001</b>	<b>1045</b>	<b>104</b>	<b>Elsie Weber</b>	Firth	70	103	147	Florence Hanny
Burbank	68	73	107	Jane Reynolds	Goshen	70	71	101	Theлма Rainston
Elysian Park	73	76	104	Frances Kelland	Jameston	44	53	120	Eva Burke
Garvanza	126	126	100	Elizabeth Burnett	Kimball	21	30	143	Florence E. Gifford
Glendale East	131	131	100	Elizabeth Brower	Shelley First	90	99	110	Viola Peterson
Glendale West	115	115	100	Ruth B. Turman	Shelley Second	79	80	101	Theлма Howell
La Crescenta	61	69	113	Donna Lechthaler	Shelley Third	65	63	97	Areta Van Eps
North Hollywood	109	98	90	Elizabeth L. Jacobs	Taylor	33	35	106	Pearl Clark
Reseda	36	57	158	Zola Larsen	Woodville	55	56	102	Edna Kotter
San Fernando	35	35	100	Margaret Krey	<b>Smithfield Stake</b>	87	70	80	Jessie Littledike
Studio City	91	99	109	Alta Wicks	Smithfield First				
Sunset	62	69	111	Lucille A. Switzer	<b>Snowflake Stake</b>	23	21	91	Ruby Hancock
Van Nuys	94	97	103	Katherine Duke	Claysprings	52	40	77	Martha W. Thomas
<b>San Francisco Stake</b>	<b>313</b>	<b>283</b>	<b>90</b>	<b>Florence M. Fitzgerald</b>	Flagstaff	61	60	98	Gladys McLaws
Balboa	54	70	130	Eva Bane	Joseph City	41	39	95	Annie H. Kay
Mission	70	53	76	Maria Eaton	Lakeside	24	18	75	Jane M. Jackson
San Francisco	94	84	89	Ann E. Savard	Pinedale	28	22	79	Zella S. Turley
Sunset	95	76	80	Lillian E. Clawson	Woodruff	476	404	85	Eva B. Hansen
<b>San Joaquin Stake</b>	<b>281</b>	<b>305</b>	<b>109</b>	<b>Sarah E. Dana</b>	<b>So. Bear River Stake</b>	55	41	75	Pearl Perry
Modesto	65	65	100	Mabel Arnold	Deweyville	41	42	102	Janusine N. Peterson
Stockton	113	120	106	Ellen Burt	Elwood	15	19	127	Lena M. Jensen
Tracy	23	28	122	Sarah S. Dana	Penrose	39	30	77	Sylvia W. Dunn
Turlock	30	30	100	Grace Leidsen	Thatcher	133	121	91	Lena White
Brentwood Branch	8	16	200	Bernice Geddes	Tremonton First	105	87	83	Lillian Barfus
Ione Branch	19	23	121	Ruby J. Lyman	Tremonton Second	24	28	117	Eliza G. Holland
Oakdale Branch	23	23	100	Verda H. Chalk	Evans Branch	12	15	125	Janice W. Nichalos
<b>San Juan Stake</b>	<b>366</b>	<b>367</b>	<b>100</b>	<b>Ruth J. Nielson</b>	Promontory Branch	630	549	87	<b>Edith Baddley</b>
Blanding	86	91	106	Neta W. Young	<b>So. Box Elder Stake</b>	104	87	84	Artie H. Sessions
Grayson	96	101	105	Donna Black	Brigham City First	108	117	108	Ezma L. Knudson
Moab	69	66	96	Naomi Summerville	Brigham City Second	100	104	104	Myrtle Clifford
Monticello	102	101	99	Amy S. Black	Brigham City Fifth				

Relief Society	Enroll- ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enroll- ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Brigham City Sixth	99	76	77	Roma Thorson	Coeur D'Alene Branch	23	20	87	Emma Masten
Mantua	54	54	100	Verile N. Anderson	Sandpoint Branch	23	21	91	Wilma M. Marshall
<b>South Carolina Stake</b>					<b>Star Valley Stake</b>				
Gaffney	19	19	100	Ila Black	Etna	49	37	76	Vera Roberts
Spartanburg	19	15	79	Elizabeth Noblin	Fairview	58	52	90	Maud Rauzenberg
Augusta Branch	15	17	113	Thelma P. Mills	Thayne	63	62	98	Leta Coffman
Darlington Branch	14	17	121	Wilma Honney	Turnerville Branch	10	9	90	Myrtle Turner
Winnsboro Branch	6	6	100	Lula Reynolds	<b>Sugar House Stake</b>	783	800	102	<b>Melissa K. Wallace</b>
<b>South Davis Stake</b>	841	627	75	<b>Genevieve Gardner</b>	Bryan	112	115	103	Catherine Sipkema
Bountiful First	129	135	105	Anna Bangerter	Emerson	148	150	101	Liahona Smith
Bountiful Third	87	71	82	Reeve B. Hill	Hawthorne	114	114	100	Lena Draney
Bountiful Fourth	100	94	94	LoReta Riley	Marlborough	136	144	106	Hazel Holmquist
South Bountiful	80	79	99	Mrs. Ralph Argyle	Richards	114	116	102	Vera Schmitt
<b>So. Idaho Falls Stake</b>	433	361	83	<b>Valeria Blotter</b>	Sugar House	159	161	101	Orlena Christensen
Ammon	114	100	88	Leda Jones	<b>Summit Stake</b>				
Idaho Falls Third	115	91	79	Nell Crowther	Hoytsville	48	38	79	Blanche Crittenden
Idaho Falls Eighth	77	78	101	Lois Kirby	Upton	10	10	100	Phyllis Staley
<b>So. Los Angeles Stake</b>	888	1193	134	<b>Nancy M. Rupp</b>	Wanship	28	21	75	Fawn W. Smith
Downey	95	100	105	Letha Henricksen	<b>Taylor Stake</b>	543	504	93	Grace B. Fletcher
Grant	53	69	130	Betty Gleason	Magrath First	87	85	98	Maysie B. Toomer
Huntington Park	85	105	124	Rhea Warren	Magrath Second	71	80	113	Grace B. Fletcher
Manchester	98	126	129	Irene Bracken	Raymond First	57	49	86	Minnie B. Litchfield
Matthews	117	157	134	Josie Newey	Raymond Second	63	60	95	Iva M. Jensen
Maywood	114	126	111	Shara Bullard	Raymond Third	60	72	120	Esther J. Anderson
Miramonte	43	76	177	Anna Struhs	Raymond Fourth	56	51	91	Violet Christensen
South Gate	104	233	224	Marie De Spain	Welling	32	35	109	Anna Wilde
Vermont	74	108	146	Violet Trip	Coutts Branch	11	9	82	Della Rodgers
Walnut Park	105	112	107	Delpha Watson	Tyrell's Lake Branch	11	22	200	Clara E. Selk
<b>South Ogden Stake</b>	693	657	95	<b>Loretta Cramer</b>	<b>Temple View Stake</b>	57	52	91	Elizabeth Keachie
Ogden Ninth	87	75	86	Lillie Wangsgard	Sixth-Seventh				

HONOR ROLL

Ogden Fourteenth	88	73	83	Lenna Singleton	<b>Teton Stake</b>	25	27	108	Julia J. Riplinger
Ogden Eighteenth	88	90	102	Marie B. Wagner	Bates	20	18	90	Grace E. Higley
Ogden Twenty-sixth	105	122	116	Ethel S. Lowe	Cache	20	21	105	Leatha Kunz
Ogden Twenty-seventh	55	82	149	Josephine L. Swensen	Cedron	21	21	100	Eva Hillman
Ogden Twenty-eighth	112	90	80	Margaret Williams	Darby	37	45	122	Beth Robertson
Ogden Thirty-fourth	81	62	77	Luella Brown	Jackson	37	28	76	Hattie Hatch
South Weber	42	35	83	Lavern J. Poll (Pres.)	Tetonia	479	378	79	<b>Geneva W. Warnick</b>
Uintah	35	28	80	Kathleen Combe	<b>Timpanogos Stake</b>	73	59	81	Ida Pierson
<b>South Salt Lake Stake</b>	<b>528</b>	<b>498</b>	<b>94</b>	<b>Hedy T. Davies</b>	Lindon	79	61	77	Ella Smith
Burton	85	83	98	Martha Reinhold	Manila	56	52	93	Thelma Freeman
Central Park	48	59	123	Vida Fillmore	Pleasant Grove First	91	70	77	Ida Williamson
Granite Park	41	42	102	LaRue Kevern	Pleasant Grove Second	102	77	75	Lucinda Pearce
Haven	65	70	108	Floyce Humpherys	Pleasant Grove Third	78	59	76	Ardena Atwood
Miller	56	64	114	Bernice Roberts	<b>Tooele Stake</b>				
North Central Park	44	54	123	Alice Frandsen	Stockton	30	23	77	Elva Benson
South Gate	97	85	88	Mary M. Cashland	Tooele First	95	75	79	Bessie S. Kemp
<b>South Sanpete Stake</b>					Tooele Fifth	105	95	90	Mabel Dalton
Ephraim South	103	83	81	Clarissa T. Hansen	Tooele Sixth	14	27	193	LaDean J. Long
Sterling	22	23	105	Malinda P. Jensen	Vernon	24	21	88	Bessie Anderson
<b>South Sevier Stake</b>					<b>Twin Falls Stake</b>	494	450	91	<b>Goldie Tolman</b>
Annabella	56	43	77	Lucy C. Gleave	Buhl	60	49	82	Johanna Jensen
Joseph	42	43	102	Ruby Baker	Kimberly	52	54	104	Nadene Stanger
<b>South Summit Stake</b>					Murtaugh	37	31	84	Geneva Mayes
Marion	31	30	97	Melba Beal	Twin Falls First	81	70	86	Lenore Carroll
Woodland	41	32	78	Francell Gines	Twin Falls Second	69	76	110	Mabel Judd
<b>Southern Arizona Stake</b>					Twin Falls Third	73	74	101	Vera Holland
Binghamton	72	89	124	Louisa Done	Twin Falls Fourth	62	52	84	Bertha Bolton
Whitewater	36	27	75	Marcia Cathcart	Filer Branch	30	23	77	Willia Hepworth
Wilcox	7	7	100	Lenore Duncan	<b>Uintah Stake</b>	696	555	80	<b>Elsie M. Palmer</b>
<b>Spokane Stake</b>					Ashley	45	40	89	Annie Morrison
Spokane Central	56	45	80	Nellie N. Bliss	Glines	45	38	84	Effie Halfeltz

Relief Society	Enroll- ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Jensen	54	44	81	Amelia Ainge
Maeser	76	60	79	Marie Johnson
Tridell	40	34	85	Vergie Behrman
Vernal First	73	70	96	Arlene Chivers
Vernal Second	81	62	77	Pearl Winder
Vernal Third	69	77	112	Alice Billings
Bonanza Branch	10	19	190	LaMar Richens
<b>Union Stake</b>	<b>412</b>	<b>392</b>	<b>95</b>	<b>Texy J. Weimer</b>
Baker	59	55	93	Sadie Shelton
Imbler	28	26	93	Lee Ellen Coe
La Grande First	93	96	103	Lillie Waldrop
La Grande Second	77	69	90	Lydia Feik
Pendleton	39	50	128	Belle Eriksen
Union	49	44	90	Erma Badger
Halfway Branch	10	11	110	Wilmerth Ward
<b>Utah Stake</b>	<b>442</b>	<b>371</b>	<b>84</b>	<b>Bertha Memmott</b>
Park	58	44	76	Levine Wright
Provo Third	138	104	75	Esther Hurst
Provo Fourth	63	56	89	Hilda K. Daniels
Provo Sixth	85	85	100	Jane B. Evans
University	98	82	84	Leda Law
<b>Uvada Stake</b>				
Pioche	51	94	184	Hertha Kroencke
Hiko Branch	5	5	100	Jewel Hansen
Ursine Branch	6	9	150	Elva Hollinger
<b>Wasatch Stake</b>	<b>635</b>	<b>606</b>	<b>95</b>	<b>Mildred Lawrence</b>
Center	25	22	88	Phyllis Christensen
Charleston	33	34	103	Zina Ritchie
Daniels	50	43	86	Ina Orgill
Heber First	109	101	93	LaPreal McKnight
Herriman	50	67	134	Agnes Dansie
Riverton First	67	56	84	Eliza Reynolds
Riverton Second	94	86	91	Blanche Myers
South Jordan	133	109	82	Elsie J. Merrill
<b>West Pocatello Stake</b>	<b>588</b>	<b>563</b>	<b>96</b>	<b>Reta C. Austin</b>
Arbon	17	19	112	Colleen Bailey
Pocatello First	81	66	81	Emma Hurst
Pocatello Fifth	100	80	80	Ione Slayden
Pocatello Ninth	86	86	100	Eva Richardson
Pocatello Tenth	129	114	88	Ethel Morgan
Pocatello Eleventh	94	147	156	Hattie Tolman
<b>West Utah</b>	<b>405</b>	<b>325</b>	<b>80</b>	<b>Cleo L. Thatcher</b>
Pioneer	65	51	78	Ella Wilkins
Provo Second	90	79	88	Zelma H. Halladay
Provo Eleventh	70	57	81	Ruby Peay
Rivergrove	100	78	78	Eva Ricks
Sunset	80	60	75	Lillie M. Cambell
<b>Woodruff Stake</b>				
Hilliard	14	18	129	Lucille Brown
<b>Yellowstone Stake</b>	<b>659</b>	<b>523</b>	<b>79</b>	<b>Leona E. Lords</b>
Ashton	76	77	101	Berthie Baker
Egin Bench	59	46	78	Fanny Hunter
Marysville	32	39	122	Marjorie Gunter
St. Anthony First	82	86	105	Ada Christensen
Twin Groves	31	24	77	Nelle Bowen
Wilford	55	44	80	Beulah Willyerd
Kilgore Branch	24	30	125	Hedwig Hirschi
<b>Young Stake</b>	<b>351</b>	<b>284</b>	<b>81</b>	<b>Lois F. Palmer</b>
Kirtland	68	69	101	Lois F. Palmer
Redmesa	34	28	82	Veda Walker (Pres.)



Cortez Branch	20	15	75	Carmen Tanner
Kline Branch	14	19	136	Ida Eaton
<b>Zion Park Stake</b>				
LaVerkin	60	45	75	Vilate Hardy
Rockville	32	26	81	Mary H. DeMille
Toquerville	42	40	95	Edythe Klinger-smith

**MISSIONS**

<b>Australian</b>	250	210	84	<b>Blanche K. Richmond</b>
Adelaide	16	14	88	Betty McCarthy
Glen Huon	16	33	206	Marjorie Watson
Hurstville	18	34	189	Florence Wardingly
Nambour	10	11	110	Leila Atkinson
Perth	16	12	75	Eunice Compton
<b>California</b>	1004	960	96	<b>Vivian R. McConkie</b>
Arizona	149	127	85	Marva Kinateder
Ajo	24	27	113	Tressie Harpool
Chino Valley	17	17	100	Ita Turley (Pres.)
Miller Valley	39	30	77	Frances Peterson
Wickenburg	17	20	118	Evelyn White
Bakersfield	186	148	80	Margaret S. Taylor
Delano	9	9	100	Juanita Brooks
East Bakersfield	72	58	81	Alfrieta B. Mayes
Oildale	33	22	96	Lily H. Davies
Taft	36	30	83	Belva Stanfield
Wasco	16	12	75	Rae Hager
Coachella Valley	20	24	120	
Indio	7	11	157	Miriane Hale
Palm Springs	13	13	100	Hilda Goff
Colorado River	62	57	92	
Blythe	20	27	135	Nora McCuen

Heber Second	98	75	77	Mary Moulton
Heber Third	82	84	102	Margaret E. Cal-lister
Heber Fourth	76	100	132	Verna Hicken
Midway First	59	64	108	LaNeva Averett
Midway Second	64	53	83	Margaret C. Kelly
Wallsburg	39	30	77	Ethel Batty
<b>Washington Stake</b>				
Washington	54	44	81	Effie Thompson
<b>Wayne Stake</b>				
Grover Branch	8	7	88	Joy Clark
<b>Weber Stake</b>				
Ogden First	110	84	76	Robena Harris
Ogden Eleventh	109	85	78	Viola M. Royle
Ogden Nineteenth	83	73	88	Edith D. Anderson
<b>Weiser Stake</b>	700	551	79	<b>Fannie Chandler</b>
Letha	60	54	90	Ann A. Jensen
Nyssa Second	42	34	81	Hazel Hunter
Ontario	80	90	113	Myrtle Wilburn
Payette	33	35	106	Fern Roberts
Vale	61	52	85	Avis Belnap
Weiser	62	52	84	Lucille Chandler
Cascade Branch	18	18	100	Clara McMurdie
Fruitvale Branch	8	6	75	Irene Burt
Sweet Branch	15	14	93	Miss Gean Robison
<b>Wells Stake</b>	876	687½	78	<b>Mabel E. Wood</b>
Ivins	113	107	95	Beatrice Ford
McKay	104	114	110	Mrs. J. W. Stoker
Waterloo	126	98½	78	Jennie Waldram
Wilson	92	71	77	Myrtle Wennhold
<b>West Jordan Stake</b>	762	588	77	<b>Olivia M. Egbert</b>
Bingham	68	69	101	Hazel J. Robison

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Yuma	27	22	81	Cora Rogers
Imperial Valley	39	47	121	Irene Wadell
Brawley	18	27	150	Dorothy Layton
El Centro	21	20	95	Reta Johnson
Las Flores	73	72	99	Shirly Staffanson
Lompoc	8	10	125	Maureene Chrisman
Paso Robles	13	12	92	Leah P. Godfrey
San Luis Obispo	29	24	83	Lydia B. Triplett
Santa Maria	23	26	113	Addie Smith
Mount Whitney	81	76	94	Lois Taylor
Bishop	18	14	78	Leona Pendleton
Independence	9	10	111	Alpha Budke
Lone Pine	7	7	100	Delma Werle
Ridgecrest	21	27	129	Laura Corbridge
Trona	20	16	80	Minnie B. Conklin
Mojave Desert	28	42	150	Della Guymon
Barstow	12	14	117	(Pres.)
Lancaster	11	15	136	Elizabeth Merwin
Oak Creek	61	53	87	Clesta Dunbar
Ash Fork	9	9	100	June Calhoun
Camp Verde	5	5	100	Nancy Hight
Oak Creek	8	8	100	Larene Petersen
Verde Valley	31	28	90	Mariam A. Robinson
San Gorgonio	75	60	80	Reva Kribbs
Hemet	32	31	97	Frances E. Peck
Santa Barbara	145	144	99	Myrtle Altman
Oxnard	35	31	89	Eileen Godbey
Santa Barbara	38	53	139	Iva Tripp
Santa Paula	20	22	110	Elizabeth C. Anderson
South Coast	95	110	116	son
Springfield	16	20	125	Joyce Franklin
Stillwater	19	16	84	Clara V. Nelson
South Independence	28	21	75	Gwendolyn Reed
Tulsa	20	21	105	R. Darlene Thompson
West Wichita	19	20	105	Rosie Thompson
<b>East Central States</b>	<b>424</b>	<b>368</b>	<b>87</b>	<b>Hilda M. Richards</b>
Boldman	10	10	100	Wilda Duvall
Bradfordsville	17	18	106	Nellie Tungate
Cabin Creek	12	14	117	Virginia Thacker
Charleston	45	51	113	Emma Atkinson
Cumberland	5	7	140	Mrs. Glen L. Lewis
Fairmont	8	9	113	May Slotter
Franklin	8	21	263	Alice B. Hartman
Lexington	16	16	100	Grace Wells
Logan	17	20	118	Ida Clemens
Martin	36	37	103	Della Stephens
Memphis	24	25	104	Reba Sims
Oak Ridge	9	8	89	Iva Mae Posey
Parkersburg	9	8	89	Agatha Garvin
Richardsville	10	10	100	Geneva Childers
<b>Eastern States</b>				
Albany	10	9	90	Emma Barton
Buffalo	15	17	113	Louise Winspear
Canandaigua	8	11	138	Florie W. Reddlesworth
Erie	11	12	109	Madeline Scott
Niagara Falls	18	15	83	Tessa M. Udy
Palmyra	18	14	78	Grace Bump
Philadelphia	40	33	83	Helen S. Lindsey
Pittsburg	20	18	90	Virginia Birtcher

Carlsbad	20	26	130	Violet Williams
Escondido	26	28	108	Ruth Harris
Fallbrook	17	20	118	Lela A. Reed
Laguna Beach	16	22	138	Marie Rolson
San Dieguito	16	14	88	Molly Hansen
<b>Canadian</b>				
Brantford	10	8	80	Gladys M. Meek
Kitchener	6	5	83	Patricia Steinmetz (Sec.)
Ottawa	16	12	75	Eva E. Musson
Stratford	5	6	120	
<b>Central States</b>				
Arkansas City	12	9	75	Donna White
Barney	4	4	100	Clara McDonald
Claytonville	5	4	80	Ada A. Fridell
Dodge City	22	21	95	Mary M. Shumard
East St. Louis	12	12	100	Willie Pratt Kanipe
East Wichita	14	14	100	Hazel Lawson
El Dorado	25	24	96	Ida Lovelace
Fort Sill	11	9	82	Ethel Hoffman
Gideon	3	3	100	Stella Mann
Hayti	6	6	100	Pauline Britton
Independence	16	12	75	Mary Emily
Joplin	19	17	89	Juanita Shivley
Junction City	5	5	100	Carrie Snyder
Kansas City No. 2	31	28	90	Pauline Slight
Larned	8	11	138	Elsa Webb
Mexico	10	8	80	Nan Thompson
Miami	8	8	100	Mrs. G. A. Schmidt
North Sidney	16	12	75	Mary Emily
Oklahoma City	23	37	161	Wilma Lindsey
Sedalia	8	8	100	Grace Furnell

Reading	7	6	86	Pearl D. Yeager
Rochester	11	10	91	Helen Boas
Sunbury	5	6	120	Irene Hile
Washington	8	6	75	Hazel Danley
Wilmington	14	11	79	Beatrice C. Stirland

**New England States**

Bath	8	7	88	Sara Hyde
Burlington	6	7	117	Mildred Short- sleeve
Concord	5	4	80	Jennie Anderson
Fall River	5	6	120	Thelma Dube
Framingham	6	5	83	Eva Harris
Halifax	5	13	260	Ruth Robar
Hartford	12	11	92	Belva Strople
Nashua	4	3	75	Itol B. Clough
New Haven	8	6	75	Phyllis Cannon
New London	4	3	75	Lorraine Lee
South Royalton	11	10	91	Sadie Whitcomb
Springfield	15	18	120	Irene Wrigley

**North Central States**

South Minnesota				
Austin	3	4	133	Maude I. Wigan
Yellowstone				
Lewistown	8	9	113	Louise McLaughlin (Pres.)
Sumatra	14	11	79	Gladys W. Savage (Pres.)
Miles City	9	10	111	Leah B. Nielson (Pres.)
Duluth	12	12	100	Margaret E. Hall- gren
Fargo	7	7	100	Lillian Evelyn Schoeler

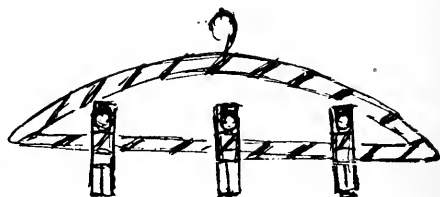
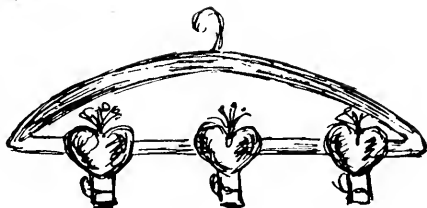
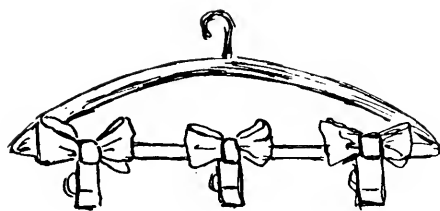
Relief Society	Enroll- ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enroll- ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Fort Frances	6	7	117	Ethel Shine	Grand Rapids	16	17	106	Eleanor R. V. Anderson
Gettysburg	6	8	133	Mildred Sandberg	Jackson	15	16	107	Norma Wilson
Grand Forks	7	12	171	Lottie Lehw	Lansing	19	21	111	Elmira Eyre
Sioux Falls	8	6	75	Mabel Juber	Saginaw	7	11	157	Dolene Le Guire
<b>Northern California</b>					Wisconsin	72	60	83	Hazel M. Branham
Fresno District	108	116	107	Verna G. Christofferson	Eau Claire	9	13	144	Luella Schroeder
East Fresno	23	57	248	Georgia Markow	Lynnhurst	11	18	164	Selma Hoffman
Merced	24	33	138	Harriet Moulton	Rhineland	11	11	100	Chloe Sparks
Klamath Falls					Sheboygan	6	6	100	Norma Kussow
Mt. Hebron	7	7	100	Julia Andrus	<b>Northwestern States</b>	<b>1765</b>	<b>1382</b>	<b>78</b>	<b>Georgina F. Richards</b>
Monterey Bay District					Anchorage	28	27	96	Cora McCarrey
Sunnyvale	13	13	100	Arlean Miner	Fairbanks	14	16	114	Merlene Anderson
Redwood					Grays Harbor	8	9	113	Bernice A. Dale
Arcata	19	17	89	Helen Goodman	Juneau	12	14	117	Ella A. Belcher
Hydesville	13	10	77	Dollie M. Allen	Kellogg-Wallace	9	9	100	Ruby Eichert
Rouge River					Priest River	5	11	220	Myrtle Biggs
Etna	12	13	108	Marie Johnson	Winlock	12	11	92	Tina Foreman
Santa Rosa					Bend	92	71	77	Lalovi Harris
Lakeport	10	13	130	Maud Pearson	Bend	32	26	81	Lucy Howard
Petaluma	8	14	175	Alice Elphick	Prineville	14	16	114	Wilma Booth
Sebastopol	9	8	89	Helen Lohman	Redmond	15	12	80	Irene Butler
Sequoia					Butte				
Avenal	12	10	83	Lela B. Burt	Bozeman	10	17	170	Irene Buttleman
Porterville	20	17	85	Elizabeth Rogers	Dillon	22	29	132	Myrtle L. Wallace
Shasta					Helena	27	29	107	Pearl Merrill
Orland	11	13	118	Mary Parker	Corvallis	87	75	86	Idell B. Lee
Willows	10	9	90	Martha M. Nelson	Albany	10	10	100	Joan Lee
<b>Northern States</b>	<b>989</b>	<b>747</b>	<b>77</b>	<b>Elna P. Haymond</b>	Corvallis	30	28	93	Lucile Hardman
Central Indiana	144	113	78	Ellen R. Clayton	Lebanon	16	14	88	Dollie Whitmore
Indianapolis North	31	31	100	Miss Alice Coffey	Newport	6	7	117	Anna Oldham
					Sweet Home	13	12	92	Sylvia Anderson

HONOR ROLL

Indianapolis South	51	42	82	Lena Liggett	Great Falls	160	123	77	Bea Payne
Central Ohio	60	46	77	Helen Y. Page	Bynum	19	24	126	Ivy Stott
Springfield	7	7	100	Valorie Detillion	Conrad	8	8	100	June Judy
East Iowa	6	5	83	Sue Ferguson	Fort Benton	7	6	86	Maxine McDede
Bonaparte	22	17	77	Lucille McClelland	Golden Ridge	11	9	82	Leah Eddington
East Michigan	10	9	90	Louise Beauchamp	Simms	14	12	86	Sara Robbins
Ann Arbor	8	9	113	Florence Schultz	McMinnville	107	94	88	Erma R. Fox
Pontiac	53	50	94	Rena P. Custer	Hillsboro	16	14	88	Vera E. Larsen
Toledo	4	4	100	Mrs. John Ekstrom	McMinnville	27	26	96	Mrs. J. S. Winfield
North Illinois	8	10	125	Rena P. Custer	Tillamook	14	20	143	Lydia Dick
Elgin	11	11	100	Grace Diepenbroch	Silverton	9	8	89	Sarah Farnsworth
Galesburg	24	22	92	Cleona Peterson	Missoula	239	205	86	Bernice L. Allen
Peoria	22	17	77	Shirley Cunningham	Allensdale	13	17	131	Ester B. Swainston
Tri-Cities	95	82	86	Beth Price	Charlo	45	38	84	Edith Neilson
North Indiana	11	16	145	Mrs. Floyd Randall	Hamilton	45	48	107	Venetta Brower
Fort Wayne	26	34	131	Hazel Robison	Polson	15	12	80	Georgia Pierce
North Ohio	70	75	107	Mary L. Stewart	St. Ignatius	38	38	100	Ruby Blodgett
Alliance	8	6	75	La Nora Bingham	Stevensville	11	12	109	Olga Blatter
Cleveland	11	10	91	Delores P. Sleight	Northern Montana	73	69	95	Alice Maddox
South Illinois	9	8	89	Lettie Crews	Chinook	26	27	104	Nelly M. Johnson
Bloomington	6	10	167	Freda Belle Dial	Cut Bank	11	13	118	Deyan Hulse
Champaign	16	23	144	Johanna Meissner	Harlem	23	20	87	Erva Budd
Clinton	3	3	100	Anna Burrows	Shelby	5	4	80	Lucille Jones
Decatur	13	11	85	Ramona Simpkins	Oregon	14	12	86	Vanda Marchant
Springfield	57	43	75	Elizabeth Hoopes	Beaverton	28	36	129	Velma Page
Quincy	30	33	110	Adeline Taylor	Oregon City	20	15	75	Maude L. Dean
South Indiana	16	14	88	Eliza Christiansen	The Dalles	17	14	82	Aletta Adams (Sec.)
Terre Haute	109	99	91	Sophia Busby Gordon	Washougal	17	14	82	Arvilla Loomis
South Ohio	16	14	88	Eliza Christiansen	Rainier	6	6	100	Ilda Hooper
Cincinnati	109	99	91	Sophia Busby Gordon	Auburn	16	13	81	Naomi B. Monson
West Iowa					Buckley				
Des Moines					Southern Oregon				
West Michigan					Junction City	19	19	100	
					Wenatchee	115	104	90	

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Coulee Dam	10	10	100	Leona Hickman
Leavenworth	7	9	129	Dorna M. Love
Moses Lake	25	22	88	Rhoda W. Cobia
Quincy-Ephrata	11	14	127	Esther Hatch
Wenatchee	29	27	93	Pauline M. Baird
<b>Yakima</b>				
Hermiston	13	12	92	Mabel Oman
Pasco-Kennewick	26	28	108	Vera L. Warfield
Toppenish	23	23	100	Georgiana D. Willard
<b>South African</b>				
Ramah	6	9	150	Jean D. Wright (Pres.)
Springs	7	10	143	Jean D. Wright (Pres.)
Pretoria	13	11	85	Jean D. Wright (Pres.)
<b>Southern States</b>	<b>1042</b>	<b>784</b>	<b>75</b>	<b>Rula W. Choules</b>
Alabama	49	43	88	Arcolla Dewitt
Azalia City	16	12	75	Effie Cotton
Bayou La Croix	6	5	83	Ellen E. Ladner
Lamison	11	9	82	Effie Stockman
<b>North Alabama</b>				
McCalla	10	12	120	Mrs. S. J. Vining
Central Florida	142	122	86	J. Marie Moore
Belleview	9	7	78	Arizona Scott
New Smyrna Beach	5	5	100	Lucy J. Michael
Orlando	18	19	106	Elizabeth Kimball
Ozona	6	5	83	Irene Butler
Sarasota	4	6	150	Anna Hodges
St. Petersburg	4	4	100	Epie Wooten
Tampa	35	33	94	Ethel R. Jainer
Denmark	4	4	100	Pauline Morris
West South Carolina				
Aiken	6	5	83	Clarice Hoyt
<b>Texas-Louisiana</b>	<b>794</b>	<b>672</b>	<b>85</b>	<b>Leone R. Bowring</b>
East Texas				
Kelsey	28	22	79	Sarah Chevalier
Tyler	7	7	100	Leona Bell
North Central Texas	89	72	81	Annie S. Poll
Fort Worth	27	31	115	Lydia Swanson
North Texas	23	24	104	Luella R. Hansen
Amarillo	5	10	200	Ruth M. Ray
Lubbock	7	7	100	Grace Miller
South East Texas	154	163	106	Sadie O. Clark
Bay City	5	4	80	Mrs. George D. Wainner
Beaumont	4	8	200	Darlene James
Houston	51	51	100	Pauline Dietrick
Orange	7	17	243	Mrs. Clark Barrett
Silsbee	13	14	108	Helen Hake
Velasco	10	10	100	Mrs. K. A. Johnston
Williamson	29	37	128	Epsie Wright
South Texas	96	73	76	Louise R. Turley
Center Point	12	13	108	Levon Havens
San Antonio	26	20	77	Adda Lee Smith
Victoria	6	7	117	Mavance Routt
West Texas				
Monahans	18	14	78	Muriel C. James
North Louisiana	131	111	85	Alice W. Belisle
Alexandria	6	6	100	Margaret P. Jackson
Many	23	19	83	Elouise Anders
Monroe	18	15	83	Martha Tucker
Natchitaches	19	17	89	Clara A. Methain

Winter Haven	14	21	150	Virginia Dicks	Rosepine	8	8	100	Maggie Cline
West Florida	14	14	100	L. V. Adams	Shreveport	17	26	153	Evelyn Rains
Bristol	6	9	150	Julie Mae Kennedy	Zylks	9	9	100	Nora Gibson
Olive	19	18	95	Mrs. H. L. Lindsey	South Louisiana	133	124	93	Ida Ficklin
Panama City	150	151	101	Florence Caroline Wilson	Albany	4	5	125	Leila Traylor
Georgia	6	5	83	Myrtle Dixon	Baton Rouge	23	42	183	Elsie P. Marchand
Athens	37	37	100	Mrs. Zola Morrison	Gonzales	16	17	106	Grace N. Nical
Atlanta	6	15	250	Geneve Dubrawski	New Orleans	22	23	105	Gertrude Aucain
East Point	10	12	120	Mizzie Fordham	Pride	18	16	89	Mildred M. Dillman
Empire	6	6	100	Vera Thigpen	Western States	812	691	85	Lula Dunsdon
Gibson	25	33	132	Lena Mae Stuckey	West Colorado	254	297	117	Eva M. Pace
Macon	12	10	83	Alice Quinn	Craig	37	38	103	Lillian Vincent
Milledgeville	22	22	100	Rachel Roberts	Delta	11	14	127	Lena Elizondo
Georgia-Florida	11	9	82	Mildred Barlow	Fruita	23	27	117	Leah Bair
Douglas	8	7	88	Tathe R. Brown	Glenwood Springs	20	25	125	Arva M. Allgood
Moultrie	10	8	80	Mildred B. Gines	Grand Junction	68	111	163	Laree Cook
Perry	4	5	125	Betty Carley	Meeker	18	15	83	Afton Holt
Quitman	68	74	109	Bertha Carley	Montrose	16	18	113	Louva H. Carter
Valdosta	9	11	122	Elsie Lee Boone	Paonia	23	21	91	Iris Whitt
South Georgia	8	8	100	Thelma Massey	Rifle	11	10	91	Ruth Sherman
Brunswick	14	18	129	Vivian Lowther	West New Mexico	19	22	116	Martha Burris
Jesup	27	30	111	Alberta Clifton	Gallup	5	5	100	Alta Jordan
Ridgeland	19	19	100	Otilla K. Griner	Hot Springs	7	15	214	Verla L. Smith
Savannah	13	10	77	Katie Blalock	Santa Fe	128	112	88	Phyllis Heaton
Mississippi	16	13	81	Katie Smith	Wyoming	31	40	129	Irentse Enos
Columbia	7	6	86	Hettie McLain	Casper	8	9	113	Lucile G. Butterfield
Liberty	4	5	125	Lillie G. Floyd	Ft. Washakie	24	21	88	Lucille M. Jensen
Red Star	5	5	100	Eunice Rainwater	Rawlins	20	16	80	Sewins Hart
Sand Hill	5	5	100		Riverton	21	22	105	Vera M. Combs
North Mississippi	4	5	125		Monte Vista	7	6	86	Mabel Thomas
Senatobia	5	5	100		North Platte	8	8	100	Eulalia Randolph
South Carolina	5	5	100		Rapid City	8	10	125	Idona Richins
Bennettsville	5	5	100		Roswell	8	8	133	
					Sidney	6	8		



## *Skirt Hangers in a Jiffy*

Rachel K. Laugaard

*Illustrated by Elizabeth Williamson*

**D**ON'T spoil that perfectly pressed skirt by folding it over an old wire hanger! Three snap clothespins tacked to the crosspiece of an ordinary wooden coat hanger transform it into an excellent skirt hanger.

It is such a simple trick that there is no excuse for not having plenty of them. And, if your best friend doesn't know about it, fix a few for her. Enamel them in pretty colors, use a dainty "decal" or two, and the next time she has a birthday, surprise her with something she can really use.

For variation, cover the clothespins with decorative sachets. Another trick is to paint the tips of the clothespins with fingernail enamel, and attach a sachet of matching color.

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## *Swinging*

Grace Sayre

Up where the sky holds the tallest of swings,  
 Gay-hearted little girls spread play-dress wings;  
 Long loops of swing rope, in a bright arc,  
 Follow the children that swing in the park.  
 Swing to the rooftops, swing through the trees,  
 Golden hair sunnily catching the breeze.  
 Julie has hair that is red with the sun,  
 Mary's is brown as a new-baked bun,  
 And Gloria's long braids reach out toward the town,  
 As the wind follows playfully, up and down.  
 Swing to the rooftops, swing with the breeze,  
 Brown, red, or gold hair, shines through the trees.



Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for April 1950, page 278.

See also *Handbook of Instructions of Relief Society*, page 123.

### RELIEF SOCIETY SOCIALS, BAZAARS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Fawn N. Dilworth

#### BLAINE STAKE (IDAHO), JEROME SECOND WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS From 1914 to 1950

Front row, seated, left to right: Martina Jensen; Tryphena Cox Sidwell; Stella Thompson.

Back row, standing, left to right: Elizabeth Wray; Bertha Smith; Mary V. Tilby; Mildred Andrus.

Insets, left to right: Estella Tolman Day; Eulalia S. Welch; Bertha Newman, now serving on a mission to her native country—Switzerland.

Two past presidents, Susanne Ferguson and Annie Dalton are deceased.

Fawn N. Dilworth is president of Blaine Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Veta J. Waddoups

### LOST RIVER STAKE (IDAHO), CONDUCTS UNIQUE FLOWER SHOW AND ART EXHIBIT, August 19, 1949

Veta J. Waddoups, Moore, Idaho, submits a beautifully written account of several projects which the women of Lost River Stake developed into successful fruition under adverse circumstances. "Lost River Valley is located in the heart of the desert. The valley has suffered much during those years when drought ravaged her hills and vales. Until recent years the valley has been principally a livestock country. . . . The summers are short and the winters cold. About 1930 the Relief Society women were anxious to begin a home beautification project to add richness to their lives. . . . A flower show project was begun. . . . Women were encouraged to plant a row of flowers in their vegetable gardens. . . . In August of 1930 a few women traveled miles to display their flowers. . . . One woman brought a small bouquet of petunias to which she had carried water in a bucket all summer. Thus the annual flower show in Lost River Stake had its beginning. . . . Each year a few more women made the effort; each year they learned new things. . . . Each year the display of flowers increased.

"Then it was decided to have a handicraft exhibit along with the flowers. . . . This event was held in a different ward each year, which necessitated the women to travel as much as thirty miles to bring their flowers and art work. . . . Programs of

music, readings, and dancing were added. And so the project grew. Humble homes were beginning to take on new beauty with lawns and tiny gardens. . . . The work leaders in the stake, Marion Yorgenson and Maud Babcock, held art classes during the summer months to teach textile painting and fine handicraft arts. The results of these classes were also placed on exhibit at the flower show. . . . Last summer these women gave classes in figurine painting and approximately one hundred pieces were painted. The total enrollment of our participating Relief Societies was 224 women.

“August 19th our annual exhibit was held in the new Leslie Ward chapel. . . . As one entered the beautiful new building, with its newly planted lawns, and viewed the display of art work, the beautiful pieces of upholstery, the figurines, the flowers in gorgeous array and saw the ninety-five Singing Mothers in formal attire and heard their voices, one could not help recalling the tiny beginning from which this project sprang. . . . Drought has receded into the desert. . . . We feel that these projects have strengthened the faith of the women in their own abilities, in our Lost River Valley, and in the gospel.”

Elva J. Beal is president of Lost River Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Veta J. Waddoups

## LOST RIVER STAKE FLOWER SHOW



Photograph submitted by Lavina W. Barton

### EASTERN STATES MISSION, ALBANY (NEW YORK) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY

Front row, left to right: chorister Audrey Gibson; theology leader Beth Taylor; Second Counselor Emma Barton.

Back row: Secretary-Treasurer Betty Shaffer; President Lavina Barton; literature leader Barbara Behling; First Counselor Almira Kline.

Active members Lena Turner and Ann Batchelor were absent when this photograph was taken.

President Barton reports: "The members of this society represent three cities: Albany, Rensselaer, and Troy, New York. Meetings are held in the homes of the members and the attendance has been loyal and consistent. The Relief Society of this small branch just completed a successful branch party which included a bazaar, bake-sale, fish-pond, program, moving pictures, and refreshments. Members, non-members, and missionaries all co-operated. Ninety people were present, including thirty-nine non-members of the Church."

Georgia R. Livingston is president of the Eastern States Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Berta Piranian

### PALESTINE-SYRIAN MISSION, FIRST BAZAAR HELD IN BEIRUT

November 1, 1949

Left to right: Alice Inglisian; Anahit Arabian; Berta Piranian, President, Palestine-Syrian Mission Relief Society; Juliet Ouzunian, President, Beirut Relief Society.

Sister Piranian reports that this bazaar was very successful and the sisters enjoyed preparing the displays. There are nine members in the Beirut Relief Society and sixteen in Aleppo. In both branches the members of the presidencies act as visiting teachers.



Photograph submitted by Letta Staples

SEVIER STAKE (UTAH), RICHFIELD SECOND WARD VISITING  
TEACHERS ASSEMBLED AT A PARTY GIVEN IN THEIR HONOR,  
January 31, 1950

This ward has the distinction of having a 100 per cent record in visiting teaching for more than twenty years. Executive officers of the ward Relief Society are: President Vanorma Anderson; First Counselor Blanche Spencer; Second Counselor Thelma Beutler; Secretary-Treasurer Edna Haynie.

Ivy C. Ashby is president of Sevier Stake Relief Society.

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## Dark in the Chrysalis

(Continued from page 319)

in the back, others set to work grubbing and trimming in the back yard. Edith and Linnie hurried to sort out the furniture in the upstairs rooms, rushed to town each afternoon while Grammy slept, to choose wallpaper, curtains, and furnishings, recounting their adventures and decisions to Mrs. Lewis, who was avid for every detail.

Trucks came, bringing mountain soil and fertilizer. Nurseries delivered shrubs which were planted immediately. Workmen planted grass in the finely combed soil, installed a system of sprinkling, and erected trellises.

The women, dizzy with wallpaper, curtains, and furnishings, hardly noticed what went on outside. Linnie and Edith sat up nights,

poring over color schemes in advance of morning and the workmen.

Painters and paperhangers stepped aside for plumbers in the upper hall. Tile-setters worked at night, installing a new bathroom and a shower off the kitchen. Electricians installed new appliances in the kitchen and wired outlets for the numerous lamps that blossomed all over the house. Carpets were laid from wall to wall in each room, being finished sometimes only minutes before the furniture arrived and was set in place. The clean smell of paper and paint pervaded the house.

Edith dropped to bed and to sleep almost simultaneously, so weary was she, but it was a good weariness, and it brought good

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R3397	Bid Me Enter In—Wilson	....	.20
R2782	God Painted a Picture— DeRose	.....	.20
—	I Bow My Head in Silent Prayer—McNeill, Gallop, Krenz	.....	.20
R3368	If God Forgot—O'Hara	.....	.20
1560	In the Garden—Miles	.....	.16
6235	Look in Mercy Upon Us— Mendelssohn	.....	.15
900	My Faith Looks Up to Thee— Mason	.....	.15
1075	Send Forth Thy Spirit— Schuetky	.....	.15
2092	Somewhere, Beyond the Sunset—Ackley	.....	.16
658	Watch and Pray—Hamblen		.15

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sleep, unriden with dreams. She thought ruefully that it would have been more fun to go slowly, but realized that time was an important element. Her whole background had trained her to economy; now she was heady with the cost of things, had lost track long since. She looked with new eyes at Cory, immaculate at dinner as he had gone to his office in the morning. Did he realize how hard he had driven her?

LINNIE regaled her father with accounts of the progress, their newest plans, her lovely face radiant with enthusiasm. Edith was content to sit back and let her talk, proud of the girl's quick grasp of the principles of interior decoration, delighted with the ease with which the terms rolled off her tongue.

"I'm not sure about that plaid room," she said once, considering prettily the paper she had brought to the table, her pencil poised at her lips. She looked so like a magazine illustration that Cory winked slyly at Edith, composing his face to respectful interest for her upward glance. A young girl in love was one of the world's masterpieces, Edith decided, a joint enterprise with a partner like Cory, the most challenging.

In less than two weeks the place was completely transformed, its latent beauty dramatized fully. Edith was amazed to see the back yard as informally beautiful as the front yard was formal. The weeping birch was leafed and gracefully swept the new lawn, already thickly emerald, healthy rose shoots climbed the trellises. Small trees and shrubs formed interesting groups in the

corners of the lovely rock wall, blossoming pansies hugged their feet. A patio was gaily fitted with lawn furniture; comfortable deck chairs invited enjoyment of the warm May sun. A neighbor's apple tree leaned a blossom-laden branch over the rear wall. Edith caught her breath.

"Like it?" Cory asked, giving her a sidelong glance.

"I love it," said Edith. "It's poetic. I can readily see that Linnie is not the only artist in the family."

"What's next on the list?" Cory asked. He had flushed with pleasure at her words, color creeping to the roots of his dark hair, softening his strong features.

"Linnie's trousseau and wedding dress — bridesmaids' dresses, announcements, and parties."

"Parties?"

"Dozens of them," confirmed Edith. "All brides have them. Announcement parties, trousseau teas, and whatnot."

"It's a racket," grinned Cory.

"Well, Linnie wants the whole thing."

"That's what I want her to have, Edith, the works."

Her name slipped off his tongue as easily as if with common usage. Edith Ashe, Mrs. Ashe, he had called her, never just the friendliness of "Edith."

"Speaking of parties," he went on, "I'd like to have one—a dinner party."

"A dinner party?"

"Yes, some business friends. They entertain me at their homes. I have always entertained them at hotels. I guess I'd like to put on



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the dog a little. Could it be managed? About next Friday?"

"Of course it could," Edith assured him warmly.

"Fine! For twelve people. And Edith, will you be the hostess?"

"Why not Linnie?"

"I want Linnie there, of course, but I particularly want you to act as hostess. Will you do it?"

"Why, I guess so. Certainly."

EDITH was definitely and warmly thrilled as she went upstairs. Life, which she had thought to be all over for her, was definitely taking a new turn, one filled with excitement and interesting meaning. She dressed carefully, brushing the blue-black hair back in feathers around her face, listening with half attention to Mrs. Lewis reminisce of the old days, of her own marriage to Cory's father. Cory's hand, touching hers accidentally as he helped her with his mother's wheelchair on the stairs, was like an electric shock. She was sure he felt it too, for he gave her a quick, penetrating glance that seemed weighted with unsaid things.

"Daddy, Aunt Edith," said Linnie at the table, "I didn't think it was possible for me to be so happy, ever. Everything is perfect for my wedding. I dreaded for Paul and his people to come, but now I am proud of my home. I can hardly wait. I know it will all be perfect to the last detail."

"Of course it will, honey. Any wedding would be perfect with you as the bride."

"I love those medieval lamps on the porch, Daddy, and the house numbers. I didn't know you had such wonderful taste. Every detail



is perfect, thanks to you and Aunt Edith. Every inch of the place has been gone over, even Grammy's room, except your room. Why didn't you let us fix it up?"

"I wanted to leave something undone, a psychological reason."

"Why, Daddy? Please tell me," coaxed Linnie.

"I don't see why not," said Cory, after a little thought. "You should be able to understand. I am going to get married."

"Married?" said Linnie. A forkful of food halted abruptly halfway to her mouth. She was suddenly pale.

"Yes," Cory went on, not noticing. "I should like my wife to have at least one room left to decorate, seeing how much fun you girls have had."

"Who?" said Linnie. "Who is it, Daddy? No! Don't tell me. I think I know."

"Why, Linnie," said Cory in concern, for Linnie stood up. "I thought you would understand."

"No, Daddy. I don't think I do," said Linnie in a clear little voice. "It is all right. It is your life. I'll get used to it. It's just that I don't think I could ever, ever—if Paul died, love somebody else."

She fled swiftly toward the stairs, her slim hand to her mouth.

Cory looked miserably down at his plate, Mrs. Lewis watching him apprehensively. Only Edith went on eating with great effort the lumps of tasteless food, with steady, icy fingers, as if nothing had happened, though she longed to follow Linnie, and go to her room.

(To be continued)

## Neighborhood

Margery S. Stewart

Blessed are those whose lives are lived  
On one long shady street,  
Whose sheltered, well-scrubbed porches  
know

The countless coming feet  
Of those who wish to borrow,  
And those who wish to give,  
Those who bring their happiness,  
Those needing help to live.  
These people walk so close to life  
They feel her pulses beat.

Blessed are those who know the names  
Of every child they meet,  
Who break the bread of friendliness  
And find its savor sweet.  
Not for them the bitter dark  
Of loneliness that swells  
The seeking heart until it breaks  
Like brittle, tide-flung shells,  
Of him who never learned how wide  
A world is one retreat.

---

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## From Near and Far

I was busy ironing last Monday, but thinking, also, about the bishop who thinks *The Relief Society Magazine* is sad. So I picked up a stub pencil and wrote the following verses:

Someone has said our little book  
Is very, very sad—  
It brought the tears into his eyes;  
Now, *that* is very sad.

These cookies are from out that book,  
They're good, you can't deny—  
Now, just another helping  
Of this lovely savory pie;

These are pictures of the workers—  
Their smiling tells of joys  
They had in making up new clothes  
For needy girls and boys.

Now, I can't tell you everything  
That's in our *Magazine*—  
But if some day I chance your way,  
I hope your face will beam!  
—Mrs. R. S. Vince  
Glen Huon, New Zealand

*The Relief Society Magazine* is an important part of our home. The lessons are a source of strength and encouragement in many hours of need and are a most wonderful source of information as well as inspiration. The splendid articles, editorials, and also the sermons from the conference are inspirational and so helpful and make enjoyable reading. The recipes are excellent. I have tried several of them and the results were delightful. The poetry and stories bring joy from the knowledge that our Latter-day Saint women are doing some very creditable writing. The "From Near and Far" page is like a friendly handclasp among Relief Society women, and, last but not least, the reproductions of the very artistic scenic photographs both in the *Magazine* and on the cover bring joy not only to me, but my husband thinks they are unsurpassed in artistry and beauty.

—Mrs. John Gardner, Encino, California

Some time ago I read a very interesting article in the *Magazine* and was most enthusiastic about it. The article concerned the Latter-day Saints and their settlement in El Paso, Texas, and about the man who was called "Villa of Mexico." ("El Paso and the Latter-day Saints," by Sadie Ollorton Clark, June 1949). This is the type of historical material which I like very much and think the information is of value to us in studying the history of our people.

—Gertrude Koven  
Provo, Utah

We enjoy the fine material which you publish each month, but we have been quite concerned over the discontinuation of the continued story "You Can Learn," (October and November 1948 and January and March 1950) by Katherine Kelly. We once lived on a farm and every issue brought back memories galore. We waited anxiously from one month to the next to read the romance and experiences of Katherine . . . . We would like very much to have this story continued, and many of our friends have mentioned the same thing.

—Lucille M. Plumb,  
Los Angeles, California

The *Magazine* continues to be my favorite reading. I think you should be highly commended for your fine work in editing it.

—Mabel Jones Gabbott  
Bountiful, Utah

I have been a subscriber to the *Magazine* for only a short time, but I must tell you how much I enjoy it. I dearly love those pieces—"A Letter From Mother." Clara Horne Park must be a wonderful and beautiful person. I like very much the stories and poems and the articles on home decoration. I am not a member of the Church yet but belong to the Relief Society group here.

—Dora Bradley  
Stibnite, Idaho

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*The*  
**RELIEF SOCIETY**  
MAGAZINE



VOL. 37 NO. 6

JUNE 1950

# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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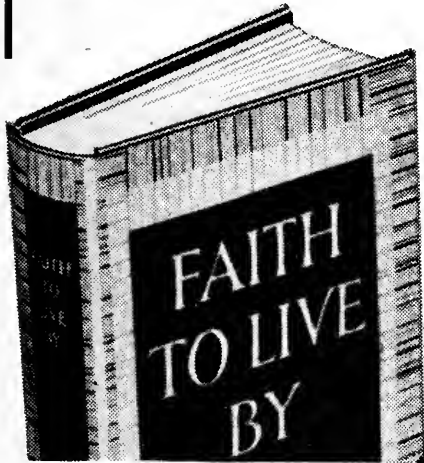
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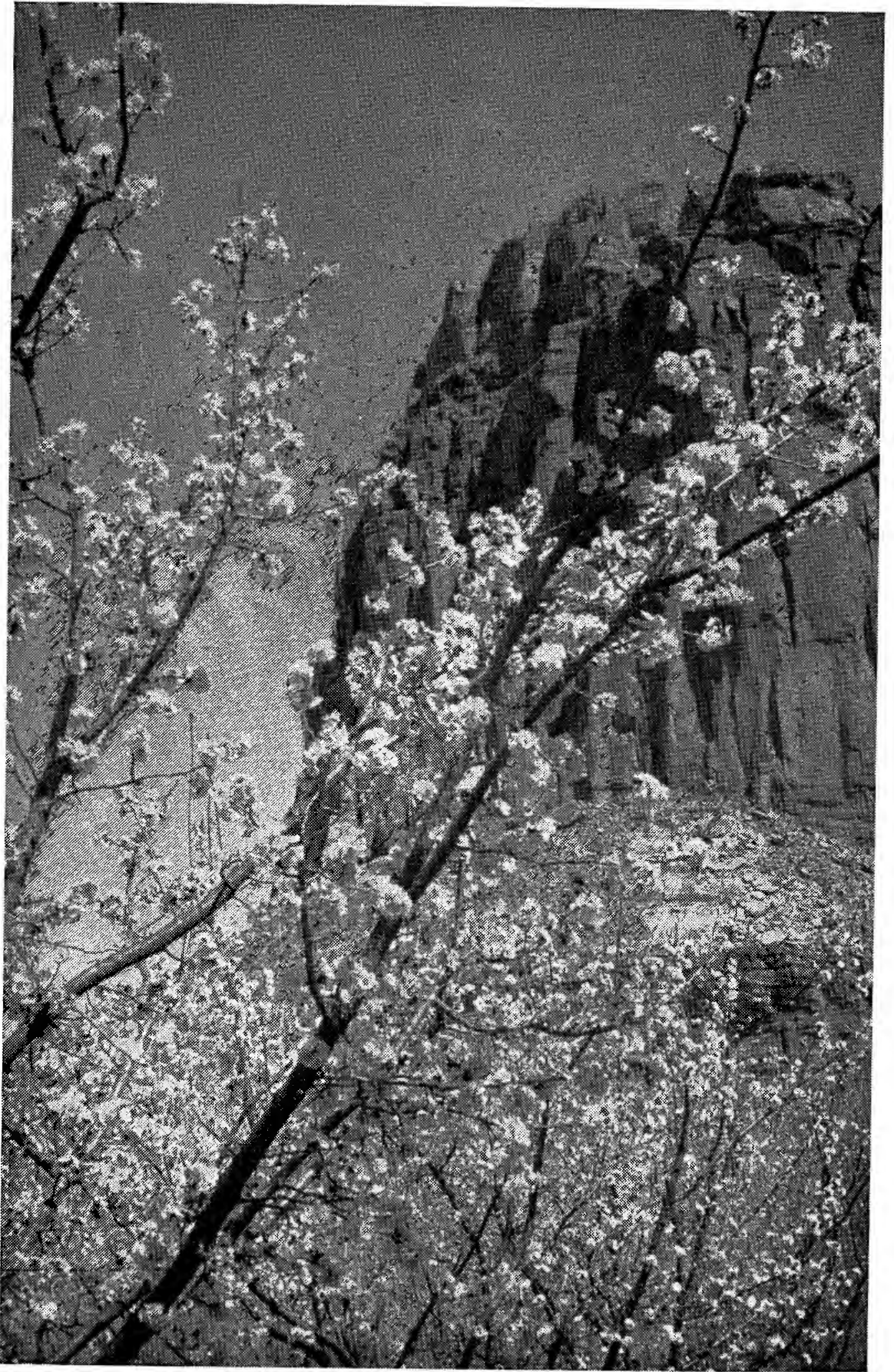
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Willard Luce

BLOSSOMS IN THE CANYON



# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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VOL. 37, NO. 6

JUNE 1950

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## *Floral Offering*

*Eva Willes Wangsgaard*

I send you this bouquet of purple phlox  
But more than petaled silk I offer you  
The perfume that the evening star unlocks,  
The sun in warm intensities, the dew  
Reflecting dawn, and midnight's purple peace.  
The rain is here and cool embrace of snow,  
The mold of leaves once scarlet, spring's release.  
The living loam, and life's mysterious flow.

I offer all of these, but you alone  
Can know if it is earth or sky you hold.  
The sky records no path where birds have flown,  
No song or wing print, feather gray or gold;  
But nothing is minute enough to bare  
Its breast to earth and leave no imprint there.

---

The Cover: Blossoms of the Joshua Tree, Photograph by Josef Muench.

# Brigham Young

*President Levi Edgar Young*

*Of the First Council of Seventy*

NO man ever stretched forth his hands to mankind with a purer gesture; no man ever tried to make people happier than did Brigham Young. His life was one of conflict with his fellow men, for he was compelled to suffer the injustices of men who did not appreciate his ideals of religion and life. His comprehension of the feelings of children and youth gave him an appreciation of their hidden powers which naturally made them love the right. His sense of responsibility and love of duty made him kind. Yet he was a power and gave expressions of justice and the right with words not to be misunderstood. A hard worker and organizer, he led his people as a true leader, for people felt the power of his courage and rare intelligence. The Priesthood of God gave men power, and he awakened that power to activity and ideals for the establishing of faith in God and a rare patriotism which made for the kingdom of the hereafter.

Brigham Young may be seen from many viewpoints. Born in a New England cabin in the State of Vermont, June 1, 1801, he knew from the beginning the meaning of pioneer life. When he became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ over which he was destined to preside, he first went forth as a humble missionary. Poor in purse, but rich in spirit, he acquired a knowledge and understanding of people's hearts. He saw men cut

down the sturdy oaks of the forests and build cabins for their homes. He knew the hardships of the clearing of the land for corn and wheat fields, and he developed that quick and accurate observation vouchsafed to few men.

Large in purpose was the march of the Mormon pioneers to the West under Brigham Young's leadership, for it resulted in the creation of a commonwealth which takes its place industrially, socially, and intellectually among the foremost states of the Union. The winter of 1845-46 was a sorrowful time for the Mormons in Nauvoo. Forced out of their city, they crossed as an organized company the ice-bound Mississippi River, and camped on the frozen grounds of Iowa. Nine little babies were born in one night in the snow-beleaguered camps. Men, women, and children had been forced into the wilderness; and anxious, alert, hungry, and weary, they followed their leader and were unafraid. There were no roads, and day by day they were compelled to ford dangerous streams, and to struggle through the mire of the days of melting snows.

Into the silent new country beyond the Mississippi they marched on and on, knowing always that in the depths of the western wilds, Indians lurked to beset their paths. But the mists of distance were mellow and golden, and soon the winds of spring blew fresh and fair. In the long march to the country be-

yond the Rocky Mountains, they realized that the boundaries of spiritual life were broadening; the physical frontier was becoming more flexible and vibrating. They had large problems to solve, and they knew that they could only be solved by open-minded constructive thought. They did not think of themselves alone, but of future generations.

As we look back to those days, someone must have carried the chalice; someone must have borne the message of Christ our Lord. Those pioneers believed and proved by their work that art, knowledge, and religion are the unifying powers of life. Yet in the history of human achievement, progress comes as a result of the hands of toil. After their long trek over the plains, the pioneers drank of the waters of the mountain streams and heard the voice of their leader declare that "This Is the Place," and they realized that the problems of material existence and life must first be solved. They plowed on the first days, they planted their gardens; they turned the waters of the streams upon the land, and dedicated their work to God. The sagebrush waste and Indian wickiup gave way to the things that make for civilization and the larger life. Joseph Conrad, in his novel entitled *Lord Jim*, has written these words concerning the people who go out into the wilderness to build their homes:

To us their less-ried successors, they appear not as agents of trade, but as instruments of a recorded destiny; pushing out into the unknown in obedience to an inward voice, to an impulse beating in the blood, to a dream of the future.

Into whatever climes the pioneers went, they were forced to conquer the soil, to dig ditches and canals, to fight the pests, to endure the cold of winter. They sang at their work, for they loved the soil. The blessing of God was over all the land. The sunlight gave forth life; streams and mountains became filled with the power of a new day. The desert was flooded with light; and happiness was in their homes, though they were at first but sagebrush huts and log cabins.

**W**HILE in camp at Winter Quarters, President Young was visited by Indian chiefs who solicited help from him and his people. On this matter Brigham Young wrote to the President of the United States in behalf of his people:

NEAR COUNCIL BLUFFS, BUTLER'S PARK

Omaha Nation, Sept. 7, 1846

Sir:

Since our communication of the 9th ult. to Your Excellency, the Omaha Indians have returned from their summer hunt, and we have had an interview in general council with their chiefs and braves, who express a willingness that we should tarry on their lands, and use what wood and timber would be necessary for our convenience, while we were preparing to prosecute our journey, as may be seen from a duplicate of theirs to us of the 31st of August, which will be presented by Col. Kane.

In council they were much more specific than in their writings, and Big Elk, in behalf of his nation, requested us to lend them teams to draw their corn at harvest, and help keep it after it was deposited, to assist them in building houses, making fields, doing some blacksmithing, etc., and to teach some of their young men

to do the same, and also keep some goods and trade them while we tarried among them.

We responded to all their wishes in the same spirit of kindness manifested by them, and told them we would do them all the good we could, with the same proviso they made, if the President was willing; and this is why we write.

Should Your Excellency consider the request of the Indians for instruction, etc., reasonable, and signify the same to us, we will give them all the information in mechanism and farming the nature of the case will admit, which will give us the opportunity of getting the assistance of their men to help us herd and labor, which we have much needed since the organization of the battalion.

A license, giving us permission to trade with the Indians while we are tarrying on or passing through their lands, made out in the name of Newel K. Whitney, our agent in camp, would be a favor to our people and our red neighbors. All of which is submitted to Your Excellency's consideration and the confidence of Col. Kane.

Done in behalf of the council of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, at the time and place before mentioned, and Camp of Israel.

Most respectfully,

BRIGHAM YOUNG, President.  
WILLARD RICHARDS, Clerk

To James K. Polk, President U. S.

Brigham Young knew that he had settled on the lands that were claimed by the Indians. Justice must be done them. Among his friends from the first was Chief Washakie, who, with a considerable following, arrived in Salt Lake, August 6, 1847. With five of his warriors he called upon Governor Young and expressed a desire to trade with the Mormons, and to

conclude a peace with the Ute Indian chief, Walker. - Beautifully is the meeting of September 3d described by the historian, Dr. Grace Hibbard:

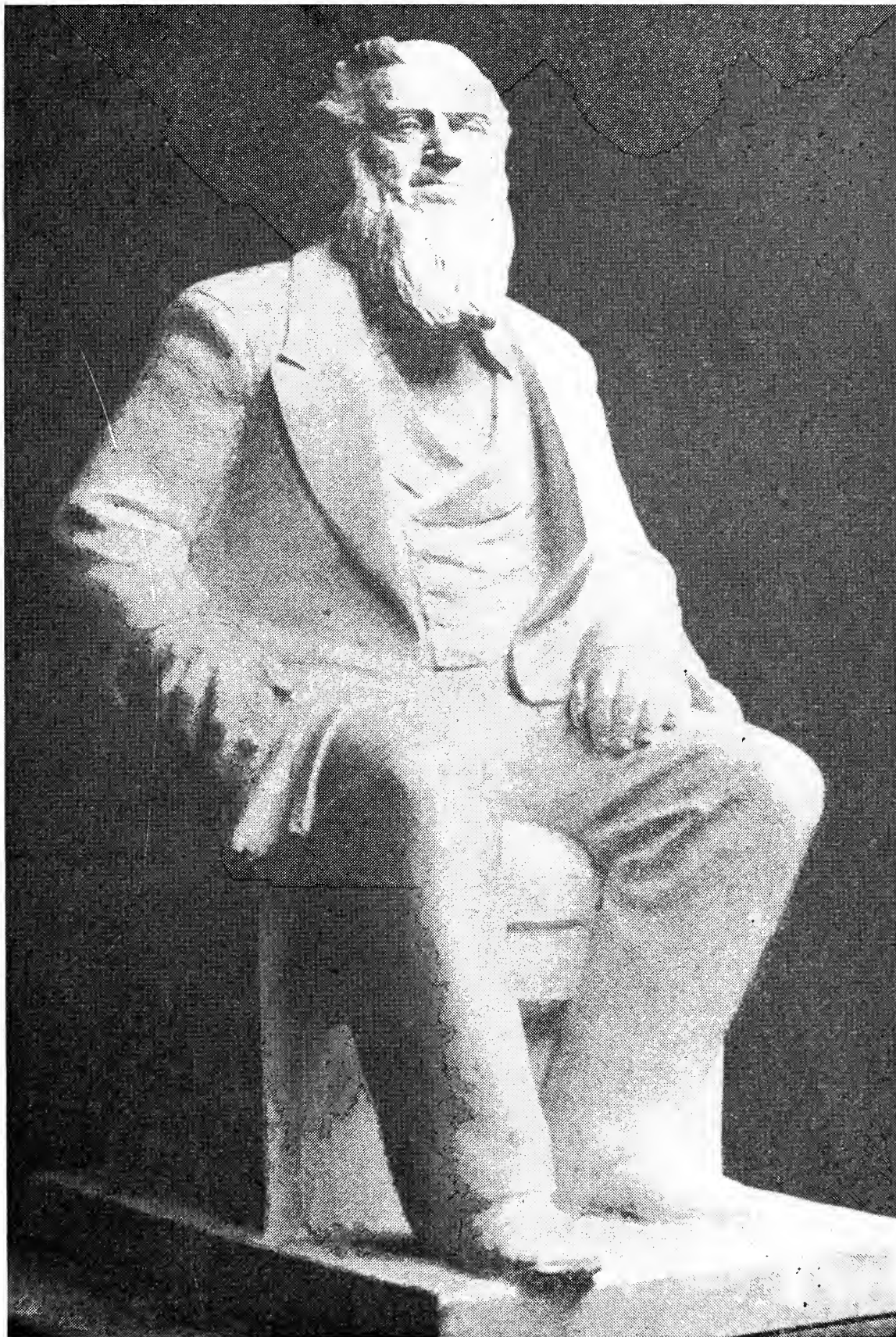
Each chief brought with him about fifty of his warriors, and when Governor Young asked Walker and Washakie if they wished to make peace and to be friends with each other, the answer from both chiefs was, "Yes," whereupon Young requested each warrior who was of the same mind to rise and hold up his right hand. The vote was unanimous. He told them that they must never fight each other again, but must live in peace so that they could travel in each other's company and trade with each other.

The pipe of peace was then produced and offered to the Great Spirit. Every one of the Indians smoked in token of lasting friendship.

The colonists were constantly admonished by President Young to try to understand the Indians and to deal with them honestly and righteously. He made a remarkable statement, concerning the Indians, in 1856, when he said:

Let the millions of acres of land now lying waste be given to the Indians for cultivation and use. Let the poor Indians be taught the arts of civilization, and to draw their sustenance from the ample and sure resources of mother earth, and to follow the peaceful avocations of the tiller of the soil, raising grain and stock for subsistence, instead of pursuing the uncertain chances of war and game for a livelihood.

ONE of the first laws of Utah Territory established and provided for a uniform system of schools supported by public taxation. Every county was divided into school districts which were the



Courtesy, **The Salt Lake Tribune**

**STATUE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG BY MAHONRI YOUNG**

Placed in Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C. June 1, 1950

(Photograph is of the plaster model exhibited in  
Salt Lake City, Utah, in 1947.)



Courtesy, *The Deseret News*

### BRIGHAM YOUNG MONUMENT

At his birthplace in Whitingham,  
Vermont

Dedicated May 28, 1950

This monument was designed by five grandsons of Brigham Young: Don C. Young, George Cannon Young, Lorenzo S. Young, Georgius Y. Cannon, and Edward P. Young.

\* \* \* \*

ecclesiastical and political units of the government. Towns were far apart and communication was difficult, but with the laying out of towns and settlements, a school and meeting house were the first public buildings to be constructed. Schools were thriving in 1850.

The *Deseret News* has this to say in its issue of November 27, 1850:

Common schools were beginning in all parts of the city for the winter; and plans for the construction of school houses in every ward were being made, with a view for a general system of school houses throughout the city. One plan had already been submitted, which comprised three

large school rooms, a large hall for lecturing, a private study, reading room and library. A parent or High School began on the 11th of November; terms, thirty shillings per quarter, under the direction of Chancellor Spencer. It is expected that teachers generally will have access to this school, and through them a system of uniformity will be established for conducting schools throughout the valleys. Elder Woodruff has arrived with nearly two tons of school books. Donations from the states are already arriving in the shape of scientific instruments, and other apparatus for the benefit of the University; also valuable books for the library. Mr. W. I. Appleby is the librarian.

In 1852, Robert L. Campbell, the secretary of the Board of Regents of the University of Deseret, said:

We are happy to report that many select schools are in successful operation combining the languages and the higher branches of education generally.

The founding of the University of Utah was contemporary with the founding of the State. After the harvest of 1848, in which year the gulls saved the crops, the pioneers began to plan for the building of a higher institution of learning, where the "rising generation" might partake of the influences conducive to "good citizenship." The people were over a thousand miles from the borders of civilization, and though they were just beginning to build their homes in the very heart of the Great Basin, and were without money, they opened in a very humble manner the first university west of the Missouri River. Soon after the organization of the provisional government of the State of Deseret, Governor Brigham Young signed an act, passed by the first legislative assembly, incorporat-

ing the University of the State of Deseret. This ordinance was approved February 28, 1850. The same legislative assembly that created the charter elected Orson Spencer, chancellor, and the following men as regents: Daniel Spencer, Orson Pratt, John M. Bernhisel, Samuel W. Richards, W. W. Phelps, Albert Carrington, William I. Appleby, Daniel H. Wells, Robert L. Campbell, Hosea Stout, Elias Smith, and Zerubbabel Snow.

**T**HE University of Utah, or the "parent school," was opened in the home of John Pack in the Seventeenth Ward of Salt Lake City, November 11, 1850. The *Deseret News* of November 16th says:

The Parent School commenced on Monday at the home of Mrs. Pack in the Seventeenth Ward under the direction and supervision of Professor Orson Spencer. The Board of Regents has employed Dr. Cyrus W. Collins, M. A., for President, who will teach all branches taught in the High School. The prospects are favorable for a rapid advance in the sciences.

In the same issue, the *News* announced the arrival of school books into the valley, which were brought by Wilford Woodruff. The Pack house was located on the corner of West Temple and First North, immediately east of the present Seventeenth Ward chapel. Sessions of the school were held in the parlor, and immediately across the hall was located the first store in Utah, where gold dust and beaver skins were used as mediums of exchange, and where goods were bartered off.

In 1855, President Young organized the "Universal Scientific Society," for the purpose of studying the scientific and historical questions and problems. A museum, library, and reading room were to be built, and a resolution was passed by the Board of Control stating that it would act and co-operate with the Board of Regents of the University of Deseret. Governor Young, in addressing the society in the Sixteenth Ward, in 1855, said:

We wish you to go ahead and organize the society. Elect good officers and have lectures on every branch of science as often as possible.

The members proceeded to organize the society and extended an invitation to all the young men of Salt Lake City and the surrounding settlements to become members, and "unite in making a systematic study of the fauna and flora of Utah; and do all in their power to keep the history of their towns and to make careful record of Indian legends and traditions." Wilford Woodruff became the first president of the society, and, at a meeting held January 8, 1855, the University of Deseret was solicited to extend its aid in every way possible.

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**J**OHAN RUSKIN once wrote: "The power of the human mind had its growth in the wilderness: much more must be the conception, the love of beauty be an image of God's daily work." Centers of art and music were built in pioneer days. There was the "Tabernacle in the Wilderness," which is a fine example of the utilizing of the re-

sources of the land for the purpose of having a place of divine worship. The building impresses one as an immense irresistible force, "humbly superhuman," and an example of sovereign intelligence and feeling. It is, as the great Ibsen would say, "an illumination of life." Thomas E. Tallmadge says in speaking of Greek classicism found in America:

Up and down the Atlantic sea board, through the Western Reserve, along the Gulf of Mexico, up the Mississippi, and over the plains, the Greek Revival spread. I have noticed that the famous Tabernacle built in Salt Lake City by that extraordinary man, Brigham Young, has the tell-tale Greek profiles in its mouldings and cornices. In all these localities, climate, building materials, and even the habits of the people differ enormously. Yet the style of architecture and even its forms are common to all.

While from the beginning, it has been a place of divine worship, the great Tabernacle has always been a center for music, and the celebrated artists of the world have sung here. Symphony orchestras from the large musical centers of America have played upon its stage, and many of the world's noted speakers and lecturers have spoken from its rostrum.

On July 5, 1869, exercises in honor of Independence Day were held in the Tabernacle, and were attended by the school children of the city, as well as the students of the University of Deseret. The different industries of the Territory were represented, and on the stand in front of the large organ the students of the University displayed a banner, on which were the words, "Protecteriam Scientiarum et Artium." (Let us protect the sciences

and the arts.) On another banner was the sentence: "Our Nation's Prosperity Lies In The Education Of Her Children." On various occasions the National Educational Association has held its sessions here.

**T**HEN there was the old Salt Lake Theater, which was patterned after the Drury Lane Theater of London. Prophet as he was of the nobler things of life, President Brigham Young used to say that the drama is irresistible, and that the people can be kept happy by having clean and noble amusements. "Therefore," said he, "let us organize and build a theater and have a local company of good actors." In this, President Young had his own supreme ideal. The famous old Salt Lake Theater was an expression of the high ideals of the Latter-day Saints. Mr. M. B. Leavitt, in his book entitled *Fifty Years of Theatrical Management*, says:

I appreciate the task of writing a chapter on Salt Lake City with all respect and admiration that dignity, intelligence, honesty and artistic instinct always command. Sweeping as the statement may seem, I do not believe that the theater has ever rested upon a higher plane, both as to its purpose and its offerings, than at Salt Lake City.

At the time of its erection, it was not surpassed in magnitude, completeness, and equipment by any other existing house, and it had one of the largest stages in America. The floor of the theater was supported by heavy trunks of pine trees, suggestive of enduring strength. They rested on sandstone bases, as cement was not then in



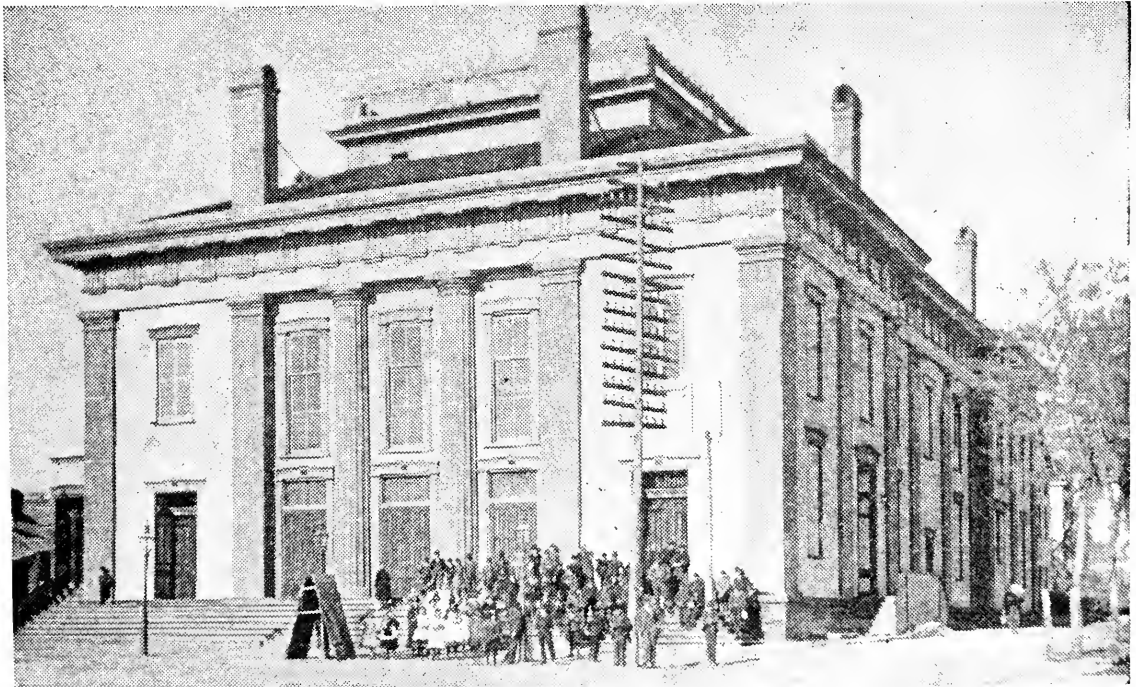
use. In the erection of the building, many difficulties had to be overcome. Iron had to be obtained, and President Young sent men with teams to the plains to gather up the iron in the form of old wagon tires and other junk that had been left by Johnston's army.

The theater was opened the night of March 6, 1862, with simple and impressive exercises. The orchestra played the "Star Spangled Banner," and President Young expressed his hopes that the theater would glorify the work of the Lord. A large orchestra, under the leadership of Professor C. J. Thomas, rendered the musical selections, and the play was "The Pride of the Market."

Before the completion of the transcontinental railroad in 1869, famous actors came to Salt Lake over the plains by stagecoach, and there are people still living who recall the famous stars like John

Lyne, John McCullough, Sir George Pauncefort, Julia Deane, and many others who brought a repertory of plays of Shakespeare, Sheridan, and other masters of the art of playwriting. It was a place where the masterpieces of the drama and tragedy were presented for study and stimulation. When one thinks of the old theater becoming the center of the classical drama in days of the stagecoach, one becomes deeply appreciative of the love for art among the Mormon pioneers in that early day. On one occasion Julia Deane spoke before the footlights of the old stage and said:

To President Young for many courtesies to a stranger, alone and unprotected, I return my thanks, which are hallowed by their earnestness; and I trust that he will permit me in the name of my art to speak my appreciation of the order and beauty that reigns throughout this house. I would that the same purity



Charles R. Savage

SALT LAKE THEATER  
Opened March 6, 1862

prevailed in every temple for the drama's teachings.

On March 6, 1912, the fiftieth anniversary of the old theater was held. The house was crowded with a deeply sympathetic audience. Hyrum B. Clawson spoke on the history of the playhouse, and the audience was brought to tears when he quoted Ruskin's words: "God never forgets any work of labor and love." Then came the venerable "Phil" Margetts who was wheeled upon the stage in a chair. He had gone blind, but with almost superhuman strength and in solemn beautiful voice he recited the lines of Macbeth:

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time:

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief  
candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the  
stage  
And then is heard no more.

A few months later, the noted actor passed away.

This article gives just a few highlights of the life of President Brigham Young. Some day he will be evaluated in the light of American history, and will take his place as one of the greatest of Americans. Impressive will be the ceremonies of the unveiling of the monument at his birthplace in Vermont, and the placing of his statue in the Capitol at Washington D. C., June 1, 1950, on the 149th anniversary of the birth of Brigham Young.

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## *Temple at Dusk*

Margery S. Stewart

The night was whispering toward the town  
But had not lit a single star,  
The dusk, all cobalt blue, fell down  
From skies like lapis lazuli.

Then suddenly the lights sprang up;  
Like silver fountains on the spires,  
They reached them up all light without,  
Lighted within from greater fires.

No night could enter where they blazed  
Above the gray, triumphant walls,  
But we, the seekers, stood amazed,  
Travel-stained, forlorn with searching.

This loveliness that burned our eyes,  
This light that reached to farthest heaven,  
These spires like spears against the skies,  
Holding the fiercest shadow back,

Was it for us? It held too much  
For pilgrims from an alien shore.  
Who, in one blinding moment saw  
The golden words within their touch.

# Contest Announcements—1950

**T**HE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest and the Relief Society Short Story Contest are conducted annually by the general board of Relief Society to stimulate creative writing among Latter-day Saint women and to encourage high standards of work. Latter-day Saint women who qualify under the rules of the respective contests are invited to enter their work in either or both contests.

The general board would be pleased to receive entries from the outlying stakes and missions of the Church as well as from those in and near Utah. Since the two contests are entirely separate, requiring different writing skills, the winning of an award in one of them in no way precludes winning in the other. It is suggested that authors who plan to enter the contest study carefully the articles on creative writing which appear in this *Magazine*, and also similar articles in the June issues for 1947, 1948, and 1949: "The Art of Poetry Writing—A Synposium of Opinions," page 370, June 1947, and "We Want to Write," page 375, June 1947; "For Makers of Rhythmic Beauty," page 370, June 1948; "You Can Write a Prize Winner," page 372, June 1948; "Points for Poets to Remember," page 371, June 1949; "On Writing a Short Story," page 374, June 1949.

## *Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest*

**T**HE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest opens with this announcement and closes September 15, 1950. Prizes will be awarded as follows:

First prize .....	\$25
Second prize .....	\$20
Third prize .....	\$15

Prize poems will be published in the January 1951 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* (the birth month of Eliza R. Snow).

Prize-winning poems become the property of the Relief Society general board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the general board. The general board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, paying for them

at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

### Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, exclusive of members of the Relief Society general board, and employees of the Relief Society general board.
2. Only one poem may be submitted by each contestant.
3. The poem must not exceed fifty lines and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done, it should be legibly written. Only one side of the paper is to be used. (A duplicate copy of the poem should be retained by contestant to insure against loss.)
4. The sheet on which the poem is written is to be without signature or other identifying marks.
5. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the poem.

6. Each poem is to be accompanied by a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

7. A signed statement is to accompany the poem submitted, certifying:

- a. That the author is a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
- b. That the poem (state the title) is the contestant's original work.
- c. That it has never been published.
- d. That it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication.
- e. That it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

8. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

9. The judges shall consist of one member of the general board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among judges, all poems selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the poems, consideration will be given to the following points:

- a. Message or theme
- b. Form and pattern
- c. Rhythm and meter
- d. Accomplishment of the purpose of the poem
- e. Climax

10. Entries must be postmarked not later than September 15, 1950.

11. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, 28 Bishop's Building; Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

## *Relief Society Short Story Contest*

**T**HE Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1950 opens with this announcement and closes September 15, 1950.

The prizes this year will be as follows:

First prize .....	\$50
Second prize .....	\$40
Third prize .....	\$30

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1951. Prize-winning stories become the property of the Relief Society general board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the general board. The general board reserves the right to publish any of the other stories entered in

the contest, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular Magazine rates.

### Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to Latter-day Saint women—exclusive of members of the Relief Society general board and employees of the general board—who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication.

2. Only one story may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The story must not exceed 3,000 words in length and must be typewritten. (A duplicate copy of the story should be retained by contestants to insure against loss.)

4. The contestant's name is not to appear anywhere on the manuscript, but a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address is to be enclosed with the story. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

5. A signed statement is to accompany the story submitted certifying:

- a. That the author is a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
  - b. That the author has had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication. (This statement must give name and date of publication in which the contestant's work has appeared, or, if not yet published, evidence of acceptance for publication.)
  - c. That the story submitted (state the title and number of words) is the contestant's original work.
  - d. That it has never been published, that it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.
6. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the story.

7. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait for two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

8. The judges shall consist of one member of the general board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among the judges, all stories selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the stories, consideration will be given to the following points:

- a. Characters and their presentation
  - b. Plot development
  - c. Message of the story
  - d. Writing style
9. Entries must be postmarked not later than September 15, 1950.
10. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Short Story Contest, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

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## *Paradox*

Lizabeth Wall

Quietly gentle as gray rain falling,  
 A miniature Mona Lisa in a starched blue pinafore,  
 She listens at the window to a small boy calling,  
 She gathers scattered playthings from a nursery floor.

Quietly lovely as anemones growing,  
 She rocks a sleeping baby in a chintz-covered chair,  
 And all her little mother-words are wise and knowing,  
 And the sunlight is kind on her smoothly braided hair.

But now the lamps are lowered and it is very late,  
 There is a flash of footsteps, unlatching of a gate,  
 An amber shadow on the wall of long hair flying,  
 A little, nearly-dreamed-of sound, half-song, half-sighing.  
 Watch a moment, stranger, if you should chance to pass:  
 Her feet in golden sandals are dancing on the grass!

# On Building a Poem

*Anna Prince Redd*

Author of "Hole In the Rock," "Where Trails Run Out," "Tomorrow's Cup," and other stories and poems.

A poem is a tangible thing, as tangible as any other object. It is a thing made up of words and phrases which express the thoughts of the poet. Each word is fitted with precision into the structure of the poem, just as a skilled mason fits his bricks into a building. Each word should fill exactly its place in the design. Any ugly, unproportioned, or unrelated word mars the beauty and effectiveness of the whole, and the result will not be pleasing and elevating to the senses.

William Carlos Williams, one of our most admired American poets, says there appears to be no peer to the influential poem. It is more articulate than painting, sculpture, architecture, or even music, with which it is so often compared. It is designed to stir the imagination and touch the hearts of many people. Therefore the poet's responsibility is great, especially to himself, for he is expressing something that is basically a part of himself. He must also interest and please his readers, or he will have no audience. If he is to succeed in his art, he must write poetry that is as good or better than that which his competitors offer.

Editors and teachers of versification agree that far too many would-be poets are careless and untrained workmen. This is evidenced, they say, by the large number of inartistic and technically incorrect

poems which are being written by people unskilled and untrained in the art of poetry composition.

Yet there are many simple rules, which, if learned and applied, would turn those same poems into acceptable compositions. How-to-write articles on poetry fill the writers' magazines. Inversions, contractions, triteness are faults that are emphasized time and time again, yet poems employing them clutter the editors' desks and are sent in great numbers as entries for poem contests.

Perhaps you think these criticisms are generalities, as I did. Perhaps it will take you many months to realize that such criticism is pertinent to you—as I at long last did. Perhaps you are breaking your heart over seemingly impossible barriers, just as we all have done. If so, do something about it!

Years ago I wrote a poem and it was published. It was not a very good poem. And the sad part is that I didn't know it was not good. Not knowing, I accepted my good fortune and waited for another poem to be "born." It took exactly twenty-two years!

During all those years I had learned little about my craft. I studied, or thought I did; I took course after course, but I didn't really learn. (It is so easy to be misled about one's own poems!) I wrote the new poem simply because I was too full of emotion to suppress

it. But that happens not more than a time or two in any poet's life. The really "inspired" poem is rare. It is usually the tireless work of brain and heart that bears poetic fruit.

Among other things that I learned the hard way, before I began to have much poetry published, was *The Rule of Four*, in writing poetry. This is just what it says it is, four rules which constitute one of many ways to build a poem. It is, however, a simple and effective method, one which I still employ. These four rules, I shall treat concretely, using a poem of my own by way of illustration, a poem built by these rules.

Rule 1. The conception of the significant idea.

Rule 2. The development of the significant idea.

Rule 3. Preparation for the climax.

Rule 4. The climax.

**N**OW, let us consider these four points, one by one:

1. The significant idea, the thing around which every good poem is built, must be *important*, and should, in the more ambitious poems, present a universal truth. The poem may reveal an unexpected turn of events, a passing mood, an image. We must know what the poem is going to be about and tell it in the *first two lines* or in the *title*. Hint at what is to follow, but do not give the climax away.

2. Develop the idea. Emotionally, we begin at the bottom and work upward toward the climax, developing interest and suspense as we go along, just as in a short story. We exclude cumbersome, unrelated items; we keep the time element

progressive. Morning before noon, noon before night.

3. We prepare the reader for the climax. With rising emotion, we begin to let the reader in on the secret—the climax. (In the sonnet, this is done in the sestet or the couplet.) It may be achieved by a slight pause in the thought, a different phrase. The significant idea must be felt to be worthwhile to this point. The closing lines must *justify* all that has gone before.

4. *The Climax!* Yes, with an exclamation point, for it is the reason for building the poem in the first place. It is the significant idea you had when you conceived the poem, and it must be told last. If it does not satisfy the reader, then the poem is a failure. The reader will not forgive you if you let him down.

So, now that we have set forth our four rules, or guiding points, let us see how they really work. The poem we shall use for illustration is "A Song the Heart Must Hear":

Love is a shimmering, mystic thing,  
A song the heart must hear and sing;  
As radiant as a wedding dress,  
As frail a thing as happiness. . . .  
Oh, why did I not know!

(*Relief Society Magazine*, May 1949)

*Analysis: Conception* (rule 1): Reread the rule and check with me. Is the idea significant? Does it embody a universal truth? Is it told in the first two lines, or in the title?

You, the reader, are the judge. Supposedly, the significant idea is: *Love is a shimmering, mystic thing*. We state it, then re-identify it in the second line (which is used as

the title, giving it double duty):  
A song the heart must hear and  
sing! Have we followed rule 1?

Development (rule 2): We further develop the significant idea in line three: *As radiant as a wedding dress.*

Preparation for the climax, (rule 3): Again check the rule. *As frail a thing as happiness. . . .* In what way are you prepared for the climax? Take the word *frail*, let it lead you back to the statement of the idea in the first line. Note the words, *shimmering* and *mystic*. Are they, in their essence, designed to reinforce each other?

Climax (rule 4): *Oh, why did I not know!* Again we check the rule. Does it satisfy the reader? Does it justify all that has gone before? Has it an unexpected twist, a surprise? Now that we think of it, were we prepared in advance for it? If so, we have done what we started out to do. We have written the poem's last line. Our story is told; let it remain. No moralizing, no explanation; no anything else—unless the poem is a "form" poem that demands it, such as the

sonnet and the ballad. Simple, isn't it?

In conclusion, let me restate in the affirmative what may have been said in the negative. Know what words are cumbersome and unrelated. Know that the time element is progressive. Know about contractions and inversions. Know that the climax is a climax. Know that your idea is important and approaches universal truth; give it all the heart and brain you have, and it will be an object of beauty, a tangible thing to be read and remembered.

### Books to Study

Johnson, Burgess, *New Rhyming Dictionary and Poet's Handbook*, Harpers, New York, \$2.50.

Wood, Clement, *Wood's Unabridged Rhyming Dictionary*, The World Publishing Company, Cleveland, Ohio, \$3.50.

Hamilton, Anne, *How to Revise Your Own Poems*, The Writer, Inc., 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Massachusetts, \$1.50.

Coblentz, Stanton A., *An Editor Looks at Poetry*, Wings Press, Mill Valley, California, \$2.00.

Esenwein, J. Berg, and Roberts, Mary Eleanor, *The Art of Versification*, The Home Correspondence School, Springfield, Mass., \$3.00.

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## *A Gray Hawk Circling*

Marvin Jones

A gray hawk circles where the endless sage  
Of desert silver merges with the sea—  
And circling, does the gray hawk sense the age  
Of desert silver— or infinity?  
What prompts his reaching wings to challenge wind,  
What wisdom lifts his wild heart to the sky,  
And in what measure is his living thinned  
By desert silver or a hurt, gray cry?  
Gray as the phantom of relinquished springs,  
I stood and reached to sky and sea and sand,  
Reached to the wind and its imaginings  
To find a greater desert in your hand . . . .



# The Short Story With a Plot

Ramona W. Cannon\*

MAY a "story" be classed as a story if it has no plot, in the generally accepted sense of the term? Some arbiters of short-story standards answer yes—others, no. We shall not argue for or against, but wish to call attention to the opinion of experienced craftsmen that *amateurs must master the plot-story before they can successfully write any other kind*. You know how most of us long to create the "art" story—in which the important aim is to sustain a mood, to highlight some very special character, to "render" a certain incident with beautiful and secret symbolism, or merely to reveal a "slice of life!"

But we should remember that no kind of expression of art, such as these listed above, for instance, is barred from a narrative simply because it conforms to a definite structural architecture, even as any house must do. It is a mistake to feel that a plot must smack of the commonplace or the artificial—merely because some plots do so.

Storytelling is a timeless art, perhaps the oldest in existence. The Egyptians were enjoying it six thousand years ago. John Gallishaw, highly regarded as a writer and teacher of writing, feels that he has made certain discoveries about the principles basic to storytelling throughout all these centuries. He presents these, with case stories, illustrating his points, in a book *The*

*Only Two Ways to Write a Story*. I shall attempt to discuss, in a greatly simplified and abbreviated form, a few of the highlights in his book.

Gallishaw divides the plot story into two types, that of *accomplishment*, and that of *decision*. But, since there is little variation in the basic method of developing the two kinds, we shall remain with the story of *accomplishment*. It is called that because one main character in the story develops one main purpose and sets out to accomplish that purpose.

Architecturally, there are three blocks which support the structure of the narrative. They are: (1) the *beginning*; (2) the *body* (or *middle*); (3) the *ending*.

The *beginning* is divided into two parts: (a) an exposition of the state of affairs or the condition that is responsible for the purpose which the main character sets out to accomplish, and (b) a clear and unmistakable statement of what that purpose of the main character is. As soon as we know that purpose, we have finished the *beginning* and are ready to launch into the *body* of the story.

The *body* presents a struggle or conflict growing out of the main purpose of the main character. It may be one long-drawn-out struggle to bring about the *accomplishment*. Or it may be a series of briefer attempts. The reader's curiosity must

\*For a biographical sketch of Mrs. Cannon, see "From Near and Far," page 432.

be whetted (suspense); he must feel as though he himself is the protagonist (identification); he must be consumed with a desire for the protagonist to win (emotion). If the suspense is to be keen, favorable incidents, which make it seem that surely this main character must win, should alternate surprisingly and dramatically with unfavorable incidents, which make it seem impossible for him to win. These favorable incidents Gallishaw terms, quite logically, "furtherances"; the unfavorable ones, "hindrances." And, for high story interest, they should follow very rapidly upon each other's heels. They should thwart each other in an exciting fashion, which produces the drama or clash which readers love in stories.

The ending nearly always has two parts: (a) the "conclusive act," which shows whether the protagonist has accomplished his purpose or has abandoned it; (b) the "sequel"—an explanation of some sort, or another incident added for effect—something to bring about a gradual close rather than to drop one breathlessly from the top of the precipice of interest and action.

**G**ALLISHAW, in his illustrative material, makes use of the story, "The Adventure of Ulysses and the Cyclops," Lamb's version of one of the oldest stories known to man, taken from the *Odyssey* of the ancient Greek poet Homer. Ulysses' problem (or purpose) was to get out of the cave where he and his men were locked by the Cyclops, who was devouring them two at a time. This they eventual-

ly accomplished, and took, with all haste, to their waiting boat. That is the "conclusive act"—the end. Then follows the "sequel." The blinded giant rushes after them, guided by sound, and hurls a crag at them in the sea. It barely misses striking the boat and killing them all.

I should like to illustrate Gallishaw's plan of story architecture with the Biblical story of Joseph, which, while it is factual, is yet told with consummate skill.

The first seven verses of Genesis, chapter thirty-seven, tell us the condition out of which the problem grows. Joseph, the favorite son of his father, is hated by his older brothers. He accentuates the situation by telling them this dream—that their sheaves bowed down to his. Angrily, they answer: "Shalt thou indeed reign over us? or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us?" There is the problem growing out of the condition. Could it be more succinctly stated? But, with the Biblical feeling for poetical repetition, we have an even stronger statement of the problem. In another dream, the sun and moon and eleven stars made obeisance to Joseph, and his father said, "Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth?"

The "conclusive act" occurs when the eleven brothers bring their aged father down to Egypt, and the brothers bow down to the earth before Joseph.

A fairly long "sequel" follows—Jacob's blessing of his sons, his death and burial.

Now, for the "furtherance" and

"hindrance"—the dramatic clashes in the *body* of the story. We shall mention a few. Joseph's brothers plan to kill him (a decided "hindrance"). Hoping to save Joseph secretly, Reuben persuades his brothers to put Joseph in a pit ("furtherance"). When Reuben is not there, they sell Joseph to the Midianites ("hindrance").

Joseph is sold into slavery in Egypt. This qualifies as what Gallishaw calls a dramatic "hindrance." It is, to all appearances, a "hindrance," yet, actually and surprisingly, it turns out to be a "furtherance." Potiphar's casting him into prison is a dramatic "hindrance" within a dramatic "hindrance," for there Joseph learns much as overseer of the prison to help him later, and he meets the butler and the baker, through whom he comes to Pharaoh's notice and begins his career of greatness.

The plot thickens when Joseph's brothers come to him for grain. "Furtherances" and "hindrances" follow each other in rapid succession, and suspense is high.

The smaller unit, by means of which the story is developed, is the scene. Technically, this is much like the story itself. It denotes a meeting between two or more persons or forces. If the meeting is merely an incident or exposition, or a friendly discussion, it is an episodic scene. If there is a clash, it is a dramatic scene, where, as in the story itself, one character has a purpose, struggles for it and either accomplishes his minor purpose or abandons it. Note the dramatic scene between Joseph and the wife of Potiphar, and between Joseph

and his ten brothers, when, unknown to them, he demands that they return and bring their youngest brother back with them.

Gallishaw suggests that writers should *visualize and develop every story as a series of scenes before they can hope for facility in plotting and presenting material*. The more dramatic scenes there are, the better the story.

**T**HEN there is the matter of characterization. Our author believes that in the long run we should realize that characterization is everything in a story. He explains that we must not regard his emphasis on scenes as minimizing the importance of characterization. The purpose of the scene is to render character. By "rendering," he means the writer should let us judge of the character ourselves by seeing him in action, not by being told about him. We are not told anywhere about Joseph's humility before God and his faithfulness, though he has no companions of his own religion. But he tells the astounded butler and baker and Pharaoh that his divining powers come not from himself, but solely from God. And he says to his terrified brothers, who fear he will slay them, "Fear not: for am I in the place of God?"

His generous forgiveness of his brothers is brought out in a dramatic scene.

A character's responses can be shown by (1) what he does; (2) what he says; (3) what he thinks; (4) by the effect of his personality or his actions on others.

And last, we must not forget

emotion in the story. Such an important item! Let us refer to another authority on writing, who says that we should not approach literature from the fact side, but from the heart side.

The story of Joseph appeals to the heart, and we feel great emotional force in many of its scenes. For instance, where Joseph serves his brethren from his table and gives them all a good mess of food. But Benjamin's (that dear baby brother who was not with the brothers the first time they went to Egypt) "mess was five times so much as any of theirs." Here, too, is character being "rendered" by action. And when they are all there before Joseph, he has to turn and go away and weep and wipe his face, so that they will not know his feelings.

The meeting of Joseph with his father Jacob is also one of pathos and emotion. In a perfect short story, such as the story of Joseph, we find all the essentials for a short story with a plot which have been mentioned in this short article.

Let us present a few highlights of technique to review and to conclude this discussion. Unity and economy are essential. Bring in no

material irrelevant to the purpose of your story. Keep in mind a stream that runs in a comparatively straight line between two points (beginning and ending)—not a fountain that bubbles up (however beautifully) and spreads itself all over the landscape.

The power to evoke true (not melodramatic) emotion is of the greatest value. Do not forget emphasis: highlight the big climax and each minor crisis, that particular point made in each scene.

Gallishaw particularly stresses the importance of making clear at the end of each scene its effect on the main character. Was he defeated that time? If so, did he give up his purpose, or did he decide to bide his time until a better opportunity opened, or was he more determined than ever to press forward? These conclusions of scenes, by showing the relationship between the structural units and the story as a whole, give the narrative its onward movement and its coherence. They are signposts to point the way, and they make for clear and easy reading comprehension.

And so, good luck to your future stories!

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## Viewpoint

Lurene Gates Wilkinson

I once could write so easily  
 Of babies' golden strands,  
 Of two blue and star-kissed eyes  
 And tight-curled, dimpled hands.  
 But that was long and long ago  
 When *all* babies were a treasure—  
 Now that I have my very own,  
 I have no words to measure!

# Hall of Fulfillment

Fay Tarlock

“**Y**OU look odd, Mother. Is there any bad news in your mail?” Helen Lane’s teen-age daughter Joan asked her from across the breakfast table.

“No,” Helen said, buttering her toast and not looking at Jane’s anxious eyes. “It’s nothing—just looking at the drawings of the new Relief Society building.”

“The one that’s going to cost you five bucks?” young Bill asked, his voice superior.

“I don’t see why that should worry you, Mother,” Joan persisted. “All you have to do is write a check.”

“It isn’t worrying me,” Helen answered. “And I’m not going to write a check.”

“What are you going to do?” Bill, her husband, asked, emerging from the morning’s paper with its black headlines.

“Surely, Mother, you wouldn’t —!” Joan shrilled, her blue eyes wide in protest.

“No, indeed,” Helen replied, smiling at her daughter. “I’m going to earn the money myself.”

“Ha!” came from young Bill. “Imagine you earning money.”

“You know it isn’t necessary,” Bill said, returning to the black headlines.

“We’ll just call it a whim of mine and let it go at that.” Helen brought the coddled eggs in from the kitchen and passed the dish. From the plate-glass panel she could see the smooth side lawn, the perennial border still gay with color,

and the neatly clipped privet hedge that separated the yard from the garage driveway.

“Once,” she said as she broke her egg into its cup, “I helped build a Relief Society hall. I can’t do less than earn the money now.”

“Did you really?” young Bill exclaimed, his eyes deep with the innocence of childhood. “What did you do?”

“That’s not so easy to tell,” Helen said. “It happened a long time ago.” So long ago, she thought, that it was in another world. She wondered if any story of hers could bring that world into her sunny dining room with the blonde oak table and the yellow plastic mats.

“Do tell us about it, Mother. Don’t just sit there.” Joan’s voice had a little edge to it.

\* \* \*

**H**ELEN had been very young, younger even than young Bill, when her mother was made president of the Crane Ward Relief Society for the express purpose of building the Relief Society Hall. The need for the Hall was an old refrain. Helen could not remember a time when she had not heard, “When we get our own Hall.” It was as familiar a part of Crane as the racy breeze from the sage-covered hills.

In Crane the only Church building proper was the ward chapel. This was made from rough stone and topped by a weathered steeple. The chapel had been erected by the

pioneer fathers in the days when the settlement was still enclosed by a high adobe wall built as a protection against the Indians. In the building there was only a basement room that the Relief Society could call home. It had differed from the other shabby rooms in three respects: the floor was covered with a rag carpet; there were straight-backed chairs instead of benches; and there was an old parlor organ. The pioneer fathers had provided no kitchen, no work room for quilting or sewing, no social hall for the amenities and gaieties of Relief Society life.

Yes, Crane Ward Relief Society needed a home of its own.

Helen could not remember the exact time she became a willing part of this seemly design. It had not happened at first. "I wish you would go across town to ask Sister Dunhill if she will make the ice cream for the teacher's party," her mother had said.

"Can't you telephone the Denbys? They live on the same block."

"We never ask anyone to do for us what we can do ourselves," her mother had reproved her. She had been a grumbling messenger that time.

Her real entry might have come on the occasion Sister Dunhill had asked her to sit down and wait to scrape the ice cream dasher as a reward for hauling the little red wagon full of ice. Whatever the occasion, she was soon the very legs and often the voice of the building committee.

On every possible occasion, from the Friday night dance in the Opera House to a ward wedding reception,

the Relief Society advanced with food and quilts for sale. The people of Crane ate frequently at public dinners for more than a year.

Of even greater import than transporting the food from its original source to its cooked finish were the messages Helen carried to the volunteer workmen. Few of them had telephones and the blocks were long. On Thursday the volunteer plasterers would work. Tuesday might be the day the volunteer bricklayers must be organized. "Brother Pridley will work on Friday. Go ask Brother Redford if he can help." "John Cowgill is going after a load of freight. We must make sure that he brings the nails back." "Brother Hall is sick. Go see if Brother Alcock will take his place."

There was no street nor short cut through a vacant lot that Helen could not have followed in the dark. She knew the roads when they were frozen in the morning and mud ankle deep by afternoon. She walked the sidewalks when the brown catalpa and mulberry leaves pulverized beneath her square-toed shoes. And the prints of the same small shoes were made in the summer dust when the air of Crane was fragrant with ripening apples. Mornings and evenings she sniffed the cedar perfume of the blue smoke.

The place she liked best of all to visit was the Pridley's. Brother Pridley was, among other things, a stone mason who had learned his trade in England. He had built his brick home, with its fan-shaped designs above the doors and windows and his curious chimney pots, with his own hands. His flower and

vegetable gardens were straight out of an English picture. The red brick house was set deep among the trees and shrubs. Surrounding everything was a hedge clipped in exotic designs. There were walks bordered with phlox and sweet Williams. Along a cobbled walk that led to the grape arbor was a border of sweet-smelling English lavender. On Decoration Day people came from all over town to buy or beg the lacy snowballs and the big purple flags. Sometimes Sister Pridley would clip some spicy blooms and say in her sweet English voice, "A posie for you to carry, dearie."

There was another place of enchantment she discovered. It was the Christhansen place. Brother Christhansen had built his white cottage, with the red trim and the matching summer house, while his memories of Denmark were still bright. For generations Crane inhabitants would entertain themselves over his mishaps with the English language. To Helen he was the kind owner of a red weather vane and a carved clock.

**C**RANE was not without other touches of Old World culture. There was the variety shop kept by a convert from Holland. Helen would stop to press her nose against the glass to see the porcelain figurines. When she grew older she learned to prize the chinaware her mother had bought there as "genuine Dresden."

There were the homes of the Scotch saints, the block where the Welsh people had settled. They worked and worshiped with the English converts and the men and

women from Denmark and Norway. Scattered among them as a leavening force, were descendants of New England. In Crane there were no racial discriminations, no national distinctions in thought or deed.

Once, in the early twilight, Helen was returning from a Relief Society errand to a far part of town. As she passed the unplastered house of Humphrey Hawkins, Ella, his childless wife, with the tall, ungainly body and the shuffling, heavy feet, came out. Helen tried to slip past, her eyes half-closed, pretending she could not see the house. She considered Ella Hawkins a dreary soul and, like the other children of the town, did not speak to her unless it was necessary.

"Wait a minute, will you, dearie?" Ella Hawkins called in her flat voice. A note of urgency in it made Helen stop. "I want you to come in a minute."

Helen stopped, careful to keep the gate between her and Ella.

"I've got some peppermints for you," the woman coaxed.

Helen did not like peppermints. She tried to pass. "'Umphrey hasn't come 'ome yet," the woman said, laying a cold hand on Helen's bare arm.

"He'll be home soon, I'm sure. It's almost dark." She tried to withdraw and close the gate.

"Ah, do come in, dearie," Ella insisted, pulling her inside the gate.

Reluctantly Helen followed the woman up the dusty path. It was almost dark inside the hot little parlor; so dark she could barely see the outlines of the enlarged pictures of the Hawkins relatives.

"Now that you're here, dearie, and while I'm getting the peppermints, would you put on the helectricity for me, it won't take but a moment?" Ella Hawkins asked, her flat voice shy.

In the fast-thickening darkness Helen groped for the bare globe dangling on the green cord from the center of the ceiling. She found it and turned the button.

Ella Hawkins beamed like a pleased child. "You know," she confided as one equal to another, "'Umphrey always puts on the light for me. I says to 'im the first time helectricity was put in the house, 'Umphrey,' I says, 'I'll never turn that light when you're not 'ere. I'll sit in the dark till you come 'ome.'" Shyly she handed Helen the candy, a whole bag of mints.

After that Helen always spoke warmly to Ella Hawkins. Ella, she knew now, was a grown-up child, afraid of the dark.

Another day she was pulling her red wagon past the cobbler's shop when old Tom Chilton came out. To avoid meeting the old man with the tired eyes and the toothless mouth, she would have gone around the block. Now it was too late, she must face him. On her walks past the shop she had often wondered what it was in his long-ago youth that had made him join the Church and come to Utah. He paid no attention to Church things now and was never called Brother, just old Tom Chilton.

**S**HE tried to slide her wagon by quickly, but he stood in front of her, his big hands under his

leather apron, his toothless mouth smiling at her.

"What's the Relief Society cooking today?" he asked in his gruff way.

Helen did an incredulous thing. She lifted the white cloth that covered the basket in the red wagon. "It's doughnuts for the Seventies' party," she told him gravely. "Smell them." She dipped her hand swiftly into the basket and brought out a golden brown doughnut, still warm from the frying pan. Old Tom took it, his sunken mouth open in astonishment.

"I won't ever be frightened of him again," she told herself. Even old Tom knew she was helping to build the Hall. It was a pleasant thought that helped her when her arms grew tired of tugging the red wagon.

At a later time she and Addie Brown were pulling the red wagon, loaded high with flour, sugar, and home-rendered lard. The load was to be distributed to women who were making the pies for a special food sale. When they came to a landmark known as Old Bridge, they stopped to rest and to throw pebbles into the stream beneath. Helen felt relaxed and happy. "You know," she said to Addie, "a lot of people in this town think they are building the Relief Society Hall, but do you know who is really building it?"

"No," replied Addie, leaning over the bridge to watch a piece of driftwood hit by her pebble, "who is?"

"You and me," Helen said. Her first thought had been to say only me, but decided it would be polite to include Addie.



"I don't see why," Addie retorted.

"It's this way." Helen was anxious for Addie to understand. "We do the things that make it possible for others to work. We carry the things for the food sales and that gets the money. Then we tell the men when to come to work and when to bring the materials. If we didn't do it, nothing would get done."

"I'll just bet it would get done." Addie was snappy. "I don't see that we're doing so much. You just think you're so important." She picked up the wagon tongue and ran off the bridge, leaving Helen to follow.

Helen felt crumpled inside. She caught up with Addie and took half the wagon handle. She did not mention the subject again. To herself she said stubbornly that her work was important.

Only one thing spoiled her pleasure in the building, now so close to its finish. The Hall was not beautiful as she had thought it would be. The plain, rectangular edifice, with the sloping roof and the narrow windows, was so like the other public buildings. Helen didn't know what the Hall lacked: spires to catch the early sun, colored windows to dim the afternoon light, or white pillars and green, sloping lawns—something was wrong. Inside there was the main room, smelling of newness, the smaller work rooms, and the big kitchen with space for two new ranges, but they, too, seemed plain and somehow ugly. Maybe when everything was completed and the paint on, it would look better.

IT was late autumn before the last nail was in, the last coat of white paint on the doors and sills and eaves. Then the stoves were installed, the chairs freshly varnished, moved from the basement room, and a bright new rag rug laid in the larger sewing room. "And every jack last cent is paid," the women said in pride.

A celebration was planned. All the men who had given freely of their labor to lay the foundations, erect the walls and roof, and make the inside ready, were coming. All the women who had spent long hours over hot wood stoves, who had bent over machines and frames, and who had sold the food and washed the dishes, were coming. Not one thing was to be sold. There was to be a dinner, baked hot in the new ranges. Home cured hams, chicken, roast beef, light rolls, succulent pies, and frosted cakes would be piled high on the damask-covered tables. There was to be a program with speeches and readings and music. And the dedicatory prayer.

Helen took it for granted that she was to go to the party. It was for the workers, wasn't it? In school, on the day of the celebration she thought of nothing else. At home she skipped through her chores and ran upstairs to start the delicious process of getting ready.

As Helen dressed, she held within her a small but bright hope that in one of the speeches of gratitude her name would be mentioned. She held the thought while she scrubbed her face and neck and ears. Care-

(Continued on page 429)

# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, June 1, and June 15, 1890

## "FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS"

**OUR MOUNTAIN HOME:** In contemplating the blessings of our Heavenly Father and the beauties of nature our admiration is particularly drawn out in viewing the magnificence of our lofty mountains, thereby expanding the mind with a sense of their vastness and grandeur; "standing as they do on the East and on the West of us like sentinels guarding the towers of Zion," or over enchanted ground, filling our minds with a sense of safety from all impending disasters such as floods, tornadoes, etc. which are so prevalent in the world in this dispensation.—Annie N. Bowring

### QUIET WAYS ARE BEST

What's the use of worrying,  
Of hurrying,  
And scurrying,  
Everybody flurrying,  
And breaking up their rest,  
When everyone is teaching us,  
Preaching and beseeching us,  
To settle down and end the fuss,  
For quiet ways are best.

—New York Evangelist

**TIME:** "Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered for they are gone forever."—Horace Mann. Time is the measurement of duration. We should not let time pass without learning something that will result in good in our after life. We should cultivate some good principles and overcome bad habits. Time is the only little fragment of Eternity that belongs to man; and like life it can never be recalled.

—Annie Thompson

### ALL WILL BE WELL

All will be well. Why should we ever doubt it?  
There were no blunders in creation's plan.  
When God's vast mind conceived and went about it,  
He was not aided or controlled by man.  
The stars that move in such immortal beauty  
Through their appointed pathway seem to tell  
Our questioning souls, if we but do our duty,  
"All will be well."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

**SNOWFLAKE STAKE:** The Relief Society Conference of the Snowflake Stake was held at Snowflake, May 31st, 1890. After singing and prayer Pres. Emma S. Smith welcomed all to conference and expressed pleasure in meeting once more with the sisters. Sister Jemima W. Smith was pleased to have the privilege of meeting in conference. Sister Phebe Kartchner said: "No matter how much wealth or education we may have we will not be happy, or able to do much good unless we have a good honest heart."

—Della Fish, Sec.



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

**A**LICE DINWOODEY MOYLE, widow of the late James H. Moyle, former assistant secretary of the United States Treasury and United States commissioner of customs, died in Salt Lake City April fourth at the age of 84. She is survived by four sons and two daughters, including Elder Henry D. Moyle of the Council of the Twelve. Sister Moyle lived in Washington for some years and later in New York, where her husband presided over the Eastern States Mission. She served for many years on the Ensign Stake Relief Society board and was also the Eastern States Mission Relief Society President. She felt that these experiences greatly enriched her life.

**A**LICE STONE BLACKWELL died March 16, at the age of 93. She was the daughter of Lucy Stone, who believed that married women should retain their own surnames. Lucy Stone set the example. She and her husband, Mr. Blackwell, and their daughter Alice, who remained unmarried, worked ardently for suffrage and more just conditions for women. Alice felt hurt these later years that women fail to use their potential power for great purposes. Many even fail to vote. She thought they showed little appreciation for women like

her mother, who worked seventy years for the privilege of suffrage for women. Alice felt that the proposed Equal Rights Amendment to the Constitution, if passed in its present form, would rob women in many states of hard-won favorable legislation.

**T**O two women death recently brought an early reunion with their husbands. Annie Dexter Noble died eight days after the demise of her husband, Abraham Noble. Eminent for her faith, grace, and dignity, Mrs. Noble, with her husband, had fulfilled two missions to her native England. Rose Flashman Noall preceded her husband, Matthew Noall, in death by exactly one month. Mrs. Noall, a musician, who became mother to three children at her marriage, was noted for the unusual harmony and love that existed in her home, with its nine children.

**C**ALLEEN ROBINSON (McKAY), Utah Centennial Queen, and her two attendants, Marie Burnett (Housley) and Mary Louise Gardner (Gessell) recently met in Salt Lake City, to introduce their year-old children: Bill McKay III, Jay Housley, and Linda Gessell. Mrs. McKay and Mrs. Gessell are residents of Salt Lake City, and Mrs. Housley makes her home in Oklahoma City.



## *Brigham Young—Loyal and True*

JUNE 1, 1801 is the birthdate of Brigham Young, second President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This year on June 1 ceremonies will be held in the Capitol at Washington, D. C., commemorating the placing of Brigham Young's statue, executed by his grandson Mahonri M. Young, in Statuary Hall as the representative of the State of Utah in the Hall of Fame.

Today, 149 years after his birth, Brigham Young is generally acknowledged as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, colonizer in America. To members of the Church, however, this attribute is only one of his many noble endowments which fitted him to be a prophet of the Lord, the one chosen to lead the saints away from the persecutions of the East to a haven in the West in fulfillment of the Prophet Joseph's prophecy that the saints would become "a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains."

From the vantage point of years a man is remembered for his greatness or forgotten in oblivion. In such an appraisal often the great man is considered to be above the common run of men, to be made of a different clay. So to judge greatness is to rob it of its worth, to fail to appreciate the subduing of that baseness found in each person,

to omit to acknowledge mastery gained over self.

Other close associates of the Prophet Joseph Smith were accorded higher honors during the lifetime of the Prophet than Brigham Young, mighty as was his calling. Many of those men, nevertheless, fell from the grace of God through self-esteem. Brigham Young, however, always promoted and cultivated within himself that great attribute of loyalty—loyalty to the Prophet of God. He recognized it as a quality essential in the progress for eternal life, an attribute that suffocates by its own weight those mean and ignoble vices, envy, malice, and selfishness.

Brigham Young's life is a monument to loyalty. In recording his first meeting with the Prophet Joseph Smith in Kirtland, he wrote:

Here my joy was full at the privilege of shaking the hand of the Prophet of God, and receiving the sure testimony, by the Spirit of prophesy, that he was all that any man could believe him to be as a true prophet (D.H.C. I, page 297).

This allegiance continued in the soul of Brigham Young all his days. During the working of the mob spirit in Kirtland, he was forced to flee for his life because, as the Prophet wrote, "he would proclaim publicly and privately that he knew by the power of the Holy Ghost that I was a Prophet of the Most

High God, that I had not transgressed and fallen as the apostates declared" (D.H.C. II, page 529).

It would seem fitting that the Lord manifested to the saints the proper authority on whom the keys and powers had been conferred by having Brigham Young, as he addressed the saints following the martyrdom, take on the voice and looks of his dearly beloved Prophet.

For thirty-three years afterward, Brigham Young led the saints and exercised great power and authority over them. But throughout those years never did he by word or deed, and one could justifiably add, by thought, manifest any but full and complete loyalty to the Prophet. He firmly believed:

Joseph Smith, the Prophet and Seer of the Lord, has done more, save Jesus only, for the salvation of men in this world, than any other man that ever lived in it (D. & C. 135:3).

One can hardly write of Brigham Young without also writing of the Prophet. One builded on the foundation the other laid in righteousness. There was no rivalry, no taint of jealousy between them. They fully lived the admonition of the Savior: "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us" (John 17:21).

And, as Brigham Young lay on his deathbed, it would seem his thoughts already turned to eternity and that he saw his beloved Prophet as, gazing upward, he spoke his last words, "Joseph! Joseph! Joseph!"

The soul of a man expands through loving service to his fellow men. So, through his perfect loyalty to the Prophet Joseph, the greatness of Brigham Young glows with deeper significance, as seen in the true light of the perspective of years.  
—M. C. S.

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## *Friend of Nature*

Clarence Edwin Flynn

Who companies with mountains  
And contemplates the stars,  
Who seeks out rainbow fountains  
And stands where day unbars,  
Who follows woodland pathways,  
In meadows walks apart,  
His spirit has discovered  
The universal heart.

He feels the silent rhythm  
Of wisdom and of truth;  
His heart has found the secret  
Of time-defying youth.  
He has a poise and calmness  
That no confusion mars,  
Who companies with mountains  
And contemplates the stars.

# Postlude to Spring

*Christie Lund Coles*

**V**ERLA stood by the window facing the unutterably blue sky, the poplar tree, delicate as a young girl in an eyelet embroidery dress. It seemed but yesterday it had been bleak and barren. Now, it was in leaf, the green a color for which, as yet, there had never quite been a name. Chartreuse? Almost, though it was lighter, more iridescent than that. Emerald? That was summer. This pale, traced greenery was a thing unto itself.

The few feathery clouds back of the shimmering tree were like wisps of white smoke or scraps from an angel's gown, fallen into the blue basket of heaven. Spring. . . .

She could hear her daughter and her friend whispering to one another in the adjoining room, whispering with wonder about the night before. They had gone to an outdoor theater, then driving for a hamburger with the two boys from down the street. She knew it had been fun, she would have liked to have shared the details of it with them. Yet, sweet as they were, they stopped talking whenever she came into the room. They looked at her as though she couldn't possibly understand.

It seemed only this morning that she had been sixteen and her sister had said to a neighbor boy, "Watch out, Verla falls in love every spring."

Her answer had been self-confident, dramatic as only the young can be dramatic, as she told them, "I know, and I shall forever . . . and ever." And she spread her

arms as though to gather the whole, blossoming wonder of the world into her being, to hold it forever.

Yet, somehow, this year spring had come almost as a surprise. The winter had been long; she was tired. Still, for all her forgetting, it was here in primordial splendor, and she was achingly aware again, thrilling, remembering. . . .

Like bubbles rising in a whirlpool, memories rose to her consciousness. It was the spring she was sixteen. She was going with Phillip, who was tall, with dark hair and very blue, blue eyes. They were standing on the porch of her parents' home. The moon, full and bright as metal hot to the breaking point, gleamed through the new-leaved trees.

Their words were soft, strange even to themselves, though as old as life itself. He whispered, "I'll always love you . . . always, always."

She answered, "Oh, I know. I know. I love you, too."

They kissed, shyly, seekingly. The next day she played the most popular current love song over and over on an old-fashioned phonograph.

\* \* \* \*

**S**HE watched the clouds move, falling into new shapes, new patterns; she saw a sea gull swoop to the earth, pick at a morsel, cry and rise—blue-gray and white—against the sky. Then she heard the radio playing. She had been unaware of it until the particular song struck at her sensibilities. Wayne King was playing, "Memory Lane." It seemed ironic until she

remembered that it was merely an introduction to a program of old songs which came every day at this time. Now, it made her a little sad, with the sadness of lost and lovely things. She whispered, suddenly, "I cannot bear to grow old, to be no part of spring."

From the other room the laughter of the two girls rose higher, gay and irrepressible. It was like water gurgling over smooth, brown rocks. Turning to the door, she called in an unnatural voice, "What are you two talking about? It must be very pleasant." As if she didn't know.

"It is," Mimi answered, "But you wouldn't understand."

If they only knew how much she could understand, how she could laugh with them, tell them some of the precious, silly things she had done at their age. She wanted to cry out to them, "I'm not so old. Why don't you look at me sometimes, truly I mean? Why don't you see me as I really am . . . in here. As I was when I was young . . . younger than spring-time."

That would be funny to them. Once, she had said to Mimi, "I wish I were your age," and her daughter had answered, "I'm glad I'm not your age." Just like that.

Now, she could hear Jean saying, "It's time he was calling. Oh, if he doesn't call . . . I'll just die."

There was genuine heartache, fear, in the voice. She remembered the times when the date she had been expecting hadn't come through; she recalled the unmitigated pain, the bewilderment, frustration that had gnawed at her

until she was sure she would never be happy again.

She smiled to herself, a little sadly, leaned against the window frame, aware of her slightly spreading hips. The clouds were clustering more closely together, darkness was moving slowly from the earth to the sky. A sudden wind shook the frail, underdressed tree. Swiftly, she put her hands over her eyes against unexpected tears. She didn't know how long she had stood like that when she heard Mimi's voice behind her, in the same room. She was saying, "What's the matter, Mother, are you ill? I've called you three times."

She turned slowly and saw the love and concern in the girl's fair face. She said, "I'm quite all right."

Jean, whose face was still listening for the 'phone, still waiting, said, "Maybe she's in love, too. It's such misery."

"Maybe," Verla admitted, her laughter tinkling the air as she fitted each into an arm and started toward the kitchen to prepare food for their never-ending hunger. And for the hunger of Phillip, who had just turned into the driveway. The sight of him had quite unexpectedly set her blood to tingling, because he was once more the incarnation of all her springtimes.

Her tears? They had been so brief, so iridescent, like the few brief drops of rain falling now upon the window, yet which, within an hour, would be prisms for a rainbow.

She was so glad for her years, for her age, for the long, secure postlude to spring's wild, erratic tune.

# A Converts' Granddaughter Returns

## Part II

Helen and Cyril Pearson

Photographs by the Authors

“**S**WITZERLAND reminds one of the United States before the first World War,” one of the missionaries tells you, and you agree.

Number 54 Weinbergstrasse is our Church address in Zurich, an elder informs us. We reach the Church hall in ten minutes from the Neues Schloss Hotel on Stockenstrasse. It's Mutual Improvement night and, to use a scriptural text, “It's good to be here!” The warm, intimate, almost family-like services are in the German language. Everyone is speaking it in the Zurcher dialect which marks the Zurich temperament as the liquid French language characterizes the Parisian, but the same gospel is taught at both Weinbergstrasse and St. Germain. A good many Swiss saints have recently emigrated to America and more wish to go.

Zurich, of course, was a stronghold of the Reformation. The city contains numerous houses, hotels, and inns, labeled with the names of famous old-time Reformation occupants.

Business requires you to double back to Paris and then go by automobile to Basle, Switzerland, by way of Alsace-Lorraine. Years ago you thought the Canadian Province of Quebec was the quaintest place you had ever visited, but Alsace, with its thatched cottages, its matched teams of oxen, its peasant costumes, and its honest-to-goodness earthiness, takes a visitor back

two centuries.

“This isn't the type of country where you're likely to find Latter-day Saints,” Cy remarks, as though reading your mind while you're mentally making comparisons between Alsace and Quebec in Canada. “I'm afraid our missionaries wouldn't be able to do much here.”

How erroneous it is thus to generalize only comes to light next day when you reach Basle.

“At Strasbourg (in Alsace-Lorraine) we have one of the finest groups of saints in the whole Church,” the missionaries in Basle tell you, “and our missionaries laboring in Alsace are having wonderful experiences. You know, Alsace has changed hands between the Germans and the French a good many times. After World War I, the Alsatians changed from the German language to French. So the older generation of Alsatians, including the older saints, are grounded in German, while the younger ones and our missionaries use French.”

At Basle you look upon the River Rhine for the first time in your life. You reflect on the great part men and women from lands bordering on this mighty river have played in the building up of the Church. Karl G. Maeser, who became President of Brigham Young University, was such a man. And you think how many missionaries from Zion have come to preach the gospel to these Germanic nations.

Yesterday you traveled over the



bloodiest battlegrounds of Western Europe, but you saw them only as fields dressed in flowers and grass, and the River Marne brimming with fresh water.

\* \* \* \*

**Y**OU take the Nord Express by rail, leaving Paris of an afternoon and reach Copenhagen in the evening the day following. It takes you through Germany. The train authorities had said they would seal the cars at the Hamburg station, so no passengers could go out, but suddenly they relent and permit us to look around Hamburg and see the saddening effects of Allied bombing.

Copenhagen is a poem to a Latter-day Saint who has lived in Box Elder or Sanpete counties. Imagine going along hundreds of streets in a city a half dozen times the size of Salt Lake and seeing sign mul-

tiplied on sign: Georg Jensen, Silverware; Ole Hansen, Groceries; Fonnesbeck's Store; Peter Larsen, Barber; Hans Anderson, Lawyer; Christian Sorensen, Doctor; and thousands of similar Scandinavian cognomens, with nowhere such names as Smith, O'Brien, MacIntosh, Griffith, or Levy. It's the Utah's Elsinore multiplied a thousand times and more. Incidentally, you get to visit the original Elsinore, home of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. It is just outside Copenhagen.

Copenhagen, with its more than a million people, is the largest city of all Scandinavia. You can go to Tivoli Gardens and see the Danes at their amusements, every person of them looking like their kinfolk back in Sandy or Draper, Utah. But here you see the Danish people on a Grand Canyon scale. These are



COPENHAGEN, DENMARK, LOVED BY ALL DANISH  
LATTER-DAY SAINTS



IBSEN'S STATUE,  
Near the National Theater, Oslo, Norway

the very children only a couple of generations removed of those forefathers whose Utah descendants are the Lunds, the Hansens, the Rasmussens, the Petersens, and other Danes in Zion. The present Denmark-Utah situation is almost analogous to England and Massachusetts of two centuries ago. It is a delight to go to the Latter-day Saint services at Priorvej 12, on Sunday. The well-kept little chapel is filled to overflowing. What a beautiful sight! It seems like a throwback to the days of Wilford Woodruff in England. The thought goes through your mind, when new blood was helpful in the early days of the Church, what a transfusion these Scandinavians gave us!

We decide to take the boat to Malmo, Sweden, and then go to

Stockholm by train. If one has the time, he can go all the way by boat. Stockholm has the distinction of being known as a city of beautiful women. It is also called the Venice of the North.

Swedish mission headquarters are in a solid building of the old part of Stockholm on Svartensgatan. In getting to the mission home you are astonished at how many Swedes, young and old, speak a good grade of English. They do not regard this as any particular accomplishment.

"There are so many Americans and English in the world and only a few Swedes. We have to learn your language," they graciously explain.

Sunday morning at the mission happens to be Swedish Flag Day, and in a couple of weeks the King will be ninety years old. All Stockholm is decorated. A magnificent Swedish banner is unfurled from the flagstaff in front of the Latter-day Saint Church. There's a royal sunlight this day and a soft breeze to ripple the blue field and the golden cross of the Swedish standard. The theme of the Sunday School program is patriotism as expounded in our Twelfth Article of Faith. The pageantry put on by these Swedish Latter-day Saint children in the heart of their northern homeland reminds one of the Centennial celebrations in Zion in July '47.

**O**SLO, Stockholm, and Copenhagen are at the vertices of a triangle which is approximately equilateral. You take the overnight train from Stockholm to Oslo to be in Norway for two days. This



LATTER-DAY SAINT ELDERS  
Standing in Front of Zwingli's Statue,  
Zurich, Switzerland

fatherland of Grieg and Ibsen is also the homeland of the type of saint who has helped make up the lifeblood of our Church, the kind of person whom men or events cannot shake. As you ride on a motor boat out on the Oslo Fjord, you think of the story of Anna Gaarn Widtsoe, the fisher maiden, and her life as told by her son, Elder John A. Widtsoe.

Elder Widtsoe put it this way:

This is the story of a woman, a seeker after truth, who, tossed by the waves of mysterious fate, was caught by the gospel net, and carried into a far country, where, through the possession of eternal truth, though amidst much adversity, she and her family found unbounded happiness.

May the life of Anna Gaarn Widtsoe, the erstwhile fisher maid, be a

light to the feet of those who think they are weary in well-doing.

Being the end of June, it is still broad daylight in Oslo at ten P.M. when you catch the overnight train for Malmo, Sweden. Then you take the ferry boat from Malmo to Copenhagen just across the bay and go by air over Germany back to Paris. At Orly Airport, outside Paris, the sun is hot and red from smoke as we take off homeward for our land of America, choice above all other lands. A mantle of calm settles over you as you leave behind a troubled world of men and turmoil and enter into a sort of heavenly tranquility. This plane covers the flight from Bombay, India, to New York City. The divers passengers inside the cabin of the plane make the day seem like one



ELDERS AT SWEDISH MISSION  
HEADQUARTERS, STOCKHOLM

of ancient Pentecost. Aboard are turbaned Moslems, high caste Brahmans from India, a white-bearded Greek Catholic priest, an ancient Italian woman, a sprinkling of North Europeans, and a score of Americans.

The captain of the plane is a fine young American who was reared on a Midwestern farm. Between trips back and forth from the Western to the Eastern Hemisphere, he is running a farm in Virginia.

The navigator lays a wonderful map before you.

"Easy to keep on the track if you'll follow the way that's been planned for you," the captain says modestly, pointing to our course. "Here's our bearing to Shannon Airport, south of Dublin. We're just coming over the Channel Isles. There's Guernsey. I've got some of their cows."

**T**HE thought comes to you that in the early days of the Church, a sailing ship took a month or more, a modern ship takes a week, and a plane takes a day to cross the Atlantic.

"Coming into Shannon," the captain announces, as he takes over personal control of the plane from the instruments, "our next leg of the flight will be over the open sea from Ireland to Gander, Newfoundland, though there's just a chance we may have to land at Goose Bay if there's a fog. Then we'll hop straight to La Guardia Field in New York, provided we get away from Newfoundland before the fog closes in on us."

Later the captain confides to you that we ought to be in Gander about

four A.M. He said we would cut short our stay so as not to risk the fog closing in and holding the plane at Gander. Within the hour, you are riding the plane like a huge bird down to the New World.

Within the twenty-four hours since leaving Paris, the steward takes his place in the fore part of the plane. Facing the passengers, he says, "May I have your attention? We are coming in over New York City and will land at La Guardia field. Fasten your safety belts."

Quickly the plane begins to lose altitude. Large buildings appear to be whirling by. In a matter of minutes you'll be back down in the country of your birth, a country builded from wilderness to magnificence. You think of the words of the prophet Ether and they give you pause:

For behold, this is a land which is choice above all other lands; wherefore he that doth possess it shall serve God or shall be swept off; for it is the everlasting decree of God . . . (Ether 2:10).

The plane lands in that same New York where your forefathers landed nearly a century ago.

Now you're home from Europe there's a scene that comes to your mind's eye many times. It's simply this: The setting's near Oxford. You envision a talk you had with a serving woman there. She was toil-worn and ill-paid. You felt a bit ill-mannered when she looked up suddenly and caught you staring at her. If she had known what you were thinking she might have excused your stare because you were thinking:

But for the grace of the gospel there go I!

# Immunize Against Accidents

Evelyn Kidneigh

Director, Division of Public Health Nursing, State of Utah

A basic change is required in society's traditional attitude toward accidents and their victims. In the past, too many of us have accepted accidents as inevitable, though unfortunate.

Not too many years ago, this was the attitude in relation to communicable diseases. Today, we read with horror the accounts of the Black Plague in England when it was impossible for those who were burying the dead to keep ahead of the death angel. In our own State, we can visit cemeteries whose gravestones tell the sad story of hundreds of children who lost their lives during epidemics of diphtheria.

Diseases such as yellow fever, small pox, diphtheria, whooping cough, and typhoid fever, which caused losses of large segments of the population, have now been conquered. Credit for the conquering of these diseases is two-fold. First, we acknowledge the contribution of medical science in ferreting out causes and finding methods of prevention. Second, we pay tribute to a populace that informed themselves and took advantage of the methods of prevention which science offered.

Since accidents are the chief cause of death of children older than one year and among the leading causes of adult deaths, it is obvious that we must recognize this as a problem of great importance, bending every effort toward its correction.

Research is now being directed toward decreasing accidents in the home and factory, on the streets, and in the air and water, as well as studying people's proneness to accident.

We must take the findings of the researchers, welcome them, and weave them into our pattern of living. Accepting them for ourselves is not enough. We must teach them to our children, to our neighbors, and to our community, if we wish to "immunize" our population against accidents.

This procedure will pay off in the richest commodity we possess, the conservation of our human resources. Millions in dollars and much effort are spent annually for the conservation of our natural resources. Can we be satisfied with a less effective program for the preservation of that most priceless possession, human life?

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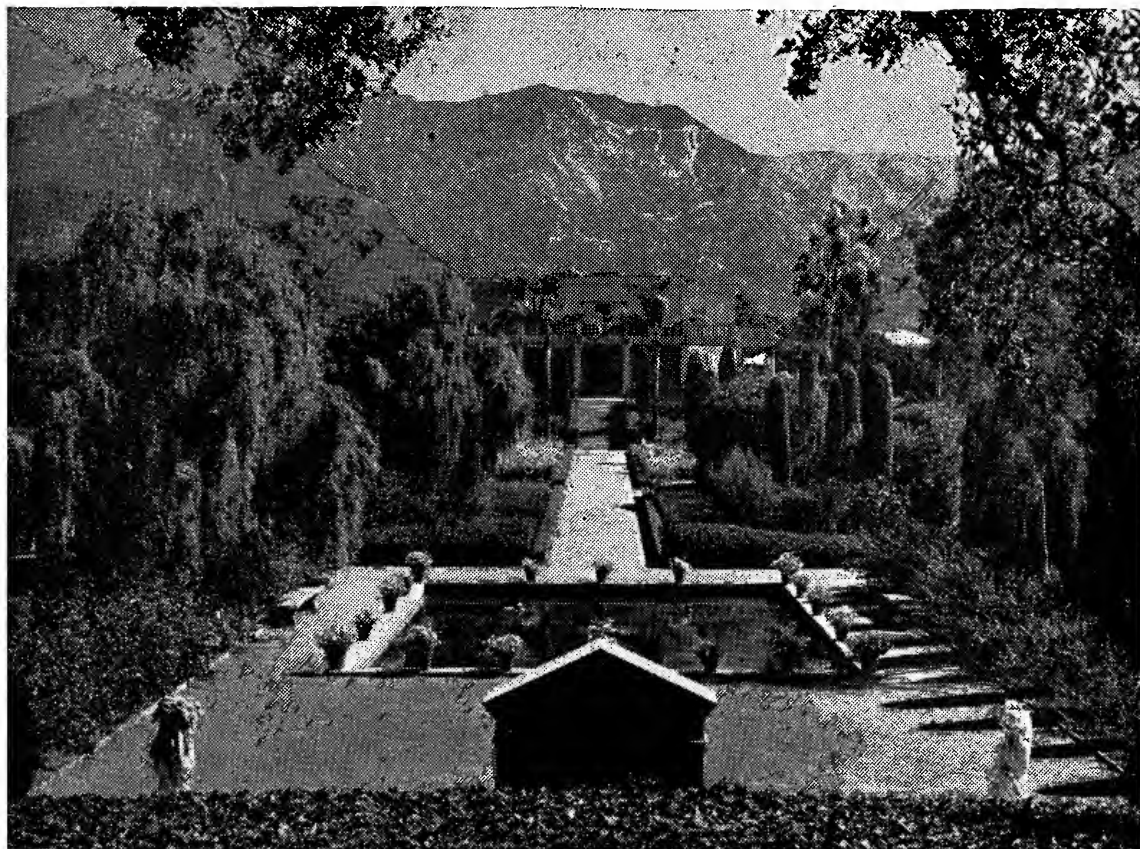
## *There Is No Sign*

C. Cameron Johns

Where strands of the river  
Run thin at the starting,  
There is no sign  
That beyond the dark hill  
And past the bright valley,  
The full deep channel  
Moves to its destiny.

# Garden Meditation

*Ezra J. Poulsen*



Josef Muench

## FORMAL GARDEN VISTA, SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

**Y**OU wouldn't want to be by yourself all the time, but there are moments when solitude seems to be the choicest of blessings. Usually, there's no better place in which to be alone than in the garden. In America, however, we have been slow to recognize this, being usually so busy with our handiwork that we think of the garden merely as a display.

Our Oriental and European neighbors, as well as South Americans, have enjoyed garden solitudes to an extent far greater than we. The siesta, the period of reflection, hasn't fit into our strenuous way of living. Still, the need for regular periods of relaxation is becoming

more clear. After an hour hidden away in the deep recesses of our own backyard world of nature, we may emerge strengthened in body and spirit, capable of many hours of strenuous activity.

Accordingly, in planning a garden, large or small, one should give attention to the arrangement of flowers, shrubs, and trees around at least a few shady nooks from which the eyes rest on some pleasant bit of landscape. There may be broad vistas or merely a close cluster of cooling vines. This might suggest a secluded summerhouse, or just a stone seat, or a wicker chair placed by a walk or an inviting pool. In any case, the idea is to get seclusion

and quiet with as much garden detail as possible.

Most of the flowering shrubs and trees might be featured near a garden nook, the flowering peach, cherry, and quince, to mention a few. Then, one should not overlook the delectable, ever-available lilac, and the riotous tamarisk. Besides these, there are many wild native plants found in different regions, such as sumacs, the dogwoods, laurels, and others, including the evergreens. And where fences or natural boundaries make part of the setting, climbers, ranging from the humble Virginia creeper to the most aristocratic varieties of climbing roses, are a great help.

The progressing seasons make a cinema of changing beauty around the well-appointed nook in the

garden. From early spring to late autumn, the pageant of blossom and leaf will offer new delights.

Tulips, rearing their gay blossoms almost as soon as the snow disappears, should be visible from some choice bit of garden solitude. Thus, the first warm days are enriched with color. The hours spent in a well-arranged retreat, where the eyes may be lifted from the printed page to the vista of the tulip bed, will be hours of enjoyment. The same truth holds with the irises, when they come along, and the bridal wreath, the snowballs, the lilacs, and, eventually, the roses.

OF course, this planning runs on through the summer into the autumn. There will be days when the hollyhocks will be the center of



Josef Muench

SPANISH POOL, LAMBERT GARDENS, PORTLAND, OREGON

attraction, and others when the border of petunias near some sequestered path will take the fancy. Finally, there will be the asters, the chrysanthemums, and the zinnias. Then, when blossomtime passes and

the garden yields to the enchantment of falling leaves, and coolness prohibits sitting, it is still delightful to pause at intervals to absorb the glory of the passing year.

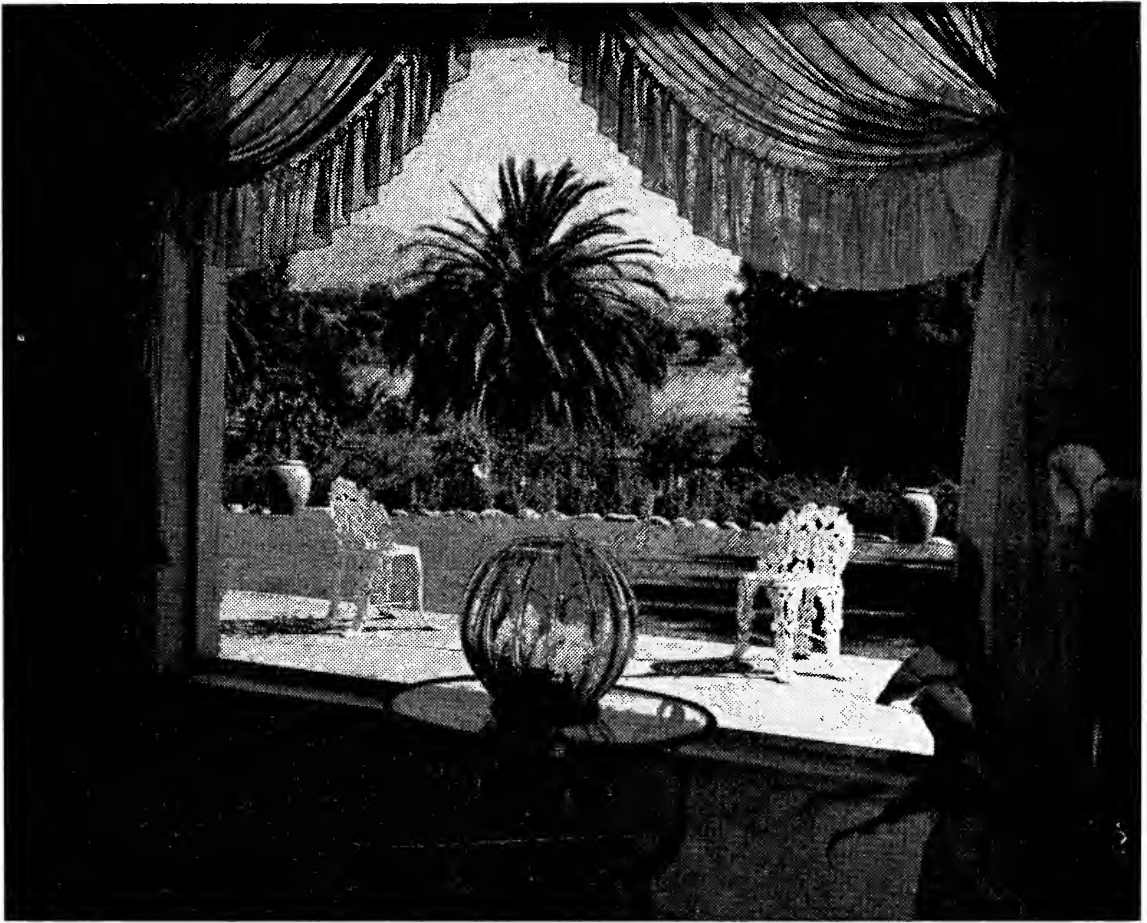


Josef Muench

PORTAL TO A GARDEN, PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

**INSTITUTE OF RELIGION**  
4602 SOUTH REDWOOD ROAD  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 84107





Josef Muench

GARDEN AT HOPE RANCH PARK, CALIFORNIA  
Santa Inez Mountains in the Background

Whether the garden be small or large, there are several spots around which one may work to get the best effects for solitude.

The remote corner, featuring a fence, a bank, or a transition to open country is always inviting. This is especially true if it chances to offer a view of distant mountains or water. Such a spot may be just right for the summerhouse if there is to be one. If, not, any kind of seat, even a friendly boulder, shaded by some type of wild growth, can call one on many occasions to rest and reflect.

The garden path itself should be a place of seclusion, or should

lead to such a destination. Whether it exists in close quarters or wide spaces, it is a challenge to travel into realms of thought, as well as physical distance. If it passes a pool or stream, or dips down some bank into a ravine, it is especially a center of attraction. Along its borders lies much of the interest that intrigues the mind away from care.

But the most important thing is not the mere existence of shade and vistas, seclusion, and blooming wonder; it is rather the fine blending of the gardener's spiritual nature with the infinite variety of the garden. Out of this, grow courage and faith.

# The Vow of Oberammergau

Mirla Greenwood Thayne

THE road to Oberammergau was carefully guarded. Through the little village the warning had sped quickly. No one was to leave; under no circumstances should anyone be allowed to enter.

The Black Plague of 1630 was ravishing all the neighboring communities. In Munich hundreds were dying. In Eschenlohe only two couples survived to tell the story.

Oberammergau is the upper of two villages situated in the district adjacent to the River Ammer. Hidden like a malachite gem high in the Tyrolese Alps, the little village rested independent of the world outside of the pine-laden palisades that enclosed it on three sides.

Night had spread her sequined mantle over the sleeping village. The last weary laborer had gone to rest. All slept except the strong young men appointed to guard the gate.

Somehow, somewhere in the shadows a figure passed unobserved by the guards that night. Somewhere the leaves crunched beneath the staggering feet of Casper Schyler as he struggled through the brambles that bordered the road to the village. Unnoticed, he entered Oberammergau and dragged himself to his homely cottage and to Frau Schyler.

It is not known what induced Casper to leave his work at Eschenlohe and disregard the quarantine laws of his home village. Perhaps concern over the well-being of his loved ones in Oberammergau was the motive. Or, possibly, he sensed an impending disaster and yearned

to see his wife and child for the last time. Be that as it may, the Black Death followed at his heels and in a few hours he lay low with the disease.

For three days Frau Schyler fought frantically to restore her husband. She brewed herbs, comforted, and prayed, but death claimed Casper, and in passing it pointed an ironic finger at the exhausted Frau Schyler.

News of the Schyler's predicament spread through the village. The plague traveled almost as fast. In three weeks eighty-four of the populace of Oberammergau had succumbed to the disease. Panic, pain, and mourning spread a pall over the little village. All curative measures failed. If relief did not come very soon, there would be no one left to bury the dead.

From the little church with its mosque-like dome came a strange, sad pealing of bells, calling the distraught villagers to the churchyard.

"Let us cry to God," the kindly old priest said, and the villagers knelt in humble prayer, some of them within the churchyard, others without, fearing to rub elbows with the crowd lest the plague be among them.

The silver-haired priest bowed his head. "Take away the plague, O God. Look down with compassion upon us. Our loved ones die. We are helpless. If thou wilt stay the plague, we vow from this day on to serve thee."

"Amen," echoed the kneeling villagers.

Here was a distracted people making a covenant which was to culminate in the production of the world's greatest miracle play.

Apparently the vow was heard. The plague abated. All the sick among them were healed, and no one else died of the disease.

With thanksgiving, the humble villagers set out to fulfill their sacred obligation. They have kept their covenant to this day, bequeathing it from generation to generation. Through crop failures, famines, pestilence, and years of poverty, the faithful villagers have kept alive their vow.

**T**HEY set about to prepare their little village to make it fit for the Master's work. Cleanliness and sanitation were compulsory. They painted their cottages white with frescoes of Bible scenes etched in pastel colors on the gleaming outside walls. They planted shrubs and flowers, adding freshness and beauty to every nook and corner of the village. Had they been expecting a visit from the Master himself, they would not have prepared more diligently. Here was a gifted people, artists inspired by their beautiful surroundings and their deeply religious feelings, sculptors and wood carvers producing some of the world's greatest art.

From the populace was chosen a committee of forty persons presided over by the priest, who called the members together in the church to pray for guidance.

"In all we do let us remember our vow," he admonished. "If we work together with holy zeal, many Christians will be edified and

strengthened in their faith and will renew their resolutions to serve God. Perhaps the scenes of the Redeemer's love will draw tears of repentance from the eyes of sinners. We must live as we teach, because if our work is to be blessed to the hearts of men, we must live in our private lives as he taught us to live."

The choosing of the cast was accomplished with care and deliberation. The villagers awaited the decision of the committee with feverish excitement. The announcement was to bring anticipated honor to some, and to others disappointment. The greatest honor bestowed upon any man of Oberammergau was to be chosen for the role of Christus. Every maiden lived in the hopes of some day meriting the role of Mary Magdala.

The task of writing the script and musical score was an arduous one. The music, sweet and simple, yet profoundly beautiful, was composed by a young man who died at the age of twenty-four.

In any drama the problem of costumes is vital. All the costumes for the Passion play were made by the women of Oberammergau. Fine materials were imported at great cost from Munich and the Orient. Copies of paintings of Bible scenes by Raphael, DaVinci, and other artists were brought from Germany and used as a guide for designing the costumes. From the simple garments worn by Christ and his disciples to the rich robes of the chief priests and Pharisees, every garment was a work of art in itself. The scenes and properties were all made by the artists of Oberammergau and

displayed intricate carving and superb painting.

With the building of a gigantic new amphitheatre, in the year 1900, a new era began for the Passion play. The theatre was erected in the same meadow where the stage had stood years before. It is a great massive structure seating 4,000 people and containing many entrances, which enable the spectators to disperse quickly.

WITH the new theater came an increase of tourists to witness the play. Since 1634 they have produced the Passion play every ten years, the schedule having been broken only three times: by the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, by the aftermath of World War I in 1920, and in 1940 by World War II. What a sight to see the blind being led by his more fortunate brother, the crippled leaning heavily upon his crutches, the prince rubbing elbows with the pauper, the unlearned and philosopher side by side. They pour in by rail, by motor, and on foot.

The evening before each performance, the band marches through the street playing stirring music. At five-thirty the next morning the cannon sounds, and the people gather at the theatre. Eighteen acts and twenty-five tableaux depicting the last few days of Christ's ministry glide one into the other without the slightest interruption. Beginning

with the triumphant entry into Jerusalem, the play lasts all day, with only a short intermission for lunch. The scenes are so vividly portrayed and so realistic that the wife of the actor who takes the part of Christ is seldom able to remain through the scenes of the crucifixion.

During World War II, prospects appeared not too bright for Oberammergau. Many wondered whether or not there would be another presentation of the Passion play. Over a hundred stalwart young men were lost in the war.

With the approach of 1950, however, interested playgoers are turning again to Oberammergau, and the little village will not disappoint them. Peace, hope, and enthusiasm have taken the place of confusion, chaos, and fear, and the industrious Bavarians are getting ready for the many spectators anticipated in the 1950 tourist invasion.

The villagers will all be kept busy. Repairs on streets and buildings are proceeding. Guest houses are being built, water supplies expanded, and the gigantic amphitheatre is to be beautified.

A loan of \$300,000 from America will lessen the financial burden of rehabilitation, and thousands of Americans, with other tourists, will thrill to the inspired reproduction of Christianity's oldest and greatest miracle drama.

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## *Language of the Trees*

Ruth Harwood

The towering pine trees are a symbol  
Of our upward reaching aspiration to the light,  
And the aspens are the dancing golden joy  
Of our hearts upon a glowing mountain height.

# Dark in the Chrysalis

Alice Morrey Bailey

## CHAPTER 6

Edith Ashe, a widow, forty-seven, finds she is falling in love with her employer, Cory Lewis, a business man in his fifties. As companion to his mother, an aged and crippled woman, she has also assumed management of his large, badly decorated house, and has become attached to his daughter, Linnie, a singer, who is home from Boston to be married in June. She and Linnie redecorate the living and dining rooms into beauty, using Edith's lovely furniture which has been stored. The activity improves Edith's health, makes the girl happy, gives the grandmother something to live for, and stimulates Cory, on his return from a trip, to undertake the complete renovation of the old place for the wedding. Cory's announcement that he is going to marry, plunges Edith into disappointment.

**E**DITH lay awake a long time, alternately tormented and tormenting herself with questions and accusations after Linnie's unexpected outburst at the table. It was no use to tell herself that she was silly and romantic, or to be amazed that she could think of herself and Cory with Marvin gone only two years. The truth of it was she could and did, and it seemed not to have anything to do with her feeling for Marvin, to alter it in any way.

She went over events leading to her present attitude, analyzing how this feeling for Cory came into being. It had been so from the first time she heard his voice, even before she met him, she realized. There was something dynamic and compelling that had drawn and held her, even over the telephone, even when he was away. Except for it

she would never have taken this job in the first place, nor stayed once she was here. Why had he sparked her to exert her very best efforts, to increase her capacity? Why had she taken his daughter Linnie to her heart, as if she were her very own?

More than that, she had sensed a reciprocated feeling in him. There were those moments when, as tonight, he had admitted her to his parenthood by so small and intimate a thing as a wink. These things had created that sense of belonging, that feeling of dovetailing in their personalities.

It was no use to conjecture whether Linnie thought her father meant marriage with herself or someone else. Either was humiliating. Of course Linnie must have meant someone else, but deeper than embarrassment was this definite sense of loss.

By morning, however, she had herself well in hand, having gone back to her original motive in doing the things she had done. It was still good. She had wanted to help Linnie, influenced or not influenced by Cory's personality. She had helped Linnie, and she still wanted to finish the program she had started. Inadvertently she had helped Mrs. Lewis and even Amanda, nor would she gloss over the fact that she had helped Cory.

Pleased as she was at his approval, she had not launched upon this project as a bid for it. While her

motives were not so clear-cut these last two weeks, still she would continue to plan and work for Linnie. At last, she was able to go to breakfast with no shame in her heart before either Linnie or her father.

"Morning, Aunt Edith. What's on the program for today?"

There was no rancor in the girl's greeting, no seeming remembrance of last night's scene at the table. After the first guarded and searching glance there was none in Cory's.

"We start on you next, my good girl," Edith said.

"Oh, lovely. I hoped so. I know exactly the wedding dress I want, but I want you and Daddy to see it before I buy it."

"Where is it, Linnie?" asked Cory.

"At Kauffman's, just across the street from your office. I hope you can spare a moment to run over, Daddy. They have the bridesmaids' dresses, too."

So it was that, though Edith would have preferred to avoid Cory, she met him again in the afternoon. Her black suit, slim and smart, bought with two full weeks of wages, and her new hat, a gorgeous creation in black straw and pastel flowers, and the distinguished English walkers, gave her the dignity she needed to keep even her inflections and gestures at the correct balance of interest and disinterest. Nobody, simply nobody, was ever going to find out how she had felt about Cory, how she still felt.

**S**HE ignored alike his quick look of appreciative appraisal when he saw her, the way he gripped her hand when Linnie came out of the

fitting room—an angelic vision in white satin and lace—and his guiding hand on her elbow as they left the store. She burned with anger at herself, however, that she continued to experience a sharp awareness at his slightest touch.

Edith bought a new dress for the dinner Friday night, thinking that it would do also for Linnie's wedding as she might want her to help with the serving, or to list the wedding gifts. The jacket was of metallic cloth in pale pink and silver, with a long, slim skirt of black crepe.

On the night of the dinner, the pink highlighted her skin and the silver borrowed sparkle from the rhinestones of her necklace and ear clips. With her hair done high in a coronet and curls, she felt very festive. A maid came to help Amanda with the serving.

"You understand you are to remain with the guests, to help entertain them," Cory told her once, rather abruptly. "When Mother is tired and wants to go to bed, Amanda will help her."

"Yes, Mr. Lewis," Edith said obediently.

The dinner was a success from any point of view. The food, made from Edith's favorite recipes, was exactly right, from the chilled fruit cup to the tall, frosty desserts.

Cory, at the head of the table, looked handsome and distinguished, and was an excellent host. Mrs. Lewis was surprisingly aristocratic in her lavender silk, with her white hair and black eyebrows. Her sharp wit was at its best, and brought roars of delighted laughter from the guests. They adored her, and

she loved being adored. Her black eyes snapped and her cheeks turned pink with excitement. The small diamonds in her pierced ears glittered and twinkled. Edith could hardly reconcile her with the bitter and lonely old woman of her first acquaintanceship, with the corpse-like look she had on that first afternoon when she had fallen to sleep. Tonight she was like a young girl. Linnie herself could not have been more happy. In fact, Linnie was a little subdued. Of course the guests had pounced on her.

"This isn't Linnie!" they declared, and added many more such social inanities, and the usual banter about her coming wedding, the old, stale marriage jokes. Linnie smiled and was gracious, her manners letter-perfect, but there was still a look of reserve about her. She was lovely as a Rembrandt painting in a flowered, bouffant taffeta, her fair hair shining, her eyes and lips softly dark on her creamy skin. Cory should be very proud of her, Edith thought. No one ever had a lovelier daughter. Edith felt a thrill of pride herself, but wished the guests could see the girl in all the glory of her personality.

The conversation was not so scintillating and brilliant as Edith had half expected from these professional men and their wives. Instead, it was more homely and was warmly interesting. Edith liked these people—the Goodings, the Farleys, and Bowmans, the Pierces, and the Westings, felt comfortable with them; they were her kind.

They were close friends of Cory's—friends of long standing, and the dinner had not progressed as far as

the club steaks before Edith had singled out the woman Cory was going to marry.

**S**HE was handsome and charming and her eyes, flatteringly interested, rarely left Cory's face. If it seemed she was a little possessive, Edith put it down as justifiable under the circumstances, the fact that she noticed it, to her own pangs of definite jealousy. She was a Mrs. Hartwell—Cory called her Jane—and she had come with the Goodings.

Cory had introduced Edith simply as Mrs. Ashe, not elaborating her position in the home. There was not a raised eyebrow in the group, but Edith could feel questions, tangible in the air. Its tension remained until Edith asked Linnie to sing. She had noticed Cory glancing at his daughter occasionally, a puzzled concern lingering in his eyes, even while he seemed to listen to Jane, to keep the conversation moving along. She guessed that he felt the same as she did—wanting them to see the girl at her best.

"Linnie, you must sing for us," she told the girl.

"Oh, Aunt Edith, I would rather not," protested Linnie. All eyes at once turned to Edith. Immediately the question in the atmosphere changed to conjecture, but the guests followed Edith's lead, pressing Linnie to sing.

"Linnie, do sing for us," Edith urged, and continued, "the child has a nice voice. She has been in Boston, studying, you know." She was wickedly delighted, thinking what a surprise was in store for them. Cory caught the little in-

nuendo of her understatement, and winked at her secretly.

"Well," said Linnie, "if I am going to sing I want to do it now, before I eat another bite. I've eaten too much already."

Accompanying herself, Linnie sang a gay Italian street song, her flute-like voice clear and true on the rapid, intricate notes. The guests applauded her enthusiastically, demanding more, as their food cooled on their plates.

"She must have a recital," Jane declared, when Linnie would sing no more. "I'll arrange it."

"That's good of you, Jane," said Cory. "She should have had one, but now there is hardly time."

"She must have a recital."

"No, it would be too much for her just now. Besides, she has no accompanist."

"I can get Emily Dante. She's almost world-famous, you know."

"It is out of the question," stated Cory firmly. "The arrangements, a hall, the advertising—"

"Forget it," Mr. Bowman spoke up. "I manage the Guild Hall. Best acoustics in town, and a cancellation for June tenth. It's all yours."

"And what's my newspaper good for if it won't advertise her?" chimed in Mr. Pierce.

**EDITH** thought, with consternation, of all there was to do before the wedding. Cory was right. It would overtax the girl, but she stole a look at Linnie. Her face was flushed with excitement and pleasure. Linnie wanted that recital.

"But she hasn't been practicing," protested Cory, his defense crumbl-

ing. He, too, could see the look on Linnie's face.

"She has practiced every day since she came home," Edith spoke firmly. "No one in this town ever heard such music as she will give them."

"All right," agreed Cory, resigned. "If it can be done right. It shouldn't be a second-rate affair."

"It won't be, Daddy," Linnie promised.

When they rose from dinner she squeezed Edith affectionately in passing. "Your argument won, Aunt Edith," she whispered. "I wish it were you Daddy is marrying. You are the prettiest woman here and I love you."

Linnie's words were balm to Edith, thinking as she was, what a striking couple Cory and Mrs. Hartley made. Any hopeful doubts she might have harbored were dispelled when she led the women upstairs to repair any damage the dinner had done to make-up and lipstick.

"Of course, you must be Linnie's mother's sister," Mrs. Gooding told her in an aside, and went on without waiting for her to reply. "We've wondered for years why Jane and Cory didn't marry. They are so right for each other, and Jane could have done so much for Cory, and for Linnie."

"I'm sure of it," smiled Edith. "They look very well together."

"Perhaps they will, now that Linnie is leaving."

"Perhaps," agreed Edith, non-committally.

It was preposterous, Edith scolded herself, to mourn the loss of something she had never had. Per-

(Continued on page 426)



# European Pottery and Porcelain

Rachel K. Laurgaard

Illustrated by Elizabeth Williamson



FAIENCE PITCHER  
Medieval French

**D**O you cherish a bit of Dresden china, a dainty ballerina in her petticoat of lace, or a flower-sprigged dish with latticed edge? Or, is your pride and joy a fragile set of French Haviland scattered with wild pink roses, which grandmother once used for Sunday dinners? Perhaps a compote of Italian majolica, spilling over with gaily colored fruit is the conservation piece on your buffet, while plaques of blue and white delftware decorate the dining-room walls.

There is a long and fascinating history behind these pieces of European pottery and porcelain, the story of ambitious artists and chemists, potters, and merchants striving to perfect ever more beautiful or more durable wares.

Until the first specimens of Chinese porcelain reached Europe prob-

ably in the twelfth century, Europeans had supped, since time immemorial, from unglazed earthenware, wooden or metal dishes. Such beautiful and mysterious ware as Chinese porcelain excited their wonder and admiration. Princes and potters desired above all things to discover its secret. But they had no knowledge whatsoever of Chinese methods or materials and, for generations, they tried and tried without success.

Among the most determined experimenters were the potters and alchemists of Northern Italy, whose patrons, the wealthy merchant-princes of the fourteenth century, were desirous of developing a lucrative porcelain industry of their own. The ships of Venice, Genoa, and Florence were bringing ceramic treasures not only from the Far East but from the Mohammedan countries of the Near East, as well. The Mohammedans specialized in a



ITALIAN MAJOLICA

1400



GERMAN FAIENCE  
Lower Rhine Earthenware  
1783

brilliantly glazed pottery on which splendid iridescent lusters were painted. From the Moorish traders of Majorca, an island off the coast of Spain, the Italians learned that the secret of this lovely glaze was oxide of tin, and henceforth "majolica" ware—named for Majorca—became a famous product of Italy. The city of Faenza manufactured so much majolica, that when the craft spread to France and Germany, it was by the name "faïence" that this tin-glazed earthenware was known.

The early shapes of Italian majolica were simple, but later productions drew heavily on history and mythology for complicated painted scenes. Grotesque creatures, part human and part animal, were formed into handles and pouring spouts. Majolica apothecary jars were decorated with the medical symbol of the staff of Hippocrates entwined with serpents.

The peak of artistic excellence was reached in Florence under the patronage of the de Medici family, when the sculptor della Robbia was

the chief designer. His cupids and flowers and baskets of fruit, using lovely blue, Siena red, copper-green, manganese purple, and clear yellow, and his bas-relief plaques of the Madonna and "Bambino" have ever since been favorite subjects of Italian majolists.

**I**N spite of these successes, the Florentine potters continued to strive for porcelain. Believing, quite naturally, that its translucence meant that it was a form of glass, they finally evolved the formula for an imitation porcelain composed of a large amount of glass and a small amount of clay. This they decorated with designs reminiscent of Chinese blue and white. A few pieces of this so-called de Medici porcelain survive in museums and collections, but after the death of Francesco de Medici in 1587, no more of it was made in Italy.

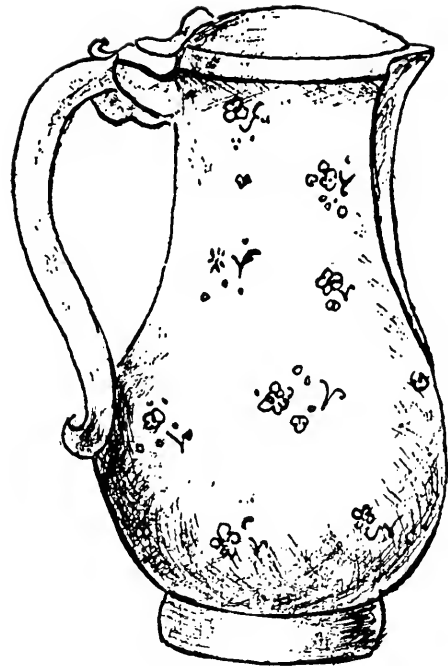


SEVRES VASE

France picked up the idea, however, and made quite a thing of it. The fact that it was an enormously expensive process—so many of the pieces broke in the firing—did not deter the luxury-loving Louis XIV from sponsoring this artificial porcelain making, first at Rouen and later at the faience works of St. Cloud near Paris. There were factories at Chantilly, also, but it was the royal factory at Sevres which became the most famous. Throughout the eighteenth century, all sorts of gorgeous pieces issued from its kilns. Large vases and candelabra, made in plaster molds, sometimes in separate parts, and united together with screws or bands of chased ormolu (ground gold), were painted with beautiful background colors of rose, blue, or green. Small panels of white were left and on these delicate miniatures were painted; there was also much gilding.

Sevres glassy-porcelains were made to please the extravagant tastes of the wealthy. More modest productions for everyday use came from other faience factories of Europe. One of the most popular of these was the beautiful light-weight, tin-glazed pottery which had been made from about 1600 in the city of Delft, Holland. Decorated with scenes in blue monochrome, suggested, no doubt, by the Chinese porcelain which the Dutch East India Company imported, delftware was so popular that many French and German factories tried to imitate it, some of them with enduring success.

German faience never attained the perfection of delft, but it had



LIMOGES PITCHER



MEISSEN FIGURINE



DELFT "PORCELAIN AXE"  
Dutch Faience

a certain charm of its own, and appeals to us because the designs are so much akin to our own "Pennsylvania Dutch" art.

While the artificial porcelains of France were being perfected, Augustus the Strong of Saxony was encouraging developments of a more sensational nature. A young alchemist by the name of Johann Friedrich Bottger, whose reputation as a maker of gold had caused the King of Prussia to attempt to detain him in order to replenish his treasury, was captured in turn by Augustus, and told to produce gold or else. . . ! The unfortunate youth soon had to admit his limitations, but he volunteered to earn money for the king by making fine faience. To his eternal credit, Augustus consented, and a factory was established at Dresden. Soon Bottger and his staff were producing a very hard red pottery which found a ready market, and were experimenting with a white clay to be found near Dresden, which remained white after firing. For the fusible ele-

ment they used alabaster instead of feldspar or quartz, which made the ware extremely hard and not easily chipped.

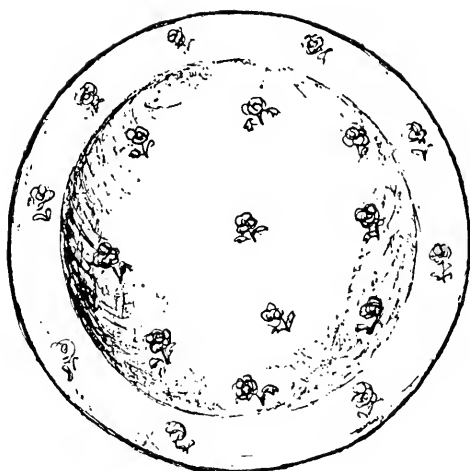
AT last the secret of true porcelain had been discovered! A factory was set up in the fortress of Albrechtsburg, high on a hilltop overlooking the city of Meissen, and the workers were closely guarded lest they escape with their precious formulas. Bottger did not live long—he died at the age of thirty-seven—and during his lifetime, Dresden china was not a very perfect product. But under his successor, Herold, it became the finest ware that Europe has ever produced. Oriental styles were copied for the most part, especially those of the Japanese artist Kakiemon. Kandler, who followed Herold as director, specialized in the figurines which have been reproduced ever since. His monkey orchestra, a caricature of the Royal Dresden Orchestra, is well-known, and other little groups from fairy tales, the opera, or French paintings were turned out by the thousands, delicate flowers modelled in porcelain, decorated candlesticks, clocks and dishes of all sorts and descriptions.

Of course, there was no such thing as keeping the porcelain process a secret. The works at Meissen had hardly come into production when disgruntled craftsmen escaped and sold their knowledge to other eager princes. A factory was started in Vienna in 1718, and, even before that, Berlin was copying Bottger's first red stoneware. They soon made porcelain in the manner of Dresden,

as did Munich, Nymphenburg, Strasbourg and Ludwigsburg.

The Sevres factory continued to make "soft paste" porcelain until the French Revolution, when the new government had no use for such expensive luxuries. In the meantime, fine kaolin deposits had been discovered at Limoges, and when Napoleon reopened the factory, it was real porcelain and not artificial that was made.

It took an American by the name of David Haviland, however, to put European porcelain within the reach of everybody's purse. He was a New York importer, and when he found that he could not persuade the Limoges factories to make enough of the style and designs that Americans wanted, he closed his import business, moved his family to France, and became a porcelain designer and decorator himself. That was in 1840. Between that date and the time of the first World War, he and his son had stocked most of the china cupboards of the United States with fine Haviland china.



HAVILAND PLATE

Today, the Scandinavian countries are capturing the market for fine porcelain with lovely pieces from the Royal Copenhagen Factory in Denmark, and other smaller works. Their designs are simple and modern in feeling—or are they, rather, more ancient in feeling than all the rest—reverting to the principle of the Chinese of the Sung Dynasty of so many centuries ago, that there is an inherent beauty in the material itself that needs no extra embellishment from pigment or gold?

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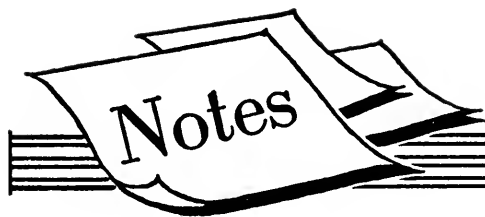
## *Mountain River*

*Elizabeth Waters*

Roar and ripple, splash and murmur—  
Young her mother taught her  
The endless lullaby that is  
The sound of mountain water.

Crystal, amber, emerald,  
In sands and shallows gleaming,  
Were part of treasure caught by  
Mountain water in its streaming.

Pools that mirrored branch and cloud—  
Peace a bird-wing shivers—  
Reminded her how various were  
The moods of mountain rivers.



## From The Field

*Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer*

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

### BAZAARS, SOCIALS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Venice Ricks

#### SAN JOAQUIN STAKE (CALIFORNIA), STOCKTON WARD SOCIAL HONORS SEVEN RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS, March 17, 1950

Standing, left to right, in order of service as Relief Society presidents: May Moyes, Grace Tuggle; Luella Hansen; Hilda Perkins; Wealtha Mendenhall; Venice Ricks; Sylvia Stone.

Venice Ricks, President, San Joaquin Stake Relief Society, reports that this organization began in 1920 as a small mission group. A delightful musical was part of the social honoring these women, with the Singing Mothers directed by Dorothy Sutton, with Rita Spracher as accompanist. Refreshments and dancing followed. President Sylvia Stone presented each former president with a lovely corsage. Each former president then recounted the outstanding events of her administration. Nine women formed the initial group; there are now over one hundred Relief Society members in this ward. Two of the former ward leaders are now stake Relief Society presidents, Hilda Perkins of Oakland Stake and Venice Ricks of San Joaquin Stake.

### WOODRUFF STAKE (WYOMING), RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS VISIT HILLIARD WARD RELIEF SOCIETY

Esther L. Warburton, President, Woodruff Stake Relief Society, reports an interesting visit to the Hilliard Ward Relief Society:

"On the afternoon of March 21, 1950, four of our stake board members . . . made a trip to the Hilliard Ward, elevation 7,600 feet. Snowdrifts four and five feet high were still there. . . . Fourteen members are enrolled; eight were present, also the bishop. Although they have only fourteen members, the Hilliard Relief Society has eighteen subscribers to the *Magazine*. The literature lesson was given by a woman who is the mother of eight children, the youngest being twin boys, fifteen months old. The presentation of the lesson revealed extensive preparation and was given intelligently and pleasingly, and the class participation was excellent. The visiting stake officers spoke and each bore a fervent testimony to the truthfulness of the restored gospel. The bishop also spoke and said that he visited the meetings frequently and always enjoyed the lessons. . . . Such a visit increases our appreciation and clearly shows the advantages gained by membership in our beloved organization. . . . As we returned home we marvelled at the accomplishments of those sisters who are handicapped by weather conditions, long distances, poor roads, and the necessity of making their own fires and carrying their own coal and wood. . . . Our stake is scattered. We are in two states and three counties."



Photograph submitted by Lillian Flake

### SOUTHWEST INDIAN MISSION, MOENCOPI (ARIZONA) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY CONDUCTS SUCCESSFUL BAZAAR

Front row, seated on the ground, left to right: Emma Sewing; Maggie Kaye.

Second row, seated, left to right: Vida Honahni; Lea Sonny; Rose Jackson; Mary Numkena; Esther Bilogody; Rita Honahni; Pauline Ravinyana.

Third row, standing, left to right: Lillie Gilbert; Lois Talas; Bonny Keyopi; Zelma Albert; Hattie Numkena; Evelyn Fredericks.

Back row, standing, left to right: Betty Sutopkie; Freida Nasetoinirva; Juanita Loma; Hazel Garcia; Agnes Pickett, a Southwest Indian Mission missionary in charge of the Relief Society.

Lillian Flake, President, Southwest Indian Mission Relief Society, reports that these women are very interested in their work and that their recent bazaar was a successful demonstration of their handwork and an occasion for rejoicing among the sisters.



Photograph submitted by Fannye H. Walker

### TAYLOR STAKE (CANADA), RAYMOND THIRD WARD SINGING MOTHERS

Front row, left to right: Mrs. George Court; Fern Spackman; Rae Smith; Josephine Hawk; Zina Anderson; Maybelle Anderson, chorister; Emma Dahl, at the piano.

Second row, left to right: Fannye H. Walker; Ethel Jacobs; Ella Hancock; Zilphia Garrett; Phoebe Dahl; Mozelle Baker; Mabel Heninger.

Third row, left to right: Angelina Witbeck, President, Raymond Third Ward Relief Society; Idelle Kenney; Lottie Graham; Lula Stevenson; Annie Adams; Helen Holt; Irene Halliday; Mrs. McGillivary; Mabel Salmon; Ruth Salmon; Madge Fairbanks.

Lisadore B. Crookston is president of Taylor Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by May W. Halliday

### ALPINE STAKE (UTAH), SINGING MOTHERS ASSEMBLED AT STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

The director, May W. Halliday, stands in the center, front row; Inez Karren, pianist, at left; Joy Green, organist, at the right.

This group furnished the music for the stake conferences October 1948, June 1949, and will sing at the conference in June 1950. They also sing at special Relief Society conferences and meetings. All of the sisters are very interested in musical activities and they have learned and presented many interesting and beautiful numbers.

Alice W. Carlisle is president of Alpine Stake Relief Society.





Photograph submitted by Florence N. Singleton

### COTTONWOOD STAKE (UTAH), GRANT WARD VISITING TEACHERS

Seated, center front row, President Esther K. Gunnell; at Sister Gunnell's right, Second Counselor Gertrude S. Humphries; and at Sister Gunnell's left, First Counselor Mary N. Reading.

Florence N. Singleton, President, Cottonwood Stake Relief Society, reports that there are thirty-five visiting teaching districts in this ward, all having a perfect record of visits for the past eight months, with the exception of two months with not over three districts missed.



Photograph submitted by Winniefred Manwaring

### EMIGRATION STAKE (UTAH), SINGING MOTHERS ASSEMBLED AT STAKE CONFERENCE, February 12, 1950

Seated at the organ, organist Beatrice Davies.

Standing in front of the organ, stake Relief Society officers, left to right: Secretary Sarah Barrett; First Counselor Effie Yates; chorister Dean B. Norberg; President Winniefred S. Manwaring; Second Counselor Effie Green.

Winniefred S. Manwaring, President, Emigration Stake Relief Society, reports that this group has furnished all the music for the Emigration Stake Relief Society union meetings for the season. Included in this group are a number of ward Relief Society presidents and nearly all the members of the stake Relief Society board. Ninety-three out of the one hundred Singing Mothers of this group appear in the picture, which was taken at the time the stake was divided and the new University Stake was formed.



Photograph submitted by LaPriel R. Eyre

CANADIAN MISSION, WINDSOR (ONTARIO) BRANCH, RELIEF SOCIETY  
BAZAAR, September 1949

Standing, left to right: Genevieve P. Smith; Elizabeth D. Clarke; Edith E. Latam; Jeanie J. Hanna, President; Jean F. Schofield.

LaPriel R. Eyre is president of the Canadian Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Ruth C. Black

BIG HORN STAKE (WYOMING), SEVEN PRESIDENTS OF OTTO WARD  
RELIEF SOCIETY

Left to right, Myra Anderson; Evelyn Christiansen; Belle Sanders; Emma Sprague; Esther Winters; Delsa Wardell; Maria Heath.

Amelia Robertson is president of Big Horn Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Lucille H. Spencer

NEBO STAKE (UTAH), LUNCHEON GIVEN FOR ALL WARD EXECUTIVE OFFICERS, February 13, 1950

Stake Relief Society officers, standing: first, at left, President Lucille H. Spencer; ninth from right, First Counselor Vera Finch; fifth from right, Second Counselor Beth Dixon; third from right, Secretary-Treasurer Emma Broadbent.

This luncheon was given at the home of Elsie Eckersley.



Photograph submitted by Pearl G. Williams

OGDEN STAKE (UTAH), THIRTIETH WARD, YOUNG MOTHERS AND THEIR CHILDREN ASSEMBLED FOR RELIEF SOCIETY MEETING

Pearl G. Williams, First Counselor in the Ogden Stake Relief Society, reports that a weekly kindergarten is conducted in this ward, thus permitting the young mothers to attend the meetings and participate in Relief Society activities.

Ward officers are: President Olive Vandenberg; First Counselor Myrtle Taggart; Second Counselor Laura Blanch.

Cleona W. Hedenstrom is president of Ogden Stake Relief Society.

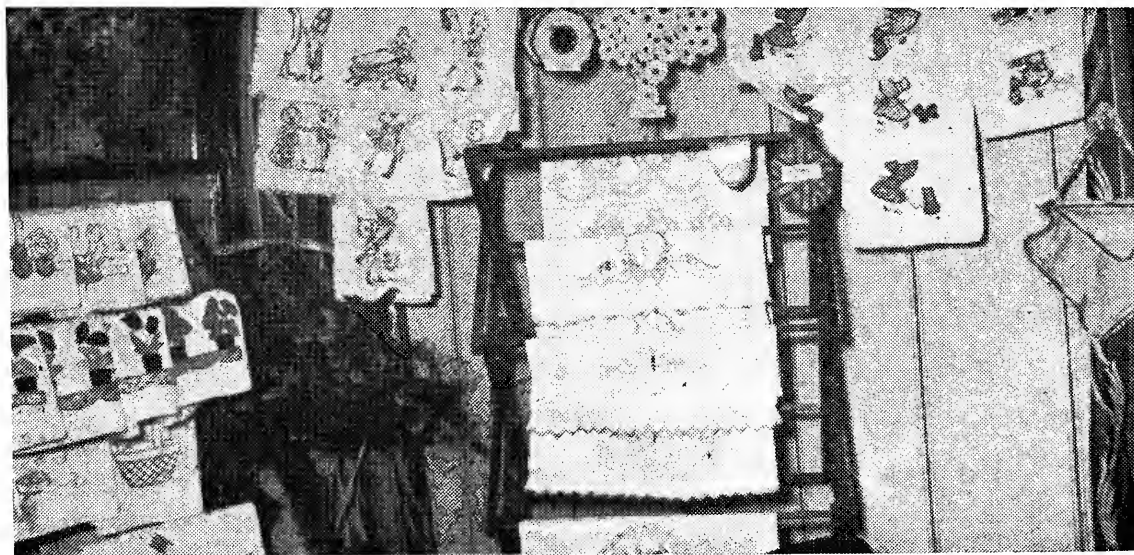


Photograph submitted by Edna H. Bennion

SPOKANE STAKE (WASHINGTON), DISHMAN WARD RELIEF SOCIETY  
ANNIVERSARY PARTY, March 17, 1950

Left to right: Secretary-Treasurer Lila Godfrey; First Counselor Edna Gessel;  
Second Counselor Loa Jaten; President Zelda Conrad.

Edna H. Bennion is president of Spokane Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Louise H. Woolley

AMERICAN FALLS STAKE (IDAHO), ROCKLAND WARD BAZAAR  
November 8, 1949

The above photograph represents only part of this extensive and beautifully displayed bazaar. A very beautiful quilt (not shown in this photograph) was pieced and the top given to the Relief Society by Elizabeth E. Wakley Perry (who died January 10, 1950). The quilt which was featured in this bazaar and another, which Sister Perry presented to the society shortly before her passing, were pieced after she was

eighty-six years of age. Just a few weeks before her death she attended a work meeting and bound a quilt.

Louise H. Woolley, President, American Falls Stake Relief Society, reports that the sisters of the Rockland Ward Relief Society are very active and co-operative. Two women, nearing the century mark, are active workers in the society.



Photograph submitted by Della H. Teeter

#### DENVER STAKE (COLORADO), ENGLEWOOD WARD, A MOTHER AND HER THREE DAUGHTERS ALL VISITING TEACHERS IN THE SAME WARD

Seated, the mother, Lottie Christiansen.

Standing, left to right: Wilma Laurunen; Helen Robinson; Leona Benson.

Della H. Teeter, President, Denver Stake Relief Society, reports that the visiting teacher convention was held February 16, 1950, with a program of visiting teacher messages, appropriate music, and a timely one-act play. Many of the sisters traveled well over one hundred miles to attend the convention. Special tribute was paid to Denver First Ward Relief Society for their 100 per cent visiting teaching record during 1949, under the direction of President Annie Ellsworth. Also, special attention was called to the Englewood Ward for having a mother and three of her daughters all serving as visiting teachers in the same ward.

#### YOUNG STAKE, IGNACIO (COLORADO), UTE INDIAN BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY

Josephine H. Maher, committee woman on Indian Affairs, Young Stake Relief Society, reports that the first meeting of this group was held June 8, 1949, with an attendance of twenty-six. The number attending since that time has varied somewhat, but at present is increasing. The Indian women are taking an active part in the program of Relief Society. Brother William A. Pope is president of this branch and his wife, Essie Pope, conducts the Relief Society activities. Meetings are held in the community building at the Ute Agency. The children attend primary at the same hour that their mothers attend Relief Society meetings.

Harriet D. Foutz, who passed away in April, was president of Young Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Lavena Rohner

INGLEWOOD STAKE (CALIFORNIA), LA CIENEGA WARD RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR AND DINNER, December 2, 1949

Left to right: Odette Coulam, President; Eva Quigley, Magazine representative; Mae Pierce, assistant work director; Carlin Grant, Secretary; Vera Larsen, organist; Ethel Taylor, visiting teacher instructor; LaRue Nelson, First Counselor; Mona Rose, visiting teacher chairman; Adelia Carter, Second Counselor.

Lavena Rohner is president of Inglewood Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Zina P. Dunford

EAST PROVO STAKE (UTAH), WYMOUNT BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS SERVING SINCE JUNE, 1949

Front row, left to right: Mary Bankhead, theology leader; LaBelle Bond, Second Counselor; Laurene Arnett, President; Elaine Cline, First Counselor; Lou Stone, former second counselor.

Back row, left to right: Ferne Bowser, visiting teacher supervisor; Delma Romney, visiting teacher supervisor; Miriam Hansen, Magazine representative; Norma Gibby, visiting teacher supervisor; Carma Richmond, chorister; Ruth McIntire, literature class leader; Barbara Johns, former work meeting leader; Clea Burton, social science class leader.

Zina P. Dunford, President, East Provo Stake Relief Society, reports that this is an active and enthusiastic organization of young women whose husbands are students at Brigham Young University. In December a bazaar was held at which quilts, clothing, handwork, and baked goods were sold. These women also conduct a successful catering service.

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## *A Letter from Mother*

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

Greetings and love to you, this beautiful day. My heart is lifted up and my soul is inspired with gratitude for the goodness of our Heavenly Father to all his children. Probably my mood today is influenced by the fine sermon we heard last evening in our sacrament meeting.

There were two talks given, but one was especially interesting to me. "Listen to the still, small voice," the speaker said, and that is one of my favorite themes.

May I take you, my dear young folks, into my own line of thought on this subject? The promptings of the spirit within us, I have found, can be a definite guide to our pathway, if we heed them. But sometimes our lives become so filled with this world's duties and responsibilities that we do not listen and learn, even when we most need its help.

We are told in John, 6th chapter, 35th verse, "He that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." Doesn't this mean that if we seek God humbly, we shall receive his inspiration and help?

When the Prophet Joseph Smith prayed in the grove, with all his heart and soul, to be directed in the most momentous decision he had ever tried to make, he was surprised and frightened to be suddenly almost overcome with oppression, which spirit he knew was evil. But he had his reward in a very short time, for his earnest prayer had been heard. He listened to the voices of God and Christ and received a glorious message for all the world.

But had the Prophet not heeded the whisperings of the "still, small voice," and searched the scriptures because of it, he might never have read John, 1st chapter, verses 5 and 6, and thus gained the incentive to offer such a prayer.

At one time President Wilford Woodruff had the experience of being awakened in the night with a strong impression that he should move his bed from the place where he and his missionary companion were sleeping under a tree. He followed the promptings, and they had no sooner moved clear of their position when the tree was struck by lightning.

Sometimes our promptings may not seem to be so strong as this, but we can cultivate a listening ear. We can want to receive help so much, in all our walks of life, that we will gain that help in such seemingly small, personal matters, that we may wonder at God's watchcare over his children. It has been so with me.

May our Heavenly Father's blessings ever be with you, my darlings. May he guard and keep you safe within his sheltering arms. My dearest love to you now, and always.

MOTHER

Clara Horne Park

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*Beautiful*  
*3-Part*  
*Choral Music*  
*for*  
*Singing Mothers*

255	Dear Land of Home— Sibelius .....	.15
R2782	God Painted a Picture — DeRose .....	.20
	I Bow My Head in Silent Prayer — McNeill, Gallop Krenz .....	.20
R3368	If God Forgot—O'Hara .....	.20
1560	In the Garden—Miles .....	.16
6235	Look in Mercy Upon Us— Mendelssohn .....	.15
900	My Faith Looks Up to Thee —Mason .....	.15
R2260	My Own America—Wrubel .....	.20
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## Dark in the Chrysalis

(Continued from page 410)

haps her feeling was made up largely of the need for security, which alone was not pretty. Uglier still was the possibility it had been whetted sharper by covetousness. At any rate it must be relentlessly inhibited. She was too adult to let emotion devastate her. She had had a fine, full life with Marvin. Let that be. What matter if the needs of life went on after his going? Her need for companionship could be diverted to something else fine and useful. There was too much to do to waste time in useless moanings. Edith realized suddenly that she was done with self-pity for good and all.

When flowers were delivered to her the following morning, she accepted them in the spirit of their sending.

"Gratitude," the note from Cory read, "for a wonderful dinner, to a charming and competent hostess and a lovely lady."

"Thank you very much for the lovely flowers, Mr. Lewis," Edith said politely at dinner. "Talisman roses are my favorites."

Gratitude it was, of course, for the opportunity of showing his home, his daughter, and his mother to his friends, for helping him to pay back some social obligations.

After this brief respite, Edith turned back to the problems of Linnie's wedding with renewed vigor and broader scope, now that she knew a little more of Linnie's background—and of Cory's.



WITH June almost upon them, there were parties for Linnie in swift succession, the house filled with laughing, rushing young people and Cory's more sedate friends.

"How I wish Paul were here to have all this fun. I knew from my friends, being engaged was a wonderful time in a girl's life," confided Linnie. "I never thought it would be like this for me, that anyone cared enough or knew enough to make it this way."

"Your father loves you very much, Linnie," Edith reminded her. "He was fairly bursting with pride at dinner the other night."

"Oh, I know he does, Aunt Edith. But I never would have known except for you. You are the one who pried open the difficult places, opened the way for all these relationships for me, all these happenings. All my friends want to give parties, and are so nice to me. They wouldn't, without you starting things first, though. Even Daddy's friends. Mrs. Hartley is giving me a shower next Tuesday. I think it is very sweet of her, don't you?"

"Indeed I do," answered Edith, injecting warmth into her voice to cover the wave of jealousy that shook her. "And she is arranging your recital, too," she reminded.

"I know, and I so much wanted one. I worked really hard at my music, Aunt Edith, and it seemed so useless not to have even one recital. I was jealous of Mrs. Hartley, I guess, and I didn't want Daddy to marry her. She is really nice, and if Daddy wants to marry her, why—"

"How many people are coming to your lawn party?" Edith inter-



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rupted, to quickly change the subject, for she was not able to bear it longer.

She should be glad someone else helped out with Linnie's affairs, she told herself sternly. Goodness knows she was accumulating tiredness, trying to keep up with both the girl and her grandmother, even though they had kept the maid who came to help Amanda with dinner because she was so brisk and adept. The announcements and invitations had brought a flood of letters and gifts that Linnie, practicing earnestly for her recital, was unable to cope with.

Edith was weary to the bone each night, never rested enough when it was time to get up, but she wanted it that way. Even so, it was miraculous that she could work so hard when she had considered herself an ill woman three months ago, not much more than able to creep to bed and soak the pillow with tears. Work was good, but once Linnie was married, she told herself, she would leave this house. Now that her self-confidence was restored there would be other jobs as exciting and stimulating as this one.

Perhaps she could find some way to take a course in interior decorating. She might even go to college and finish her qualifications for a Bachelor of Arts degree, interrupted when she married Marvin. Older women than herself appeared capped and gowned at college graduations. With the business of childbearing and child rearing done with, there was no limit to what she might do.

Yes, she would leave this place. She would quell once and for all

this middle-aged romanticism. She could never do it here, not with this silly excitement every time the front door opened, or the telephone rang during Cory's office hours, this acute consciousness of him when he was home.

Not only that, but she feared she would be surprised into a fatal self-betrayal sooner or later, like the night she almost was as she ascended the stairs.

"Edith!" Cory's voice caught her, coming from below, and she stood transfixed with headiness for a moment, barely able to compose her

face to mere politeness before turning to answer him.

"Yes, Mr. Lewis?"

"Yes, Mr. Lewis. No, Mr. Lewis. Thank you, Mr. Lewis," Cory repeated looking almost angry. "Edith, are you angry at me for some reason?"

"No, Mr. Lewis."

"I see. Well, good night, Mrs. Ashe," Cory said, and turned abruptly away. Edith, her bones turned suddenly to water, proceeded to her room, wishing for the old days, when she would have wept into her pillow.

(To be continued)



## Hall of Fulfillment

(Continued on page 387)

fully she hung up her school clothes before she got out her lace-edged petticoat and her blue-flowered challis dress with the lace bertha and wide sash. She changed to clean stockings and her black patent-leather slippers. After that she had only her hair to comb. She picked up her brush and blue ribbons and went into her mother's room. Excitement raced through her like a flood. This was the night!

In the bedroom, her mother, dressed in her blue taffeta, was helping Helen's father with his black tie. "What on earth!" she exclaimed, turning to face Helen.

"I'm ready for the party. I got ready all by myself, except for my hair." Her whole face glowed with pride and happiness.

"Well, you can go right back into your room and take those clothes off." Her mother said the words

sharply. She had had a hard day after a succession of hard days, and she had yet to preside over the celebration tonight. "Your supper is ready," she added more kindly when she saw the glow leave Helen's face. "It's in the warming oven. You get it out when the boys bring in the milk."

"But the party—I'm going to the party for the workers on the building." Helen still felt there was a chance her mother would relent. She held out the brush and ribbons, her eyes big and pleading.

The remembrance of some of the countless errands the child had run must have come to her mother's mind. Her voice softened. "You can't go, child. It's only for grown-ups. It will be late, too, and you have school tomorrow." She braided Helen's hair into the big night braid.

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Helen did not appeal her case. She might have reminded her mother of all the times she had fetched and carried. Instead, she turned her head and went silently across the hall into her room. If her mother did not appreciate the things she had done, no one else could be expected to understand.

**H**ER face on the bed, she stifled her sobs in the pillow. When her father and mother called a hurried goodbye, she did not speak.

After what seemed hours the crying stopped. She took off the blue dress, now wrinkled, and the lace, soggy from her tears. Downstairs, she washed her face, but she did not eat supper. When a feast is expected, leftovers do not satisfy.

She felt there was no justice in her mother's decision. She remembered what Addie had said on Old Bridge and felt now, as she had felt then, that her contribution had not been trivial. "I'll never tell anyone how I feel," she said aloud in the darkness of her room. "Inside me I know." With this comforting thought she fell asleep.

The next morning she was very quiet. It would have been good to ask questions: what had been said in the speeches and had the readings been comedy ones? She wanted to know, too, what John Patterson had sung and played on his guitar. But she did not ask and never would.

At the usual time she started for school, her eyes still a little swollen. If she hurried she could go by the Hall. In the crisp morning air it *did* look different! It looked whiter, bigger, and more imposing. She

especially liked the front stoop and steps, all made of smooth cement. It looked as if it would do all those things the women had longed for through the years when they said, "If only we had a Hall of our own."

This morning, looking at the shining cleanliness of the bricks and paint, it did not matter that she had not gone to the party and her name had not been mentioned among those who had served. What mattered was that the Hall was there, ready to give itself in service. All who had helped would share in its abundance.

She took one more look at the brave new building, resting where once the fort wall had been. Then she hurried on to school.

\* \* \* \*

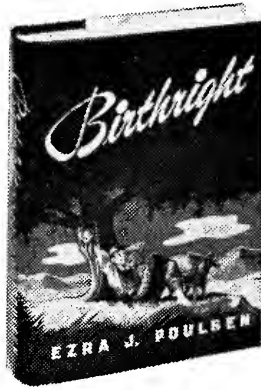
"AREN'T you going to tell us the story?" There was real impatience in Joan's soft, young voice. "You have our curiosity aroused."

Helen looked at her family. The three of them were staring at her.

Beyond them, out of the window, she could still see the smooth lawn, the gay perennial border, and clipped hedge. She felt she had no words, no way of telling her children how different it had been those many years ago. As she was silent then, she was silent now.

"Yes," Bill, her husband, said, "we'd really like to know." His paper, with the black headlines, slipped from his lap, ignored.

"There's nothing to tell—that you'd be interested in," she said. Then she smiled at the three of them. "Be off, all of you, if you don't want to be late."



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# From Near and Far

Ramona W. Cannon, author of "The Short Story with a Plot," has contributed many articles, stories, and poems to Church magazines and local newspapers. One offering, "The Taking of Christmas City," won a *Deseret News* Christmas story contest.

With her marriage to Joseph J. Cannon, Ramona Wilcox became mother to three children ranging in age from seven to two and one-half years, and added four more children to the family. Mr. Cannon was a former editor of the *Deseret News* and author of numerous plays. Five of the seven children show creative literary tendencies.

Four of the children were with their parents in England, where Elder Cannon presided over the British Mission (1934-1937) and Sister Cannon was president of the Relief Society in that mission.

Mrs. Cannon holds a Master of Arts degree from the University of Utah, and has, at various periods, taught in that institution, in history, English, and languages. Before her marriage she spent a year in Europe, traveling and studying French in Paris and German in the University of Berlin. She spent one and a half years in Colombia, South America, with her husband and their (at that time) five children.

Mrs. Cannon has been a judge in many literary contests and is a leader in several writers' organizations. She is the author of "Woman's Sphere," a regular feature of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

One at a time—and sometimes two or three at a time—Mrs. Cannon has been active in all of the Church organizations.

\* \* \*

I am greatly enjoying the *Magazine*. The stories are delightful.

—Grace Sayre, Pasadena, California

I love the *Magazine* and look forward each month for its arrival. There are so many worthwhile things in it. My husband enjoys reading it, too, and finds much therein to help him in his everyday life.

—LaPreale W. Ketrone,  
Davis Dam, Nevada

We, here in this community, were especially interested in the story "Now I Know" by Inez Bagnell (February, 1950). Inez is a niece of Sister Grace Callis and is a very gifted and fine person. Her story was about her grandmother who was blind for many years before her death. The grandmother was an Arizona pioneer and her body was taken there for burial. It was on this trip that Inez visited the old homestead, which inspired her story. We would like to see more of Sister Bagnell's stories.

—Thora R. Lambert, Kamas, Utah

I've hesitated for weeks in writing this, but I have to clear my mind, for I think our *Relief Society Magazine* is tops. I am very perturbed over the note in the December 1949 issue, page 864, signed A Bishop. The very idea of this person thinking our *Magazine* is sad! It is anything but sad, in my opinion.

—Mrs. N. Cannon, Magna, Utah

I have taken the *Magazine* for twenty years and love every issue of it. I find it gets better and better as time goes on. We are especially proud to have two of our Boise women win prizes in the recent short story contest—Dorothy C. Robinson and Florence Berrett Dunford. My first recollection of Relief Society reverts to my association with Sister Robinson. She has been an inspiration and help to me and I have long admired her and her work. As a literary class leader she was a source of strength and support and we of the Boise Stake love her very much. She is now a stake counselor in Relief Society.

—Edna J. Vickers, Boise, Idaho

I want to write and tell you how much my husband and I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*. He reads the stories and enjoys them very much. We also like the poems. We go thirty-four miles to Brookings to attend Sunday School and hold Relief Society meetings after Sunday School.

—Mrs. Raymond Marso,  
Brandt, South Dakota

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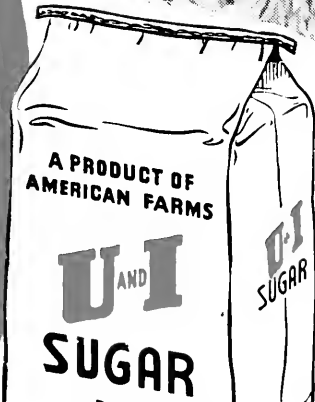
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Vol. 37

JULY 1950

No. 7

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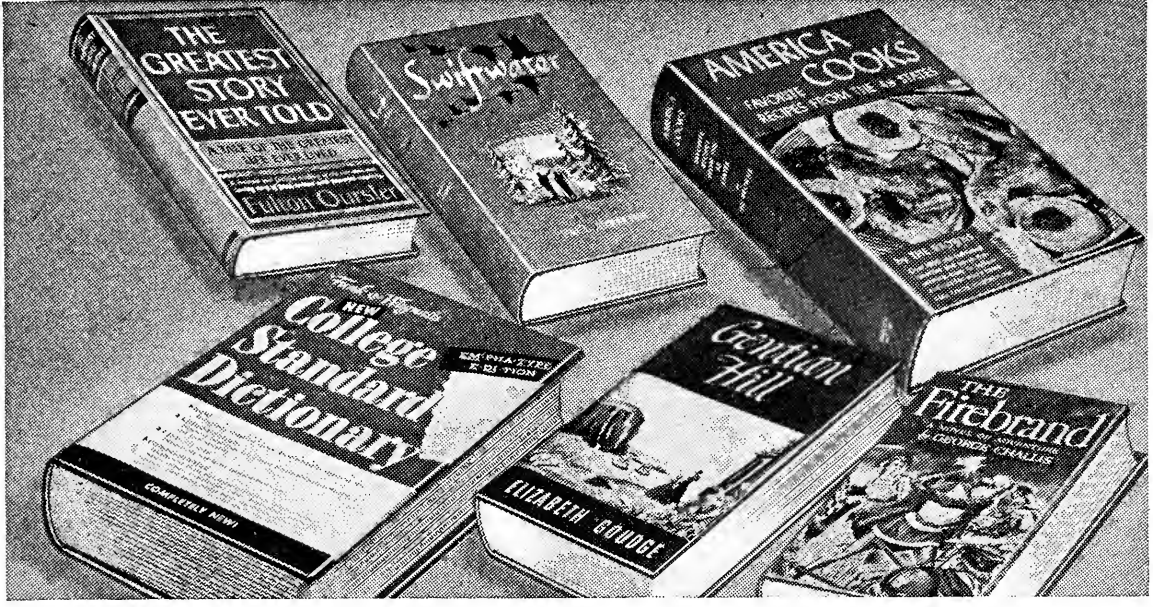
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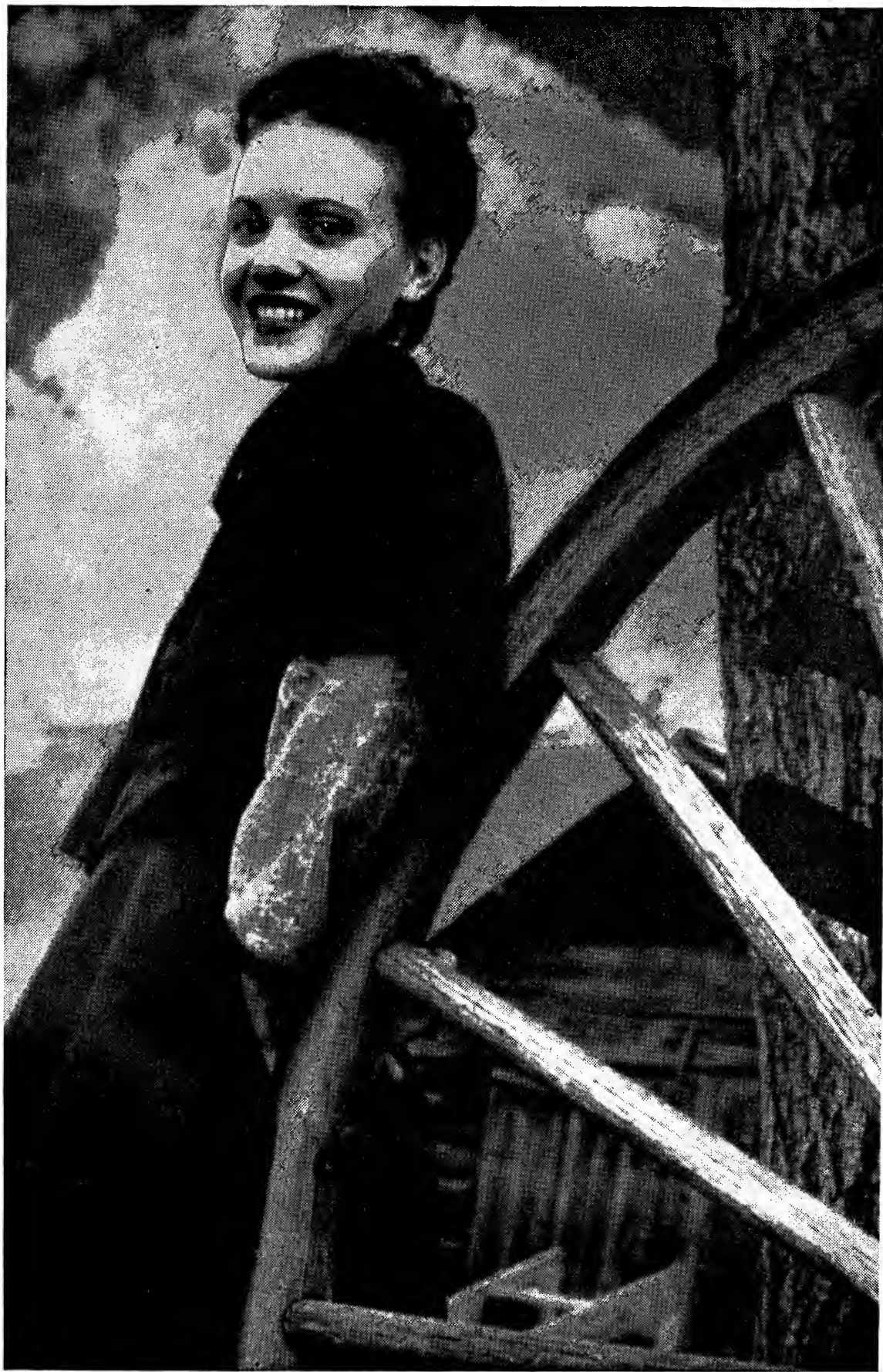
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# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 37, NO. 7

JULY 1950

## *Night Encampment*

Nyal W. Anderson

"Come, come ye saints, no toil nor labor fear,  
But with joy wend your way. . . ."

Voices break the fluid afternoon,  
Hot, hard, and stabbing sunshine dulls the eye;  
Across the white, sand-blasted prairie sea  
A cloud of red dust flaunts the empty sky.

An eagle swings in spiral-circled air,  
A flaw upon a perfect turquoise stone.  
Voices break the dying afternoon  
As children cry in emptiness alone . . . .

Then change, as blatant as a cymbal clang,  
And laughter raised above the whiplash swing;  
Dust-reddened wagons move to form  
A double crescent as their axels sing . . . .

"Gird up your loins, fresh courage take,  
Our God will never us forsake. . . ."

A loud "Hosanna" to the Lord and God  
Whose wisdom made a song and end to day,  
And from the dusty canvas caves  
Tongue-loosened children scramble out to play.

Then day is gone but for the moment's glow  
As night springs silent from the desert dun  
And runs blue metal fingers on the fringe  
Of horses' bellies warm with faded sun.

The dark is close; the stars move down, and armed,  
They stand their silent vigil of the land  
Where firelight weaves with sage and wagon wheels  
A shadow patterned fortress on the sand.

And here upon the velvet-brittle air  
The common campfire noises fade and die,  
Then reincarnate as a violin  
Begins a paean to the desert sky . . . .

"O how we'll make this chorus swell;  
All is well, all is well!"

# Pillars of Freedom

Elder Alma Sonne

Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

**T**HE Declaration of Independence has been called the "title-deed of the human race." It sets forth the basic principles of true democracy. As a political document it is sound and far reaching in its implication. It belongs to humanity.

The signers of the Declaration were men of deep convictions who were willing to pledge their lives and fortunes for the cause they championed. Nothing was too precious to place on the altar of freedom. The issue before them was freedom or despotism. They had seen the evils of subserviency in the countries of Europe where rulers claimed divine rights. They rebelled against it with all their might, and denounced the doctrine in language that reverberated throughout the world.

The Declaration of Independence sets up the principles of freedom in these words:

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.

These revolutionary words were a challenge and a summons to all men. The inalienable rights there enumerated were God-given rights and rested in the people. It was a new and strange doctrine. To nullify or set it aside was not the pre-

rogative of man, for to do so meant slavery and subjection. The issue before the founders was clearly defined. The principles of freedom and autocracy could not live together. They would be eternally opposed to each other and the conflict between them would go on until one or the other conquered. The issue was debated in the councils of the revolutionary fathers. It was discussed by statesmen across the sea. The mother country was divided on the question. It was this division which did much to bring victory to the hard-pressed soldiers of the American Revolution. The signers believed in the ultimate supremacy of human freedom regardless of the cost in blood or treasure. The boldness of the Declaration was a shock to the complacency of those who were willing to live in servitude. The idea grew and spread until many nations adopted the pattern announced by these intrepid political pioneers of freedom.

Who will question the sincerity, the religious fervor, and the determination of the men who put their names to this immortal document? Patrick Henry, in a speech delivered on July 4, 1776, before signing the Declaration, said:

As God lives, my friends, I believe this to be His voice. Yes, were my soul trembling on the wings of eternity, were this hand freezing to death, were my voice choking with the last struggle, I would still, with the last gasp of that voice, implore you to remember the truth: God has given America to be free.

Under the brand of freedom outlined in this announcement to the world and so courageously adopted by the Colonies, the great American commonwealth has grown and prospered beyond the wildest dreams of its founders. All of its citizens, through toil and effort, have gone forward, without unnecessary restraints, to improve their own conditions and to exercise their individual rights without fear or apprehension. They have built homes, developed farms, acquired comforts and conveniences, established industries, provided railroads and transportation facilities, and laid the foundation for future happiness, security, and progress. They have subdued wide expanses of desert country and made the "wilderness blossom as the rose." Their constructive powers have known no bounds. Where is there another nation of comparable achievement? The material developments in all respects have been marvelous and beneficent.

**T**HE free and untrammled spirit characteristic of the average citizen has attracted to the country some of the best blood of Europe and Asia. These immigrants came to remain because they believed in the sanctity and permanence of the Government established by the American patriots. They were given an opportunity to live their lives in their own way without the interference of a dictatorial government.

Under the guarantee of equal rights before judges and magistrates they could worship God, own property, express their opinions, work

and save, and make provision for the future. The lands from which they came offered no such inducements. As a result the tide of emigration flowed to America. It was a tide of money, men, and brains to strengthen the economy, to stimulate industry, to build up the waste places, and to conquer the forces which conspired against progress and civilization. In the New World of free men, people from many countries, speaking different languages, have lived together in peace and friendliness. The foreigner, whoever he was, soon became converted to the American way of life and, without hesitation, was ready to swear allegiance to the Stars and Stripes.

The desires of a liberty-loving people are deep and powerful in formulating and devising ways and means for unity and advancement. Free men have always demanded the right to work out their own destiny, to provide for their own economic security, and to assume the responsibility for their own welfare. When people demand support from the state they cease to be free and independent. They surrender the inalienable right to pursue happiness and to live their lives without controls and regimentation.

History proves that the various social devices now offered, like Socialism and Communism, have had to resort to serfdom wherever and whenever they have come into power. A freedom-loving people chafes under the handicaps of a controlled economy and a regimented life. The greatest satisfaction comes to one who initiates and achieves in making provision for the future. The

joys of accomplishment are the rewards of honest labor. Men must be left free to think, plan, and develop under the stimulus of a worthy and righteous ambition. Whenever the energies of free men have been released, the results in achievements have been wonderful and glorious. Man, by nature, is a free agent endowed with the right to pursue his chosen way as long as he does not infringe upon the rights of others. This is the keynote of the Declaration of Independence. It was aimed, when written and adopted, at the reactionary philosophies of the Old World which our forefathers repudiated and left behind, as they turned their faces westward to a land of promise and opportunity.

The Constitution was designed to safeguard the individual, to protect him against the evils of collectivism in every form, and to insure for him the sacred right to provide for himself and family without the restraints imposed under a regimented society or a bureaucratic government. Government controls, like all forms of monopoly, while seeking to eliminate competition, destroy free enterprise. Their purpose, ostensibly, is to provide security for all. It is the promise of the demagogue and has never been satisfactorily realized. The countries of Europe are paying a big price for the kind of security they offer—a price which involves the liberties of their citizens, their honor, and their rights as free men.

**T**RUE democracy cannot flourish without a faith in God and a reliance on his providences. Skepti-

cism and unbelief are weapons of despotism. The spirit of religion and worship, unfortunately, has not kept pace with the marvelous strides made in the broad field of scientific discovery. For that reason groups of people in free America are susceptible to the influx of subversive theories and practices, which can have no part in the old-fashioned Americanism under the Constitution and the Bill of Rights.

A conception of equality before the law is an outgrowth of the Christian doctrine of God's fatherhood and man's brotherhood. Jesus taught that the soul of one man is just as precious in the sight of God as that of another. If one is superior to another, it is only because of his good works and the extent to which he develops his powers and faculties. Men are sons of God and, therefore, equal before him in their strivings towards perfection. They cannot rise above their spiritual concepts, their standards, and their ideals.

Tyranny and oppression do not thrive in an atmosphere of faith and religious devotion based on the gospel principles contained in the Holy Bible, and confirmed and sustained by modern revelation. When God declared through Joseph Smith, the Prophet, that "it is not right that any man should be in bondage one to another. And for this purpose have I established the Constitution of this land, and by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose" (Doc. & Cov. 101:79-80), he placed his stamp of approval on the system of government established by the founders of the Republic.



The groundwork for its future growth and development was laid in a deeply religious background. The heroes of 1776 were God-fearing men. In their anxiety to succeed they invoked the blessings of the Almighty. "An appeal to the God of Hosts," said Patrick Henry, their spokesman, "is all that is left us." Who can doubt the intervention of Providence in the various crucial situations which arose before them? Who will deny that an unseen Power guided them on their way to freedom and independence? In their deliberations questions were debated and conclusions reached in the spirit of true brotherhood. Their work was a spiritual creation based on human rights and conviction that God was their inspiration.

Materialism is asserting itself as never before. It is threatening the rich spiritual heritage which, in the past, was the cornerstone of American economic, political, and social life. It is breaking down standards, ideals, and values expressed in the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, and the Declaration of Independence. These fundamental spiritual ideals and values were centered in

the daily lives of the people. They implied a personal responsibility on the part of every citizen to his Maker, and emphasized the dignity and worth of each individual in the sight of God. These spiritual values are deeply imbedded in human nature and were recognized, not only by the founders, but by the pioneers who planted their feet in the midst of the Rocky Mountains.

Personal integrity was their watchword. Intelligence, religious adherence, Christian conduct, and scriptural morality formed the foundation of the governmental structure established by them. Without these qualities of character the Government cannot be perpetuated. Daniel Webster on February 22, 1852, referred to this on the occasion of a celebration honoring George Washington. He said:

If we and our posterity reject religious instruction and authority, violate the rules of eternal justice, trifle with the injunctions of morality, and recklessly destroy the Constitution which holds us together, no man can tell how sudden a catastrophe may overwhelm us, that shall bury our glory in profound obscurity.

God's most precious gift to man is freedom. To safeguard it is the responsibility of all citizens.

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## *Big Mountain*

Nina Folsom Moss

I hope the leaves were russet, green, chartreuse, and  
red and golden,  
That orchid gray grew up between, when Grandma crossed  
Big Mountain.  
And as she saw, with tired eyes, the barren-crueted desert—  
God's autumn garden round her there  
Gave courage, where had been despair,  
To block those wheels, plunge headlong down  
Over rock and rut along the trail  
Into the promised valley.

# Through Thick and Thin

Nellie Iverson Cox

**D**AYBREAK on the plains began with a faint, golden glow in the east that spread until it suffused the whole big, blue bowl of sky. From numerous campfires along the river arose the smell of cooking food, and especially tantalizing were the odors that were wafted from the direction of the log-walled trading post, where fresh buffalo steaks simmered.

Tina and Mercedes awoke together, as they did most things, and sniffed the fragrant air. At first they could not remember where they were, and then came the memory of the long miles they had traveled behind the slow oxen in this strange land of America. Hurriedly, they arose from their hard couch and began to roll up their bedding.

Their mother was half stooped over the fire where she had been preparing breakfast, but something in the tenseness of her attitude caused their eyes to follow the direction of her gaze, and they saw their big red ox standing with slackened tether and closed eyes, unmindful of the clumps of grass which his team mate was eagerly cropping.

"Something ails Bolly," said June Bolton in her clipped English voice, indicating the beast with his drooping head and hollow sides.

"Oh, Mother, will he die?"

"Most of them do," she replied, "if they once get sick."

The two children looked at each other horrified, each face mirroring

the distress that was in the other. To have tragedy strike when they had come so far on their journey and were so near their goal was more than they could well bear.

"Well, well," came a dry voice behind them, "it looks like 'Thick' and 'Thin' are rarin' to go."

The girls grimaced a trifle distastefully. They were not sure they liked Mr. Galloway, with his handle-bar mustache and his affinity for sobriquets.

Because of Tina's plumpness and Mercedes' thinness, Mr. Galloway had dubbed them *Thick* and *Thin* when he had first joined the company back in Iowa.

They remembered the first time they had seen him. They had accompanied their mother to the stockyards, where she had gone to purchase animals for the journey across the plains. Mrs. Bolton had spoken up decisively when a large, red ox had been led out, "That one will do, and that one with the white face."

"The little lady knows her oxen," an amused voice had drawled.

"That she does, Mr. Galloway," agreed the dealer.

So they had learned his name and also that he must be a person of some consequence. It was at the feed yard where they had gone to buy grain for their animals, that they had seen him next.

"No offense, Ma'am," he had said politely, doffing his huge, western hat, "but surely you aren't going alone across the plains!"

"Indeed, I'm going," their mother had replied, "but I'll not be alone."

The girls knew that she meant that God would be with them, but Mr. Galloway did not seem to know that, for he had said, "Oh, you are traveling with a company, I know, but you are a woman, and there will be difficulties that you do not dream of, fierce Indians, breakdowns, lack of food, thirst, sickness. Why don't you wait until the railroad is completed? Haven't you friends you can stay with?"

"There is no reason for you to be disturbed on my account; I can take care of myself," replied their mother shortly. Indeed, she had taken care of herself and her children, too, since their father had left and never returned from a voyage. There had probably been no finer seamstress in Derby than the Widow Bolton, as she had been called.

After buying the oxen, she had completed her purchases, which were placed in the large, canvas-topped wagon, together with the few articles they had brought from England and the supplies that must do them on the journey. Then they had returned to the campsite to be ready for an early start the following morning.

The two girls wondered that their mother showed so little surprise when Mr. Galloway's wagon had pulled into the caravan ahead of their own just before starting time. They learned that he was on his way to Oregon. The handsome horses he drove testified of his prosperity, but he wore no airs because of that, but, on account of his friendliness, he made himself

liked by all. At night he camped a stone's throw from their own camp and sometimes strolled over, generally with some little gift, a sweetmeat, or a bit of food left from his own ample meal. He was jolly and seemed anxious to be friends, but, copying their mother's attitude, the girls maintained a distant, aloof manner.

\* \* \* \* \*

MRS. Bolton turned from the fire with the bowl of cornmeal mush she had just dipped out. "Good morning, Mr. Galloway. I presume you are ready to travel?"

She was like that, always briskly self-sufficient, never fawning nor asking favors, thought Tina and Mercedes, who hoped to be like that themselves, some day, but right now, Mr. Galloway's little gifts proved very diverting on the tiresome journey.

"Well now, it doesn't take much getting ready for a lone fellow like myself, Ma'am," this in reference to the fact that his wife had died back East. "Say, what ails that ox?" He peered intently at the beast which had lain down and was breathing heavily and with difficulty.

"He is dying," replied Jane Bolton calmly.

"Dying!" he exclaimed. "What will you do, now?"

"I don't know," she replied, "but the Lord will take care of us."

The man looked at her, speechless for a moment, too aghast at her serenity in the face of tragedy, to answer. Then he slowly and unbelievably shook his head.

"You will need more than just faith if you're left here on the

plains with only one ox," he said, looking directly at her. "I've a good team of horses and room for some of your stuff. Better forget Utah and come on to Oregon with me."

Tina and Mercedes held their breath waiting for their mother's reply. She had got them safely out of many tight places since they had started for Zion, but they had never been stranded on the plains before.

Mrs. Bolton gave him look for look, proud and unafraid. "I finish what I start and ask help of no man," she told him. "If I lose an ox, I'll . . ."

"You'll what?" he asked, his eyes on her face.

"I'll purchase some Indian ponies and break them to pull my outfit!"

Mr. Galloway threw back his head, and this time he was not merely amused, for his roar of laughter rang loudly above the various noises which reached them from the other camps.

"Ma'am, if you aren't the beat-est," he exclaimed unbelievably. "Don't you know there's not gold enough in the whole company, outside of myself, Ma'am, to get an Indian's horses away from him, and if you did, how would you get them broke to pull your wagon. I ask you, Ma'am, how would you?"

Old Bolly gave a last agonized groan and rolled over on his side. The girls looked with streaming eyes at what was left of their faithful friend, but their mother's eyes were dry.

"When I was a girl," she said softly, "I helped train horses for my grandfather in the North of England. I've tamed the wildest of them."

Mr. Galloway's face was more respectful now, but he still insisted, "Even if you were able to get some horses, it would take days, weeks, months, even, before you could trust them to pull your outfit. What would you live on meanwhile? You've no gold left. No, better consider Oregon."

"Good day, Mr. Galloway," said Jane Bolton.

THE last wagon was but a dot in the distance when they finished their meager meal. The other members of the company had reluctantly agreed to leave the widow and her daughters at the trading post, with instructions for them to join the next company, which, it was expected, would have extra animals. So they were left at a lonely Indian trading post among strangers. If Jane Bolton thought of the lovely cottage and the many friends she had left behind in England, it was but momentarily that her eyes misted, for almost immediately her mind began working on the problems before her.

"Did you mean it, Mother, about getting some ponies? How can you? We've no gold."

"When I was baptized," Jane told them, "Brother Spencer said that the Lord would take me safely to Zion, and he told me to be self-reliant and courageous and to trust in the Lord. Now, my darlings, don't worry, but come help me unload our goods."

Wonderingly, the two girls obeyed. At last, several boxes were deposited on the ground and numerous wrappings removed.

"We'll open a trading post of our

own," said their mother, "right here adjacent to this other one."

"You mean all of our things—our bedding, and clothes, your dishes? Surely not the beautiful willowware that Daddy gave you when you were married? You said you would never part with that."

A nod of the head was the only answer the girls were given.

It had been a slow tedious job wrapping each fragile cup and saucer and each dainty pitcher, along with their precious Bible and other family treasures, in many layers of soft rags so that they would be safe from harm on the long journey. Unwrapping them now near the edge of civilization on the great plains, the girls were sober as they tried to have faith as great as their mother had.

It was late afternoon when the Indians began to string in to the post, bringing buffalo hides, deer-skins, moccasins, and beads to trade for the white man's goods. They were, for the most part, a peaceful tribe who lived near the trading post. They had had considerable dealings with the whites and were fast changing their diet and their manner of dress for the habits of the paleface.

Jane Bolton stood a short distance from her camp holding up a beautiful, hand-pieced quilt that had belonged to her mother. Tina and Mercedes held out various articles that they thought might catch the eyes of the red men. Most of the Indians dismounted by the trading post, but one squaw, on a spotted pony, accompanied by a brave on a handsome black horse, came steadily on toward them.

"Pray, girls," murmured their mother, and they silently asked their Maker to soften the hearts of the Indians.

"I want two horses," said Mrs. Bolton, holding up two fingers and pointing to the two ponies at the same time and including her goods in a sweep of her other arm toward the new arrivals.

"Ugh," the man scowled his refusal.

Tina and Mercedes prayed silently.

"Ugh," said the brave again, and turned as though to ride away, but a gesture from the woman stopped him.

**S**HE slowly dismounted while the girls' hearts seemed to stand in their mouths. Advancing a few steps, the squaw peered first in one box of goods and then in another. She lifted out a dainty blue cup, then a large platter, a bowl, a pitcher. Suddenly she turned, seized the man by the foot, and pulled him to the ground. Pointing to the box of dishes, she spoke commandingly in deep gutturals. Very reluctantly, the brave picked up the box. The squaw then placed the rawhide tethers of the animals in Jane Bolton's hand and strode away on foot, followed by a very disgruntled Indian carrying a heavy box of dishes.

There was an astonished snort behind them that nearly stampeded the two ponies. In their intense concentration in the drama that was taking place, none of them had noticed Mr. Galloway's return to the trading post. His tired horses and his wagon were back in his camp ground of the night before.

"Strangest thing I ever saw!

Wouldn't have believed it! I never heard of an Indian taking orders from a squaw before!" His eyes held dazed unbelief. "Maybe there is something in this faith of yours, after all." He shook his head in bewilderment. "But still, Ma'am, how are you and your girls going to eat while bringing to pass the next miracle, while you are breaking those animals to work?"

"The Lord will take care of us," again affirmed Jane Bolton.

There was a sudden commotion at the trading post. An anxious looking man whom they knew to be Mr. Babbit, the trader, ran out, pushing aside the few remaining Indians. He panted to a stop where Mrs. Bolton stood, still holding the ropes of her recently acquired horses.

"You Mrs. Bolton?" gasped the trader. "I need a woman quick. My wife is sick before her time, and I don't know what to do. Her mother is coming with the next company, but I need someone now. Hurry! I'll pay you anything you ask, only hurry!"

The pioneer woman threw the tethers to him. "Take care of my horses; pen them up and feed them." She started on a rapid run to the big log building.

Tina and Mercedes began to re-pack the remaining boxes of goods for loading again into their wagon,

unmindful of the intent stare of Mr. Galloway.

Suddenly he burst out, "Strangest thing I ever saw. Faith—that's what she has, beautiful faith like my mother used to have." His voice was humbly pleading as he addressed the two girls, "I know your mother won't need any help, but do you think she would mind if I sort of waited around and helped speed up the breaking of those horses and then went on to Utah with you when the next company comes through? I want to learn more about a faith like your mother has." He waited meekly for their reply.

"Why, Mr. Galloway, we won't mind at all, will we Mer—Thin?" asked Tina.

"No, and Mama won't either, as long as you aren't exactly helping her. She is awfully independent, isn't she Tina—er Thick?" answered Mercedes.

"There'll be no more talk of *Thick* and *Thin*," promised Mr. Galloway. "I shouldn't have teased you that way."

"Why not?" asked the girls. "Mama says the Lord will be with us through thick and thin, and he'll be with you, too, Mr. Galloway, if you'll let him."

"I guess maybe he will," agreed Mr. Galloway, walking slowly toward his own wagon.

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## *Ode to My Birthday*

Grace Sayre

I've learned speed has no recompense  
And that no gain can come of worry;  
I pass my milestones on the run,  
Old age can't catch me if I hurry.

# Mission to Moapa—Part of the Mormon Epic

Caroline Eyring Miner

IT seems quite clear to the traveler who drives through Bunkerville, Nevada, and other towns between St. George, Utah and Las Vegas, Nevada, that the oasis in the desert which is now the Moapa Stake of Zion could only have been established through the efforts of pioneers dedicated to a mission. The Virgin, Moapa, and Las Vegas Valleys, which make up the stake, are surrounded by scorching desert, and, if I have read aright the journals and diaries of the early pioneers of this area, their communities were established in spite of almost unbelievable hardships and privations. When President Young was establishing the great Mormon empire, he called the saints on missions to the various places where he desired colonies to be made. It is common information that one place to which the saints dreaded most to be called was the Muddy, where the garden towns of Moapa, Overton, and Glendale are now located. The region was described as "situated ninety miles beyond St. George in a blistering, alkali desert."

This forbidding region was avoid-

ed even by the Indians, and the first white men who traversed a part of the present State of Utah in 1776, passed across the great stone wilderness east and north of the "Muddy" country. These courageous explorers were the Catholic priest, Father Escalante, and his party, who traveled from Santa Fe, New Mexico, northward to the Uintah Mountain country of Utah, and thence to Utah Lake and southward, seeking a road over the Sierra Nevada Mountains to California. The coming of winter deflected them in their course, and they turned east toward the now famous "Crossing of the Fathers" on the Colorado River. Thus these early pathfinders did not see the lower valley of the Virgin or the Muddy River region, their point of approach being the site of old Fort Pierce, near the present town of St. George.

Many years passed before white men again ventured into the deserts of that desolate region. It is recorded that Jedediah Smith traversed this wilderness in 1826 and 1827 on his journeys to the Pacific Coast. His first trip took him through the treacherous narrows of

Note: There is a wealth of material about the Moapa Stake preserved in biographies, autobiographies, journals, letters, and diaries. I have read with much interest Andrew Jenson's collection of material in the Church Historian's office, and I have been fortunate enough to have the enthusiastic help of Sister Lois E. Jones, wife of Brother Willard L. Jones, the first president of this stake, who served for twenty-eight years. Also, I interviewed Sister Louella Leavitt, a blue-eyed, little, silver-haired lady who came to Bunkerville eleven months after the first settlers, and has been there more than seventy years.



Photograph by Dr. Walter P. Cottam

### JOSHUA TREE IN BLOOM

The beautiful blossoms are a sharp contrast to the swordlike leaves of the desert tree.

the Virgin River gorge below the mouth of the Santa Clara River, and his second trip established the first traces of what became the famous Spanish Trail. In 1844, Captain John C. Fremont, on his way from California, camped on the Muddy River. The first Mormon to follow this trail was Jefferson Hunt who left Salt Lake City late in the fall of 1847 to take a message to the Mormon Battalion men whom he expected to meet in California. In 1849 hundreds of Argonauts (gold seekers) passed over this trail to California. In January 1850, Parley P. Pratt's company explored Southwestern Utah as far as Santa Clara Creek but did not go into the Muddy Valley. In 1852 a party of hardy explorers under command of John D. Lee explored the Virgin River

region below the Beaver Dam Mountains, probably crossing over into the area surrounding the present town of Bunkerville, Nevada.

In May 1854, Brigham Young visited the small settlement which John D. Lee had established at Harmony, north of St. George, and three years later, 160 people arrived at the townsite of Washington and began the first experiments in cotton raising.\*

These settlements to the northeast were necessary preliminaries to establishing forts and towns in the Muddy region, but there remained many barriers to conquest by the covered wagons.

**T**HE heat in summer was terrific; drinking water was warm alkali water; there was sickness from ma-

\*See *Utah Historical Quarterly*, XII, pp. 123-160, for a resume of early exploration in this region.



laria, and Indians to placate. The Muddy Mission included also the lower valley of the Virgin River, winding in and out between two walls of hills. The river had to be forded thirty-four times, in less than fifty miles, with danger from quicksand at practically every crossing. Then, the desert journey took a whole month, and the saints' reception, at the end, was a desert waste. Later, a group of adobe huts with willow and mud roofs set together into a fort greeted the travelers, and, around the fort, were to be seen pitiful attempts at wheat and corn fields, with scarcely a tree in sight. School was held outdoors, with the

teacher's chair miring in the sand. Once a lighted Halloween pumpkin on a hill frightened away a band of marauding Indians. It is no wonder that many saints became disheartened. The wonder is that any had the fortitude and faith to follow their leaders to this land.

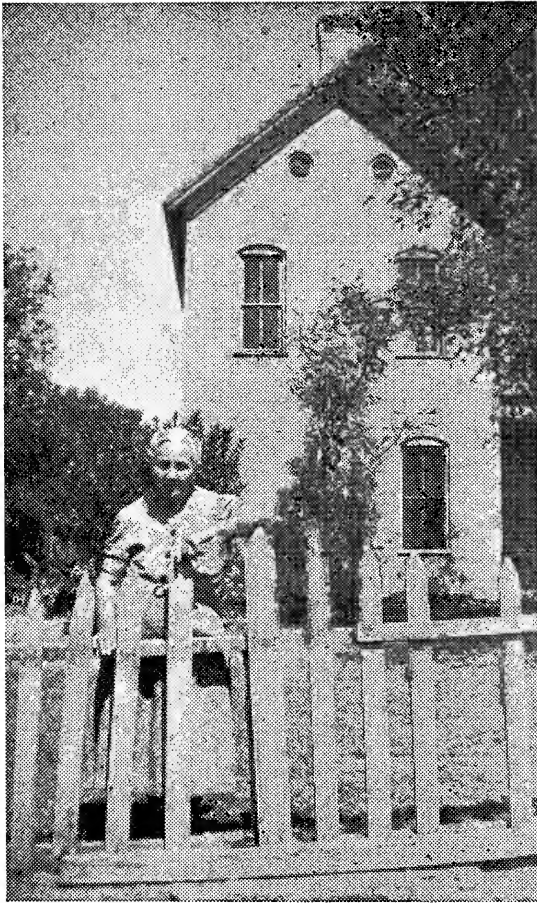
In the general Church conference of April 1855, thirty missionaries were called to the Las Vegas Mission, some fifty miles southwest of the Muddy River. They arrived there on June fifteenth, and held services two days later in an improvised bowery. Their mission had a fourfold purpose: to make a settlement midway on the south-



Photograph by Dr. Walter P. Cottam

### JOSHUA TREE

This strange tree, with its shaggy, twisted branches, is characteristic of the deserts of Southern Nevada.



Courtesy Louella Leavitt

#### LOUELLA LEAVITT IN FRONT OF HER HOME IN BUNKERVILLE, NEVADA

Sister Leavitt came to Bunkerville the year after its settlement.

ern route to California and the Coast, where travelers could rest their teams and replenish their supplies; to take the gospel to the Indians of that locality, and teach them the ways of civilization, make peace treaties with them, and help to teach them to farm and produce the necessities of life. A third purpose of this missionary group was to explore the Colorado River,

twenty-eight miles distant in that vicinity, for its possibilities in the transportation of supplies from the East by way of Cape Horn and the Pacific Ocean, and to explore the Virgin and the Muddy Valleys. Their fourth major purpose was to develop some lead mines in the vicinity of Las Vegas.

William Bringham\* was president of the Las Vegas Mission, and Nathaniel V. Jones was in charge of the group which made the heroic effort to mine lead for the Church in that vicinity in 1856, and brought back many loads of bullion to Salt Lake City.\*\*

In compliance with one objective of the mission, Call's Landing was settled in December 1864, with Anson Call as agent for the trustee-in-trust of the Church. A Church warehouse was established at this point, which was 125 miles from St. George. Because of jealousy on the part of the non-Mormons and the approach and advent of the Pacific railroad, it was abandoned and, at present, the walls are submerged in Lake Mead.

In addition to the settlement of the Las Vegas Mission and Call's Landing, settlements were made during 1865 in Logandale, Overton, and St. Thomas (at the mouth of the Muddy), and at West Point (near Moapa), the latter settlements being called the "Muddy Mission," now the Moapa Valley settlements. On September 26, 1858, in a meeting at Santa Clara, it was decided "to close the Las

\*See JENSON, ANDREW, *Biographical Encyclopedia* IV, page 504.

\*\**Ibid.*, II, page 368.

Vegas and Muddy Mission for the present." The reason for this action was that the Nevada authorities were pressing the saints for three years' back taxes, when a survey found these valleys to be in Nevada instead of in Utah, or Arizona, as had been previously assumed. The people were unable to meet these heavy taxes, part of which was required to be paid in gold, and so it was deemed wise for them to vacate, which they did in February 1871, most of them then locating in Long Valley, Kane County, Utah. Las Vegas ("The Meadows") had been an important watering place along the desert route from the Coast to Salt Lake City, and the Mormons retained their claim upon it until 1868, when a newspaper in St. George posted notice of its being for sale.

Settlements had been made at Clover Valley in 1870, presided over by Lyman L. Woods, and in Eagle Valley, in 1864, with Brothers Mel-tiar Hatch and Frederick Hamblin in charge. In 1869, the saints who had settled at Overton were organized into a branch, with Helaman Pratt as presiding elder, and, in November, James Leithead was made head of the Muddy Mission, consisting of St. Thomas, St. Joseph (Logandale), Overton, West Point, and Junction City. In 1871, these communities were abandoned, and about ten years later, settlement began again. The return was begun in about 1880, when Sister Elizabeth Whitmore of St. George bought the Patterson Ranch on the Muddy for \$4,000. This was the first purchase of any of the former Mormon homes.

Moapa Valley was organized into a ward called Overton, in 1885, with Isaiah Cox as bishop. Robert O. Gibson had been called to preside in St. Thomas. With the construction of the Boulder Dam, St. Thomas had to be abandoned again, as the water of Lake Mead covered it.

**I**N the early days of the Muddy Mission Elder Andrew S. Gibbons did a marvelous work among the Indians in interpreting and in pacifying them. There is no question but that he saved the lives of many of the missionaries. Elder Ira Hatch also had a special mission. It was his duty to camp on the road to help travelers. Many times the Indians stole his provisions, and many times he came near to losing his life. He was alone so much that he almost lost the use of his own tongue, but he remained true to his trust.

Bunkerville, on the Rio Virgin, was settled in 1877 by the Edward Bunker and Dudley and Samuel Leavitt families. It was settled under the United Order, and is, therefore, unique. After the failure of the Santa Clara United Order, some families desired to continue with the Order, and Bunkerville was the result. There were twenty-three in the original company, with Edward Bunker, Sr. as president, and Lemuel S. and Dudley Leavitt as counselors.

The progress made under this Order was phenomenal. The very first season they grubbed and planted and harvested seventy-five acres

of land, in addition to making their irrigation canals and constructing shelters, and fighting the awful heat and the sand and the wind and the floods. At first, the people lived like one big family, having one large dining room and kitchen, and rotating the household work. The saints were prayerful and humble, and worked together in harmony for two and one-half years, at which time, in 1880, the Order was discontinued, due to differences that had arisen.

The community was almost self-supporting, the people supplying both food and clothing. Their cotton was hauled to the factory at Washington and exchanged for cloth. Molasses and honey took the place of sugar, and salt was mined from a mountain thirty miles away. All other food was grown and prepared at home.

**F**ROM the first, recreation and education were provided for in the community. There were "bees," and parties, and dances. Very early there was improvised an out-of-door dance hall, and the fiddler was paid in produce. Schools were at first held in the private homes, but, in 1905, a schoolhouse was constructed. Twice, fire destroyed their precious school buildings, but, in spite of all hardships, the schools were gradually improved.

Bunkerville was, in a sense, the mother ward of the Moapa Stake. The wards of Littlefield, Mesquite, and Overton—of Logandale and St. Thomas, and of Las Vegas, were all branches of the Bunkerville Ward before they became wards in their

own right. In 1922, Las Vegas became a separate branch from Bunkerville, with Ira Joseph Earl as presiding elder, and, in 1924, it became a ward. Littlefield was settled, in 1878, by John T. Graff, Christian Stucki, Henry Frehner, and others. It was made a ward in 1927, with Harold Joseph Reber as bishop. Logandale became a ward in 1925, with Elmer Bowman as bishop. Mesquite, on the north side of the Virgin River, was begun in 1880 and, about that time, was established as a ward. It was abandoned in 1883, due to floods and sickness, and was again established as a ward in 1901, with William E. Abbott as bishop.

In June 1912, the present Moapa Stake was organized. It was an important occasion and a great bowery had been built especially for it. The dirt floor was well sprinkled, rough seats had been especially made, and barrels of water and shiny tin cups were placed conveniently about. Brother George F. Richards presided and set apart Willard L. Jones as president, with John M. Bunker and Samuel H. Wells as counselors, and W. J. Flowers as stake clerk. It is of interest that, twenty-eight years later, Brother Richards again returned to the Moapa Stake to release President Jones, who had served faithfully and well those many years.

Since the stake has been organized, many improvements have taken place—roads made, school buildings and ward chapels built, telephone and telegraph brought in, irrigation systems set up, bridges built, electric lights installed, water



Photograph, Courtesy Lois E. Jones

#### ORGANIZATION OF MOAPA STAKE, June 9, 1912

Front row, seated, left to right: Orin P. Miller, member of the Presiding Bishopric; Francis M. Lyman and George F. Richards, members of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles.

Back row, standing, left to right: William Murphy; Robert Bunker; Robert O. Gibson, bishop of St. Thomas Ward and later a member of the Moapa Stake presidency; Bishop Joseph I. Earl of Bunkerville, later stake patriarch; Bishop William Perkins of Overton; Orin Jarvis; Freed Bischoff; Thomas P. Cottam, First Counselor in the presidency of St. George Stake; Ellis Turnbaugh, first clerk of Moapa Stake; Edward I. Cox, appointed bishop of Bunkerville Ward June 9, 1912, at the time Bishop Earl was released; N. Ray Pixton, who later became the second clerk of Moapa Stake; William Cooper; Edward H. Snow, President of St. George Stake; Warren Cox of St. George, Utah; Willard L. Jones, President of Moapa Stake; Thomas J. Jones, Patriarch of Moapa Stake; Nephi J. Wadsworth, Bishop of Panaca, Nevada. Samuel H. Wells, Second Counselor in the Moapa Stake presidency, was absent when this photograph was taken.

and sewer systems made, dairy herds and productive farms established, and mills and mines set into operation.

The people who established themselves in the Virgin, Muddy, and Las Vegas Valleys have demonstrated the best that went into very difficult pioneering in the outlying areas of the great Church empire. They were directed by religious

principles and standards, and desired to live well-rounded lives, providing social, educational, and financial advantages for themselves and their children as rapidly as they could. Marvelous progress has been made in the Moapa Stake, which stands today as a great monument to the courage and faith of the Mormon pioneers who performed their "Mission to Moapa."

# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, July 1, and July 15, 1890

## "FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS"

**THE COMING OF THE SAVIOR:** Acts 1st chap. 11 ver. "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." The Latter-day Saints are the only people that are looking for the Savior to come as Peter said He would, and the only ones that will be prepared. Joseph Smith received a revelation to gather out from the world the honest at heart, that would receive the Gospel of Christ. We the Latter-day Saints have gathered out from the world to prepare ourselves for the coming of our Redeemer, we ought to be the most faithful of any people on the earth, keeping ourselves unspotted from the sins of the world, from all its allurements, and whether we live or die, we shall be ready to meet our Lord, as Paul says the dead in Christ shall rise first, and ever be with the Lord.

—Mary Ann M. Pratt

### SOWING AND REAPING

You have your lives before you,  
Your springtime yet you hold;  
Oh may you fill the moments—  
Ere autumn finds you old—  
With earnest useful labor,  
Sowing ere springtime leaves;  
Else you shall not in autumn  
Garner the ripened sheaves.

—Alice L. Cole

**SALT LAKE STAKE:** The quarterly conference of the Relief Society of the stake was held in the Fourteenth Ward Assembly Rooms, June 19th. Mrs. S. M. Kimball said her labors had been in the Relief Society for nearly half a century. We should advise our young people, try and keep them in the paths of virtue, we should never do anything we cannot ask the blessing of God upon. Expressed a wish to hear a woman read the Declaration of Independence on the Fourth of July, prayed the Lord to inspire us individually, to work in that channel where we would accomplish the most good.

**WOMAN'S CALLING:** Her trust is responsible, sacred and sublime; that of bringing to earth the body and spirit of man; of training and cultivating the mental, physical, and spiritual make up in the most impressible period of childhood; I think it is for our eternal good to make the best use of our time, improving every opportunity to expand our minds, enlarge our understanding, that our mental capacity may be sufficient to contain all intelligence, for that is the glory of God.

—E. A. Crane Watson

**NOTES AND NEWS:** Alexander Swift of Cincinnati, who married a sister of Alice and Phoebe Cary, owns the old Cary homestead, and is anxious to make it a memorial of the sister poets.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe passed her seventy-eighth birthday very quietly Saturday June 14th. She received a few calls from personal friends, and from her publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., a box of cut flowers.

**MISCELLANEOUS:** The longer I live the more certain I am that the great difference between the great and insignificant is energy—invincible determination—an honest purpose once fixed, and then victory.—Goethe



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

**T**HE two most brilliant queens in history—Cleopatra of Egypt and Elizabeth of England—were extremely versatile in their accomplishments, but both owed much of their success to being able to talk well. Plutarch says that Cleopatra's beauty "was neither astonishing nor inimitable," but it derived a flavor from her wit and her fascinating manner that was absolutely irresistible. Her melodious voice had the "same variety of modulation as an instrument of many strings. She answered her foreign ambassadors—the Troglodytes, Ethiopians, Hebrews, Arabs, Scythians, Medes, and Parthians (and yet others) in their own tongues." She was adept at gay, humorous, serious, statesmanlike, or purely charming and social conversation.

**E**LIZABETH was a student of Greek and mistress of six other languages, besides her own. She had a genius for both business and statesmanship; was a superb penman, an excellent musician, a magnificent dancer, a connoisseur of painting and poetry. Her conversation, witty and elegant, also "revealed an unerring social sense and a charming delicacy of personal perception," says Strachey. "She could drive in her meaning with hammer blows up to the hilt," or could in-

dulge in "the most ornate confection of studied ambiguities," deluding even the most clear-sighted.

**M**RS. HENRY ROE CLOUD, of West Linn, Oregon, fifty-nine years of age, was chosen by the mothers committee of the Golden Rule Foundation as American Mother of 1950. Born on the White Earth Indian reservation in northern Minnesota, she is the daughter of a German homesteader and a Chippewa Indian mother. Mrs. Cloud has four daughters, one of whom, Mrs. Edward Hughes, was the first American Indian to be graduated from Wellesley College. Her late husband was the first Indian graduated from Yale university. Before her marriage, Mrs. Cloud taught school among the Blackfoot Indians in Montana.

**M**ARY HOOPER BLOOD LINFORD, of Logan, Utah, eighty-one-year-old mother of seven sons and daughters, and still active in the Latter-day Saint Relief Society and Sunday School, was chosen Utah mother of the year. She was educated in the Kaysville public schools, Brigham Young University, and Utah State Agricultural College. Her children include two college professors, a contractor, a steam fitter and plumber, and the wife of a professor.



## *Our Pioneer Heritage*

WHAT made the Mormon pioneers great? It was their loyal adherence to the principles of the gospel, and their determination to preserve it unto themselves and their posterity.

The kingdom of God and his righteousness was the sole thought of the noble men and women who laid the foundation of this great commonwealth. Hear the words of Brigham Young as soon as his feet touched this soil, "Here we shall build a city and there shall stand the temple of our God." We point with pride to the fulfillment of that prophecy. It is evidence that that great leader of the pioneers was inspired of God.

Over a century has passed since then, and what of us, the posterity for whom those noble pioneers endured terrible persecution and suffering that they might "preserve the gospel unto themselves and us"? Have we the same determination to preserve it unto ourselves and our posterity? Are we exhibiting the same stalwart characteristics that made the pioneers great?

Recently a friend of ours was being interviewed for a position. She was asked what her religion was. When she answered that she was a Mormon, the interviewer asked, "How good a one are you?" "Why, my grandfather came into this val-

ley with Brigham Young and my daughter is a member of one of the general boards," our friend replied. "But unfortunately, we are not hiring your grandfather nor your daughter," said the interviewer. "We want to know how well you live up to the principles in which you claim to believe."

Some time ago we met an old friend whom we had not seen for a number of years. During our conversation with her we asked her what she was doing in the Church now. She said, "Oh, I don't need to get excited about Church work, my grandfather was ——" (naming a prominent pioneer family).

Most of us today can look back with pride upon the accomplishments of our forebears and can look forward with hope in the accomplishments of our children, but what of us? If we are to live up to the great heritage that our pioneers bequeathed to us, if we are to pass on to our children a heritage to which they can point with pride, we must loyally adhere to the principles of the gospel ourselves.

We owe it to our pioneer forefathers and to our own posterity to give the best of which we are capable to achieve this greatness. May we show by our lives we are children of our great pioneers.

—V.N.S.





Photograph by W. Claudell Johnson

AUGUSTA WINTERS GRANT

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CONGRATULATIONS TO SISTER  
AUGUSTA WINTERS GRANT

Wife of President Heber J. Grant

**O**N July 7, 1950, Sister Augusta Winters Grant reaches her ninety-fourth birthday. Her span of life has covered almost a century and she has seen the desert valleys blossom into fruitfulness, and during her lifetime the pioneer villages have become busy cities filled with complex activities. The Church has grown from a faithful nucleus to count its million members in nearly all countries of the world.

During this time of change and progress, Sister Grant has displayed a vital interest in the affairs of her family, her community, her Church, and in the broad field of women's activities. Her life has been rich and full, and her thoughts must be varied and filled with deep satisfaction as she looks across the city and the wide valley to the Inland Sea on the west of her home on a hill in Salt Lake City.

It is with love and appreciation that Relief Society women in all parts of the world extend birthday greetings to Sister Grant. We wish for her contentment and may love and appreciation be given her in the eventide of her life. We are grateful for her leadership among the women of Zion and grateful for the tender qualities of her motherhood, and for her family, and for the many words of encouragement and inspiration which she has spoken to her friends and to all of us who are proud to call her "Sister."

# Dark in the Chrysalis

Alice Morrey Bailey

## CHAPTER 7

Edith Ashe, a widow, forty-seven, is jealous of Jane Hartley, the woman she thinks her employer, Cory Lewis, is going to marry. She checks her love for Cory, and smothers her jealousy in work, taking care of his mother, an aged crippled woman, for whom she has been hired as companion. She plunges into preparations for the wedding of his daughter, Linnie, in whom she has taken a mother's interest. Together, they have re-decorated the large, unattractive house until it is beautiful throughout. Edith has used her own furniture, previously stored, for the dining room and living room. This beginning stimulates Cory to complete the preparations. Edith plans to leave, once the wedding is over, because she cannot bear the impact of Cory's personality, and because she is afraid of betraying her feelings. Jane has arranged a concert for Linnie. Paul, her fiance, and his party planned to arrive in time for it, but are delayed.

**T**HE ensuing days passed literally on wings of song. Linnie woke them in the morning, her flutelike voice soaring up and down the scales. Emily Dante spent hours with her as she went relentlessly over the difficult passages, over and over again.

The wedding was set for June 12, the recital on the tenth. Paul and his party were scheduled to arrive on the ninth in order to give them a rest, and so that Linnie would not have too much excitement for one day. They were coming by plane, but on the night of the eighth severe storms swept the country. All planes were grounded in some areas, and of course Paul sent a telegram to that effect.

"Will get there as soon as possible," his message said.

"He never will! He never will!" cried Linnie, and walked the floor with nervousness. Cory eyed her with alarm. Edith had been worried about her for some time. The strain of preparing for her wedding and her recital, both major events in her life, was telling on her. Her appetite had disappeared, she looked pale and thin and all of the fun of her wedding was gone. "And if he doesn't come I won't sing. You can just call them all and tell them that I am not going to sing!"

"Well, darling," Cory advised her reasonably, "you can't do that now. All the preparations are made."

"I can and I will," said Linnie perversely. Cory looked at Edith and shook his head.

"But, honey," he said, "all our friends will be disappointed. They have gone to so much trouble for this event—the Bowemans giving the hall, the publicity done so nicely, and Jane has gone to real expense."

It was the wrong thing.

"Jane! Jane!" said Linnie almost hysterically. "She was the one who thought this up. And I know why—so she could see you and talk to you every day. So she could be there with spangles, and sit beside you and have everyone see her. I won't sing, so there! If you won't call her and tell her so, I will."

She started toward the telephone, and Cory flashed a silent appeal to Edith.

"I'll call her for you, Linnie,"

Edith cut in, reaching the telephone first. "Cory, I think the child is right. I don't think she should sing. It is just too much for her. Everyone but Linnie has been considered in this thing, and it isn't fair. I think your own motives are selfish. Besides, you can't make up a lifetime of neglect in a few short weeks!" she scolded Cory.

She tried to find opportunity to give the bewildered Cory a wink, but Linnie's eyes were wide upon her.

"Aunt Edith! You know that isn't true. You told me yourself Daddy loves me. Nobody knows better than you how much he has done for me. Besides, he hasn't neglected me—not in any of the basic things. He always gave me all the money I needed and saw to it that I had the best teachers. I don't care what you or Mrs. Fontaine or anybody else thinks, I have the best father in the world. And who says it is too much for me? Of course I shall sing."

"But Linnie, look at you. You can't possibly sing in your condition. Tonight of all nights you need rest. You don't eat, you don't sleep, and there are circles under your eyes. You are pale and thin. Nobody knows as I do, that you have been working too hard."

"Oh, Aunt Edith," said Linnie, starting to cry. Edith put her arms around the girl and led her to the couch. "How can I be so mean?" she said between jerky sobs, "when you and Daddy and Jane are so good to me."

**E**DITH sat on one side of her and Cory on the other, patting the distraught girl. Once Cory started

to speak, but Edith shook her head and he was silent. Finally Linnie raised her head and managed a watery smile.

"I think I had better go to bed now. I'll be nothing but a rag and a bone tomorrow night and Paul will be ashamed of me. I know he will come."

"I'll go up with you," said Edith. As they started up the stairs Amanda appeared silently with a glass of hot milk.

Edith turned down the covers of Linnie's bed, got a nightgown, and helped her undress as she sipped the hot milk, then sat on the side of the bed, rubbing the girl's back until she was relaxed and comfortable.

Cory, waiting anxiously below, let out a breath of relief when Edith came back downstairs.

"Whew!" he said, "good thing you were here. I certainly had things going along in the wrong direction. You know, I don't think I am a very good psychologist." He rubbed his chin ruefully.

"Mr. Lewis, I hope you don't think that I meant—"

Cory laughed heartily. "I could see exactly what you were doing, and it worked. It amazed me how fast you thought. What got into the girl, anyway?"

"Overwork, nothing else. You were right about it being too much for her, but she wanted it so much."

Cory looked at her earnestly. "Edith," he said, "I can never tell you how thankful I am for you. Your attitude toward Linnie is so nearly that of the mother she so much needs at this time that it is indistinguishable to me, and even to her, I am sure. A girl would never

turn on anyone but her mother as she did on you in defense of me.”

His praise and his tone of voice were heartfelt and sincere, and they wiped away the diffidence that had grown in Edith's heart these last few uncomfortable days.

Linnie's outburst seemed to relieve her as well of the tension that she had achieved from overstrain. There was no further word from Paul, and Edith watched Linnie with misgivings, but the girl was calm and relaxed. She slept late and lounged about the house in robe and slippers.

“Emily says I'm not to sing a note today. I'm just going to be lazy. Do I look any better than last night, Aunt Edith?”

“Much better.”

“Those movie people would snap you up in a hurry for a part in one of their plays,” Mrs. Lewis piped.

“I hope Paul thinks I am pretty tonight. I know he will be there.”

But Paul didn't come. The day passed, it came time to get ready for the concert, time to leave the house, time even to begin the concert, and there was still no word. The rest of them pretended calm, but Linnie was calm.

**H**ER first songs were pure and letter-perfect. Edith was astonished at the size of the crowd of well-dressed people that filled the concert hall and glad that the storms had gone with the night. The applause was hearty and sincere.

“The child sings like a bird,” Mrs. Lewis leaned to whisper to Edith. Cory had carried her from the car. Her black eyes were snapping with pride and excitement. She seemed

none the worse for being up. She usually went to bed at seven-thirty. Cory, on the other side of her, sat by Jane, and was grave. He bent to whisper something to Jane.

“Cory hopes nothing happens to spoil it for Linnie,” reported Mrs. Lewis, who had overheard. “He says Linnie's going to be disappointed that her young man didn't show up.”

After the first group of songs, while Linnie was off stage, there was a little flurry of excitement at the back of the hall, and they were there. Paul, his mother and father, the couple who must be Paul's sister and her husband, and his best man. They were fine-looking people, with the unmistakable bearing of good breeding. Cory knew them instantly, and hurried back to meet them, to find seats for them.

Some people near the Lewis group, recognizing who they were, yielded their seats to them, and they were seated quietly, with whispered introductions all around.

“And this is Aunt Edith,” said Paul, smiling across at her.

He was a clean-cut young man, with an open, frank face, and quick, interested eyes. Edith liked him immediately and had the comfortable feeling a mother has when her child has chosen well.

Linnie came back to sing her second group of songs. She was well started on her first number when she noticed that Paul was there, and immediately her lovely eyes found him, her singing took on radiance and greater depth. It was amazing. Before Edith's eyes she turned from the immaturity of

(Continued on page 500)



Walter P. Cottam

## SEGO LILIES

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### *Gifts*

*Norma Wrathall*

When pioneers first crossed the desert sod,  
They planted seeds along the barren way,  
A precious furrow here, a handful there,  
In hope that those who came a later day  
Might garner food, and leave, in turn, a share  
For others who might chance to travel there.

In early days, the candle's flickering flame  
Shone from the cabin window through the storm.  
To guide the traveler to an unlatched door  
Where shelter waited, where the fire was warm.

Not wealth, but love, gives strength to live and lift—  
Who shares his all bestows the perfect gift.

# You Can Learn

Part V

## *I Is for Illness and I Is for Iolt*

Katherine Kelly

**E**RNIE was crying with indignation as he tagged me through the wet corral. There wasn't much I could do about it, with a bucket of foamy white milk in each hand. I lifted the milk carefully through the bars of the pole fence, and, with it safely on the other side, I turned to help Ernie. The long coat I had put on him had come unbuttoned, and he had tripped and fallen. His little fat hands were covered with dirt, and he held them up to me beseechingly.

"Don't cry, sweetheart, we'll wash them as soon as we get to the house," I soothed, as I lifted him gingerly through the fence and kissed his little tear-stained face. "You're Mama's big boy who helps with the chores, and when Daddy comes home he will be proud of you."

Inside, I was all swelled with pride, too. Tom was going to be surprised at me today, when he arrived home from his mother's. I wondered how I could ever have been so helpless; but it hadn't been easy. The first night Tom was gone I had started milking before sundown, and the moon was shining high before I had finished the first cow. Tom hadn't wanted his wife to milk cows, but it's surprising what you can do when you have to.

Last night's rain had made everything fresh and beautiful. The new

green leaves on our little trees danced in the sunlight. The trees hadn't even been in bud six weeks ago, when we took Tom to town. A slight chill stopped the song in my heart for a second, as I remembered.

\* \* \* \* \*

**N**EVER would I forget that night! Tom had had the influenza first, and then had gone out too soon. The backset which resulted had caused gatherings in his ears. But that night the swelling had disappeared, and we had thought he was much better. I had gone to sleep, feeling relieved, and was so sound asleep that it seemed as if I were struggling up . . . and up through the warm depths of sleep. Was someone calling me?

It wasn't morning yet. I must have been dreaming! The warm blackness was slipping over me again when Tom's voice brought me sharply to my feet.

"Kate, Katie! Come here quick."

At once I was wide awake, and at Tom's bedside in a flash.

"What is it, Tom? Is something wrong?"

"Yes. I'm hungry. Get me something to eat!"

"Something to eat? This time of night? Oh, Tom, can't you wait till morning? The fire is all out, and it's cold. Here, let me cover you better."

"No, I'm not cold. I'm roasting,

and I'm starving to death! I've got to have something to eat."

Tom's voice was unnatural and high-pitched, and, as I tried to pull the covers up, his hands caught mine, and they were hot and dry. I put my hand on his forehead. It was burning hot.

"If you don't get me something to eat, I'll get it myself."

"No, Tom. You keep covered up. I'll get you something."

My hands were shaking as I felt for the matches and lighted the coal-oil lamp we used at night. What should he have to eat when he had such a fever?

I couldn't let him get up in the cold. So, without bothering to get my robe, I hurried into the kitchen. The pan of milk I had saved out the night before stood on the pantry shelf. Mary had sent us over a loaf of graham bread. I poured a bowl full of milk and quickly broke some bread into it. Tom was thrashing about restlessly as I hurried back to him.

"Will this do, Tom? It will soon be morning."

His hands were shaking and he couldn't feed himself, so I put one of Ernie's blankets around my shoulders and sat down on the side of the bed. I finally got him to rest back on the pillows while I fed him spoonful by spoonful. He ate ravenously, and his eyes darted from one thing to another with a wild look like a trapped animal.

"This sure tastes good," he said in a harsh voice. "It's the best meal I've had in ages."

My eyes opened wide and my mouth wider. "Why, Tom. . . ."

Then, with new credulity, I asked

him, "What are you eating, Tom?"

"Why, turkey and dressing and everything! You ought to know. You fixed it."

So that was it! The sickness had taken a new turn. Tom was out of his head!

"There, there, I'm glad you like it, dear. Now do you think you can lie back and go to sleep?"

Tom sank back against the pillows and allowed me to pull the covers up around him, but his eyes still darted here and there, and they had a queer, sly look.

"No, I'm not sleepy. I'm not a bit sleepy," he insisted. "I've got to tell you something so you won't worry while I'm sick. We'll never have to worry about money any more. We're rich!"

"Yes, I know Tom. As long as we have each other and little Ernie, we are rich," I answered soothingly.

"No, I know you haven't worried," he explained in a high-pitched, resentful voice. "I haven't wanted you to worry. But I've worried plenty, not only about the mortgages on the farm and on the house, but about the money we owe Dad."

Mortgages on the farm and on the house! Money we owed Tom's father! Well, yes, I guess, in a way, I had known we owed some money on a couple of notes. I remembered Tom had brought them for me to sign right after we were married. It had made me feel important that Tom had to have my name beside his, now that I was his wife. But mortgages on the farm and on the house, and money we owed Dad Kelly! Oh, why hadn't Tom told me! No, I hadn't worried about money, I was too busy planting

trees and making grass grow on land that didn't even belong to us.

**T**OM was raving on about some sort of lawsuit whereby we had become rich. Money matters had worried him so much that now they were the whole theme of his delirium!

"What are you going to do with all your money, Tom?" I asked to quiet him.

A look of rapture came into his eyes. "First, I'm going to buy you a new coat. I won't have my wife going shabby."

"But, Tom, my coat isn't bad, and, anyway, it's practically summer now. . . ."

I knew by his eyes that I had said the wrong thing, so I added hurriedly, "Oh, yes, Tom, a beautiful brown coat with a fox fur collar!"

Tom continued to name all the things he planned to buy. "And I'm going to get Joe a new mowing machine. We've fixed up that old rattletrap of his long enough. And I want a fine new team of work horses and new fencing. . . ."

Tom talked on and on. Some of it wasn't rational, but most of it was only too clear. All the worries over money Tom had kept locked in his heart. He certainly was the strong, silent type. I had never dreamed these things went on in his mind.

As the dim, gray morning light crept into the room, he slept fitfully, and I dressed and ran through the fields to Joe's and Mary's house to telephone the doctor.

We took him to town to his mother's house, where he could have expert care. Our doctor called

in another doctor from the hospital in Glendale, and they had a consultation. The infection which had been in Tom's head after the "flu" had formed a gathering in his upper sinus. There was only the thinnest possible partition between the infection and the brain. There was only the slightest chance that he would ever recover.

*But he had recovered.*

**T**HERE had been long weeks of uncertainty and pain and days that dragged until the hardest kind of work was a boon to me. I learned about money, too. There just wasn't any, except the weekly cream check, and there wouldn't be that if I didn't strip the cows well and see that they were fed and watered.

But now it was all over. Tom would find a real woman in place of the helpless young girl he had left six weeks before. The house was spick-and-span, and Ernie and I donned our Sunday best for the occasion. I put Ernie in the front seat beside me and drove the old Chev into town.

As we stopped in front of Tom's father's place, the whole family was out on the porch to see Tom off. He was sitting in a rocking chair, and he still looked pale and thin. I wanted to run up the steps and hug and kiss him, as Ernie did, but I remembered in time that such things embarrassed him.

"Well, Tom, we've come to take you home," I called gayly. "Here's the Chev!"

Tom's face clouded, for a moment, then half jokingly, he asked, "Are you still driving that old car? Why don't you use the new one?"

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I sank to my knees in front of his chair and put my arms around him. "Oh, Tom, dear, you know we haven't any new car. That was a dream you had while you were sick. I'm so sorry you had to get sick to make me understand about money, but believe me, from now on I know, and I will help you. To-

gether we will make enough money to pay off the mortgages, and then we'll really be rich and you won't have to worry any more."

The summer air was warm and sweet. Tom looked at me lovingly, and I meant every word I had said about money.

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## *A Letter From Mother*

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

How grateful I am that you are my children! And how very glad I am that we have had so many wonderful years together. No wonder I miss you all so much now.

How are the dear little folks? Wish I could tuck them in tonight.

We have heard it said frequently that children should be seen and not heard. But sometimes I wonder if this is always true. Should a child never have an inning?

The other day after Sunday School, I heard a young mother remark to a friend, "How in the world do you keep your children from monopolizing the conversation whenever they are around?" She brushed her small son aside with, "Keep still, Junior. Mother wants to talk."

I knew the little fellow and, since I was standing near, I put an arm around his shoulders and said, "How are you this morning?" He immediately transferred his enthusiastic remarks to me.

"In our class this morning," he said excitedly, "the teacher told us that God is a man like my daddy and the bishop, and all the other men!" he confided.

"Isn't it wonderful?" I said. "Be sure to ask your daddy about it when you get home."

Now here was a pertinent thought. He had been informed about one of our most profound beliefs, but his mind had not been able to grasp the whole significance of the idea. He needed confirmation. What a fine opportunity for a parent to step in and continue the teaching, while it was fresh in the child's mind.

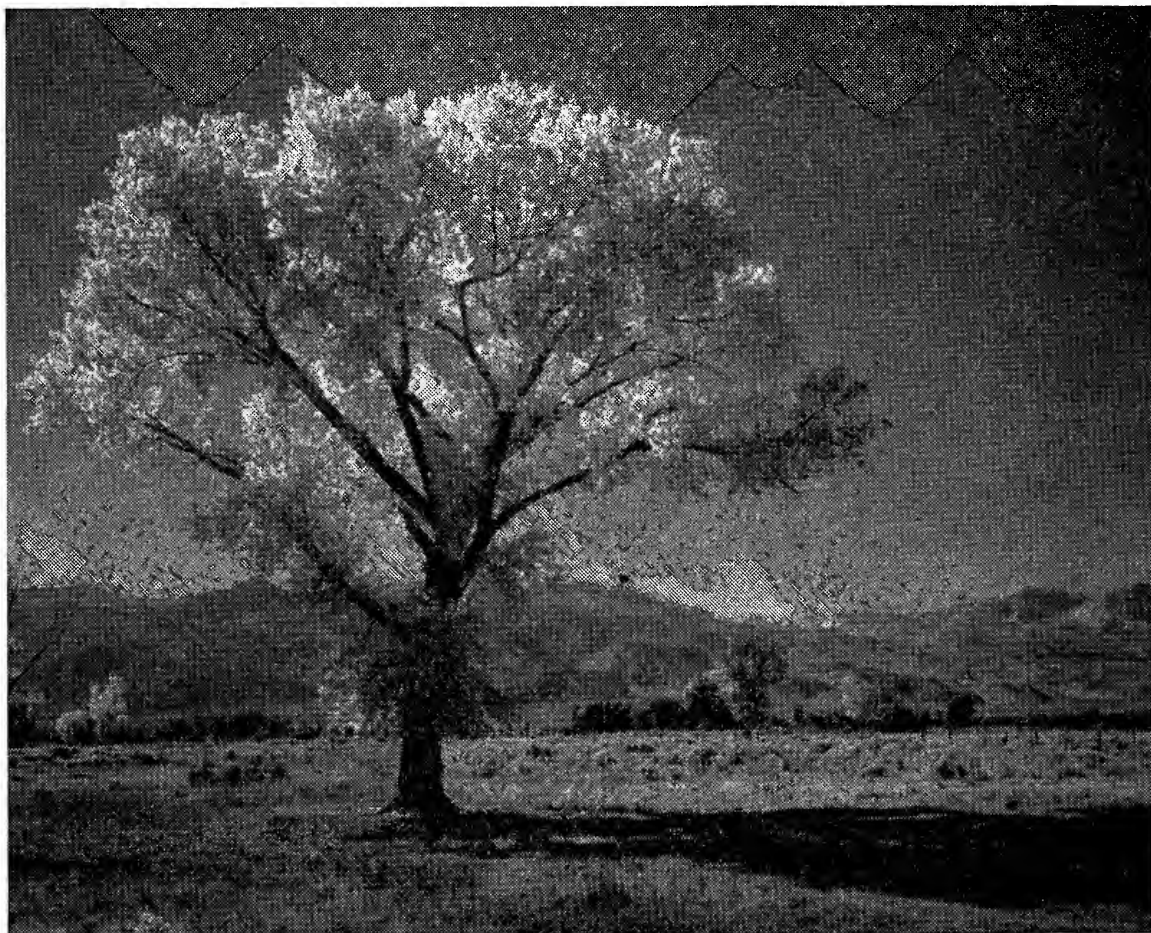
We pray that our children will always remain steadfast and true to our religious concepts, but do they understand fully what it is all about?

My dear ones, I hope you enjoy your children. I hope that you look often into their trusting eyes and read the meaning behind what they say.

Please write to me often. Your interesting letters keep the silence in my home from becoming too oppressive.

With dearest love,

MOTHER  
Clara Horne Park



Josef Muench

## COTTONWOOD IN OWEN'S VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

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*Let the Hills Sing*

Evelyn Wooster Viner

Oh, pin my heart to the singing hills  
 With a sharp-tanged, pointed breeze;  
 And trap it there through summer calm  
 With a net of fragrant trees.

But never shall my heart grow cold,  
 Though the hills bank deep with snow,  
 For their majesty shall light a flame  
 At the sunsets' afterglow.

*Metamorphosis*

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

This moth on brilliant patterned wings  
 Once knew a worm's meanderings.  
 When I outgrow my chrysalis  
 Will I be beautiful as this?

*Dreams Are Songs*

Margaret B. Shomaker

Dreams are songs that we may sing,  
 A soft unspoken word,  
 The tiny flash of a silver wing—  
 Tomorrow's soaring bird.

# The Story of English China

Rachel K. Laurgaard

Illustrations by Elizabeth Williamson

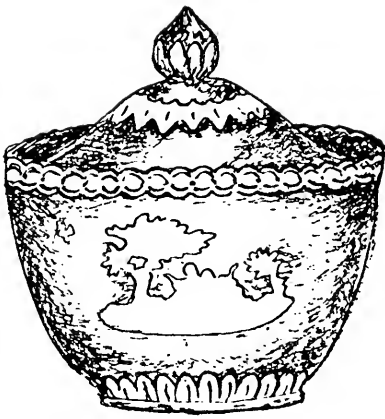
ENGLISH china is a household tradition the world over—and a family tradition as well—among the families of Wedgwoods, Spode, Adams, Woods, Stevensons, and Ridgeways — to name only a few of the good old Staffordshire families of potters. Although they do not claim any pottery-making ancestors farther back than the seventeenth century—(a Gilbert Wedgwood, for example, was a potter in Staffordshire in 1649)—nevertheless, the clays and fuels of the district which became Staffordshire were being utilized for pots and pitchers when the Romans came to Britain fifty years before the birth of Christ. Throughout almost 400 years of Roman rule, during invasions of Danes and Norsemen, and the final, lasting conquest by William of Normandy, the potters of Staffordshire handed down their skills from father to son, making innovations in technique here and there, until, by the time the nineteenth century rolled around, they had developed an ancient craft into a great and thriving industry.

A few pieces of pottery which date from Roman times are still in existence, but the really definite traditions of Staffordshire begin with the earlier experiments and the successful development of the “slip ware” of the seventeenth century—a red clay pottery decorated with free-flowing designs of white clay or slip, trailed on with a quill. Lions rampant, mermaids, spread

eagles, and formal patterns of foliage were skilfully applied, much in the manner of decorating a cake. Jugs in the shape of owls, miniature cradles, probably for christenings, and other odd pieces were made, in addition to the large plates, bowls, and cups, all decorated in this bold and rhythmical fashion. Slip ware was “peasant-pottery,” used in the little homes with thatched roofs. In mansions and castles, dishes of pewter and silver served the wealthy. Only when the porcelain of the Orient came filtering in, did they discover how much better food tasted when served from the products of the kiln instead of the forge.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Italian majolica, Dutch delftware, and French soft-paste porcelain were all imported into England, and soon English factories were set up to imitate them. In Staffordshire, the potters continued to make slip ware, while at Liverpool, Chelsea, Bow, Worcester, and Derby, the soft-pastes of the Continent were emulated.

The factory at Chelsea was particularly successful in putting out a beautiful and fragile ware, so like milky-white glass in texture, that, at times, it has been mistaken for glass. Little of it was original in design or decoration. Meissen was all the rage, and Chelsea painters copied the delicate landscapes, the slight Japanese designs, and the sprigs and bouquets of naturalistic flowers—styles which Meissen art-



WEDGWOOD JASPER WARE—1780

Blue colored background, with white embossing

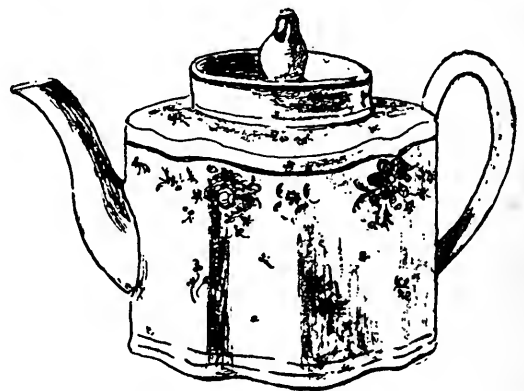
ists had invented. They gave them an English character quite their own, however, and a new beauty of color and rhythm which put Chelsea in a class with the best French porcelains of the period. Chelsea figurines were charmingly simple, with a life and vitality different from the often cruelly humorous figures of Kaendler's Meissen. Though the Chelsea factory closed in 1784, English china makers have never forgotten this—their most artistic porcelain, and they have continued to reproduce Chelsea patterns on more modern wares, while antique originals bring fabulous prices from collectors.

None of the English porcelain or delftware factories was long-lived, perhaps because there was no royal support, as on the Continent. The potters of Staffordshire seemed not to be too interested in imitating luxury wares; they were striving for a tougher, cleaner, and more attractive everyday china. From slip ware they developed "stoneware" a hard, dense, heavily glazed red or brown earthenware. When white Devonshire clay was introduced into the paste, it became

grayish in color, and, with the addition of calcined flint, it became still whiter.

SOMEONE, early in the eighteenth century, discovered that by throwing salt into the kiln when the temperature was at its peak, a thin film of very hard glaze could be deposited on the surface of the ware. This made it even more durable and resistant to liquids and food chemicals. By sifting and refining the clays, thinner vessels became practicable, and these were "cast" in molds instead of being turned on the wheel. Naturally, this dainty, yet practical, salt-glazed stoneware was very popular with the English, and soon with the Continental and American housewives as well. So, for the first time, English china entered world trade.

The name pre-eminently connected with the improvement of Staffordshire techniques was Josiah Wedgwood. Not that he was the inventor of all of these processes, rather, he was the clever assimilator—with the ideal of technical perfection ever as his goal. He insisted that lids should fit, spouts should pour, and handles be properly shaped. His cream-colored



STAFFORDSHIRE WARE  
Nineteenth Century



ROYAL DOULTON FIGURINE

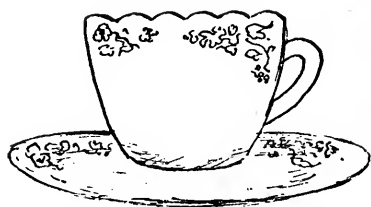
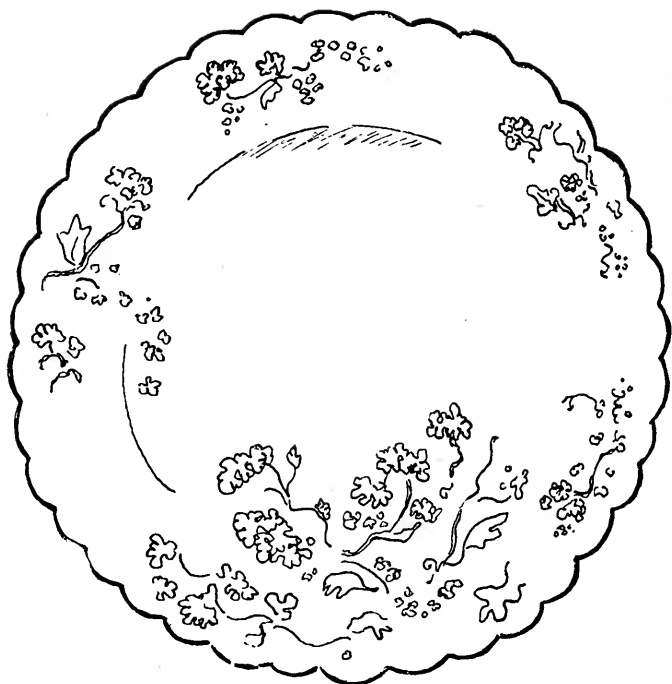
stoneware was the acme of simplicity and perfection. Decoration was applied in the form of vines, flowers, and grapes molded in clay and fastened to the surface by a method called sprigging. So widely was this ware acclaimed that Queen Charlotte, wife of George III, ordered a set, and henceforth Wedgwood was permitted to call his product Queen's Ware. The grapevine pattern is still a popular Queen's Ware design, though nowadays it is stamped on, rather than applied by hand.

In 1755, another sensational innovation in the china industry took place in Liverpool. The firm of Sadler and Green announced that they were setting up a business for decorating china by an entirely new process—transfer printing. Copper plate engravings were made to fit the piece to be decorated. Transfer papers were imprinted from the copper plate and, from the paper, the design was transferred to the dish. The ink was allowed to dry for several days, and then the piece was baked. It was glazed next, and given a final firing.

The Staffordshire potters availed themselves of Messrs. Sadler and Green's services, and quantities of stoneware went to Liverpool to be decorated, and thence out into the markets of the world. At first deep blue was the only color used because it fired well, but soon carmine, brown, green, and light blue were available. Engravings were made from the works of well-known artists, scenes, buildings, portraits of famous people, and characters from books, fanciful oriental designs and conventional patterns of fruit and flowers—even photographs were copied.

To America were sent scenes from our history, portraits of our famous men, and views sketched by our artists. Enoch Wood's pottery works put out more American scenes than any of the others, although the trade marks of Ridgeway, Clewes, Adams, Wedgwood, Stevenson, Spode, and others are to be found also, each with its own special border design of fruit or flowers and foliage, medallions, and scrolls. Although unclassified pieces turn up now and then, most patterns of historical Staffordshire can be identified in such interesting books on the subject as, *American Views on Historical Staffordshire*, by Ellouise Baker Larsen.

Staffordshire potters did not concentrate all their efforts on serviceable tableware, however. Wedgwood, in particular, was interested in creating something special in decorative ceramics. He turned to classical forms for his inspiration, and produced a great variety of urns and vases, bas-reliefs and busts in a very hard black stoneware called



SPODE BONE CHINA  
Chelsea Garden Pattern

Black Basalt. Not satisfied with this as a medium, he continued to experiment, and finally produced a perfectly white hard stoneware which would take such a high fire that it became vitreous.

**B**Y mixing coloring oxides in the paste, it could be delicately stained pale blue, sage green, yellow, dark blue, and other tints. Upon these colored pieces were applied white ornaments. This type of stoneware, Wedgwood called jasper ware, and he prized it above all his other productions. Ornamental dishes, vases, even jewelry and buttons of jasper ware were made. The most famous piece was the Portland Vase, which was copied from an antique original excavated from a tomb near Rome, and belonged to the collection of the Duchess of Portland.

Most other English potters imitated the enterprising Wedgwood, some of them, such as William Adams of Tunstall, and Josiah Spode of Stoke, equaled Wedgwood's

ware in quality. To Spode is ascribed the honor of developing, in 1794, a still different ware which merged the porcelain and earthenware styles. It is the Staffordshire bone china, a practical and economical hybrid porcelain containing bone ash. It is more durable than true porcelain, and cream-colored instead of pure white. With slight variations among different manufacturers, Spode's formula is still the standard wherever bone china is produced. It is usually decorated by hand, and such fine modern brands as Minton's, Royal Worcester, Crown Derby, Spode, and Wedgwood bone china achieve pre-eminence from the careful work of their skilled china painters who continue to reproduce the antique Chelsea, Meissen, and oriental patterns. Figurines and Toby jugs are popular products of the Royal Doulton factory.

Many have been the changes in the Staffordshire Pottery District since the slipware potters of long ago turned out their simple hand-made wares!

# Notes on Authors of the Lessons

THIS year two writers, Elder Archibald F. Bennett and Sister Christine Hinckley Robinson, are introduced to Relief Society members and readers of the *Magazine*.

Archibald F. Bennett, who prepared the social science lessons, was born in Dingle, Idaho, the son of William D. and Emma Neat Bennett. He received his B.A. and M.A. degrees from the University of Utah, majoring in history and political science. He taught at Taber High School, the Knight Academy, and Raymond High School in Alberta, Canada.

He served in the Canadian Expeditionary Force during the First World War for thirty-eight months, most of that time overseas in France.

On September 1, 1928, he became Secretary of the Genealogical Society of the Church, and has served over twenty-one years in that position, editing the *Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine* for twelve years.

With the development of micro-filming activities in the United States and ten countries of Europe, his duties have called him to visit the various countries there for several months during the years 1947 and 1948.

He has served as a member of the General Board of The Deseret Sunday School Union since August, 1940.

He married Ann Ella Milner of Raymond, Alberta, and they are the parents of five children, two sons and three daughters, with one grandchild.

Christine Hinckley Robinson is

the author of the lessons on "The Art of Homemaking." A member of the Relief Society general board, Sister Robinson is a daughter of Bryant S. and the late Christine Johnson Hinckley. She was born in Salt Lake City and attended Brigham Young University. Sister Robinson is the wife of Dr. O. Preston Robinson, and is the mother of one son and two daughters. Dr. Robinson was on the faculty of New York University for nearly twenty years. He is now head of the department of marketing at the University of Utah.

Sister Robinson is co-author with her husband of a popular textbook on modern salesmanship. In addition, she has written a number of newspaper and magazine articles on interior decoration. She studied home decorating at New York University and at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and taught at the Foster School of Fine Arts in New York.

Sister Robinson has an excellent understanding of the subject about which she writes and of how it can be adapted most effectively to the lives and homes of the sisters of the Relief Society.

For biographical sketches of the authors of the other lessons, see:

Elder Don B. Colton: *Relief Society Magazine*, July 1947, page 483.

Mary Grant Judd: *Relief Society Magazine*, July 1949, page 471.

Briant S. Jacobs: *Relief Society Magazine*, July 1949, page 471.

Florence J. Madsen, *Relief Society Magazine*, January 1939, page 32 and September 1941, page 592.



## *Theology*—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

Preview of Lessons for 1950-51

Elder Don B. Colton

AS in the previous three years, the textbook to be followed this year is *Jesus the Christ* by Elder James E. Talmage. This year's lessons will conclude the course.

It has been found advisable in two instances to include two chapters in one lesson, but they are comparatively short chapters and can be covered, if the outline is followed. By special request, the author has closely confined his discussion to the text. It is a wonderful biography of the Savior.

While supplemental and enrichment material is desirable, it should be germane to the text. Discussion should be confined to the subject matter of the lesson.

Surely every careful student can see how necessary it is for us to understand the life and teachings of Jesus the Christ. Anything which can be done to induce the world to follow him more faithfully, should challenge the attention and enlist the support of all honest people, and especially those who profess membership in his true Church.

This year's course should bring us to a deeper appreciation of the great work that our Redeemer did for us and awaken within our hearts a keen desire to do his will and keep

his commandments. The objective will be to show his great love for us and his willingness to glorify our Father in heaven. He marked the path for us to follow.

Suggestive questions and points for discussion are given at the end of each lesson, and it is hoped that they will aid in securing class participation. The class leader may desire to use other questions and should, of course, feel at liberty to do so.

We have again adopted the chapter titles of the text as titles for the lessons. For the 1950-51 season we shall study chapters 33 to 42, inclusive. These are the concluding chapters, giving the events of the most glorious life ever lived upon earth. The titles and objectives of the lessons follow:

Lesson 25. "*The Last Supper and the Betrayal*," chapter 33.

Objective: To teach the purpose of the sacrament and to show the great courage of the Savior in meeting the events of his betrayal.

Lesson 26. "*The Trial and Condemnation*," chapter 34.

Objective: To demonstrate the matchless love of Christ by recounting what he suffered to save mankind.



Lesson 27. "Death and Burial"; and "In the Realm of Disembodied Spirits," chapters 35 and 36.

Objective: To show more of the love of the Redeemer of the world, who suffered and died that mankind might be saved; and that this salvation includes both the living and the dead.

Lesson 28. "The Resurrection and the Ascension," chapter 37.

Objective: To create faith in the power of Jesus Christ over death and to show that his resurrection and ascension were real.

Lesson 29. "The Apostolic Ministry," chapter 38.

Objective: To demonstrate that, when authorized and filled with the Holy Ghost, the servants of the Lord carry on his work as he did while upon the earth.

Lesson 30. "Ministry of the Resurrected Christ on the Western Hemisphere," chapter 39.

Objective: To convince the careful student that the Lord blesses people wherever they serve him. The Church, with all its blessings, was organized among the people of the Western Continent.

Lesson 31. "The Long Night of Apostasy," chapter 40.

Objective: To prove that there was an apostasy from the Primitive Church and that the Lord Jesus ceased to reveal himself to men for centuries.

Lesson 32. "Personal Manifestations of God the Eternal Father and of His Son Jesus Christ in Modern Times"; and "Jesus the Christ to Return," chapters 41 and 42.

Objective: To show that God, the Eternal Father, and his Son, Jesus Christ, have manifested themselves on earth in modern times; and that Christ the Lord will return as a resurrected, glorified being to reign on earth.

### Conclusion

IT was my good fortune to be asked nearly four years ago to prepare the lessons on the life of Jesus the Christ. This has been indeed a labor of love, and I regret that these are the concluding lessons. I am grateful to the sisters of the general board. They have been very helpful and sympathetic.

I have felt a nearness to the Savior never before experienced in my life. I had a testimony of his divinity before commencing this labor, but have never felt his presence more than while working on these lessons. I am sure that if the sisters will study the life of the Savior, as I have done, they will be repaid a hundredfold for the effort, and will consecrate again their lives to teaching the gospel and helping others to live it.

This is one labor that brings its own reward. Feelings can never be quite defined. The feelings the Savior gives us cannot be described to others. If we "draw near to him, he will draw near to us." Let us not only study but feel his life.

Sincerely,  
Don B. Colton

# *Theology*—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

## Lesson 25—"The Last Supper and the Betrayal"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, by Elder James E. Talmage, chapter 33.)

For Tuesday, October 3, 1950

Objective: To teach the purpose of the sacrament and to show the great courage of the Savior in meeting the events of his betrayal.

### *The Priestly Conspirators and the Traitor*

TWO days before the last feast of the passover which Jesus was to attend on earth, the chief priests and wicked scribes began to conspire as to how they could put the Master to death, without causing an uprising among the people. The conspirators finally decided against putting him to death on the feast day; the danger was too great. The celebration lasted a week.

The plans of the rulers of the Jews were greatly aided by the unexpected appearance of Judas Iscariot, one of the Council of Twelve. Undoubtedly, this traitor was motivated by avarice. His question to them was, "What will you give me?" He bargained to sell his Master for thirty pieces of silver—about seventeen or eighteen dollars. It must be said, however, that the purchasing power of the money was far greater among the Jews in that day than among people today. Think of it! For that paltry sum earth's blackest deed of treachery was to be committed. Truly Iscariot had sold himself to Satan.

### *The Last Supper*

During the afternoon on the first day of the feast of unleavened

bread, the paschal lambs were slain within the temple court by representatives of families or groups who were to eat together. A portion of the blood of each lamb was sprinkled at the foot of the altar of sacrifice by one of the priests on duty for the day. The slain lamb, then said to have been sacrificed, was carried away to the designated gathering place of those by whom it was to be eaten. The last supper probably occurred that evening. Jesus had told Peter and John to return to Jerusalem and said:

Behold, when ye are entered into the city, there shall a man meet you, bearing a pitcher of water; follow him into the house where he entereth in. And ye shall say unto the goodman of the house, The Master saith unto thee, Where is the guestchamber, where I shall eat the passover with my disciples? And he shall shew you a large upper room furnished: there make ready. And they went, and found as he had said unto them: and they made ready the passover (Luke 22:10-13).

Although it was probably Thursday evening, as we reckon time, it was the beginning of Friday according to the Jewish calendar when Jesus sat down with the Twelve to partake of the last meal before his death.

And he said unto them, with desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer: For I say unto you, I will not any more eat thereof, until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God. And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and said, Take this, and divide it among yourselves: For I say unto you, I will not drink of the fruit of the vine, until the kingdom of God shall come (Luke 22:15-18).

It will be seen that Jesus followed the customary manner of beginning the passover supper. As they ate, Jesus sorrowfully remarked: "Verily I say unto you, One of you which eateth with me shall betray me" (Mark 14:18). Nearly all of the apostles began, in turn, to ask: "Is it I?" Most of them, no doubt, wondered whether, inadvertently, they might have said or done something which would cause the Lord's betrayal. However, when the brazen Iscariot asked that question, the reply was prompt: "Thou hast said" (Matt. 26:25).

### *The Ordinance of the Washing of Feet*

Another incident occurred at the supper which evidently brought sorrow to the Lord. Some of the Twelve began disputing over the matter of individual precedence, possibly as to the order in which they should take their places at the supper table. It was the human within them asserting itself. Again the Lord reminded them that the greatest of them all was he who most willingly served his fellows. He then proceeded to teach them a great lesson in serving. Laying aside his garments, he took a towel and girded himself and poured water into a basin. Kneeling before each in

turn, he washed the disciples' feet, and wiped them with a towel.

### *The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper*

During the memorable last supper which Jesus ate with his apostles before his death, many great things happened. None had more far-reaching effect than the instituting of the ordinance of the sacrament. They were still at the table when the Lord took a loaf or cake of bread and, after first giving thanks, blessed and sanctified it. He then gave a portion to each of the apostles, saying: "This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me" (Luke 22:19). He had already told them to eat the bread. Taking a cup of wine, he also blessed it and said: "Drink ye all of it; For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins" (Matt. 26:27-28). The ordinance was not surrounded by mystery. It was impressive and devoid of show. The bread and wine became emblems of the Lord's body and blood taken in remembrance. The simplicity of the ordinance gives it beauty and, certainly, it should be administered and partaken of reverently.

The proceedings at the institution of this sacred rite were afterward revealed by the Lord to Paul (I Cor. 11:23-34). It was revealed again in this our day (D. & C. 20:75). Many unauthorized changes have been made by an apostate world both as to its meaning and effect. It is easy to understand, however, when we know that it is to be done in remembrance of the Lord's suffering.

This is easy to understand, as are all of the ordinances of the gospel, by those who are given the priceless gift of the Holy Ghost.

### *The Betrayer Goes Out Into the Night*

When Jesus washed the feet of the apostles, he even washed the feet of the guilty Iscariot, but let it be known that all present were not clean. He answered John's whispered inquiry as to who would betray him with the words, "He it is, to whom I shall give a sop, when I have dipped it" (John 14:26). He was referring to his betrayer for, immediately, he dipped a piece of bread into a dish containing a mixture of some kind and gave it to Judas with the direction: "That thou doest, do quickly." The record states: "Satan entered into him." The traitor immediately left the blessed company he was to know no more, and went on his terrible mission, "and it was night."

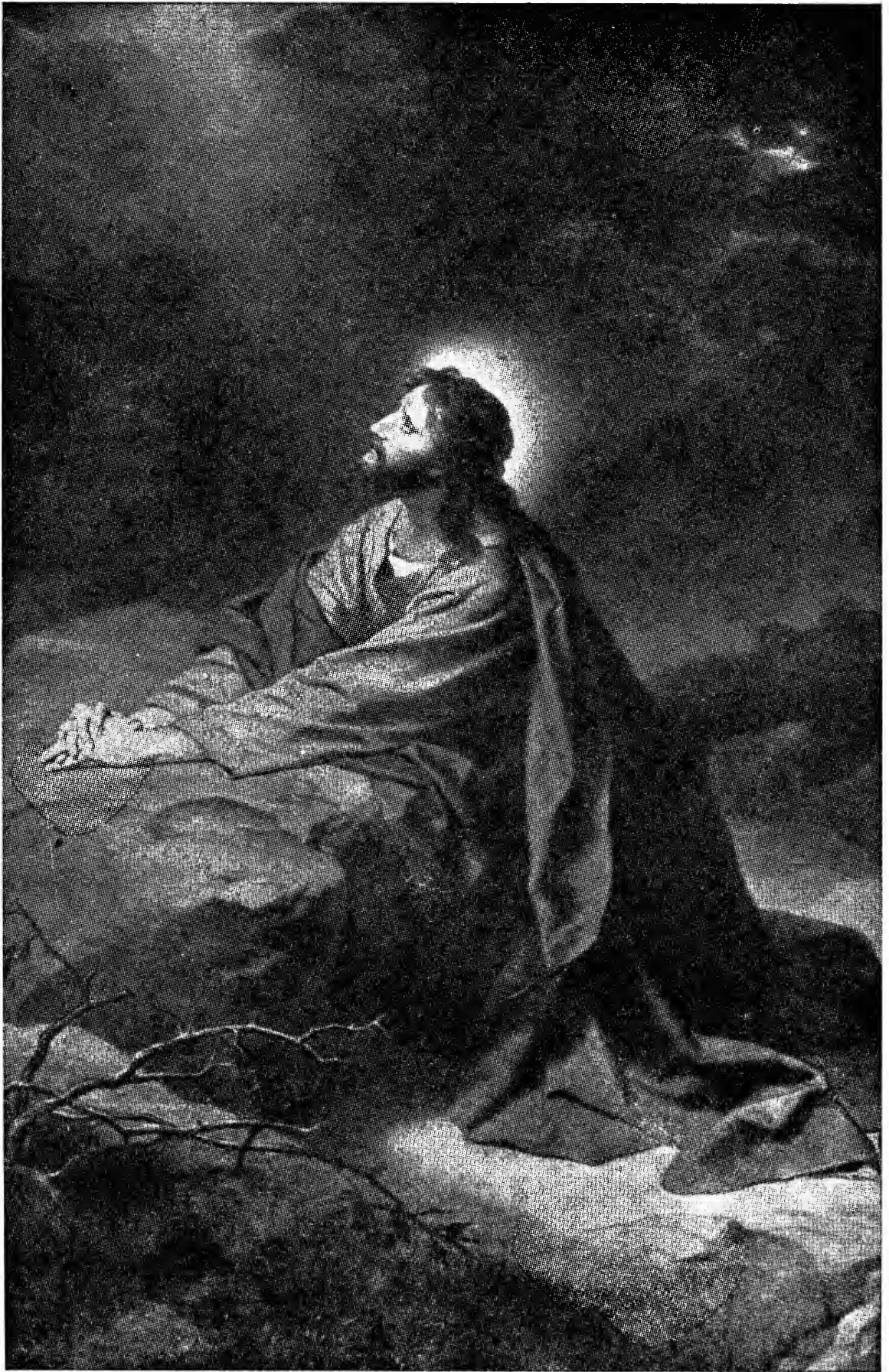
### *Discourse Following the Supper*

Following the departure of Iscariot, Jesus commenced to talk to the remaining apostles. "Now is the Son of man glorified, and God is glorified in him" (John 13:31). He inspired them with the glory of both the Father and the Son. He gave them a new commandment: "That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another" (John 13:34-35). Love should be the distinguishing mark not only of the apostles but of all members of the Church who truly love Christ.

Jesus again told them that he would have to leave them. Peter especially was disturbed. He seemed to have realized that the death of Jesus was near. The Lord made a very unusual remark to Peter: "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not: and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren" (Luke 22:31-32). The Master knew that even Peter, the chief of the apostles, would soon be overcome and deny even that he was acquainted with the Lord. Peter would deny the Savior thrice before the dawn of the next day.

Therefore the Lord had instructed the apostles in detail when he sent them upon their missions, however, a new order of things now awaited them. He referred to Isaiah's prophecy (Isa. 53) and told them he would soon be reckoned among the transgressors, "for the things concerning me have an end." The disciples said, "Lord, behold, here are two swords, And he said unto them, It is enough." Later, they were to learn the depth of his meaning. John alone records this last discourse. It is earnestly recommended that members of the class read John, chapters 14, 15, 16, and 17. Some of the most sublime truths of the gospel are taught therein.

One of these truths mentioned there is outstanding. Nearly all Christians believe that there are only two places in the hereafter. Jesus plainly told of the graded conditions of people in the hereafter. He described, as Paul later did, the degrees of glory, of places and stations in the eternal worlds. (Read



CHRIST IN GETHSEMANE

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From a Painting by Hoffman

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also I Cor. 15.) That there are many mansions in our Father's house is not understood in the so-called Christian world (John 14:2).

The Jews had been taught that there was but one God. Many people had refused to follow Jesus when he proclaimed himself the literal Son of God (John 6:55-66). The doctrine of the oneness of deity disturbed some of the apostles. Thomas inquired: "Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?" In their hearts, thousands have asked that question. The answer was clear. "I am the way, the truth, and the life." If one knows Christ, one also will know the Father. He that doeth the will shall know. (Read John 7:17.) Philip was also perplexed: "Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us." It evidently grieved the Savior that even his apostles did not understand, and he replied: "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Shew us the Father?" Jesus had been with them for three years; they held his holy Priesthood, but did not know that he was in the express image of the person of the Father. (Read Heb. 1:1-3.) They not only looked alike but were absolutely one in purpose and action. To know either was to know both, but the Father could be reached only through the Son. Jesus instructed his disciples to pray in his name to the Father and he promised to send them the Holy Ghost which would be a Comforter and would guide them into all truth.

The Holy Ghost was to be their

great guide and would take of the Father and reveal it unto them. As the apostles of the Lord, they would, by this great gift, be "strong and fruitful in good works." How impressive is this last admonition to them to abide in him and love one another. If they would do that they could "ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." Class members are again exhorted to read John 14, 15, 16, and 17.

The last and very wonderful discourse of the Lord to his apostles was probably delivered in different places. The first part of it was given in the upper room where they had eaten, and possibly the latter portion and his concluding prayer were given as they went to the Mount of Olives. It is interesting to note that they had sung a hymn before leaving the "upper room" (Matt. 26:26-30).

#### *The Concluding Prayer*

Note the Master's sublime prayer and statement following the discourse. Among other things he said: "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent" (John 17:3). He showed his boundless love as he prayed for those eleven faithful apostles and, since he was about to finish his work on earth, he made a brief report to the Father in his prayer and asked to be glorified with the glory he had "before the world was." His fervent prayer should be studied (John 17).

When they reached the Mount of Olives, he left eight of the apostles at the entrance with instructions to pray. With Peter, James, and

John, he went farther into the garden of Gethsemane. He was enveloped by deep sorrow and was to undergo what, perhaps, was the greatest individual struggle of the ages. He "began to be sorrowful and very heavy." He wanted to be alone; and "Saith unto them (his companions), My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death; tarry ye here, and watch with me. And he went a little further and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt." Returning to the three apostles, Jesus found them asleep. He gently reproved them and said: "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." Again he left them and prayed: "O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done." An angel appeared to him when he went back to offer his third prayer. "And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him. And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." The Lord had conquered. He had won the battle.

### *The Betrayal and the Arrest*

He now waited calmly as Judas approached. Judas, the traitor, led a body of Jewish police and Roman soldiers to the place where Jesus and his disciples waited. They came with torches and weapons to take him who could have commanded "twelve legions of angels" had he desired. The Lord walked calmly toward them and inquired: "Whom seek ye?" Judas profaned the sacred

face of Jesus with a kiss. Even though the signal agreed upon had been given, the soldiers hesitated to take Jesus. He told them frankly that he was Jesus of Nazareth. Mindful of his apostles, he asked that they be allowed to go their way. He was undoubtedly trying to shield them from the abuse and humiliation which he knew was to come to him.

Some of the apostles were ready to defend their Lord, and Peter drew his sword and smote off the ear of a servant of the high priest. Jesus secured permission to heal the wounded man, and forbade further resistance on the part of his friends. He was willing to drink the cup his Father was giving him. Jesus was bound with cords and led captive to face his deadly enemies. Jesus knew his rights and protested to the high priests and other officials, but said he yielded so that the word and will of God might be fulfilled.

### *Questions and Suggestions for Discussion*

1. Relate the story of the betrayal of Jesus.
2. What is the purpose of the sacrament of the Lord's supper? Tell of the Savior instituting the sacrament.
3. What is the great mission of the Holy Ghost? How is it bestowed?
4. What are some of the doctrines taught by the Lord in his last discourse?

### *References in the Gospels*

- Matt. 10:3; 11:16; 14:45; 20:22; 26:3-5, 14-19, 26-56; 27:3-10.  
 Mark 10:38, 39; 14:1, 10-16, 22-52; 15:28.  
 Luke 6:16; 14:7-11; 22:1-13, 19, 20, 24-38.  
 John 5:26-27; 7:30, 44, 45-53; 10:17, 18; 11:47-57; 13:1-38; 14; 15; 16; 17; 18:3, 9, 12.

# Visiting Teachers Messages—Our Savior Speaks

Preview of Lessons for 1950-51

Mary Grant Judd

THE visiting teacher messages for 1950-51 will again correlate with the theology lessons, being a continuation of the series "Our Savior Speaks." In so far as possible the messages have been written to have special interest in the particular months presented.

It is the earnest hope of the general board that during the year, the women of Relief Society, both those who have carried Christ's inspirational words into the homes, and those who have received them, will search out other teachings of our Savior and make them effective in their individual lives. It is felt this study, in connection with the theology lessons, will lead to the reading of the four gospels in their completeness, together with the account of Christ's coming to the American Continent as recorded in Third Nephi of the Book of Mormon.

The titles and objectives of the lessons for 1950-51 are as follows:

Lesson 9. "Come and Follow Me" (Matt. 19:21).

Objective: To call to mind that there is a path which, if followed, will lead to happiness here and hereafter.

Lesson 10. "Take Ye Heed, Watch and Pray" (Mark 13:33).

Objective: To bring out the vital power of prayer, and the need for habitual prayer.

Lesson 11. "Search the Scriptures for They Are They Which Testify of Me" (John 5:39).

Objective: To give incentive for a greater familiarity with the scriptures, particularly those in the Book of Mormon appropriate to Christmas.

Lesson 12. "For What Shall It Profit a Man If He Shall Gain the Whole World and Lose His Own Soul?" (Mark 8:36).

Objective: To stress that the chief aim of life should be the saving of the soul of man.

Lesson 13. "Forgive, and Ye Shall Be Forgiven" (Luke 6:37).

Objective: To define what constitutes true forgiveness and to point out why forgiveness has a two-fold aspect.

Lesson 14. "A New Commandment I Give Unto You, That Ye Love One Another As I Have Loved You" (John 13:34).

Objective: To show the all-inclusiveness of the pattern of love which Christ gives us to follow.

Lesson 15. "And Jesus Answering Saith Unto Them, Have Faith in God" (Mark 11:22).



Objective: To point out that faith in God is fundamental to true success in life.

Lesson 16. "Lo, I Am With You Always, Even Unto the End of the

World" (Matt. 28:20).

Objective: To leave a concluding message of hope and comfort in all the homes visited.

## Visiting Teacher Messages—Our Savior Speaks

Lesson 9—"Come and Follow Me" (Matt. 19:21).

Mary Grant Judd

For Tuesday, October 3, 1950

Objective: To call to mind that there is a path which, if followed, will lead to happiness here and hereafter.

**T**HIS is a day when there are concerted movements afoot for the possession of men's minds. This ideology or that ideology is presented as the magic formula to solve the perplexities of this troubled world. And yet these few simple words uttered by our Master—"Come and follow me" (Matt. 19:21) would, if heeded, set our footsteps in that path which will bring us peace of mind and true success.

Some of the phases of life which appear so simple, are, when we attempt to live them, found to be really difficult to achieve. For example, we all profess love of the Savior. We feel sure that were he here today to ask of us the same question asked of Peter, "Lovest thou me?" our answer would be the same as that given by the great disciple, "Yea, Lord, thou knowest I love thee" (John 21:16). And, yet, by the rule that Christ himself set, could we honestly say that we love him? He tells us that if we

love him we will keep his commandments. He goes further and states which are the most important commandments: namely, to love the Lord with all our hearts, might, mind, and strength, and to love our neighbors as ourselves. This is not always easy to do. As with the rich young man in the time of Christ, so with us today, there is ever that conflict between our striving for material possessions and for worldly honors and our desire to conform to the teachings of our Savior.

To consistently follow in the footsteps of the Master, is to make a *daily habit* of so doing. Only in this way can we gain and keep the momentum necessary to sustain us when the going is difficult. A mechanical engineer states that it requires six times as much power to start a fly wheel from a dead stop as it does to keep it going once it is in motion. Let us get our spiritual mechanisms in good running order and never allow them to slow down,

remembering that "no man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God" (Luke 9:62). Beginning in our own homes and in our own

communities, let us walk in the path that the Savior pointed out. Only by so doing can we consistently answer his call, "Come and follow me."

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## *Work Meeting*—The Art of Homemaking

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Preview of Lessons for 1950-51

Christine H. Robinson

**T**HE work meeting lessons for 1950-51, "The Art of Home-Making," have three fundamental objectives. *First*, they are designed to show all Latter-day Saint women how, through the intelligent application of a few simple principles and guides, they can make their homes more livable and attractive. *Second*, they are planned to encourage all Relief Society members, through full use of their own talents and skills, to be real homemakers as well as fine housekeepers. *Third*, they have the objective of encouraging all of us, through more thoughtful planning, to furnish our homes with maximum economy.

The home and our family unit lie at the heart of the gospel plan. As Latter-day Saints we are home-loving people. We know the important part a successful home can play in the molding of sound characters and in the development of wholesome personalities. With these fundamental convictions, we must constantly do everything within our powers to create the kind of homes which make us happy and in which our children can feel a sense of security and pride.

Although it takes more than carpets, furniture, draperies, pictures, mirrors, and other furnishings to make a home, these physical things, when selected with good taste and intelligence, can do much to establish an appropriate atmosphere in which the real spirit of the home can develop.

This course of study consists of eight lessons covering various basic home decorating problems. Each lesson, after a discussion of principles, methods, and techniques, lists a number of discussion points. These discussion points are designed as springboards for group discussions. Rather than using them merely as questions to be answered during the lesson period, we suggest you employ them as assignments, for the purpose of bringing in additional materials of specific interest to the members of your society.

The subjects of the lessons are as follows:

### Lesson 1. "Let's be Homemakers as Well as Housekeepers."

This is an introductory lesson designed to establish the importance of the home, and to indicate some of the interesting challenges faced by the successful homemaker.

**Lesson 2. *Color in the Home.***

Color is the number one element in superior decorating. We can produce beautiful color harmonies in our homes by correct application of the following guides: suitability to the individual and the home; proper balance of colors; building a color scheme.

**Lesson 3. *Draperies and Curtains.***

The important part curtains and draperies play in your decorating scheme; guides in the selection of curtain and drapery materials; the use of valances and cornices.

**Lesson 4. *Slipcovers and Dressing Table Skirts.***

The use of slipcovers in your home decorating; guides in choosing the correct fabrics for slipcovers; dressing table skirts can express your own tastes and desires; rule to remember in planning dressing tables.

**Lesson 5. *Choosing Appropriate Floor Coverings.***

Types of suitable floor coverings; selecting the right color for your floor covering.

**Lesson 6. *Choosing and Arranging Furniture.***

How to choose appropriate furniture; basic rules for arranging furniture for comfort and livability.

**Lesson 7. *Pictures, Mirrors, and Wall Accessories.***

The important role pictures play in your decorating scheme; guides for selecting pictures; size of pictures; grouping pictures effectively. Selecting and hanging mirrors. The use of china plates and brackets as interesting wall accessories.

**Lesson 8. *Table Settings and Service.***

Importance of proper table settings. Selecting table linens, silver, and china. Inexpensive and appropriate table decorations. Serving food attractively.

## *Work Meeting*—The Art of Homemaking

### Lesson 1—Let's Be Homemakers as Well as Housekeepers

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, October 10, 1950

#### **SOMEONE** has said:

Most of the great things of life are free. We can pay for pleasures and luxuries, but we cannot buy love. We can buy large houses and extravagant furnishings, but we cannot give gold for peace of mind or for happiness. It is common things that make us content, not luxuries; not palatial houses, but real homes. Kind friends, encouraging words, loving deeds, duty done, heartaches healed, a clasp, a kiss, a smile, a song, a welcome—these are the beams that bring summer into the

soul and make us lighthearted, free, and glad.\*

Today, more than during any other period in the history of the world, adults, as well as children, need homes which are built and maintained for the comfort, happiness, and security of those who live in them. We need homes which are havens of rest, which can resist the tremendous pressures of our

\*Adapted from *The New Book of Etiquette*, by Lillian Eichler, page 47, Garden City Publishing Company, Inc., New York.

modern age. Our homes should help us establish correct patterns of right living; they should abound in love, order, and consideration for others. We Latter-day Saints, in particular, to whom the home and the family are of such great importance, must make sure that we practice real homemaking in all of its aspects.

The role of a homemaker differs considerably from that of a housekeeper. The main objective of a housekeeper is to provide for the physical and material needs of the family. While this is an important element of homemaking, the real homemaker thinks not only of the physical comforts of the family, but she is equally concerned with its spiritual, intellectual, and emotional development. It is her joy to see that the family resources of money, time, and personal talents bring the greatest returns in health, happiness, and enjoyment to the individual members of the family unit.

The fine art of homemaking is composed of many elements, each one essential in its own right. The wise selection of food, clothing, and a place of shelter are the first essentials of life. Usually, however, these in and of themselves do not provide the greatest satisfaction. One of the most universally desired satisfactions is the need for beauty. The idea of what constitutes beauty varies with knowledge, training, and personal taste. However, whatever our standard for beauty, the pleasure we derive from it is something very real and lasting. Our homes offer countless opportunities for us to express this sense of beauty; and also to help us cultivate a taste for

it. The furnishing of our home, with the skillful employment of the principles of interior decoration, becomes an art in itself which can add immeasurably to the pleasure, satisfaction, and real physical and spiritual comfort of the family. Appropriate home decoration affords opportunity to express the desire for beauty which is inherent in all of us. It helps cultivate the esthetic taste of the child and thus increases his source for future wholesome enjoyment. Furthermore, the common interest and joy of a lovely home is a definite element in developing a sense of family unity. Families which take genuine pride in the artistic qualities of their home furnishings, however simple and inexpensive they may be, will discover that these things stand out among the intimate memories of their lives. This interest in the home will help the child to carry the tradition of looking for the beautiful into his later life.

To find beauty in the things about us and to be able to create something of it ourselves, means new opportunities for a higher standard of living, better homes, more completely rounded personalities, and happier families.

With all the competitions of modern living, it becomes more important than ever before for every woman to be a homemaker rather than just a housekeeper. Each of us must develop her own talents and build upon them for greater family unity, more love, and more enjoyment in our homes. In decorating our homes tastefully we have an important opportunity to accomplish these ends.

### Discussion Points

1. Show how the statement "The great things of life are free" can be applied to the art of homemaking.
2. Discuss some of the modern influences in and out of the home which compete with family unity and interests.

3. Expand on the thought that homemakers, as contrasted with housekeepers, are concerned with the spiritual, intellectual, and emotional development of their families.

4. Discuss the effect of attractive home surroundings upon the development of personality.

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## Literature—The Literature of England

Preview of Lessons for 1950-51

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

OUR literature course will continue the study of English literature begun last year. For the teachers who are carrying on, there should be no problem of a text, since they are familiar with our source book: Woods, Watt, Anderson — *The Literature of England*, volume I, Scott Foresman and Company. If a beginning teacher finds that her predecessor used her own personal copy of the text, or if, for any reason, the ward has never owned a copy, she may ask that ward Relief Society funds be used to procure our text from the Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, for \$4.50, \$4.75 postpaid. A constant familiarity with this book is one great secret for the achievement of vital, rewarding teaching.

Our goal is: "Seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom, seek learning even by study and also by faith" (D.&C. 109:7). The course of study objective remains unchanged, and bears repeating: "To earn and share that high pleasure which only literature and a sense of the past can give." In working toward such an end, we hope to bring to life, and within us, the full mean-

ing of our Thirteenth Article of Faith; we also follow the admonition of Paul, which says, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good" (I Thess. 5:21).

It has often been said, but not nearly so often heard with the true inner ear of the mind and spirit, that literature is life. We must also hear again the words of Matthew Arnold wherein he defines literature as "the best that has been thought and said in the world." That life is very real, and that we are alive and in the midst of it, each one of us knows. And, in harmony with the best thinkers, we think about our lives, and finally come to talk about what we think and see to be true in the actualities of daily life.

While some of the greater souls among us have had keen insight into the truths of life, only very rarely have these truths been preserved in permanent form. When truths are merely talked about they are either lost entirely or become so twisted and colored in the repeating that their force is lost. To the writers of all ages who have bothered to record the truths of

life as they saw them, we are eternally grateful. They felt their impressions about life were not useful only for the moment and then to be discarded. And whether their thoughts have proved to be of primary or secondary value, they were considerate enough to leave them to us.

Inevitably, of course, some of these recordings—indeed the vast majority—have been produced by average minds. Writers, like readers, can only “hear what they understand.” Some few have given to us eternal truths which stand the test of time forever, which help us to live and know each other better.

This is the literature which we must always seek, and study, and then, finally, come to love.

The titles for the eight lessons follow:

- Lesson 9. *Paradise Lost*
- Lesson 10. *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*
- Lesson 11. *John Dryden*
- Lesson 12. *Richard Steele* and *Joseph Addison*
- Lesson 13. *Jonathan Swift*
- Lesson 14. *Alexander Pope*
- Lesson 15. *Oliver Goldsmith*
- Lesson 16. *Samuel Johnson* and *James Boswell*

## *Literature*—The Literature of England

### Lesson 9—*Paradise Lost*

*Elder Briant S. Jacobs*

For Tuesday, October 17, 1950

OUR final lesson in May was concerned with Milton and his lesser works; it was also designed as an introduction to the present lesson. A review of this lesson (printed in the February 1950 issue of the *Magazine*) will, therefore, help to provide background and continuity for our present study, as will a scanning of the recommended background reading in our text (Woods, Watt, Anderson, *The Literature of England*, I, pp. 564-575, 579-580, 638-639).

More than all else in his life—perhaps as a combination of all else—John Milton was one of the greatest pioneers of the human mind and spirit. William Shakespeare

his one serious competitor in the English tongue, knew mankind so well that, as he re-created their foibles and strengths, he became for the moment whatever character he was creating, and thus became all men. An attempt to construct a biography or a clear word picture of Shakespeare from his works meets with failure. Laborious research by Shakespearean scholars has amassed some knowledge of the poet's life, but it has largely failed to give us a personality we can understand and know. The creation of such quantity and quality, the perfection of so many varied characterizations, and the genius of word usage and dramatic power, serve to hide rath-

er than to reveal Shakespeare, the man. In sharpest contrast, the writings of Milton picture Milton as both a man of action and a thinker. One writer has said that in his great scholarship and ability he represents the whole range of the Renaissance—the best type of classical scholar and the best type of Puritanism—yet he is ever apparent in everything he wrote. His beliefs, born of his scholarship and inspiration, are his works. A reader cannot escape knowing John Milton from his writings. As we come to recognize the dominance of his almost fierce integrity, we are then ready to realize that the lofty vision, the high resolve, the vast industry and intellectual strength, the moral courage, and the self-sufficient independence which characterized his life are the basic characteristics as well of his magnificent, uncompromising art.

In the essential Protestant spirit of purifying (or Puritanizing), Milton protested man's tendency to believe in relatively false conventions, governments, and churches rather than obeying the divine Reason within himself. In his lifetime, therefore, he flung his entire physical and intellectual energies into the fight against Pope and king, social convention, and moral cowardice. His goal: to achieve the right for men to exercise free will. If ever there was proof that the pen is mightier than the sword, it is Milton's *Areopagitica* (a reō pã ji' ti ca), (see text, page 705) one of the greatest pleas for freedom of thought ever penned. Similar proof is to be found in *Paradise Lost*, the pinnacle of Mil-

ton's genius, and hardly less than the best that can be found in English literature.

From his nineteenth year Milton had dedicated his life to writing such an epic. After receiving his M. A. degree at Cambridge he spent six years at Horton in intense study. He next began a leisurely tour of Europe, thus hoping to broaden his cultural background, but returned home abruptly in 1639 when the political and religious situation in England became unbearable. He gave almost the next twenty years of his life to the Puritan cause.

In 1640, just before Milton began writing his forceful pamphlets defending his cause, he felt he was ready to begin his great epic work. The long list of subjects he drew up at this time is now in Trinity College, Cambridge. He had dreamed of writing an epic about King Arthur which would honor English nationalism, just as Homer and Virgil had honored their nations in epic poetry. He also was fascinated at this time with the story of Adam's fall, and composed four rough drafts, entitled the most complete one, "Adam Unparadized." He had actually started work on the Arthurian epic, but found it too large a subject. Meanwhile King Arthur's myth had been adopted and popularized by Milton's enemies, the Royalists. Later, when the Puritan Commonwealth was repudiated by England, how could he write an epic honoring a country which had for him failed so miserably?

Just when the final version of the Adam epic was begun, we are not certain, but it was probably about

1658. We do know that *Paradise Lost* was registered and ready for sale August 20, 1667, and that it was originally published in ten books, rather than the present twelve. Upon publication, Milton received the first of four payments of five pounds; and when he died his widow settled for an additional eight pounds.

From the beginning the poem sold well. The curious were interested to know what a once-proud and powerful Puritan would have to say to his victorious contemporary enemies. The bold innovations of his style and verse-form appealed to the learned and the scholarly. But its primary appeal was the fervor and sublimity of its poetic force. Here indeed was pure poetry, the outpourings of a soul at once impassioned, unbelievably deep and broad, and entirely free. When the poem was first read by John Dryden, one of the most wise and influential critics and authors of the age, he said, "This man cuts us all out, and the ancients, too."

Stripped to its bare essentials, the plot of *Paradise Lost* is extremely simple, having its origin in Genesis. Satan, originally the first Archangel of Heaven, has been forced out of Heaven with his Legions because they fought against God for elevating Christ to the place of honor. Hurling into Hell, he plots with his leaders to take revenge on God by visiting the newly made earth and there upsetting his glorious plan for man's future. Satan himself makes the perilous journey through Chaos, finds Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and seduces her to eat of the forbidden fruit.

She, in turn, is joined by Adam in eating this forbidden food. As punishment, they are cast out of the Garden, but promised that all is not lost, for all will be redeemed by Christ. Satan returns to his followers to boast of his success, but they are all transformed into crawling writhing serpents.

Upon this framework of simplicity of plot Milton built the beautiful, lavish word-structure and style which would most brilliantly give expression to his ideas, and at the same time function most compatibly with the ideas themselves. The great theme is the downfall of Lucifer, the sin and punishment of Man, and how these two tragic events are inter-related. Milton adheres to his original purpose, to "justify the ways of God to man by showing that Evil in the world came not from a Deity who is all loving, all knowing, all powerful, but from a spirit who is the essence of evil." In doing so, he reaches some pessimistic conclusions. He does not blame God; rather he blames Adam and Eve for having foolishly thrown away the chance to make a paradise of this world, of the here and now. For Milton, the greatest pathos lay, not in Eve's eating of the forbidden fruit, but in the fact that Man was not worthy of the greatest privilege God could bestow upon him: freedom of the will. Eve's great sin lay in her trivial mind. Even after the Archangel Gabriel explained in infinite detail the vital role Adam and Eve had been given, and the tremendous consequences which hinged upon their ability to exercise free-will wisely—even then, Eve was not



overly impressed. After she had sinned, she refused to face the fact, hoping that God might even overlook what might well be a tiny error. Thus mankind chose to enslave his reason to passion and sin; thus he was denied the peace of the Garden of Eden, denied peace both physically and mentally. (Compare Milton's concept of the Fall with the knowledge possessed by the Latter-day Saints.)

While the above philosophy might seem to us normal and commonplace, we need only contrast it with Catholic absolutism, King Charles' belief in the divine right of kings, or especially John Calvin's principles of "sinners in the hands of an angry God," to see how bold and original were Milton's concepts. But in Milton, as in much great literature, content is less than half: it is the literary, intellectual style, with its sustained "organ tones" and its vast, majestic scope which Milton invented for his high, unique purpose which provides for his thoughts the ideal medium of expression.

True to his classical models of Homer and Virgil, Milton used the stock epic trappings: beginning in the midst of things, the formal roll call, (text, page 656, lines 376-505) formal epithets, Homeric similes. In addition, he used many tricks of his own devising. His lavish use of geographic names not only gave the lines sonorous tone, but by choosing rivers, peaks, and cities (text, page 656) important throughout recorded history or mythology, he created the illusion of having captured in his lines something of both time and space.

Indeed, no other work of literature has ever had poured into its making the seemingly inexhaustible store of learning which was Milton's. The literature, legend, history and theology of ancient, medieval, and Renaissance worlds seem to have been completely at his command, as no one can escape realizing after reading Books I and II of *Paradise Lost*, which are found in our text. And when we recall that in composing his poem he was unable to thumb through innumerable source books for material, but, instead, blind and alone, composing it while lying in bed at night, we gain some little understanding of how thoroughly Milton had studied and digested the available learning of his day. Nor is this material tacked on to the poem, merely to display his mental powers or to decorate or illustrate. Instead, he has woven it into the very stuff of the poem itself, enriching and strengthening the character, scene, or concept which at the moment is central in the poem's development. Further, great artist that he was, Milton loved to create in the world of the imagination. In thus creating scenes of vastness and undefined mystery, vigorous characters, sensations and emotions (particularly in the first two books of *Paradise Lost*), Milton studded this material so richly with simile and comparison drawn from his life-long reading that he has never been equaled for flexibility, for music, nor for opulent, epic grandeur.

*Note to Teachers:*

Technically *Paradise Lost* is probably the greatest poem in our language, for in the style which he created herein, now

known as "Miltonic blank verse," he proves himself one of our greatest poetic craftsmen. He is completely master of his medium, effortlessly manipulating whatever poetic device he is using into precisely the shade of meaning he desires to communicate. Within the first twenty-six lines of Book I we find exemplified his most frequently used devices: (1) the long, periodic or suspended sentence; (2) run-on lines; (3) free placing of pauses within the line; (4) minor metric substitutions: iambic to trochaic (See text, page 1132); and (5) variation in accent: four or six accents to a line, rather than five. (If you feel the above material is rather technical, do not use it, since there is much else. If you know this material, its presentation to your group will enrich their appreciation.)

It is always unfair to any great work of literature to study only a few selections, thus inferring that the few can represent all. In *Paradise Lost* this is particularly true. While Milton's glowing visual imagination makes splendid Books I and II, the later books contain values which, although not so immediately spectacular, are equally valuable and enduring. Realizing, then, the riches we ignore, let us glance for a moment at the selections in our text.

The introductory note (pp. 649-650) and the argument to each book (pp. 650, 662) are useful in placing any specific passage in relation to the whole. If you have never read Milton's epic before, you might well find it difficult, since it is concentrated and intense. However, if you will read him aloud to yourself, you will soon learn to follow his style and pattern of thought. Books I and II are filled with passages which, if read with understanding and sufficient volume to be heard, will prove memorable to a

listening audience. Of course, you will want to choose passages to read aloud which seem most rewarding to you; the following selections are therefore merely suggested.

In Book I, lines 1-26, are important, since in them Milton announces his lofty aim, and dedicates himself to achieving it. Satan's contempt of Hell and his unrest therein (44-74), and his vows of hate and revenge (84-124, 242-270) early establish the intensity of his will to be free once more. The vast eeriness of Hell is described (192-238). His shield and spear are described (283-298), and the gathering of his legions whom he addresses brilliantly (299-330). The roll call of his twelve demon leaders next follows (376-505), masterful studies in characterization. When his standard is raised it shines

Like a meteor streaming to the wind. . .  
At which the universal host up-sent  
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond  
Frighted the reign of Chaos and Old  
Night.

(537-543)

In the following lines, the "united force and fixed thought" of Satan's character are enlarged on; then, in ringing tones against a background of flaming swords thrown aloft, he hurls defiance toward the vault of Heaven and stirs his followers to revolt (622-662). The gold and the dazzling wealth of Hell are described and their appropriateness in Hell is pointed out (670-692). To the end of the Book, various vocations are described, and the newly built Pandemonium is erected as the fitting place for the great council, the theme of Book II.

The second Book opens with Satan on his throne, posing to his throng the question of how to be revenged against God. Each of his leaders arises to offer his solution, at the same time characterizing himself most tellingly (to 283). Satan spurns talk of peace, suggests that someone go to the new earth to corrupt Man, and finally begins the journey alone through Chaos, intent on seducing Adam and Eve into error. The legions explore "a universe of death" teeming with epic horrors (561-628), while Satan wings his way through the terror on the outer fringe of Hell. Guarding the gate is the monster Sin, Satan's daughter, who finally lets him pass into the "secrets of the hoary Deep"

(to 891). He traverses the night and death that is Chaos until finally he sees the light of Heaven, which reveals the new world to him. Thither, "Accurst, and in a cursed hour, he hies." Thus comes to an end the first great division of *Paradise Lost*.

### Questions for Discussion

1. Why is Milton sometimes referred to as a "pioneer of the human spirit"?
2. Discuss Milton's failure to write an epic about King Arthur.
3. Cite examples to prove that Milton was one of the most learned poets in the history of literature.
4. To what do you attribute the grandeur and majesty of *Paradise Lost*? Its style? Its content?

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## *Social Science*—The Progress of Man

### Part I—The Lesson of History

#### Preview of Lessons for 1950-51

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

**WE** live in perilous times. The threat of impending war is ever present—war on a scale heretofore unimagined, with the use of weapons that might well cause destruction of whole nations. Revolutionary political theories clamor for recognition, battling with the old, and count their devotees by the millions. Tried and trusted standards of morals and government are being ruthlessly discarded. Ours is a momentous day of transition, fraught with tremendous dangers. As never before we need an unerring guide.

rightly interpreted, can aid the world in its present dilemma. What we need is history from a heavenly viewpoint—a skyview of human happenings. It requires the inspiration of the Lord to understand and properly appraise the lesson of human events. Modern revelation has given us this very key to the occurrences of history, with the Lord's own interpretation.

In the light of this new knowledge it was possible and urgent to revise the histories written by scholarly but uninspired men. The Prophet Joseph Smith led the way with his illuminating article on

The experiences of the past, if

"The Government of God" (Lesson 7); and by other teachings given by him. Succeeding leaders have continued to emphasize cardinal, guiding principles. It remained for one well-informed in both history and the revealed word of God to harmonize the facts from both fields and portray anew the true meaning of past events and present problems.

Such a penetrating analysis is the text for the present year, *The Progress of Man*, written by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, an apostle of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and its Church historian. It is an outline history of man interpreted in the light of revelation. It tells of the nobility and excellence of the first man, and the glory of his opportunities. In the lights and shades of the vicissitudes of subsequent generations, we discern the great truth that righteousness leads always to the heights of civilization; that "wickedness never was happiness" nor progress, but leads always to degradation and destruction. History, we learn, is not a gradual and continuous ascent from lower levels to higher, but a series of advancements or declines, according as the nations of men have hearkened unto or forsaken the commandments of God.

In this everlasting conflict between good and evil, light and darkness, freedom and oppression, we can see the final and destined triumph of truth. Individuals have failed woefully; whole nations have gone down into the depths of degradation and oblivion, but the righteous men will, in the end, prevail in righteousness and achieve

their ultimate destiny as children of God the Father.

These lessons here presented are an abridgment of the above text. The actual words of the author have been retained, rearranged to conform to the selected sequence of lesson topics. Part I, consisting of seven lessons for 1950-51, has for its theme "The Lesson of History." Part II, with a like number for 1951-52, is entitled "From Darkness into Dawn," and portrays the determined struggle of man through the Dark and Middle and early Modern Ages for freedom in thought, in religion, and government. Part III, for 1952-53, "In the Way of Destiny," will point the way through the present perils to the glorious final destiny of exalted man upon a celestial earth.

The class leader from the beginning should have access to the complete text of *The Progress of Man*, and consult freely the copious scriptural references given therein. In addition, she should read, generously, standard texts in history and those volumes available giving the teachings of our inspired leaders, such as:

*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*; *Discourses of Brigham Young*; *The Gospel Kingdom* (Pres. John Taylor); *The Discourses of President Wilford Woodruff*; *Gospel Doctrine* (Pres. Joseph F. Smith); *Gospel Standards* (Pres. Heber J. Grant); and the sermons, writings, and comments on world conditions and events by President George Albert Smith, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., President David O. McKay, and other Church leaders who guide us.

The titles and objectives of the lessons follow:

## PART I. THE LESSON OF HISTORY

Lesson 1. *The God-given Agency of Man*, text, chapter 1; chapter 5, pp. 65-66, 71; chapter 37, page 448.

Objective: To present the great truth that man, offspring of God and in his likeness, has been given intelligence and an individual agency or liberty to act according to his own choice and the desires of his heart. Properly used, this great gift will lead him to eternal happiness and back into the presence of God, the Father.

Lesson 2. *The First Earth Government*, text, chapter 2; chapter 6, pp. 79-80; chapter 5, pp. 66-68; chapter 3, pp. 39-40.

Objective: To show that for the benefit of Adam and his posterity, God established upon the earth a perfect system of government of patriarchal pattern.

Lesson 3. *Evil Forces in the World*, text, chapter 6; chapter 7.

Objective: To depict how Satan, perpetual opponent of the plan of salvation, induced early man to forsake his divine form of government and introduced a rule of force and oppression.

Lesson 4. *Ancient Political Despotisms*, text chapter 8.

Objective: To show how nations of old rebelled against God, turned to wickedness and idolatry, and set up rulers with absolute power who might destroy all religious and political freedom and consider the individual of no worth.

Lesson 5. *Nations Which Rose and Fell*, text, chapter 3; chapter 9; chapter 11, pp. 144-147.

Objective: To demonstrate that every nation of the past which forsook God and his righteous principles brought war and bloodshed and misery, degradation and death upon its people, and went down in failure or to utter destruction.

Lesson 6. *The Role of Ancient Israel*, text, chapter 10.

Objective: To portray how Israel's mission, as the Lord's chosen people, was to preserve in the world the knowledge of God and the true gospel, and to exercise divine authority for the good of all mankind.

Lesson 7. *Universal Peace Must Come from God*, text, chapter 4.

Objective: To prove that man-made governments have always failed tragically; and that it needs the wisdom, intelligence, and power of God to bring universal peace and happiness.

# *Social Science*—The Progress of Man

## Part I—The Lesson of History

### Lesson 1—The God-Given Agency of Man

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

(Text, *The Progress of Man*, by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, chapters 1 and 5, pp. 71, 65-66; chapter 37, p. 448.)

For Tuesday, October 24, 1950

Objective: To present the great truth that man, offspring of God and in his likeness, has been given intelligence and an individual agency or liberty to act according to his own choice and the desires of his heart. Properly used this great gift will lead him to eternal happiness and back into the presence of God, his Father.

### *The Genesis of Man*

**T**HE Bible teaches us that man existed in the spirit creation before he appeared on this earth with his physical body, but this doctrine in the Bible is only discerned through a mist or fog. This fog is created, as recorded by Nephi, because many plain and precious things have been taken out of the Bible, which fact causes an exceeding great many to stumble, "inasmuch that Satan hath great power over them" (Book of Mormon, I Nephi 13:29). In the restoration of these plain and precious parts which have been given to the Church in our present dispensation, the doctrine of man's pre-existence in the spirit creation is clearly and forcefully taught.

The Latter-day Saints believe that man is a spirit clothed with a tabernacle of flesh and bones, the intelligent part of which was never created or made, but existed eternally. This belief is based upon a revelation given to the Church, May 6, 1833, at Kirtland, Ohio. In this revelation the Lord declared:

Man was also in the beginning with God. Intelligence, or the light of truth, was not created or made, neither indeed can be . . . . For man is spirit. The elements are eternal, and spirit and element, inseparably connected receive a fulness of joy; And when separated, man cannot receive a fulness of joy (Doc. & Cov. 93:29, 33-34).

Abraham declares:

Now the Lord had shown unto me, Abraham, the intelligences that were or-

ganized before the world was . . . . And God saw these souls that they were good, and he stood in the midst of them, and he said: These I will make my rulers; for he stood among those that were spirits, and he saw that they were good (Pearl of Great Price, Abraham 3:22-23).

Some of our writers have endeavored to explain what an intelligence is, but to do so is futile, for we have never been given any insight into this matter beyond what the Lord has fragmentarily revealed. We know, however, that there is something called intelligence which always existed. It is the real eternal part of man, which was not created or made. This intelligence, combined with the spirit, constitutes a spiritual identity or individual.

### *Man the Offspring of God*

The spirit of man, then, is a combination of the intelligence and the spirit or an "organized intelligence," which is an entity begotten of God. Jesus is in very deed our Elder Brother, the Firstborn in the spirit and the Only Begotten of the Father in the flesh; and God is in very deed our Father, according to the plain declaration of the scriptures, both ancient and modern. It was in the light of this teaching that Eliza R. Snow wrote her beautiful hymn—"O My Father."

The following is an excerpt taken from an epistle issued by the First Presidency and the Twelve Apostles, June 30, 1916.

*Father, as Literal Parent. Scriptures embodying the ordinary signification—literal-*

ly that of Parent—are too numerous and specific to require citation. The purport of these scriptures is to the effect that God the Eternal Father, whom we designate by the exalted name-title “Elohim” is the literal Parent of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and of the spirits of the human race. Elohim is . . . distinctively the Father of spirits. Thus we read in the Epistle to the Hebrews: “Furthermore we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live?” (Heb. 12:9). In view of this fact we are taught by Jesus Christ to pray: “Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name” (*Improvement Era*, 19:934).

### *Man Created in the Likeness of God*

It is recorded in Genesis that God said unto his Only Begotten Son:

Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them (Gen. 1:26-27).

The Book of Moses, revealed in our day, is even more explicit in its account of creation:

In the day that God created man, in the likeness of God made he him; In the image of his own body, male and female, created he them (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 6:8-9).

### *Man's Free Agency*

Since man is in very deed the offspring of God, and therefore created in his image, he must be endowed with certain characteristics inherited from his Father. He is ordained, by virtue of his birthright, to become an intelligent, independ-

ent being within his sphere. That this might be brought about, the great gift of free agency is granted. There could be no progression, no real existence, without this great gift. When the plan of salvation was presented to the spirits in the pre-mortal estate, each individual spirit had the privilege of receiving or rejecting that plan, for this power was inherent within him. It is an eternal principle. Lucifer sought to destroy it, and proposed to take away from man the right and power to act as a free agent, and substitute in the stead thereof the law of compulsion.

In the Book of Moses in the Pearl of Great Price it is written:

And I, the Lord God, spake unto Moses, saying: That Satan, whom thou hast commanded in the name of mine Only Begotten, is the same which was from the beginning, and he came before me, saying—Behold, here am I, send me, I will be thy son, and I will redeem all mankind, that one soul shall not be lost, and surely I will do it; wherefore give me thine honor.

But, behold, my Beloved Son, which was my Beloved and Chosen from the beginning, said unto me—Father, thy will be done, and the glory be thine forever.

Wherefore, because that Satan rebelled against me, and sought to destroy the agency of man, which I, the Lord God, had given him, and also, that I should give unto him mine own power; by the power of mine Only Begotten, I caused that he should be cast down;

And he became Satan, yea, even the devil, the father of all lies, to deceive and to blind men, and to lead them captive at his will, even as many as would not hearken unto my voice (Moses 4:1-4).

President Brigham Young has correctly said:

What is the foundation of the rights of man? The Lord Almighty has organized man for the express purpose of becoming an independent being like unto himself, and has given him his individual agency, leaving him at liberty to act in the way that seemeth good unto him (*Millennial Star* 20:43).

Alma has stated it in these words:

I ought not to harrow up in my desires, the firm decree of a just God, for I know that he granteth unto men according to their desire, whether it be unto death or unto life; yea, I know that he allotteth unto men according to their wills, whether they be unto salvation or unto destruction.

Yea, and I know that good and evil have come before all men; he that knoweth not good from evil is blameless; but he that knoweth good and evil, to him it is given according to his desires, whether he desireth good or evil, life or death, joy or remorse of conscience (*Book of Mormon*, Alma 29:4-5).

While this free gift, inherent through our birthright as the children of God, will be the means by which many will fail to obtain the reward of exaltation, yet it is plain to see that exaltation could not be granted to any soul without the exercise of this great gift which makes of him a free agent. Through this power, and by obedience to the principles of eternal truth, he will eventually become an independent being, exercising the fulness of authority and power in the kingdom of God.

### *The Power to Rise*

Man was made to have dominion over all the works of the Almighty upon the earth, for he is the crowning glory of all creation. Moreover,

while man in this mortal world with its changing scenes is made a little lower than the angels, yet the power is in him to rise far above the angels through the exercise of his agency. He may become like God, his Father, who planted in his being the divine spark in the creation, which spark may be developed to its fulness through the glorious mission on the earth of our Redeemer, Jesus Christ.

The spirit of worship is inherent in man because he is the child of God born in the spirit world. It is natural for men to worship, no matter where they live, or when. No matter how depraved or ignorant they become, within their souls is the feeling of worship. It may become very dim and apparently disappear entirely through yielding to sin, yet it is doubtful if that spark is ever entirely destroyed. How could it be destroyed when man's eternal spirit was begotten of God?

The facts that men have inherited from the Father the feeling of worship and reverence, and that the idea of God is one received from our first parents who taught their children in meekness and truth all things in relation to their duty and obligations unto God, make men moral agents. They are possessed of spiritual endowment, and hence are responsible to the Higher Powers.

This doctrine coincides with the revelation of the Lord, already noted, that every man born into the world is enlightened by the Spirit of Truth, and with such guidance becomes a moral agent before the throne of God. His conscience is the monitor, or guide which comes



from this eternal Spirit given to every man to lead him in the path of right and truth. If he will continue to hearken to the voice of the Spirit of Truth, or Spirit of Christ, it will lead him eventually to the fulness of the light—the gospel of Jesus Christ.

President John Taylor, in his very excellent and inspirational work, *The Government of God*, has this to say:

Man, then, is a moral agent, possessing the power to do good or to do evil; if he does well, he fulfills the measure of his creation, and secures his happiness in time and in eternity. If he does not well, and is involved in difficulties and misery, it is his own fault, and he may blame himself (chapter 6).

### *The Purpose of Earth Life*

The restored gospel has given to the world the perfect understanding concerning man's existence. It has marked out with some detail where he is from, why he is here, and where he is going, and why. The Book of Mormon declares: "Adam fell that men might be; and men are, that they might have joy." The purpose of mortal life is, then, to prepare man for joy in the eternal existence.

I quote from the Prophet Joseph Smith:

Happiness is the object and design of our existence; and will be the end thereof, if we pursue the path that leads to it; and this path is virtue, uprightness, faithfulness, holiness, and keeping all the commandments of God (D.H.C. V, pp. 134-135).

The purpose of this earth life, so far as man is concerned, is that he may, through all the vicissitudes of

mortality, prove himself worthy of advancement to the fulness of exaltation, or, through rejection and transgression of divine law, receive a reward of punishment and denial of blessings according to his works. Whether he receives exaltation or condemnation, we are positively informed that it will be a reward based upon individual merit.

In the spirit world man walked by sight. He was in the presence of the Father and the Son. He had his agency to accept or reject the covenants and commandments which were given there. We are told that one third of the spirits rebelled against the plan of salvation due to the persuasion of Lucifer, who aspired to become the redeemer of the world through the introduction of unjust principles. In that spirit existence we were able to comprehend that there were many blessings which we did not there possess. We beheld the Father in his glory and, without question, we longed to be like him. The plan of salvation was presented and the spirits of men were informed that only by passing through this mortal probation, where they would come in contact with temptation and all manner of evil as well as the good, and by passing through death and the resurrection, could the exaltation come so that they could be like our glorious Father. We were informed, and the matter was made very clear, that we would have to walk by faith, not by sight. Moreover, many would yield to temptation and sin and would refuse to accept the divine law of the gospel which should be given for our guidance and by means of which we

could come back into the presence of the Father and the Son. We understood the dangers and the risks of failure in making the journey through the mortal life, yet we rejoiced and were glad to have the opportunity to come and receive all that mortality offered. What we accepted there, without doubt, was accepted by all with eyes open and with understanding of the dangers and advantages.

### *Thoughts for Discussion*

1. Exactly what facts have been revealed about "the intelligences that were organized before the world was"?
2. Explain the full significance in the story of man's creation of the words "in the image of his own body, male and female, created he them."
3. Discuss the difference between license to do as one pleases and "free agency."
4. According to history, has man always been free to exercise his moral agency?
5. Show that Satan's lust for power and desire to rule by force, transplanted to earth, have caused most of our human suffering.
6. Attempts to destroy man's agency by coercion have taken various forms, such as seeking to deprive others of their (1) life, (2) liberty, (3) property, (4) right to worship, (5) right of free speech, (6) right of free thinking.
  - a. Threatened sacrifice of Abram upon an altar in Chaldea.
  - b. The captivity of Israel in Egypt.
  - c. The three Hebrews in the fiery furnace.
  - d. The death of Abinadi.
  - e. Torture and execution of Protestants for attempting to print or read the Bible during the Middle Ages.
  - f. Combat between David and Goliath.
  - g. The imprisonment of Jeremiah.
  - h. Crucifixion of the Savior.
7. Name examples from history of other attempts to rule by force.
8. Show clearly that "exaltation could not be granted to any soul without the exercise of this great gift which makes of him a free agent."
9. Justify the teaching of Alma that God "granteth unto men according to their desire."

For other reference matter, see: Clark, J. Reuben, Jr., "Our Homes," *Relief Society Magazine*, December 1940, page 301.

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## *Music*—Fundamentals of Musicianship

CONDUCTING, SINGING, AND ACCOMPANYING

Preview of Lessons for Union Meetings for 1950-51

*Florence J. Madsen*

**T**HE lessons for the coming year's study in the music department of union meeting are presented for the purpose of providing more thorough training in musicianship—conducting, singing, and accompanying—toward more efficient lead-

ership and more complete service.

Lesson 1. "Fundamentals of Conducting."

Objective: To become more thoroughly familiar with rhythm and its divisions.

### Lesson 2. "Baton Patterns and Their Application."

Objective: To learn and apply the language of the baton.

### Lesson 3. "Baton Technique, Singing, and Interpretation."

Objective: To become better acquainted with the art of conducting and singing.

### Lesson 4. "The Accompanist—Her Responsibility, Efficiency, and Art."

Objective: To help the accompanist realize her opportunities and responsibilities in selecting and playing appropriate prelude music and of providing accurate and supportive accompaniments.

### Lesson 5. "Complete Co-ordination of Available Forces and Techniques."

Objective: To acquire freedom and skill in unifying and expressing the message intended in words and music.

### Lesson 6. "Singing Mothers Chorus—Its Purposes and Activities."

Objective: To afford our sisters the opportunity and joy of singing together and of increasing their knowledge and appreciation of music.

### Lesson 7. "Theories Underlying Singing, Accompanying, and Conducting."

Objective: To focus attention on the importance of harmonious activity among singers, accompanist, and conductor.

### Lesson 8. "New Hymns, Anthems, Literature About Music, and Other Essentials."

Objective: To bring to our organizations added interest through new music and a wider knowledge and a deeper appreciation of its value and importance in our lives.

#### REFERENCES

Required Reference: CORNWALL, J. SPENCER, *Fundamentals of Conducting*, Deseret Book Company, 50c.

Suggested books for Relief Society Library:

Elson's Music Dictionary, Ditson, \$1.75.

GEHRKENS, KARL W., *Music Notation and Terminology* (Revised), Laidlaw Brothers, \$2.00.

BEATTIE, JOHN W.; BREACH, WILLIAM; GLENN, MABELLE; and others, *The New Blue Book of Favorite Songs*, Hall and McCreary, \$1.00.

These books may be obtained at the following Salt Lake City, Utah, stores:

Deseret Book Company, 44 East South Temple Street

Daynes Music Company, 45-47 South Main Street

Beesley Music Company, 70 South Main Street

Summerhays Music Company, 17 West First South Street

Glen Brothers Music Company, 74 South Main Street.

## Music—Fundamentals of Musicianship

CONDUCTING, SINGING, AND ACCOMPANYING

### Lesson 1—"Fundamentals of Conducting"

Florence J. Madsen

Objective: To become more thoroughly familiar with rhythm and its divisions.

*Governing Factors in Conducting*  
**C**ONDUCTING is performing; therefore, the conductor is a performer.

Successful conducting is dependent upon the recognition and application of various scientific and artistic laws and principles. The con-

ductor, consciously or unconsciously, applies knowledge gained from the fields of psychology, physics, sociology, history, aesthetics, ethics, dramatics, speech, and singing. The roots of great conducting are planted and nourished in these departments of knowledge and experience.

All persons who are just beginning to conduct, or who consider themselves amateur conductors should, at their earliest opportunity, strive to comprehend and put into use as much helpful information as possible from these rich sources.

### Requisites to Successful Conducting

Even in the most elementary conducting, the conductor should know from memory and be able at will to apply at least a number of the more common rhythm signatures, tempo indicators or marks, and dynamic words or signs. Part of the class time in union meeting should be used in memorizing and applying these as directed in this and subsequent lessons.

### Rhythm

Rhythm is the regular or reciprocated accent or pulsation in music. (The word "time" should not be used in this connection. See pages 219, and 263 — "Rhythm" and "Time" in Louis C. Elson's *Music Dictionary*. All conductors and accompanists should use this book regularly, also, Karl W. Gehrken's book, *Music Notation and Terminology*.)

There are six divisions of rhythm in music. These are: Even, Compound Even, Triple, Compound

Triple, Peculiar, Compound Peculiar.

The Even division of rhythm includes the following:

$$\begin{array}{cccccc} 2 & 2 & 2 & 2 & 2 & \\ 1, & 2, & 4, & 8, & 16 & \end{array}$$

Short Alla Breve—(pronounced Alla Brave) is the equivalent of  $2/2$  rhythm. It is represented as a large "C" with a vertical line drawn through.

$$\begin{array}{cccccc} 4 & 4 & 4 & 4 & 4 & \\ 1, & 2, & 4, & 8, & 16 & \end{array}$$

Long Alla Breve is the equivalent of  $4/2$  rhythm. The signature for the Short and Long Alla Breve is the same, the difference being only in the note values used. The "C" is the equivalent of  $4/4$  rhythm, not "common time."

All of these rhythm signatures should be memorized. When this has been done, effort should be made to identify and classify them in association with hymns in available hymn books. For example: Turn to page 342 in the *Latter-day Saint Hymn Book* (green), and examine the song, "The Voice of God is Heard Again." Observe, at the beginning of this hymn is a  $2/2$ . This is the rhythm signature of the composition and indicates that there are two beats in a measure and that the half note is the beat note. Having memorized this rhythm signature and its significance, proceed in this same manner to other hymns like the one next to it on page 341, "Be It My Only Wisdom Here." This rhythm signature is the Short Alla Breve. (This is the equivalent of two-two rhythm because two half notes or their time-value occupy every meas-

ure in the song.) Examples of these same rhythm signatures may be found on pages 284 and 85 in the *D. S. S. Song Book*,\* and on pages 7 and 12 in the recently published *Hymn Book*.

In Short Alla Breve rhythm and all others with the figure 2 as the upper number, there is normally but one accent. This occurs on the first note in the measure. Long Alla Breve rhythm differs from the Short Alla Breve in that it has four half notes, or their equivalent, in a measure. Alla Breve literally means in the style or manner of a double whole note. This is represented by placing one or two short vertical

lines before and after a whole note. (See *Music Dictionary* under Notation.") This note is the equivalent of four half notes. Learn and rehearse all the details together.

### Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. Name some of the duties of the conductor.
2. With what particular educational subjects should the conductor and the accompanist be familiar?
  - (a) Why?
3. Name the various divisions of rhythm.
  - (a) Differentiate between Long Alla Breve and Short Alla Breve rhythms.
  - (b) Refer to song books for examples.

\*Deseret Sunday School Song Book

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## *The Might of God Extends the Arm of Man*

Dorothy J. Roberts

I know there have been men, as Samson, who slew  
 A thousand with the strength of his own arm  
 And God's; who quenched his thirst with stranger springs  
 Than any I have known—when water gushed  
 From the whitened jaw-bone on the plains of Ramathlehi;  
 Who faced the armored leaches of his land  
 And lions, unafraid, and tore them as a kid,  
 And used no other blade to still their savage cry.  
 My blood has raced to read of him, and pillars toppling  
 To his might and the Lord's, and temples crashed  
 Upon his enemy to still the mocking tongues  
 And break the spear pressed to the neck of Dan.  
 I have thrilled exultantly to feel  
 This power of God swell in the arm of man.

And I have found in my own day, such might  
 As bore the posts and doors of Gaza's gate  
 Uphill, upon the shoulders of a man.  
 I have heard God's power, through mortal tongue,  
 Snap the binding sophistries of error as  
 Green wythes from the locks of the Nazarite.  
 And through these words, where falling Dagon's lean,  
 I glimpse the far dominion sown with peace,  
 And reap the fields freed of the Philistine.

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*Choral Music*  
*for*  
*Singing Mothers*

255	Dear Land of Home— Sibelius .....	.15
R2782	God Painted a Picture — DeRose .....	.20
	I Bow My Head in Silent Prayer — McNeill, Gallop, Krenz .....	.20
R3368	If God Forgot—O'Hara .....	.20
1560	In the Garden—Miles .....	.16
6235	Look in Mercy Upon Us— Mendelssohn .....	.15
900	My Faith Looks Up to Thee —Mason .....	.15
R2260	My Own America—Wrubel .....	.20
1075	Send Forth Thy Spirit— Schuetky .....	.15
2092	Somewhere, Beyond the Sunset — Ackley .....	.16
658	Watch and Pray—Hamblen .....	.15

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## Dark in the Chrysalis

(Continued from page 458)

girlhood, sweet and young, to a woman of wide capacity and richness.

For the rest of the evening her music changed the politely hearty applause to a roar, and brought the audience to its feet. When she beckoned Paul to her side and took her final bow in a simple gesture, her hand in his, the crowd went wild and surged about them.

Tears of pride dampened Cory's eyes.

"You thought it couldn't be done," gloated Jane.

"Thank you, Jane," Cory said sincerely, taking both Mrs. Hartley's hands. "You are a very good friend. Thank you very much."

"Cory, I'm going with you home. I want to get acquainted with Linnie's relatives-to-be, and I simply have to have a chance to tell her how beautifully she sang. You can run me home a little later, can't you?"

"I certainly can," said Cory.

Edith was glad of the excuse to put Mrs. Lewis to bed. That done, she went to bed herself. There was no need and no place for her downstairs among the guests. Mr. Fontaine and Cory were getting on famously. The women had Jane. Linnie would show them to their rooms.

LINNIE'S wedding day was a glory of beautiful weather, much to the relief of Edith. The roses made blossomed garlands over the trellises and everything was at its best. The long-awaited day held disappointment for Edith, however-

because it turned out that she didn't get to see the wedding.

They were in the midst of dressing when Mrs. Lewis suddenly turned pale. "I think I'd best get to bed," she told Edith. Edith, alarmed, helped her there and called Mr. Lewis.

"It's nothing, nothing at all to cause all this fuss and bother," said the peppery little old lady when he wanted to call a doctor. "Just you go about your business and let me be. I want to go to that reception tonight and I won't be fit if I don't rest. All this nighthawking I've been doing!"

She looked better already, and insisted that Edith go along, but of course Edith didn't.

"I'm so sorry you can't be there," said Cory, coming up the stairs. "You should be."

She might as well have gone, because Mrs. Lewis slept most of the day. It was well into the afternoon when they all came back, for the Fontaines took them all to breakfast at the Calvert Hotel. There was only time for a short rest before getting ready for the reception.

There was that exalted stillness about them that comes from a profound experience.

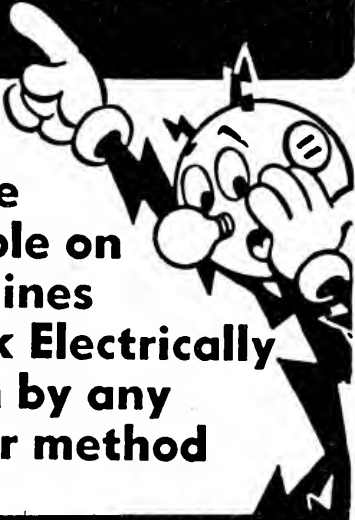
"I'm not going to miss out on everything," Mrs. Lewis insisted, when they suggested that she remain in bed for the evening. "I'm perfectly all right." Indeed, she seemed as usual, so Edith helped her with the lavender silk and her hair.

"They'll think you are the bride," vowed Linnie.

She loved being in the receiving

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line, and soon the house was filled with the pleasant murmur of guests. Linnie's girl friends swished about in their formal dresses, serving the guests, while Amanda presided over the towering wedding cake. Great mounds of chicken salad, rolls, and freezers of frosted ice, boxes of mints and buttered nuts were stacked ready. Edith had planned to supervise the gifts upstairs, but Linnie would have none of it.

"I want you in the receiving line," she insisted over Edith's protestations at not being a relative. "You weren't at the wedding, and it was like not having my own mother there."

**T**HE words thrilled Edith, the more so since Linnie had always seemed dear enough to be the daughter she had never had. Touched almost to tears by this appreciation, she asked Mrs. Gooding to care for the gifts, while she stood rather self-consciously in the receiving line.

Infinitely the evening dragged by. The seemingly endless line of friends thinned out and finally stopped. The bride and bridegroom cut the cake and danced to the tune of "I Love You Truly." Linnie had it all, up to the point where Paul's face was smeared with the lipstick of Linnie's laughing girl friends, and until she herself was ready to drop from fatigue. The photographers wound up their flash cords, and the musicians packed their violins, cellos, and music stands and departed.

"Never say the younger generation can't take it," said Cory in an aside to Edith. "That is what she wanted, isn't it?"



"This is it," said Edith. "Nor the older generation," answering his first question. "Look at your mother. Of course she slept all day, and sat throughout the receiving, but she is still excited. How soon do you think we can pack her off to bed?"

"Not until Linnie and her young man leave," piped the little old lady, who had overheard.

At last the partings were over, Linnie coming back in a rush of love and gratitude to hug Edith and her Grammy, to pour out again her thanks for her wedding festivities, the beauty of the house.

With seas of luggage, Cory took them all to the airport, and Edith put the weary old grandmother to bed. She was trying to get some

semblance of order to the gifts when Cory came back.

He steered her to her door at once and told her good night. "I think I'll hibernate," he said.

Edith dropped thankfully to bed and to sleep.

She awakened some hours later, however, with a surging sense of alarm. So used was she to hearing the breathing of the little old lady in the next room that its sudden cessation woke her from even so sound a sleep.

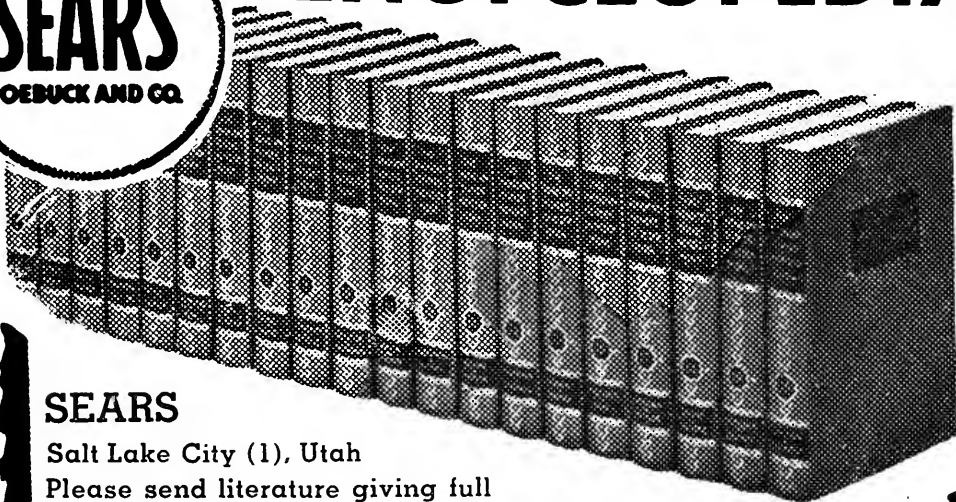
The open mouth, the sunken eyes, were not the semblance of death this time. They were death itself, hurtlingly vivid in the suddenly switched-on light. Edith stood a moment, horrified.

"Cory! Cory!" she screamed with all her lungs.

(To be concluded)



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## From Near and Far

I am writing to thank you for the time and talent you give us so willingly. I love our *Relief Society Magazine*, and I am always proud to share it with others. I enjoy reading it, especially the poetry and feel its wonderful inspiration.

—LaRene Bartlett

San Diego, California

*The Relief Society Magazine* is read and enjoyed by all members of my family. Besides the wonderful lessons it teaches, there is inspiration on each page for young and old. Daddy reads it as faithfully as he reads his *Reader's Digest*.

—Wilhelmina F. Johnson,

Washington, D. C.

The stories in *The Relief Society Magazine* are lovely. I do enjoy them all and am glad to be a subscriber.

—Grace Sayre, Pasadena, California

From the lovely town of Bournemouth in the South of faraway England comes this tribute to *The Relief Society Magazine*. It is a joy to my husband and myself, together with two young elders, who, as missionaries, are laboring among these fine people, to witness the growth and development of this branch. My *Relief Society Magazine* is of inestimable value to our newly organized Relief Society in the preparation and presentation of the splendid lessons. At the conclusion of the month I pass the *Magazine* around and also use it in tracting and find it a valuable missionary aid.

—Theodora B. Johnson,

Bournemouth, England

I feel you are doing a fine thing for poetry in publishing as much as you do, and I believe many enjoy this poetry. Often in our Relief Society meetings the teachers add poetry from the *Magazine* to enrich or clarify points in their lessons. This last issue (April 1950) had such good reading that I neglected everything else when it came.

—Mabel Jones Gabbott,

Bountiful, Utah

I don't know quite how it can be, but each month the *Magazine* seems to get better, especially the poetry. Please do insist on greater and more frequent output from Deone R. Sutherland (stories in March and August 1948; July and August 1949; May 1950). Her humor is so delicious and inimitable that I long for a whole book of her little stories to lift my spirits when they sag.

—Katherine Fernelius Larsen,

Salt Lake City, Utah

The May *Magazine* just came, and I enjoyed it as usual. It is a great *Magazine*, and I was more than ever impressed with its mission when I studied the pages devoted to the 1949 subscriptions. It thrilled me to see what Sister Nancy M. Rupp and her ten sisters had done in the South Los Angeles Stake to get 1193 subscriptions—134 per cent. Honors go to Marie De Spain with 224 per cent, for a job well done—the six stakes with over 100 per cent and the seven missions with 77 to 96 per cent—and Sister McConkie with 96 per cent for the California Mission. It all adds up. Now I turn to pages 330 331 and ask why \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, and \_\_\_\_\_ are just not "in the swim?"

—John A. Israelson,

Hyrum, Utah

I have always shared the wonderful *Relief Society Magazine* with my mother. Now that I have moved I still want her to be able to enjoy the *Magazine*. The stories are always uplifting and the articles spur one on to greater thoughts. I never want to miss an issue.

—Evelyn C. Christensen,

Gooding, Idaho

I have been taking *The Relief Society Magazine* for quite some time. The lessons are a source of strength and encouragement to me and I enjoy reading the conference sermons as well as the stories.

—Mrs. Zola Larsen,

Reseda, California

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MAGAZINE

VOL. 37 NO. 8

Lessons for November

AUGUST 1950

# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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## *Navajo Weaver*

*Anna Prince Redd*

For days she sits, intent before her loom,  
Sapling slim, cross-legged on the sand;  
The young, hard muscles of her hand,  
Flint-smooth and brown, wend the shuttle broom  
In and out between the warp, and flay  
The glowing yarns into a free design,  
Of trees, of rain, and lightning's jagged line,  
Tall corn, and sun-god's arrowed ray.

The loom is full; long shadows leave the sun.  
She knows her tribal legends—and she should:  
No dark threads meet to hedge the evil one  
Lest he destroy the beautiful and good;  
But newer meaning shapes the old designs  
And on the weaver's face a new light shines.



Photograph by Hal Rumel

NAVAJO WEAVER



# The Lamanites

President Antoine R. Ivins

Of the First Council of Seventy

THE major part of the Book of Mormon is devoted to an account of the hand-dealing of the Lord with Lehi and his family whom he saw fit to lead out of Jerusalem before its destruction, bringing them to the land which we now know as America. We are told that at the time of departure the family of Lehi consisted of his wife Sariah and four sons: Laman, Lemuel, Sam, and Nephi. Lehi was warned in a dream of the impending destruction of Jerusalem. To save himself and his family he would have to leave Jerusalem and follow the leadership of the Lord into a new land.

It appears that Lehi was a man of considerable means which he would not be able to carry with him. One may safely assume that he did not relish the thought of abandoning the accumulations of his lifetime, but he was a man of extreme faith and set about at once the preparations for his journey. I imagine he little realized the extent of the journey as it finally developed, or that he had much of an idea of the privations which they must all undergo. It seems that his two oldest sons had absolutely no pleasure in the thought of leaving their belongings behind. They began to murmur and complain from the beginning, in every possible way voicing their lack of faith in their father and their younger brother, Nephi, whom, because of his very great faith, the Lord later chose to

recognize as the leader of the family. At no time during their lives did Laman and Lemuel show complete respect and loyalty to either their father or to Nephi. Their opposition ultimately took the form of open rebellion and warfare. As the people grew in numbers over the years, Laman and Lemuel, Sam and Nephi, and the others who left Jerusalem went the way of all flesh, but the strife engendered by Laman and Lemuel kept reappearing until the great final battle at Cumorah which resulted in the extermination of the faithful element, who had come to be called Nephites, while the rebellious and unfaithful had come to be called Lamanites. I feel that we are not justified in believing that all of the people who rallied to the banner of the Lamanites were actually descended from Laman and Lemuel or that all who called themselves Nephites were the actual descendants of Nephi, Sam, or other faithful sons of Lehi. The term *Nephite* soon came to mean the faithful, while the term *Lamanite* meant unfaithful people.

After the battle of Cumorah, the Lamanites were left in control, and it appears that there was but one faithful man left of the Nephites. To him we are indebted for the Book of Mormon, which tells us this story.

Because of this account, we are in the habit of thinking of all of the indigenous groups who were upon the land of the Americas when

Christopher Columbus landed here, as Lamanites. I wonder if we are justified in this assumption.

**F**ROM the time of the depositing in the Hill Cumorah of the plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated to the discovery of America by Columbus, as many years passed as were covered from the landing of Lehi's family in America to the exterminating battle at Cumorah. During this time great changes may have taken place in the populations of the Americas and among these changes may have been migrations of other groups to America. The Book of Mormon tells us of the Jaredites, the Mulekites, and Lehi's family. The Mulekites lived for years near to the Nephites before they were discovered by the latter. There may have been other peoples whom the Nephites never discovered living then on this great land. Or, as suggested, others may have come later. The very wide differentiation in the languages of the native races of the Americas would seem to indicate this possibility.

These thoughts, in no way, disturb my faith in the Book of Mormon. My testimony as to its truth is not based on external evidence, but has grown out of a study of its teachings. Its great evidence is internal rather than external. A careful, prayerful study of its message should give any sincere reader and student a testimony of its truth. Whether all of these indigenous peoples were descended from Lehi matters little. For the purposes of this short article we shall refer to them all jointly as Lamanites.

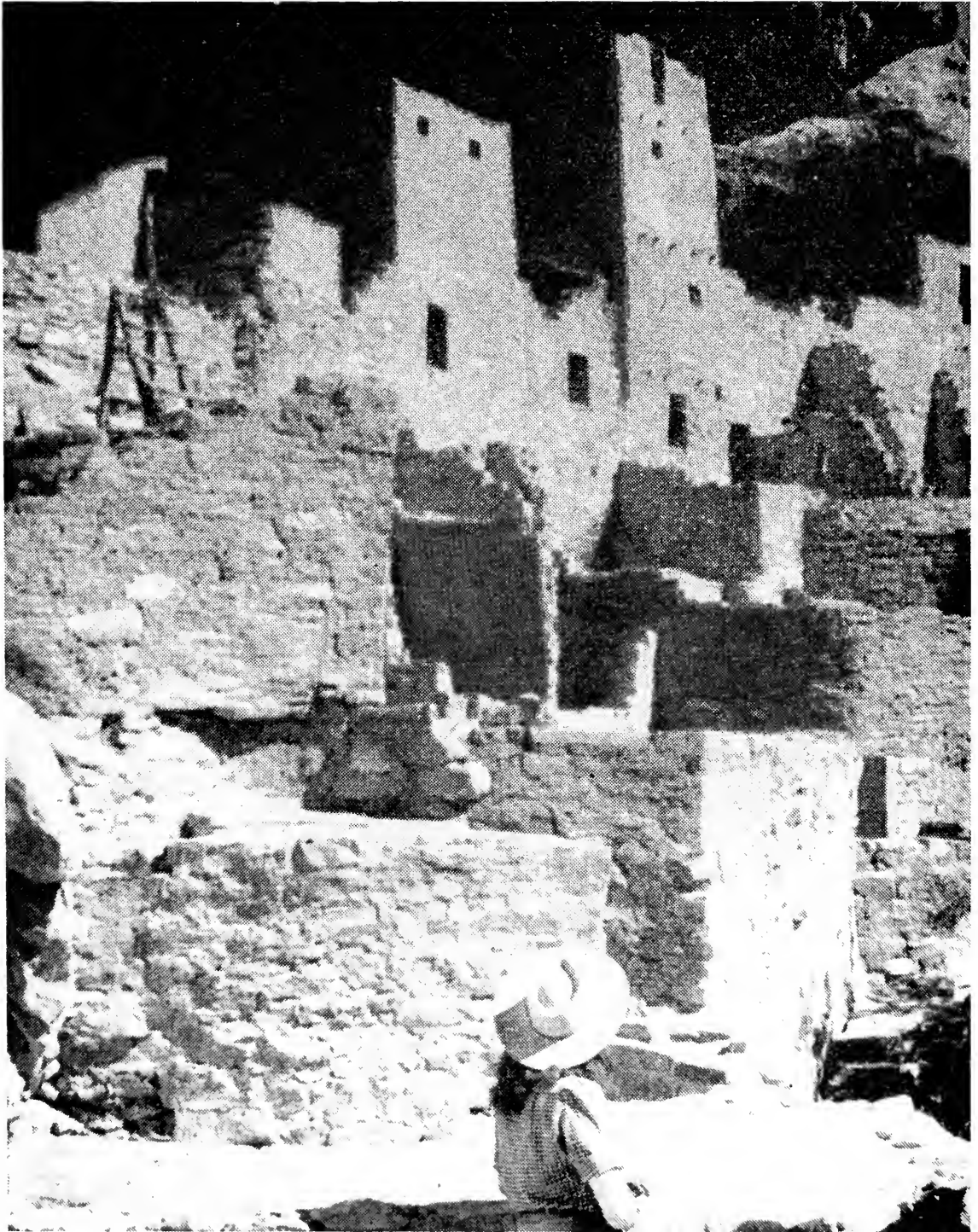
When the Americas were discovered by Cristobal Colon, there existed upon this land very extensive groups of people, some of whom had attained a very high degree of advancement. The most progressive of them were in Mexico, Central America, and northern South America. They had not only reached high development, but they had accumulated very great wealth in gold and silver, which the Spaniards, at once, undertook to transfer into the coffers of their rulers, making Spain then the wealthiest nation of the world. There were two great centers of civilization—one, Mexico City, and the other in Peru. The Aztecs ruled Mexico and Central America, while the Incas ruled Peru and lands to the southward. Both centers were extremely wealthy. At the time of conquest the Peruvians were not using a written language, but the Aztecs of Mexico had very voluminous records, written on a sort of parchment made from the fiber of the maguey plant, which the Spaniards deliberately destroyed. The people of both Mexico and Peru were great workers of gold and silver, examples of which are presently available for study in the museum of Mexico and other places. They also did excellent weaving, the Peruvians possibly excelling in this art. Astronomy was not unknown to them. The calendar of Mexico was actually superior to that brought them by the Spaniards.

Not so glamorous, but worthy of mention, was a development in the eastern part of the United States. Here a confederacy of several nations existed and had made considerable advancement. Under white

domination each of these civilizations has either disappeared or become decadent.

**T**HE inspired prophets of Book of Mormon times felt constrained to make very great promises

to the Lamanites, contingent upon their changing their ways and coming to God in faithful obedience to his teaching. Because of these promises and the charge which has been given to us to warn the entire

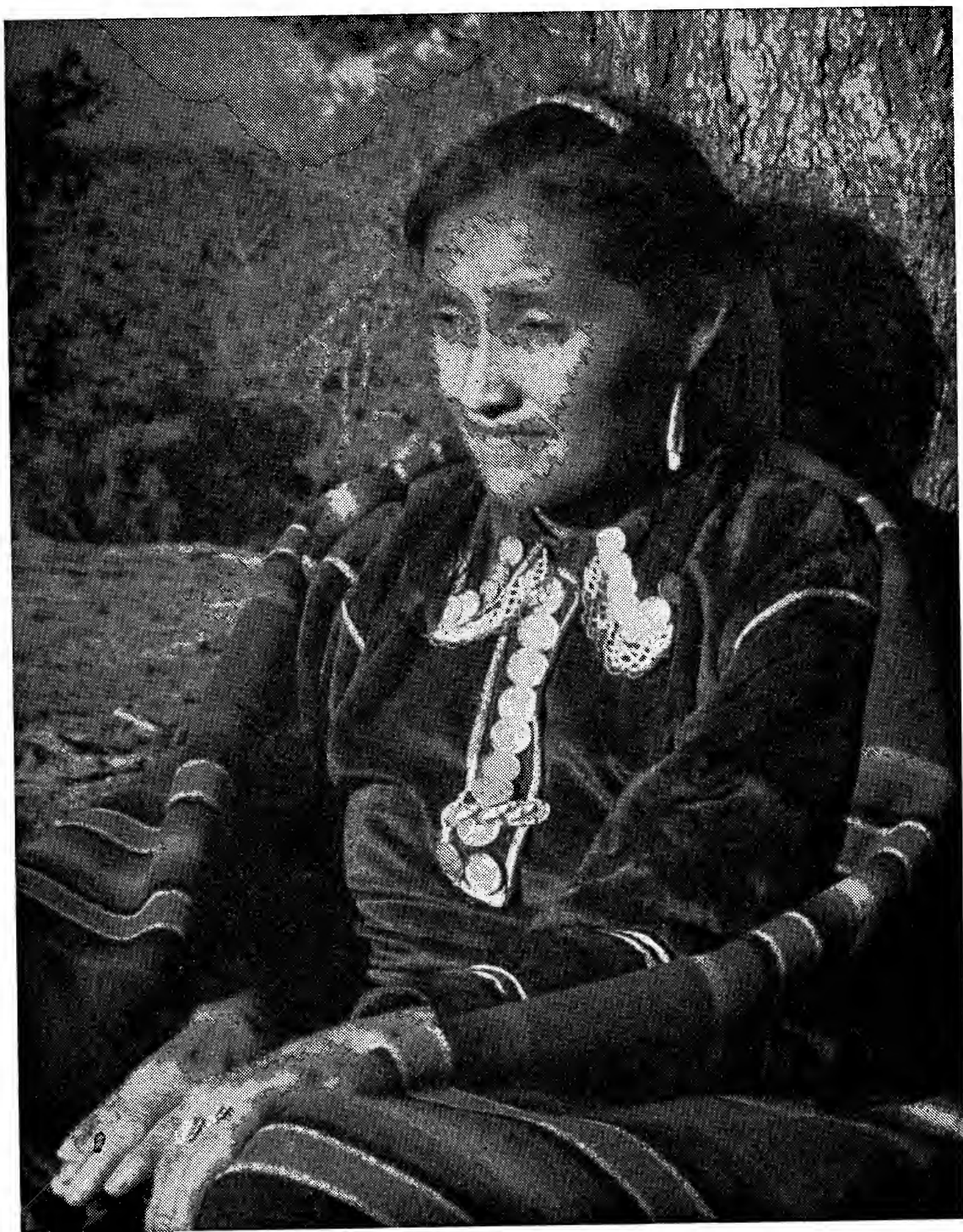


Photograph by Willard Luce

CLIFF DWELLING, MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK, COLORADO

world, we have a very peculiar interest in all of these peoples. The Church was but an infant when the first mission was sent to the "Lamanites." The indications are that

it would have been highly successful had our missionaries been allowed free access to the Indians. Opposition raised its head then and has continued to do so. The net re-



Photograph by Willard Luce

A YOUNG NAVAJO SQUAW FROM BLANDING, UTAH

sult of our missionary work has not yet been very great. The greatest number of conversions has been made among the Mexicans who, when properly approached, listen

freely and make excellent members of the Church. At present we have two missions among the Mexicans, the Spanish-American mission in the United States and the Mexican



Photograph by Willard Luce

CLEMENT YOUNGEAGLE, PUEBLO INDIAN

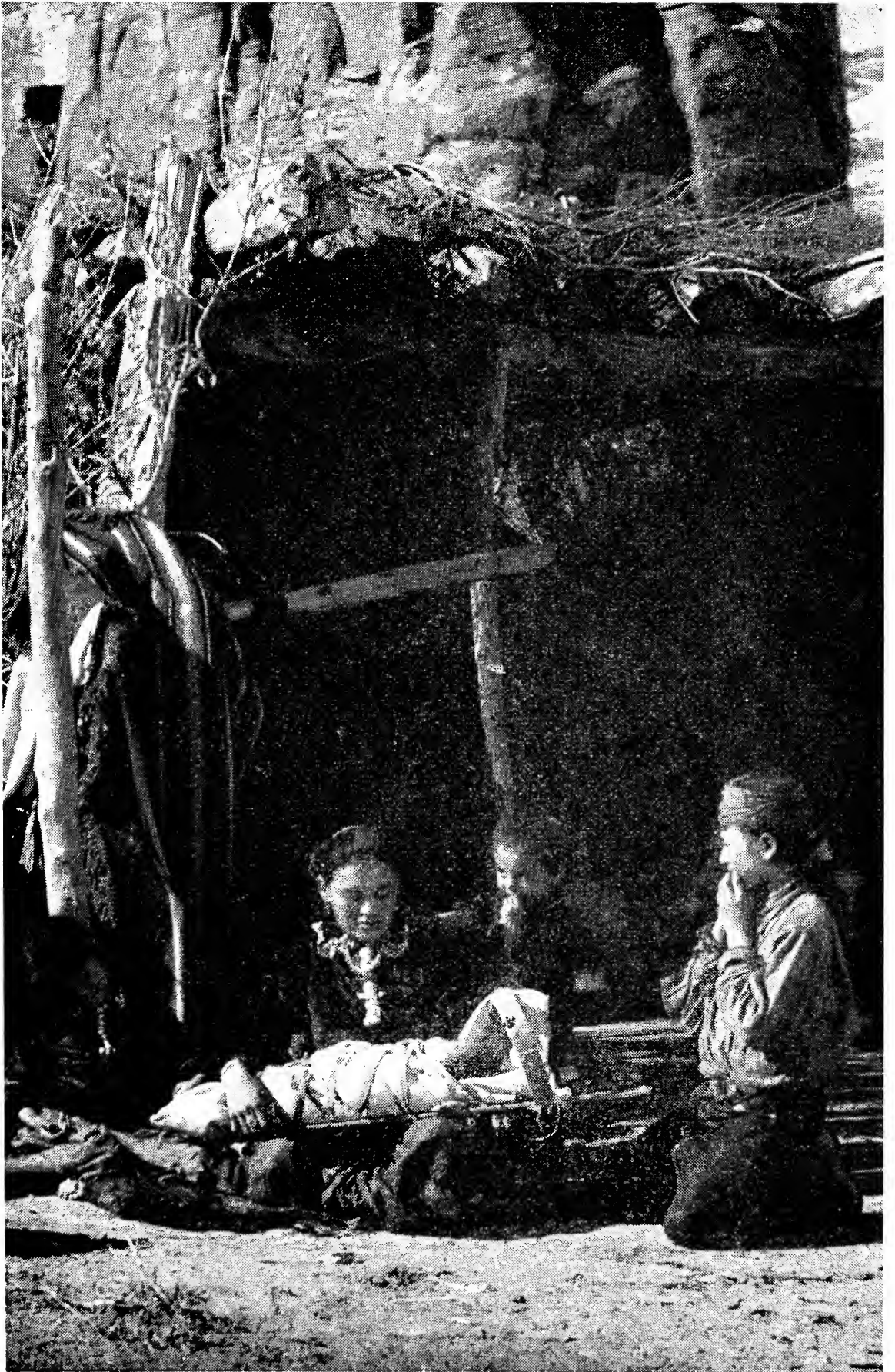
Mission in Mexico and Central America. There are two other Spanish-speaking missions and one where Portuguese is spoken, but they do not deal directly with indigenous peoples. Most of the work which has been done with the Mexican people has been during my own lifetime. You will see by this that it is not very old.

Work among other native races has been very spasmodic. At different times and in different sections of the country Indians have been made members of the Church, usually not in large numbers. I have been told, but have never verified the statement, that in early days in St. George, where I was born, as many as two hundred Indians were baptized, but I cannot remember ever seeing an Indian in one of our sacrament meetings up to the time I left St. George in 1896. They seem to have been baptized and left pretty much to their own devices. Within the last few years this work in the stakes and missions has been stimulated. It is only a short time ago that the Navajo-Zuni Mission was organized. It has now grown into the Southwest Indian Mission and is operating under its second mission president. The results have been even better than was originally expected. When it is remembered that the missionaries do not learn the languages of the Indians and have to work through interpreters, the results seem all the more remarkable. It is a thrilling thing to observe the effects of the gospel in the lives of these people when they accept it. Because they have been an underprivileged people for so many years,

the transition is more apparent than among other people whose living plane has been higher. It is interesting to note the enthusiasm of the men and women who are called to labor among them. Although it is a difficult assignment, both the young men and young women enter into it with great devotion and become sincerely attached to the people they work with.

**WHEN** one considers the little that has been accomplished and the fact that south of the United States there must be more than one hundred millions of these people, to say nothing of the numbers in the United States and Canada, the problem becomes almost appalling. Great promises have been made to these people in the Book of Mormon and, when realized, they will be the result of great changes in their manner of life. These changes should come through the observance of the principles of the gospel which must be taken to them by the Priesthood bearers of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Let us not fail them in their extremity.

I said our greatest success was had among the Mexican people, but we have baptized far more people among the Islanders of the Pacific. My feeling, however, is that while they most likely are of the house of Lehi, they are more likely to be of the faithful branch than of the other. One writer whom I have read, who seems to have made a very extensive study of those peoples (Miles Poindexter in his book *The Ayar-Incas*), says that the people who ruled in New Zealand were



Photograph by Ray Loomis

NAVAJO FAMILY



Photograph by Willard Luce

### NAVAJO BABIES

originally a large white race. Tradition tells us of an earlier native race, far inferior to the whites, who inhabited New Zealand. Poindexter thinks that the present dark skin of the Polynesians may have come from intermarriage with these smaller, darker people. That may possibly account for the color problem. It seems to be a pretty well established fact that both Samoa and Hawaii were settled from New Zealand. From these and other rather limited studies which I have

made, I am inclined, especially when I note the avidity with which these people absorb the gospel, to the belief that they should be called Nephites. Their size, and their faith indicate that they are Hebraic, and their traditions would indicate that they left the Americas before the great final battle and even before the advent of Christ among the Nephites. We have come far more nearly complying with our obligation towards them than towards the indigenous mainland groups.

---

Yea, verily I say unto you, if ye will come unto me ye shall have eternal life. Behold, mine arm of mercy is extended towards you, and whosoever will come, him will I receive; and blessed are those who come unto me (3 Nephi, 9:14).



# The Jumper Family Camps

Deone R. Sutherland

“‘IT’S ridiculous,” Mama said, “not to take enough things so we’ll be good and comfortable.”

“But we’re only going for four days,” Papa moaned. “I don’t mind that camp stove so much, but Martin’s rocker! Is he going to rock?”

Martin is the youngest in the family. He was rocking now on the edge of the sidewalk. People turned out for him.

“He might get tired,” Mama said. Then she whispered, “Besides, you know how attached he is to that little rocker. I doubt if he’d come without it.”

Martin had got awfully fond of his rocker. He’d drag it all over the apartment with him. Sometimes he’d sit in it with a little smile of blissful satisfaction curving his lips. He slept with it by his crib so he might reach out and touch it if he liked.

“But where will we put it? We’re so overloaded now,” said Papa, “we’ll never make it up the steep stretches of the canyon.”

“Well. . .” Mama looked reflective. Then went over to the car. We were all standing around outside helping load the car, Papa, Mama, Randy, Richard, me, Martha Jane, and Martin in his rocker. Occasionally people going by would slow their cars and look back, or else, if they were walking, turn their heads casually in our direction, then sharply. Martin stared serenely back at the reluctantly diminishing forms of the passersby.

My sister Randy hated it. “Honestly,” she said, “we can’t even take a trip like other people. We have to be a spectacle.” But I noticed she stayed around.

Mama had climbed into the car. “Can’t we leave these things home, Hugh? It would make much more room on the rear seat, and maybe we could put the rocker—”

Papa groaned, “My fishing equipment! I might as well stay home as leave that. We’ll have to put the rocker on top of that tent and bedding on the top of the car.”

We finally coaxed Martin to leave the rocker and get inside the car. It was crowded, but Papa said the canyon wasn’t too far away. We were very excited.

“I’m starving,” said Richard. “Trips always make me hungry.”

“We’ve barely started,” said Papa. “Hungry,” moaned Martin.

Mama passed us a banana. After awhile we ate the oranges. Martin ate part of his and then rubbed it on the car window.

“Now, I can’t see out at all,” complained Randy. “Tell us when we get to the canyon.” Martin reached over to rub his orange on Randy, but Mama caught him and pulled him into the front seat again. “This is a very lovely trip,” Mama kept saying. “It was very nice of Papa to insist on taking all of us with him when he went fishing this year.”

“We need a real outing together,” Papa said emphatically. Then he ordered in a loud voice, “Smell!” It was the canyon. The car began

going uphill. It had been overloaded; we could feel it. "Lean forward," Richard shouted, and we leaned. We kept having to stop for water for the engine. "We should throw off something," said Richard. "Let's start throwing things off so we'll make it."

"No," said Mama decisively. When we were going again, Mama kept pointing out nice places to stop.

"Not me," said Papa, "we're not even out of civilization yet. Besides, I know the spots up ahead that are wonderful for camping where we can be all by ourselves."

"I don't think the car will make it," said Mama softly. "Look at the trees, children." We all looked and smelled. It was wonderful. So much green, and real pine trees and a creek. There were wild flowers and dense green places of more varied shades than we remembered existed. We sniffed the air again. There was a different odor, the odor of burning.

"The engine," Mama called. "Hugh!" Smoke curled out of the sides of the engine. Papa drove off the road towards the creek. We got out and ran for water. Puff went the engine and the paint on the top of the hood burned off. Papa threw the water, and the fire was out. He got in the car and tried to start the engine. It didn't start.

"I think this is a lovely place to camp," decided Mama.

"So do I," said Papa, grinning. "These new cars," he shook his head. "Remember the Model T we had when we were first married, Kate? We really could go up the hills in

that." He patted Mama's shoulder.

"Hey," yelled Richard, "Martha Jane, get out of the creek!"

"We ought to get the tent up," reminded Mama.

"Yes," said Papa, "but let's explore a little."

We ran about deciding where everything would go. We cleared a place for the bonfire. Richard wandered off, and we went out to look for him.

"It's getting dark awfully fast," said Randy.

"Clouds," I said.

"Blow over in a minute," Papa said. "Richard," he hollered. He finally heard us, and we all ran to get to the camp before the storm. Mama, Martin, and Martha Jane were dragging our tent to the campsite.

"I believe we might have a little shower," said Papa, and Martin began to cry at the lightning. I jumped at a clap of thunder. We had no time to get the tent up. We crouched under it, watching the rain. Mama opened a box of cookies she had brought from the car, and we ate them. Martin opened his mouth to cry at the crash of thunder, but went to sleep instead. Papa made beds for the smallest ones in the car, and the rest of us sat in the encroaching mud under the canvas of the tent. "It can't last long," Papa kept saying. It rained all night.

We woke up stiff and muddy and fully clothed. "The bedding is ruined," Mama kept saying. "And so am I," she would say, feeling her hair. But the sun was shining, and the puddles would soon dry up, answered Papa.

Martin loved the puddles. "Oh," he'd say. "Oh!" and reach out his foot to step in one. We kept having to pull him back. Papa built a big fire, and we began to get dry. The smell of food made Richard say he was going to die of starvation, and the canyon trip began to be really fun after we had eaten.

"We'll all go explore Cooter's mine," said Papa. "I'll make this a real outing for you kids."

"Don't you think you ought to rest?" asked Mama. "After last night, I mean. You've been limping."

"Just a crick in my leg," said Papa. "It'll go away. Now everyone come. I'll carry Martin."

"No," said Mama, "Martin and I will stay here. I'll keep Martha Jane, too, and we'll fix things up a bit."

Martha Jane screwed up her face, though she really didn't know what she wasn't going to get to do.

"No," said Papa emphatically. "You rest with Martin, but I'll take Martha Jane off your hands. Come on, kids. I need a good chance to get acquainted with my family. We'll be back in plenty of time for lunch."

Mama waved to us, but she looked doubtful.

**M**ARTHA Jane trotted along holding Papa's hand. Richard kept prancing ahead, and then running back. "It isn't far," said Papa, "if I remember rightly. Save your wind, Richard."

"I feel fine," said Richard, running up the trail.

I got tired, and Randy got tired.

"We should be there soon," said Papa.

Martha Jane sat down. "I's tired," she said. Papa carried her. He was puffing quite hard. Pretty soon he quit talking and just set his jaw.

"Haven't we hiked past this once before?" asked Richard, pointing to a pine tree growing through a rock.

"I believe we have," said Papa, puffing. He set Martha Jane down. We rested.

"Come on," said Richard, running ahead. In a moment he came back. "There's a sign up here," he said, "pointing that way to the mine." He pointed back in the direction from which we had come.

"Let's follow the signs," suggested Randy.

We climbed along the side of the mountain, Martha Jane on Papa's back. The mouth to the mine was small, and the huge logs holding up the entrance looked ancient. Papa was too tired to talk about it. He got out his flashlight and a string for all of us to hold on to. Martha Jane wouldn't get down so Papa carried her. Richard galloped ahead and back. The tunnel was damp and dark. Water trickled down the sides of the leaning walls. There were puddles on the ground, so we walked carefully along the cross ties.

"Yow!" screeched Richard far up ahead. We heard a slide of rock.

"Richard," called Papa, but there was no answer. "Richard, Richard!" called Papa, and we raced forward.

Papa handed Martha Jane to Randy, who staggered under the load. Papa ran faster than I've ever seen him. When we got up farther into the tunnel, we saw Papa lying flat in the wet, damp mud talking to Richard. Richard had fallen

through one side of the track to a kind of cave beneath. Mud and debris partially filled the cave, but Richard still couldn't reach Papa's hand.

"Gee," said Richard, "I guess you'll have to leave me here." We gathered around and looked down at him. Martha Jane began to cry.

"Hush," said Papa. "We certainly won't leave him here after all the money we've spent on him." Papa handed Richard the string, but it was only to steady him; it could never hold him.

"You'll have to stay here with Richard," said Papa to Randy and me and Martha Jane. "I'll have to go out and hunt for a pole or something." Then he made us promise not to move one inch one way or another until he came back. "Anything might cave in under you at any time," he said.

We were impressed. We sat perfectly still, though our legs ached, and we began to feel cold from the damp.

"You can show people my skeleton," called Richard, "and charge."

"Be quiet," said Randy.

Everybody felt gloomy, except Richard. He seemed very cheerful. Martha Jane cried herself to sleep on Randy. Our feet were wet and muddy, and when we had just decided to abandon Richard and try to find out what Papa might have fallen into, he came back. He was dragging two long limbs from trees. Branches, partially cut off, stuck out on the sides. Papa had a bandage around one of his hands. "Just a slight scratch," said Papa. "I thought it would never stop bleeding," he added. We were too cold to be very sympathetic.

RICHARD climbed out, after much slipping back and caving in of dirt. His hair was matted with mud.

"Your mother will never know you," said Papa to Richard and then to us. He tied us together with string and took Martha Jane on his back. We went very slowly.

"I'm hungry," Randy announced.

"I don't want to hear about it," replied Papa.

"Hungry," said Martha Jane, beginning to cry again.

Papa sang to her. "Oh, little Redwing, don't you cry. Oh, little Redwing." We didn't laugh. We were too tired.

The sun made us squint when we got outside. Papa blocked the cave as a sign of warning and said he'd hike back with a sign since we didn't have any paper.

"Today?" we asked with interest.

"Not today," he said, looking away, "tomorrow."

We slipped and slid and crawled down, down. Randy and I moaned. Richard galloped ahead, clutching trees and hallooing wildly. Papa came down backwards, sometimes on his knees, holding Martha Jane tightly. We got back much faster than we went up, but it still took a long time.

"Your mother will be very worried," said Papa; "it's long after lunch."

We beat Papa and Martha Jane in by a mile, and Richard beat us. Mama had lunch waiting and the camp all fixed neatly. We felt much better, though Mama was horrified at how we looked.

"Did you all stand on your heads in mud?" she asked. We explained while we packed water to heat so

we could get clean, which Mama said was going to be a job.

Papa got to the camp at last. He gasped and lay down on the ground. Martha Jane ran to Mama, and then she saw the swing. "Swing," she squealed. She ran in circles, toe-danced to the swing. She seemed very happy and not tired at all.

Mama got out the first-aid kit and bandaged Papa's hand. She put merthiolate on his scratches while he groaned. "I'm dead," he kept saying. He revived to eat and wash and then lay down again on a blanket. He slept all afternoon while we explored. That night he told us stories, and we roasted marshmallows around the campfire.

Mama took us for a short hike the next morning while Papa fixed the car. He had to flag someone and go to the city for parts. It took him all day. He hired a man to drive him back. Then the next afternoon Papa wrote a sign about a very dangerous mine and cave-in and set off to post it. Mama sent Richard with him to show him the way, though she whispered that part to Richard. Also, on no condition, were they to go into the mine. "Don't worry," said Papa.

We hated to leave the canyon. Papa was packing the car again, and we were helping. "Kate," he said, looking over a pile of bedding, "I never imagined in a thousand

years kids were so much work, that things pertaining to a family could be so exhausting." He looked at Mama with great admiration and shook his head. We all felt very conceited as if Papa had praised us.

"I don't want to go," wailed Martha Jane, and Papa had to chase her. At last we were ready.

"Oh, my pine cones," Randy yelled, and leaped from the car and ran across the camp area. "I can't find them," she called. She disappeared from sight. There was a kind of squeak and shout. Papa jumped out of the car. Randy came up from the creek. Rivulets of water dripped from her jeans. Mama ran with a blanket. "I slipped," Randy explained.

"One more shock—" said Papa.

We were off, finally, winding down the canyon. It seemed a long time since we had first come to stay, since we had been home.

"It's too bad, Hugh, you didn't get to fish at all," sympathized Mama, holding Martin so he could see outside.

"I don't mind," said Papa.

"This was the best trip," declared Richard, "that we ever had."

"Let's do it every summer," suggested Randy.

"Promise!" we all shouted at Papa. Papa promised.

"We had a wonderful time camping," Randy said.

We really had.

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## *My Thorn*

Maude O. Cook

You say that your rose has a thorn?  
 Why do you not try to transpose,  
 And say without sorrow or scorn,  
 "My thorn has a beautiful rose?"

# Organizing the Relief Society Magazine Campaign

N. Florence Hanny

Former Magazine Representative, Firth Ward and Shelley Stake, Idaho

1. Consider the calling which you have accepted seriously. Putting *The Relief Society Magazine* into the homes of the people in your ward is your work.

2. Before beginning in any way, kneel in humble prayer before the Lord and tell him that you have been called to this work and that you have told those presiding over you that you would try to do it, and ask in faith for the Lord's help to guide you.

3. Prepare a list of names of all women in your district, whether or not these women belong to the Relief Society organization. Consult your ward Relief Society secretary for all names of Church members in your district which she has listed in the visiting teacher report book. Use your own judgment as to whether or not you will call upon non-members of the Church. This is an additional possibility for subscriptions and may result in much good in bringing the gospel to other people. (*The Relief Society Magazine* was placed in the homes of eighteen non-members of the Church in the Firth Ward, Shelley Stake, in 1948. Firth is a small town with 102 Latter-day Saint and part Latter-day Saint families.)

4. Have a goal representing what you would like to do. Latter-day Saints work for the highest degree. The number enrolled on the Relief Society record in your ward is the number of subscriptions you will need to obtain 100 per cent in your work. Seventy-five per cent will place you on the Honor Roll in Magazine work, but it takes the number of your ward enrollment at the close of 1949 to make 100% for your ward in 1950.

5. Make a definite study of the principal features of *The Relief Society Magazine*, so that you will be prepared to tell others about it.

6. You are now ready to begin your work. Before going into the homes, be humble and prayerful and rely on the Lord in all things. Let your mind be open to inspiration and make use of new thoughts which may come to you for working possibilities. This is really the interesting part in connection with the work. Have several copies of the Magazine with you and let the people see what you desire to tell them about the Magazine.

7. Wherever you go, let the visit be a pleasant one. Let the brief visit be one of happiness to you and to the one whom you contact. Consider carefully refusals; there may be some way you can help. Take plenty of time to consider all details carefully, be tactful and suggestive, but never try to force others to see as you would like to have them. Generally, visits should be short ones, but on one occasion I took my crocheting with me and sat a while in each home visiting a few minutes. In our community everyone is my friend and I wanted to visit with them awhile and also I was walking and would have about three miles or more to go before the afternoon was over. I planned my homework so I could have every Monday afternoon on Magazine work, as it was needed.

8. Be "Magazine Friendly" with the people in your ward the year around. Ask the subscribers if they are getting their Magazines, if they are enjoying them. Did you read this article by \_\_\_\_\_, or that story by \_\_\_\_\_? Talk about the lessons or

other features. By all means, if you place the *Magazine* in the home of a non-member of the Church, try to call again. Do not let her feel that you just called to sell the *Magazine* and take her money. Our president asked me to invite the non-members to come out with us, so I usually asked them to visit with us on work-meeting day.

9. A good poster in your Church building may be helpful. In the Shelley Stake we have used many posters. Each ward worker made one or more for her use, and we displayed them all together in a stake display. Dramatize a feature of the *Magazine* in a ward Relief Society meeting. Original or used songs may be presented occasionally by the chorister; songs featuring the *Magazine* can be introduced in connection with social events.

10. Occasionally those already subscribing may like to send the *Magazine* to a friend or relative living in a distant place. This is a good way to increase your number of subscriptions and also a way to help take the message of the gospel to others. Last year a number of gifts were placed in homes within our own ward territory. If a person, financially able to subscribe, refuses with the statement that she is too busy to read the *Magazine*, ask her if she would be willing to make a gift of it to another person.

11. Keep your work up to date. Always have a working record for your own benefit as a *Magazine* worker, listing the expirations which will take place each month and also a list of prospective new subscribers. Never leave the bulk of your work until December or you will be most certain to fall below the 100 per cent mark. January is a good time to begin doing what you did not get done the year before. I like a January *Magazine* Department in Union Meeting, wherein all ward workers can tell a few ways which they can see wherein they could have improved in their work. It is well to remember that if new subscribers can subscribe before the first of June, they will receive *Magazines* containing all of the lesson material for the coming year.

12. Let nothing cause you to be timid in your work. It may not be easy, but it is a work wherein there is great joy, and there is a way. Memorize and repeat over and over to give you courage in your calling the words of Nephi: "And it came to pass that I, Nephi, said unto my father: I will go and do the thing which the Lord hath commanded, for I know the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them" (1 Nephi 3:7).

13. Work for 100 per cent. Enjoy your work. When you have reached the 100 per cent mark do not think that is sufficient, but try for one or two more subscriptions and then for one or two more and on and on as long as there is anything that can be done. Getting the extra ones is where the fun comes in, and be sure you get in on the fun. Little by little we climbed last year, in the Firth Ward, until, instead of the 68 subscriptions which made our one hundred per cent, we reached the 98 mark. At that point, one evening I was in the presence of our bishop and I mentioned how we had been blessed. The bishop said, "If you could get 102 subscriptions you would have 100 per cent for every Latter-day Saint and part Latter-day Saint family in the ward." I combed the possibilities remaining and went out to try, and the Lord blessed me in my efforts.

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## *Radiant Gift*

Ruth Harwood

In the upwelling glory of my mood  
I would express my fervent gratitude  
For this dear gift of beauty in the heart,  
And power to give it utterance in art.

# Where Love Abideth

Alice Whitson Norton

**O**N the corner of Gay Street and Mulberry Avenue, as strangely out of place as a bird of paradise on the public market of any thriving city, was a flower shop.

A small affair it was, but so bright were its windows, so spotless the inside, and so genial were the elderly couple that ran it, that one thought of the little shop in big proportions.

It had caught my attention the first time I had passed by on a small, dinky streetcar that ran out on Gay Street to a substantial residential district, and somehow no matter how often passed, I rarely failed to cast a glance at the little shop. One day when I happened to be driving in, I stopped and bought a few flowers from the old couple running the place, and after that I was a frequent customer.

On that first day I learned the elderly couple were depending on that little shop for a living, and earning a living at their age was not such an easy task when one grows one's own flowers. They hadn't intended this to happen when the little shop and the bright garden were first started. Oh, no! When the shop and garden were started there had been two sturdy boys with willing hands to do the manual labor of growing. Then came World War I and the sturdy young men went bravely marching off, each with a carnation in his buttonhole—and that was the picture the parents held of their sons.

When their names appeared

among the missing after a bloody battle on the Argonne front, the owners of the small shop found comfort for their wounded hearts in the earth that produced the blossoms and the little shop through which they marketed their wares. They made no outcry against fate, nor did they go about with long, sad faces. Their loyal sons had gone West in a great cause and the shop owners must carry on.

For years they were up with the dawn, planting and hoeing, clipping and arranging the bright bouquets for the little shop; and far into the night a light could be seen moving over the fertile garden plot back of the small shop.

But there came a day when I missed the old couple, and curiosity, mixed with genuine interest, prompted me to stop for flowers when I really didn't need them.

The "Missus" was sick, a new keeper told me—terribly sick. There were no funds to hire a nurse, so the old man had stayed at home to look after her, and this new man had taken over the shop.

As time went by the little shop began to lose its brightness; the windows became dingy, the flowers wilted in their holders, and the customers in the habit of dropping by for their fresh bouquets began buying elsewhere, and finally one morning I looked out of the trolley window and discovered the door was closed, and on it a placard, "For Rent."



THAT rent sign stirred my heart and set my feet in action, and a few hours later I was knocking on the door of the little house in front of a sadly neglected flower garden several blocks from the little shop. I knew by old Tolly's face that things were in a bad way when he opened the door for me, but he smiled as bravely as a soldier under fire.

"Don't tell her," he warned, with a motion toward the room housing his invalid wife, "that the shop is closed. It would break her heart—and I couldn't stand that—"

I nodded an agreement and followed the man into a dark room.

"This is not my idea of living, Miss Ellen," Mrs. Tolly murmured faintly, "but I have been very ill with fever and it's settled in my eyes. I may become blind—and—" her voice faltered slightly, "I—may never walk again."

"Oh, but she speaks so foolish," chuckled the old man. "It is only a matter of time before she will see and walk again, and why should she worry, with the little flower shop moving along so fine?"

"She shouldn't worry," I comforted, pondering in my heart at the loyalty of the aged man.

"Somehow, some way," he continued, "old Tolly will manage to grow and sell flowers, and care for the Missus."

I felt a calloused hand clasp mine and looked down upon the tightly bandaged eyes of Tolly's wife.

"Where love abideth, Miss Ellen," she said softly, "faith can work miracles. My husband has always been like that. His faith is great, and his love is wonderful.

Fifty years," she went on, "we have lived together, working side by side, in unity of thought and purpose—now—I am sick and he is carrying the whole burden."

"A man," I managed to say, "is supposed to be the stronger of the species, and I am sure Mr. Tolly will find a way to carry on and provide for you."

"Only with flowers," she answered calmly, "can my Tolly earn a decent living for us, and I'm so glad he still has the little shop. Be sure to keep the windows bright, Tolly," she added whimsically.

A few weeks later I learned that Mrs. Tolly would never walk again, but her eyesight would be restored. That was something we had scarcely hoped for. But not walking presented another problem—a wheel chair must be provided, but how?

"You cannot know the sorrow in my heart, Miss Ellen," old Tolly whispered, when this discovery was made, "that I am unable to buy the chair. She doesn't dream our funds are gone and the little shop is closed. What shall I do?"

"It isn't what you shall do, Mr. Tolley," I answered, "but what can you do?"

"I once made a living selling pencils and shoestrings on the street," he answered with a faint smile. "But she must never know, Miss Ellen, maybe I can do that again. By leaving home early and coming in late she will think I am but working all the harder with my flowers, see?"

"Yes," I said. "I see something I've never seen before—the endurance of true love."

AFTER that I visited the little house often and listened with genuine joy to the stories Mrs. Tolly told of her husband's progress in the flower shop alone.

"Always," she said, "he brings me a bright flower when he comes in at night, and since he is running the garden alone he is growing many wonderful new species."

That he was buying these wonderful new species with money he had earned from selling pencils and shoe-strings I never breathed. It was Tolly's way, not mine, of keeping his life partner happy.

By and by the lovely wheel chair became a reality and in a remarkably short time Mrs. Tolly was moving about the place with surprising speed. And what she learned to do from that wheel chair would put to shame many a normal woman's effort. The little house was restored to its cheery atmosphere, dust gave way to shining corners and polished furniture; and a sense of quietude and peace enveloped the place to such a degree that I found myself lingering with every visit. Strange, spicy odors often filled the air when I entered the door, and I learned the invalid was at her old tricks of preparing delightful dishes for her household.

"She makes them out of almost nothing," the man informed me, when I sniffed the rich aroma escaping from a hot spice cake.

"But he brings in the nothing I demand to make the spice cake out of," the woman interrupted, "and that is why my heart sings so happily—to think my Tolly can grow and sell flowers," she added thoughtfully, "just as if I were right there

helping all the time! It gives me courage to undertake anything, Miss Ellen."

A sudden demand for my presence in the East interrupted my little visits for a period of three months, but the first opportunity that came after I returned home to pay a visit to the invalid found me knocking on her door.

That Tolly had kept his secret and was providing her with the necessities of life I felt assured at first glimpse of the room. Fresh flowers filled the vases over the mantel and on the living room table, while the most heavenly odors imaginable penetrated the atmosphere.

"What are you up to now?" I inquired after our visit was over.

"You wouldn't think I could sit down and leave my Tolly the whole burden, Miss Ellen?" she asked softly.

"I don't understand," I countered.

"Perhaps you were in the dark, too, Miss Ellen," she whispered softly, "but I found out all by myself that Tolly had lost the shop and the flower garden and was earning a living for me by peddling shoe-strings and pencils, and . . ." Suddenly her face lighted with a glorious smile and her hand closed over mine. "I, too, can play a game, Miss Ellen," she whispered eagerly. "I never let Tolly know I had discovered our loss, but just to pass the time away and make the days shorter when he must be away from home, I make the little spice cakes you smell and sell them through the back door."

Reaching for a little blue-flowered bowl under the edge of the pantry

shelf, she handed it to me, and smiled at the surprise registered at its weight.

"My earnings for three days," she said proudly. "Nine dollars and a half in nickles and dimes. Not so bad, is it?" she asked eagerly. "And Tolly would never guess I do it for anything save pleasure!"

On the corner of a crowded thor-

oughfare that afternoon I saw old Tolly courteously disposing of his wares, a look of triumph on his wrinkled face and a twinkle in his eyes. Just as I took the car, I saw him enter a florist shop and a strange emotion filled my soul. At last, I mused to myself, I had discovered that where love abideth sacrifice is sweet, and home, whether palace or hovel, is a place shining with joy.

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## *Night Song*

Lizabeth Wall

Let all the sounds of the earth be hushed;  
 Let all the noises of night be stilled.  
 Nothing must waken my elfin-child,  
 Sleeping where showers of stars have spilled.

Nothing must waken my elfin-child,  
 She who lies curled like a slim, brown leaf.  
 Hush, little night birds and wandering winds,  
 Let all your songs be soft and brief.

Hush, little night birds and wandering winds,  
 Turn all your songs into lullabies.  
 Nothing must waken my elfin-child  
 Till the morning kisses her shadowed eyes.

## *Renascence*

Marian Schroder Crothers

Grieve not, when I am gone,  
 That I no more shall hear  
 On some bright, cloudless day,  
 The lark's song, crystal clear.  
 My heart, remembering  
 The lovely song he sings,  
 Will joyously awake  
 In some eternal spring.

## *Things to Remember*

Eleanor W. Schow

These are the things that are most to me  
 To hold in my heart and to ponder on:  
 A placid moon over a cypress tree,  
 An orchid dusk, and a golden dawn.  
 And a day that was dearer than all the rest  
 That ever had been, or yet could be,  
 When I knew that my life was forever blessed  
 By a look on your face that was all for me.

# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, August 1, and August 15, 1890

## "FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS"

PRIDE, HOW SHALL WE DEFINE IT: In my opinion dignity and self-respect belong to the Deity. Did not Jesus say, "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect?" In this we learn that God is our Father. Accordingly, those who believe this and obey his commandments will obtain his spirit which when it is obtained they will find it gives them dignity and self-respect, for these are attributes of the Deity and not pride as one may suppose. Vanity and self-conceit are dangerous properties. Why should one become vain because he has arrived at some attainment which another has not. He may fill another position the first is not capable of filling.—Mary

AN INTERESTING TIME: In company with Mrs. Jane S. Richards, First Counselor to Mrs. Zina D. H. Young, we left on Thursday, August 7 to visit the sisters in Iron County and attend Conference in that Stake. We reached Cedar City Friday evening after a drive of fifty-five miles. Saturday we met with the Relief Society of Cedar. We met with the Relief Society of Beaver Stake and there were about as many men as women present. We noticed in the audience Elders Daniel Tyler, Wm. Fotheringham, Benjamin Bennett and other prominent brethren, among them Brother Shepherd an old-time Elder in Israel. Tuesday morning we left Beaver and met with the Relief Society at Minersville. We saw Mrs. Elizabeth Gilbert, one of the oldest members of the Church, the widow of Sidney Gilbert prominent in the days of Kirtland and also in the persecutions of the Church in Missouri. Mrs. Gilbert has just passed her ninetieth birthday Aug. 7, she is not feeble as one might expect, she talks well, told us she was baptized into the Church in 1830 and had never been reproved or brought before the teachers or authorities in all those sixty years. After the meeting in Minersville we turned our faces homeward. It is exceedingly pleasant and interesting to travel among the people and see them in their homes and assemblies. The Relief Society and other organizations are doing great good in the midst of the Saints wherever they are located.

### SUPPLICATION

Lord thou who see'st all my heart,  
And know'st my every thought:  
Help me to do thy holy will  
And serve Thee as I ought.

And when my path seems dark and wild,  
And hope burns low within;  
Look down upon Thine erring child,  
And keep my heart from sin.

—Charity

DEFINITION OF POLITICAL ECONOMY: There is no wealth but life. Life, including all its powers of love, of joy and admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is the richest who, having perfected the function of his own life to the utmost, has also the wisest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others. A strange political economy founded on self-interest being the fulfillment of that which once brought schism into the policy of angels and ruin into the economy of heaven."—Ruskin



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

**J**UNE 1st of this year, Mabel Young Sanborn, last living child of President Brigham Young, unveiled the statue of her father during impressive ceremonies in Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C. This beautiful piece of work, created by Mahonri Young, grandson of Brigham Young, now takes its place among the statues of other great figures of American history.

**A**BBIE S. YOUNG is the only living daughter-in-law of President Brigham Young. Married to Brigham Young, Jr., she was left a widow with seven children at the age of thirty-three. Now eighty, she still does beautiful needlework and is writing an autobiography and a biography of her grandparents.

**M**MARGARET CHASE SMITH, our Nation's only woman senator, recently pleaded the supreme need for a high sense of honor and justice, and a deep insight into our country's needs to transcend party loyalties. There is talk of Senator Smith's being nominated as vice-president of the United States.

**A** much-enjoyed Latter-day Saint author, Merling Dennis Clyde, died last May. For many years she was a contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*. Her poetry is par-

ticularly uplifting and inspirational in tone.

**W**INNER of the Frank W. Darling Memorial Prize (\$50) for a single sonnet, sponsored by the Poetry Society of Virginia, is our own Eva Willes Wangsgaard of Ogden, with her offering "No Barren Bough."

**E**ELLEN ROMNEY SCHOFIELD, eighty-six, recently died in Los Angeles. Daughter of Vilate Ellen Romney and Bishop George Romney, Sister Schofield was active in Church work, particularly Relief Society, until her death, and left behind her a host of friends.

**T**HE general board has been happy to learn that the Female Samaritan Association, with aims very much like those of the Relief Society, has celebrated its one hundred and twenty-second birthday, having been organized in Portland, Maine, March 4, 1828. It is still active in spiritual and physical charities.

So far as is known the Latter-day Saint Relief Society, organized in 1842, is the oldest women's organization of national and international scope that has persisted. If anyone knows anything to the contrary, the general board would be glad to be given this information.



## *Work is a Blessing*

“Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness.”

—Thomas Carlyle

**T**HERE is a dangerous wave of thinking in our world today which regards work as punishment, as an evil to be avoided. The present tendency seems to be the desire to avoid work, to seek continually for shorter hours, fewer work days, easier tasks, less responsibility—all of these so-called “benefits” to be accompanied by higher compensation. The substance of the matter seems to be a philosophy of giving less and receiving more—of gaining something for nothing. This is a law of diminishing returns, a negative and a destructive philosophy. It is the philosophy of the destroyer—not the faith of the builder.

Many rich rewards are promised by people who seem to think that wealth and happiness can be achieved without effort. We are told that in the perfect society very little work will be necessary. “The necessity of toil is a superstition,” some social planners would have us believe. “That man is expected to work for a living is an absurdity in this age. We must abandon the superstition of the morality of toil and the nonsense of trying to earn a living.”

Latter-day Saints, as well as other people all over the world, are being subjected to this type of philosophy, and some of them are giving cre-

dence to beliefs that are entirely alien to the teachings of the gospel. According to our doctrine, no earthly kingdom and no heavenly kingdom, can be built without sustained and noble effort. No individual can achieve earthly development or salvation in heaven without work. Rather than seeking to avoid labor, we should seek out the tasks which are commensurate with our strength and our ability, and we should seek even that work which is beyond our present capabilities that we may grow and become “rich in good works.”

From the very beginning of the Church we have been instructed in the gospel of work. Our communities were built and our valleys made fruitful by the labor of the hands of our forefathers and we shall ourselves become strong and happy only by our own efforts.

Brigham Young explained this fundamental belief in simple words of great power:

This people are increasing in the wisdom which cometh from God, and their power to organize the crude elements . . . into the necessities of life is in ratio to their increase of intelligence and application of labor. . . . I do not look for power from the heavens that will produce for us wool, cloth, iron, food, or anything we need, without being made with hands. We should understand what is required of us to sustain ourselves (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, page 262).

We must all be as strong and as self-supporting as we can be, or there will occur a great disintegration of society caused by the dependence of too many people upon the few who have maintained their integrity through the use of their intelligence and their ability and desire to work. It is evident all around us that some people are carrying a great load of responsibility while others are not even doing their own share.

The great commandment which was given to our first parents has never been withdrawn, and its application is of equal force in this our time:

And it came to pass . . . that Adam began to till the earth . . . and to eat his bread by the sweat of his brow, as . . . the Lord had commanded him. And Eve, also, his wife, did labor with him" (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 5:1).

—V. P. C.

## *Centennials for 1950*

**T**HIS important milestone in the middle of the twentieth century marks the one hundredth anniversary of many events in Church history.

Several mission centennials are being commemorated this year, celebrating the carrying of the gospel to those far countries, honoring the memories of the first missionaries and the saints who have since become members of the Church.

\* \* \*

**O**NE hundred years ago, on June 14, 1850, the Northland was opened as a mission by the apostle, Erastus Snow, accompanied by Elders John E. Forsgren and George P. Dykes. Elder Peter O. Hansen was already laboring among his relatives and friends in Scandinavia, and thus began the marvelous work which, over the years, has resulted in bringing much strength to the Church. When Elder John E. Forsgren baptized his brother Peter near Gefle, Sweden, in July 1850, the first of thousands of converts accepted the gospel. Hans F. Petersen, the first missionary to Norway, arrived in that

country in September 1851. A 1950 survey of 681 wards of the Church reveals that forty-four per cent of the membership was found to be of Scandinavian or part Scandinavian descent. From these loyal and gifted people have come many of our ablest and most dependable workers in the wards and branches of the Church. In June 1950, Elder John A. Widtsoe sailed from New York City on his way to attend mission centennial celebrations in Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Oslo.

\* \* \*

**A**T the small seaport town of Boulogne-sur-Mer in northern France, three Latter-day Saint missionaries arrived on June 18, 1850. They were John Taylor, who was later to become President of the Church, and his companions, Elders Curtis E. Bolton and William Howells. They were joined a few days later by Elder John Pack. Many times during the century, work in this mission was interrupted and many obstacles blocked the path of the missionaries, but, in 1912, the French Mission was formally organ-

ized by President Ruderger Clawson of the European Mission. In the ensuing years chapels were built, the mission paper, *l'Etoile* was printed, and considerable progress has been made.

\* \* \*

A mission to the Hawaiian Islands was established in December of 1950, when ten men, Hiram Clark, Thomas Whittle, H. W. Bigler, Thomas Morris, John Dixon, William Farrer, James Hawkins, Hiram Blackwell, George Q. Cannon, and Thomas Keeler arrived in Honolulu. The first branch was organized at Kulu on the Island of Maui by Elder George Q. Cannon in 1851. Elder Cannon translated the Book of Mormon into the Hawaiian language. Also, in 1851, two Latter-day Saint women accompanied their husbands to the islands. They were Mrs. Philip B. Lewis and Mrs. Francis A. Hammond. Later, Mrs. John S. Woodbury joined her husband in Hawaii. This mission has been continuous and one of the most successful in the Church. As Elder Cannon so well expressed it, the spirit of the gospel was carried with strength and conviction to the islands of the sea:

My prayer was that the time might speedily come when all should know the Lord, and when His knowledge should cover the earth as the waters covered the deep; and I believed in uniting works and faith.

\* \* \*

IN this same eventful year of 1850 missionaries began to preach the gospel in several other countries. A small branch was organized in Dublin, Ireland, by Elder Edward Sutherland. Lorenzo Snow, an apostle, at that time, accompanied by Eld-

ers Joseph Toronto and Thomas B. H. Stenhouse, arrived in Genoa, Italy, in June, and began missionary work. Thomas B. Stenhouse, later in the year, was ordained to open the Swiss mission and, in December, he began to preach the gospel in Geneva. Jabez Woodard, who arrived in Italy in September, was called in November to preside over mission activities in that country.

\* \* \*

JUNE 15, 1950, was a memorable day for the Church paper, *The Deseret News*, which on that day celebrated the completion of a century of publication. Beginning its work of inspiring, educating, and informing the people only three years after the arrival of the pioneers in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, this paper has accurately and vividly recorded the growth of a people and the establishment of a commonwealth in the valleys of the mountains; it has recorded, also, the history of the spreading of the gospel to the far corners of the earth and the gathering of many saints to the promised valleys.

The *News*, while looking backward with pride on its outstanding achievements, is well aware of its responsibility to the future. The Centennial editorial presents a challenging preview:

The century to come opens a vista of tremendously augmented power. . . . The proper use of that power—be it atomic, electrical, political, or spiritual—is man's responsibility. Man's wisdom in using increased power . . . will determine the shape of the century to come. . . . In its second century, the *Deseret News* proposes to continue its devotion to the tried and true principles: TRUTH AND LIBERTY.



AMONG other historical events important to Latter-day Saints in the year 1850 was the settlement of Lehi, American Fork, Pleasant Grove, Little Salt Lake Valley, Payson, and Ogden. Many exploring parties traveled extensively over the Great Basin. Hundreds of English saints arrived in Great Salt Lake Valley. In September the Congress of the United States passed an act establishing the Territory of Utah, and more than a month later the news of this event reached the Valley. Brigham Young was appointed governor. Parley's Canyon was opened to travel through the Wasatch Mountains, and Parley Pratt named this road "The Golden Pass." It became an important route for emigration to the Pacific Coast, and was thus established as a "golden" link

in the ever-widening frontiers of America.

The University of Utah also celebrated its Centennial in 1950, and now, at the turn of its second century, looks forward to even greater service. This pioneer institution was discussed in an editorial in the May issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

At this time, as Relief Society women, we are impressed with the accomplishments of our people in the past one hundred years, and we realize anew the importance of time, and of our own brief place in the swift passing of the years. The century that lies ahead will no doubt give us and our children great opportunities and great responsibilities.

—V. P. C.

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## *Mother---Pioneer*

Dorothy J. Roberts

From nine to ninety, what a light loaf grew  
Under her kneading into famous bread.  
And always at seven, twelve, and half-past-five,  
Sure, and good as seasons, was her table spread.

More than ninety years she held her beauty clean;  
And white and shining were her face and hair,  
And fresh as a maiden on an Easter morn,  
She graced, at ninety-one, her rocking chair.

The fine, burl'd walnut of her bridal bed,  
Darkened with time into a soft repose,  
Still handsome, sturdy and unmarred by years,  
Blessed her slumber to its peaceful close.

## *Complacent*

Beulah Huish Sadleir

I have a handkerchief pinned to my dress—  
For fear I shall lose it,  
Like all of the rest.

I have a memory pinned to my heart—  
No cause to worry—  
The pin is a dart.

## *Beauty Is in Everything*

Gene Romolo

Beauty is in everything  
Molded by the hand of God,  
From mankind, his masterpiece,  
To the emerald-bladed sod,  
But only faith-filled eyes can see  
Its imprint of divinity.

# American Pottery and Porcelain

## PART I

Rachel K. Laurgaard

*Illustrations by Elizabeth Williamson*

FOR a good many years Americans showed little interest in their native pottery makers. From the day that Mary Chilton Winslow and Priscilla Mullins Alden set out their sturdy English pewter to receive the first meal cooked in their new homes, and, for almost a hundred years thereafter, hardly a mention is made of the men or establishments which supplied the earthen pots in which these good wives must have cooked their beans, the vessels which they used for carrying water, or the crocks for storing butter, pickles, or oysters. Yet, the Virginia Colony is supposed to have had commercial potteries by 1650, and lists of Dutch settlers in New York contain names of "Pot-Bakers" as early as 1657. Perhaps the Pilgrim father accepted "pot-baking" as his responsibility during the cold and confining New England winters or, perhaps, a neighboring farmer turned out crocks to barter for other household necessities. At any rate, the task was not considered worthy of historical mention.

In 1684, Daniel Coxe of Burlington, New Jersey, set up a pottery which, tradition states, turned out "white stoneware," probably of the salt-glazed type, which was being produced by contemporary Staffordshire potters. No known examples of his handiwork have come down to us.

A hundred years later a famous English potter, William Cookworthy, informs us that American potters were doing a high quality of work. He wrote to a friend in 1745, that the potters of Virginia were producing "china ware. . . ." equal to the Asiatic from "petuntse and kaolin" to be found "in the back of Virginia." The Cherokee natives called the clay "unaker," and several English firms—Bow, Worcester, Bristol, and Wedgwood—seem to have been importing it for use in their china making. A number of Staffordshire potters immigrated to North Carolina and set up a pottery, and even the eminently successful Josiah Wedgwood was fearful lest they might eventually capture his large American market. He could not foresee that American housewives were to continue their prejudice in favor of English wares and against American for many generations to come. Josiah Wedgwood need not have worried! A hundred and fifty years later, the descendants of those Staffordshire immigrants were still practicing their family trade in the mountains of North Carolina, with their mountaineer neighbors as their only customers. One old potter, ironically enough, was named Josiah Wedgwood Sheffield! He pronounced it "Shuffle."

Potters from Staffordshire had settled in New York, Pennsylvania,

and New Jersey, also, and the so-called "Pennsylvania Dutch" ware, with its interesting tulip and bird designs, was inspired, probably, as much by the slip ware of Staffordshire as the faience of Germany and Holland. It was made in the same manner as its European forerunner, with yellow slip trailed onto red earthenware or, occasionally, a light background, decorated with a darker design. Pieces marked "Mary's Dish," "Baby's Dish," "Mince Pie," "Shoofly," or merely dates and initials, indicate that much of this slip ware was made for gifts.

**T**HE Revolution started a "Buy American" movement and, for a time, it looked as though the American ceramic industry was to have its chance at last. A pottery established at Bennington, Vermont, in 1793, was one of the most successful. At first, ordinary red earthenware was made, but after the discovery of a kaolin bed at Monkton, Vermont, in 1810, better things were produced, among them, yellowware, made of clay which burned buff color instead of red, Rockingham, which was yellowware with a dark brown mottled glaze, and Parian ware, the product which made the Bennington factory famous. Parian is an unglazed white, soft porcelain or bone china, and had been a popular product of the eighteenth century French factories and, later, the Spode factory of England. Lovely vases, pitchers, and small figures were produced at Bennington, many of them ornately modeled, and sometimes tinted to resemble Wedgwood's jasper ware.

In 1825, the Jersey Porcelain and Earthenware Company began mak-

ing the first true porcelain to be produced in the United States. Other factories in New Jersey and around Philadelphia had hopeful beginnings, also, only to be spurned by the housewife for the floods of English cream-colored ware shipped over by Wedgwood and his fellow business men. They catered to the patriotism of the new nation with portraits of Revolutionary heroes and battle scenes, even depicting their own generals in humiliated defeat, in their determination to retain the American market.

Then came the spacious days of the clipper ships, when American china cupboards were stocked with oriental porcelains which sea-faring



BENNINGTON VASE  
Nineteenth Century American



PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH PLATE

husbands brought home from their long voyages. "Buy American" was forgotten, and even the Bennington factory had to turn out its fine products unmarked, for fear that the ladies might turn aside unless they could be led to believe that it was made in England.

White House china purchases reflected the attitude of the times. Martha Washington used gold and white Sevres for best and blue and white Nanking ware for everyday. Dolly Madison also favored French wares. During John Quincy Adam's administration, Congress passed a law requiring that White House furnishings be American-made when possible. In spite of this, no domestic china was considered suitable for formal State dinners throughout many administrations to come. The best that could be done in that regard, from Lincoln's to Garfield's era, was to use the French products of the American Mr. Haviland. At last, when

President and Mrs. Wilson needed a new State dinner service, a true American product, Lenox china, was found to equal the finest wares of any nation, and, since that time, the White House has been proud to "Buy American."

**D**URING the years when the frontier was pushing westward, American ceramic efforts dwindled to the production of kitchen dishes, purchased from the peddler, who became the chief outlet for the potteries of the New Jersey, Ohio, and West Virginia districts. Many of these kilns had been set up by immigrant potters from England, who saw no reason why the good clays of America could not be utilized with as much financial success as those of the Old Country. They soon found that the transfer-printed wares of Staffordshire came first in the hearts of our pioneer grandmothers, even in the backwoods of Ohio and Illinois, so they confined their efforts to providing a serviceable white kitchenware which they variously called white granite, stone china, or ironstone. Some of it was decorated with underglaze printing, but the great mass was of an ugly blue-white, without decoration of any sort. The idea that even common kitchen utensils could be beautiful had not yet taken hold. An ever-increasing population needed dishes, however, so the Ohio-West Virginia potteries prospered.

Today, this area contains around a hundred and twenty-five ceramic plants, turning out many varieties of wares, chiefly of the moderate to inexpensive type. Hotel china, a hard and completely vitrified prod-

uct, is made by many companies. For home use, such firms as Homer Laughlin, Steubenville, Salem China Company, and the American

Limoges Company are paying increased attention to beautiful shape and graceful decoration, for even their most inexpensive products.



ANNA MAE BRANCH, PRICE, UTAH, MAKES HER COLLECTION OF  
RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINES AVAILABLE TO CARBON STAKE  
RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS

Anna Mae Branch has a hobby which is both interesting and useful. She makes her large collection of *Relief Society Magazines* available to anyone requesting references for lesson work, programs, histories, sermons, and addresses. Whenever one of the *Relief Society Magazines* is listed as a reference, Sister Branch has it and is very generous in letting anyone have access to this valuable "Magazine library," which includes many bound volumes, and is complete for the past thirty-five years.

Sister Branch, who has been an active Relief Society worker for fifty years, has found the Magazine "a treasure house" in her activities. She writes: "The first volume of the Relief Society outlines or lesson work was called *The Relief Society Bulletin* and was published during the year 1914. The following year, 1915, the publication was called *The Relief Society Magazine*, and Susa Young Gates was the editor. In that year President Joseph F. Smith sent the Magazine this greeting:

'Accept my sincere congratulations and heartiest greetings in honor of the birth of *The Relief Society Magazine*. May it enter upon its noble mission so firmly entrenched about by bulwarks of capable endeavor and enduring truth that its career may be successful and glorious.'

# Dark in the Chrysalis

Alice Morrey Bailey

## CHAPTER 8 (CONCLUSION)

EDITH returned to the house alone after the funeral. Cory had stayed at the cemetery to oversee the completion of his mother's burial. Edith had overheard Mrs. Hartley invite him to her home for dinner and thought that would be good for him, rather than to come back to this house, so deadly quiet after the great activities of the past three months.

Amanda came out from the kitchen when she heard Edith come in. "Would you like me to fix you something, Mrs. Ashe?" she asked.

"No, thank you, Amanda," Edith said. She was more than just weary. She was wrung out. She sat at the telephone and called Kit.

"I am ready to come home, Kit," she told him. "Of course you understand it is only until I find some other work."

"Now, Mother," Kit said. "Don't feel that way. You know you are welcome here as long as you live. I don't like to think of you off working."

"We'll talk about it when I get there. How soon can you come?"

"Whenever you say, Mother. Right away if you like."

"I'll be ready in half an hour," Edith told him.

"You're not leaving?" said Amanda when she hung up.

"Yes, right away," Edith replied. "You see my job is finished. With Mrs. Lewis dead and Linnie gone, there is nothing left for me to do."

"Why, that's right," agreed

Amanda wonderingly. "Somehow I just never thought of your leaving. You got so close to them it seemed like you was one of the family. It just seemed like Mr. Lewis might—"

"Might what, Amanda?" Edith couldn't resist asking.

"Well, I dunno. Might keep you on, I guess. Laws, it's going to be lonesome and funny with you gone, too."

"Yes, it is, isn't it?" Edith agreed absently. She was thinking of herself and the days ahead.

She was ready when Kit drove up. She had been careful to remember everything, in order not to have to return for anything. In a few days, when Cory had time to think, she would telephone him and find out when he would want her to take her furniture. She looked at it now, as she came around the curve in the stair.

The late afternoon sun drifted through the Venetian blinds, slanted on the carpet, etching the graceful bannister with light and casting the lovely shadows of flowers on the walls. Never before, and never again would she see her beloved furniture in such a setting. Love of this house had grown on her until it was like leaving her own home, but it was more than the furniture that tugged at her now.

These walls were haunted with Linnie's slender grace, her fluted song and the gallantly eager lift of her head. And Grammy! Almost any minute, now, it seemed, Grammy

would come wheeling out of the dining room, her black eyes snapping, her tongue ready with its wit. Such profound things as marriage and death did something to a house.

**T**HEY had no more profound effect, however, than a house could have on its occupants. Austere and chill and unbeautiful, it could stilt and frustrate the spirit. Made into a home it could be a liberating agent, as this one had been iridescent wings for the hidden beauties of the soul.

It was more than a matter of upholstery, fabric, wood, and the money to buy them. It was a matter of love and pride, of self-respect and artisanship, a satisfying of the hungers, human and divine, that were inherent in every person.

It was a stage and a setting for drama. On this stair Cory's hand had touched hers; his voice speaking her name, had poised her here, suddenly still. It was best to go now, quickly, leaving this profound thing, which could not even be called her love for Cory, abortive and unfulfilled within these walls.

Beside them Annette's house was flat and utilitarian, and had less appeal than ever to Edith. Annette hovered over her anxiously at dinner, straining to make her feel at home.

"Why, Mother! How you have changed! I had no idea you were so pretty. I love the way you do your hair, and your new clothes are stunning. I didn't know you had such marvelous taste."

Her words should have touched the joy of victory in Edith's heart, because it was obvious that Annette remembered her own indictment of her mother-in-law only a few months

previous. The words that had stung Edith so bitterly then stirred no feeling in her now. She had thought and felt so much since then, had had so much fulfillment that the little scene seemed long ago and far away. It held significance only in the fact that it had catapulted her into one of the richest experiences in her life.

"Eat more of your dinner, Mother," Kit was saying. "Annie's fixed your favorite recipes."

"Thank you, Annette," smiled Edith. "I'm afraid I am more weary than hungry tonight."

"And already talking about another job," Kit exploded. "Well, you can just forget that idea."

"No, I think not, Kit. I found it quite exciting to earn my own money, to be an individual rather than a parasite. There are some things I must see to—get my furniture back home—"

Annette looked stricken. "That room—" she said. "I've fixed it up for—"

"No matter," said Edith. "I can store the furniture down town until I find something to do with it—take an unfurnished apartment, maybe. It all depends upon what I find to do."

"Mother," Kit said, "Annette's fixed the room for a nursery."

"Kit! Annette!" said Edith, stirred from her lethargy of mind to real elation. "That's wonderful!"

"I—we hoped that you would be here, well to see Annette through—"

"Why, of course I will," said Edith. "That's what mothers are for."

"Then you can forget about going to work again. This once was all right—a lark, but no more of it."

"Nonsense," said Edith. "I have

no intention of sitting down here with you young folks any more. It will be months before Annette needs me, and then only for a few weeks of time."

**S**HE excused herself as soon as possible and went upstairs. A warm bath and to bed, she thought. Sleep would relieve her mind from the terrible apathy that had descended upon it again after the excitement of hearing about Kit's baby. In spite of her brave words and her resolutions, life stretched bleakly into an uninteresting future, without beauty, without richness, with nothing real ahead, except old age.

The bath did not bring sleep, and Edith lay, refusing to think, wanting not to feel, for either would bring the two things that she just now could not bear—homesickness for Cory's house, loneliness for Cory.

"Mother," said Annette, knocking softly.

"Yes?" said Edith.

"Mr. Lewis is on the telephone."

"Mr. Lewis?" asked Edith, leaping up, excitement exploding within her. Whatever this thing was in her veins it had to be stopped, wiped out, killed. "Probably calling about the furniture, or my last check," she said. "Tell him I've gone to bed—that I'll call him tomorrow."

"I did, but he said it was urgent."

"Oh, all right," said Edith, getting into robe and slippers. After all it was only nine o'clock.

"I have to see you. Tonight," Cory said when she answered the telephone.

"If it's the furniture—" began Edith.

"It isn't the furniture," said Cory. "Or your check. How long will it

take you to dress?"

"Not long. Fifteen minutes," said Edith wonderingly.

"I'll call for you," said Cory and hung up.

Edith's fingers shook while she dressed and she was unable to control the slow pounding that began in her heart. Cory was there in ten minutes, conversing with Kit and Annette, his hat in his hand, when she came down.

He looked perfectly normal with the exception of his weariness. He barely glanced at Edith, but got up, opened the door for her as he finished his conversation with Kit, and bade them good night, and followed her out. He put her in the car without a word and went around to the driver's side.

"Lean back. Relax," he commanded her, starting the car.

It was good to do just that while Cory drove, letting the little fire of curiosity die down. The breeze that lifted her hair was pleasant.

Cory nosed the car to higher ground above the city until it lay below them like a lap of jewels. Still he drove, entering a nearby canyon, turning and twisting on the road, silhouettes of pines and the steep sides of hills racing past them. Finally he achieved a small plateau, turned off the road, and stopped.

"This is a favorite place of mine," he said then, and went on talking dispassionately, tracing the canyons and watercourses from their point of vantage.

**H**E just couldn't bear staying in the house, Edith decided. In all that emptiness. This ride had no significance, no better reason. Of course it was urgent. Losing his



mother, much as it might have been expected, by her age, was a cataclysm, one she well knew, but she had thought him adequately taken care of for the evening. What had happened to dinner, and to Mrs. Hartley?

"Look at the moon," she said, wondering how many millions of people had made that same observation. "In town the lights outdo it, make it look like a cheap prop, but out here it comes into its own." It looked close enough to touch and its white light bathed the world. "I hope it shines like that on Linnie and Paul, wherever they are. It's a real honeymoon."

"My guess is the Canadian woods. Otherwise, some of my telegrams would have reached them. In a way, I'm glad they didn't. It will hurt Linnie not to have been here, but on the other hand, she will remember mother like she saw her last—happy and excited, and peppery as they come. Then, too, their honeymoon should not be marred."

Then that wasn't what was on Cory's mind, thought Edith, still casting frantically for clues to tonight's meeting. If it was that he just wanted to ease his mind and talk of June and the moon and nature, then she would humor him, she decided, but her next words betrayed her, as usual.

"Cory, I know it's your mother. I am so sorry. I feel that I neglected her to help Linnie. She might still be with you if I hadn't."

"Don't say such a thing! Don't even think it," said Cory vehemently. "It was her time to go. Mother was eighty-five, you know."

"But if only she could have

stayed a month more, until Linnie and Paul were back to bear it with you. Having them both leave the same day was too hard for you."

"No one consults us about those things," Cory said. "My mother died happy, and she did so because of you. You know yourself that she was bitter, confined to the loneliness of her room, longing for death when you came.

"Look what you did! Gave her an interest in life—got her out of that dark room, let her participate in the preparations for Linnie's wedding. She loved it, I tell you. She was happy right up to the last minute. She went to sleep happy, and she didn't wake up. I wouldn't have it different."

"Then— what is it—troubling you?" Edith asked, a horrible thought overcoming her. If he asks me to help with his wedding I just—

"It's you, Edith."

"Me?" asked Edith ungrammatically, her heart stopping dead still.

"I've looked at this thing from every angle, argued myself black in the face, tried to put myself in Linnie's place. It isn't that I didn't love her mother. It all comes out to the same thing. It's as real as the back of my hand," Cory said, holding up his hand to look at it in the moonlight. "I love you, Edith. I want to marry you and live with you the rest of my life."

**EDITH** looked at him and could not speak for the waves of joy that shook her from head to foot.

"Does that surprise you so much, Edith? I told Linnie right in front

(Continued on page 574)

# “Just a Housewife!”

Winifred N. Jones

**I** FELT I would explode if I heard just one more woman on just one more radio program say just one more time, “I’m just a housewife!” She did!

Why must women insist on being apologetic about being a housewife—or, if you prefer, homemaker? Practically every woman spends most of her first twenty-five years trying to become a wife and housekeeper and then immediately starts feeling sorry for herself because she has what she wanted!

Any woman who is a good homemaker has nothing on earth for which to apologize. She must furnish hard work, intelligence, ingenuity, and an unlimited amount of patience for the job. Successful homemaking can and will give a woman enormous satisfaction if she will bring to it the same time, attention, and interest a job outside of her home would demand of her.

This belittling attitude so many women adopt toward homemaking breeds the very things that make it unattractive for them, carelessness and inefficiency and monotony and drudgery to household tasks. In contrast, the woman who keeps her home in shipshape order has time for activities that will keep her mentally alert and stimulated. She doesn’t always have left-over jobs to do!

The woman who opens a can of soup or puts together a tasteless sandwich at lunchtime for herself and children can’t help feeling that cooking is a bore. But the lady of

the house who prides herself on always setting an attractive and appetizing meal on the table enjoys doing it.

Women are not honest with themselves about this thing. They spend time daydreaming about being a big cog in an exciting office, when, in truth, they would probably be very small wheels in very monotonous jobs. A woman who wears houseslippers most of the day in her home frets about how tiring her housework is. How long does she think those tenderized feet would last holding her up behind a counter all day! Has the woman who moans about the trial of having to wash dishes three times a day ever worked in a bindery where they handle thousands of identical sheets of paper over and over and over?

Doesn’t the woman who complains about her husband’s desire to stay home evening after evening ever recall that the reason she married him was “so we can be alone together”? It’s up to her to make that time together as interesting now as it was then! She can—if she will insist on bringing attractiveness into her home.

**I** HEAR women saying it can’t be done on limited budgets. Nonsense. Of course having plenty to do with helps, but a little imagination and hard work pay higher home dividends. Let her forget what her neighbor has or has not in her house. After all, she and her family must live in theirs! Adjust

the home necessities to the desires of the family. That's the strongest long-range standard.

It is usually the woman who complains about a lack of clothes who remarks in the next breath, "I never sew. It bores me." She is also the woman who doesn't realize that the most expensive clothes and those selected by "best-dressed" women are those that are individually tailored, not those turned out by the hundreds in factories.

This same attitude is reflected in her relationship with her children. Picnics, parties, family reading hours, and established Christmas traditions are absent from the home of the woman who whines, "The children nearly wear me out!"

Women will argue that society doesn't expect every man to be a doctor, lawyer, or ditch-digger, but expects every woman to be a good homemaker. Very well, but society also expects every man to give his time, energy, and devotion to his job. Should less be expected of a woman? She chose to be a housewife!

The woman who fails at being a homemaker and dreams of an exciting and successful career as a business woman fails to recognize that routine, application to detail, and performing an unpleasant job are also essential to a business career. She also forgets that she is working for, and with the man whom she selected to be her companion in the building of an eternal home.

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## *To Carol*

On the Death of Her Mother

*Margaret B. Shomaker*

If words could pierce sorrow's brittle pain  
And touch the weeping heart, to ease its grief,  
My trembling lips would sing a sweet refrain  
In hope the tone would bring you sure relief.

Then I would take a splinter from the moon  
And lead you from this sorrow, dark as night,  
To where the lips and heart caress a tune  
And tired eyes turn with courage to the light.

But from my lips only a muted cry;  
Held in my heart the tone of silent song,  
Caught like a bird in prison from the sky.  
Please let me hold your hand in silence strong,  
For unsaid words will vibrate sorrow's air  
And you will understand my wordless prayer.

# The Washstand—1950 Version

*Kathryn Jane Collins*

SIXTY years or so ago, when there was no hot water rushing from the tap at the turn of a handle, a small washstand with a pitcher and bowl standing on top was a prominent feature of almost every bedroom. At the washstand you scrubbed and polished yourself!

Today, these very same washstands, when refinished in a simple and inexpensive way, add charm and beauty to our homes. These small, low chests of drawers are very versatile and can be used in many ways. Usually, they have one long drawer across the top and the lower part of the washstand is divided into two sections, one side with a door and the other side with two smaller drawers. The wood is usually solid. The ones I have seen have been made of walnut, oak, maple, or cherry.

Since these washstands were so common, probably you have one way back in your basement or hidden in your attic under all those things that such places usually collect. Maybe you have an aunt or a cousin who has one. If these sources fail, perhaps the second-hand store might have one.

With a mirror hung above the washstand to give you a glimpse of yourself or to give your guests a chance to straighten their ties and fix that wayward lock, the washstand makes a hall inviting.

You can use one in the dining room as a useful server and store silver in the drawers and tall vases

in the cabinet section. An excellent bedside table can be made from one, or an extra chest of drawers for all those things that seem to collect. For the lady who sews, it is just the place for all her sewing supplies.

We use ours for a radio cabinet. After removing the old varnish, I found the top to be a lovely piece of burl-grained maple. I removed the door panel and replaced it with a piece of ordinary wire lathe, the kind used in plastering. First, I gilded it, and the result is an attractive grilled door. The radio speaker will be hidden behind this grill, which will have a piece of tapestry tacked to the back. We plan to cut off the front panel from the upper small drawer and hinge it to pull down and expose the dials. The bottom drawer will hold the radio chassis and tubes.

To refinish one of these pieces is very simple. First remove any hardware and examine it carefully before discarding it. A little paint remover used on the hardware may reveal beautiful old brass handles and knobs. If not, you can purchase very nice copies of antique hardware at the store.

Before beginning the refinishing, protect your hands with gloves and protect the floor with newspapers. You will need rags and an old paint brush, which can be thrown away after the work is completed.

Begin by removing the drawers and placing the washstand on its



back so that the front is horizontal with the floor. Spread paint remover on generously with the brush and let it stand until the surface begins to crack. Then, working with the grain, use a putty knife or some similar object to remove the old paint or varnish. Get into the corners and flutings. Then do the top, and the sides. Try to have each section in a horizontal position when applying the paint remover so that it will not run off. After all the old finish is off, apply another coat and wipe off thoroughly with rags. Then wipe all the surfaces with alcohol to remove any wax left by the paint remover. Sand any rough surfaces with the grain of the wood.

**YOU** may find that the whole piece needs staining. If you wish to stain it be sure to try

samples of your stain in an inconspicuous corner before applying it all over. After some searching, I found a mahogany stain in the lovely dark purple tones one finds in good furniture. Stain the piece and let it dry thoroughly.

Now you are ready for the final step. There are several ways to finish off the washstand. You can varnish the surface, then rub down with pumice and oil. To remove excess pumice, wipe with a cloth dipped in benzine. Then polish with a chamois.

Or the waxed finish may appeal to you. Wax thoroughly; rub with steel wool and then with a chamois. Let this stand for a week; then wax and rub down again. Continue until the piece has a lovely patina.

I myself prefer the oil finish. This finish takes much wear, will not scratch as varnish does, and brings out the grain of the wood. For it I mix two parts of linseed oil with one part of turpentine and bring to a boil. Then cool and, with a soft cloth, apply to a small section, rubbing it in well for five to twenty minutes on each section. When you finish, the wood should be dry and unable to absorb more. Do not let the oil remain on top in a sticky film. Rub always with the grain of the wood.

Then wait a week and apply more. In another week, apply still more. Four or five applications should give the finish you want.

By now, the washstand, with glowing handles and a beautiful, mellow patina, is ready for a new and useful life. You will be greatly repaid for the small amount of time you have spent.

# *The Best Time of Your Life*

Ezra J. Poulsen

**I**F you were asked the question, "What was the best time of your life?" you should be able to answer, especially if you are past fifty, "Right now." Your accumulation of experience, with its attendant wit and wisdom, gives you every advantage over those of less mature years.

The old philosophy that life follows the ascending scale up to forty, then slowly declines to the end, is about as useful as ox-team transportation, typhoid fever, and superstition. Today, we are capable of seeing brighter vistas. We might think of ourselves as travelers in a country of endless beauty and challenge, with the brightest prospects and most intriguing situations just ahead. To do this is to keep young and eager in spirit.

Wouldn't it have been a tragic joke on the children of Israel if Moses, at the age of sixty or seventy, had folded up his tent and decided it was too late to engage in any important undertakings? Of course, we would never have heard of him; his real life's work hadn't begun at that age. Like the palm tree, which produces its finest dates after it reaches the first hundred years, we should grow richer in production and maturity with the passing of time.

The roster of fame is filled with the deeds of those in the upper barckets of years, who have gone jauntily on with their work and their dreams, too busy to stop and think of their infirmities.

Benjamin West (1738-1820), the great painter, completed two of his most important productions, "Death on the Pale Horse," and "Christ Healing the Sick," when he might be considered to have been an old man. At the age of eighty, he was still president of the Royal Academy.

William Wordsworth did not attain the office of poet laureate of England until 1843, when he was seventy-three. And Edmund Burke, the great English statesman, born in 1729, was nearly sixty when he delivered his masterful speech against Warren Hastings. Perhaps, we would not be very well acquainted with the name of Alfred Tennyson today if he had belonged to the "cult of youth," for he accomplished his greatest works, such as "Enoch Arden" (1864) and "The Holy Grail" (1869) when he was past fifty and in his sixties. "Crossing the Bar" did not see the light of day until 1889, when the poet was beyond eighty.

!hough the years may require a reasonable slowing down of one's physical activity, they impair but little, if any, the mental and spiritual robustness of those who enjoy growth and service. Even on the physical side, we are inclined to coddle ourselves too much. We do too much tapering off, and pinching out.

General Winfield Scott was past sixty at the time he won his great victories in the Mexican war, and, in 1852 at sixty-six, he became a candidate for the presidency of the United States. Likewise, Zachary Taylor, the hero of Monterey, became President in 1849, at the age of sixty-four.

Many great mental achievements have flowered in ripened minds. Maria Edgeworth's novel *Helen*, comprising three volumes, was published (1834) when she was sixty-eight years old, and it is considered one of her best works.

The time to be of good cheer, to enjoy one's friends, and to accomplish interesting and worthy achievements is always now, even if you are ninety years young.

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### *Willowware Plate*

Irene Storey

My eyes wander over  
 A willowware plate  
 And rest on Koong Shee,  
 Who, the legends relate,  
 Parted with Chang  
 In the dim long ago,  
 Still waiting the summons,  
 For all that I know.  
 Still stands the blue tower  
 Beside the blue gate,  
 At which Koong Shee  
 Seems forever to wait.  
 Undimmed and unchanged,  
 Nor days seem to matter,  
 As they drift into years  
 On my blue willow platter.

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"LEARN TO LABOR AND TO WAIT"

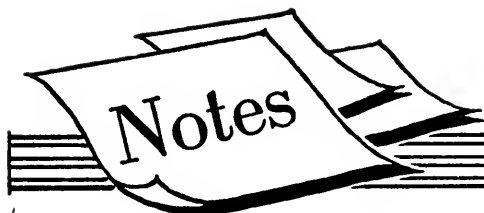
Caroline Eyring Miner

OVER and over goes the little tune (and the name tune is questionable). Helen, our eight-year-old, is practicing her piano lesson. She stretches her fingers and she halts in her tempo and withal she labors most diligently. The rest of the family? We grit our teeth and we wait—wait for the time when she will either give up or will be able to play at least two tunes in a fairly facile manner, but wait we must.

But we are all learning an important lesson. If one is eventually to reap, one must sow, and that well in advance of the harvest. Success does not come easily. We have to labor, and with it we have to be patient until the harvest comes.

The Curies in their search for radium worked and waited during the long years for their labors to bear fruit. They had sufficient vision and belief in what they were doing to keep them laboring and waiting. And such is the story of every great scientist, inventor, and artist.

A little foresight and thought and ambition and desire, and we may launch upon a project of large or small dimensions. We may keep working and waiting until the projected dream becomes a reality. The Helens will continue to practice their scales upon the piano, the Jimmies will puff their cheeks until they fairly burst, learning to play the trombone, and we shall all await the day of the fulfillment of their dreams, and labor and wait also for the fruition of our own.



## From The Field

*Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer*

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

### RELIEF SOCIETY SOCIALS, BAZAARS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Jessie Reese

#### SMITHFIELD STAKE (UTAH), SMITHFIELD FOURTH WARD BAZAAR November 1949

Standing, left to right: First Counselor Rachel Hillyard; President Vera Roskelly; Second Counselor Fern Heaps; Secretary-Treasurer Vera Noble; work meeting leader Afton G. Smith.

Describing the activities which preceded the bazaar, this enthusiastic society reports: "Last fall we had one of the most successful bazaars ever held in our ward. We commenced in February 1949 by calling for all available used and unused materials which could be made into rugs or whatever else the materials might be suited for. The response was overwhelming and enough material was brought or sent in to keep the members very busy until the bazaar in November. The average summer attendance was between forty and fifty women and the increased activity brought the members closer together and the entire project resulted in a great deal of good accomplishment, both spiritually and financially."

Alta C. Allen is president of Smithfield Stake Relief Society.





Photograph submitted by Lucille H. Spencer

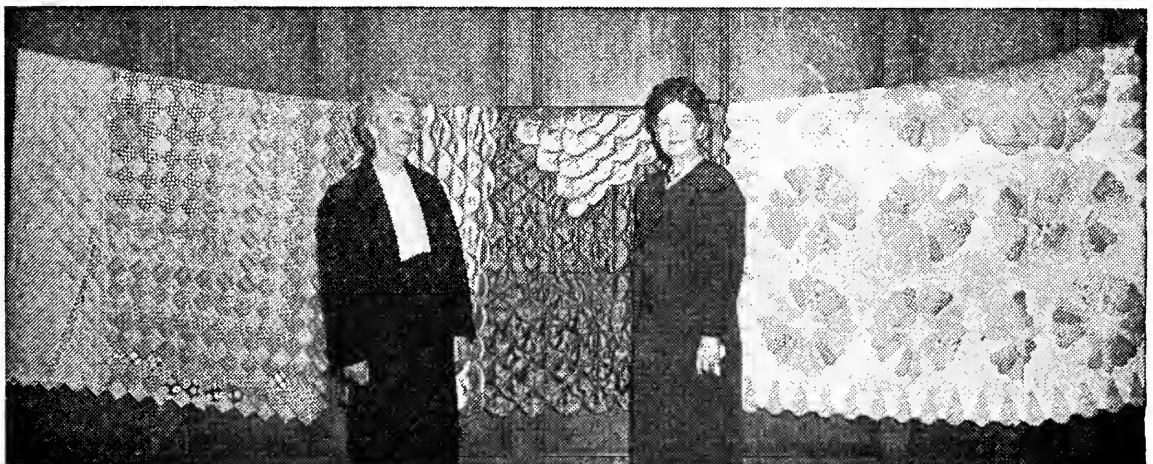
**NEBO STAKE (UTAH), SPRING LAKE WARD, FORMER RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS HONORED AT A VALENTINE'S PARTY, February 14, 1950**

Front row, seated, left to right: La Vona Thomas; Annie Menlove; Hortense Butler.

Back row, standing, left to right: Rhea Menlove, present president; Cecil Peery; Lucille Spencer.

All Relief Society members over sixty-five years of age were especially honored at this social.

Lucille H. Spencer is president of Nebo Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Mima Hainsworth

**PORTLAND STAKE (OREGON), COLONIAL HEIGHTS WARD RELIEF SOCIETY DISPLAYS BEAUTIFULLY DESIGNED QUILTS AT THE BAZAAR, November 4, 1949**

Laura Ross, assistant work meeting leader and Josephine N. Olsen, work meeting leader, are shown in front of the quilts.

Also displayed were fifty aprons, a large number of towels, luncheon cloths, embroidered pillow cases, and a beautiful assortment of baby jackets, dresses, layettes, dolls, and dozens of other articles. Officers of the Colonial Heights Ward Relief Society are: President Alice B. Kraft; First Counselor Vera Remington; Second Counselor Nell B. Smart; Secretary-Treasurer Ethel Hurlburt.

Mima Hainsworth is president of Portland Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by LaVon Jacobson

LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA), HOLLYWOOD WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS ASSEMBLED AT ANNIVERSARY DAY LUNCHEON, March 14, 1950

Left to right: President LaVon Jacobson; former presidents: Agnes Sloane Nibley; Ella Perkins; Geneva Cooper; Isabelle Smith; Elizabeth Denhalter; Mary Watkins.  
Inset: Velma Richardson.

Former presidents not in the photograph are: Kate Nielson; Irene McCullough; Frances Conover; Ida E. Nelson; Ethel Peterson (deceased).

Dorothy Koer is president of Los Angeles Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Edna J. Kindred

SOUTH IDAHO FALLS STAKE (IDAHO), SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE, May 14, 1950

Eileen Weaver, the accompanist, is seated at the left on the first row; Edna Kindred, Stake Relief Society President, is standing second from the left in the front row; Uarda Whiting, Second Counselor, is tenth from the left, first row.

Blonda Knight, the chorister, stands at the right on the second row.

Vera Hart, First Counselor, stands fourth from the left in the third row.

Edna J. Kindred, President, South Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society, reports the closing of a season of successful activities: "Tuesday, May 23rd, we held our stake Relief Society closing social, with about 200 women in attendance. We had a lovely program, followed by a display of handwork which included most of our 1950 Welfare sewing assignment, along with many other lovely things. We made a little souvenir booklet which we presented to each sister as she came in. We also have a stake Singing Mothers group, consisting of sixty-one members, who sang at stake conference (May 14th) and at our closing social."



Photograph by Keith Studio, Bellingham, Washington  
Submitted by Birdie S. Bean

SEATTLE STAKE (WASHINGTON), BELLINGHAM WARD PAGEANT  
"MOTHERS OF MEN," March 17, 1950

Front row, seated, left to right: Ruth Bradbury as Rebekah; Ruby Smith as a pioneer mother.

Second row, seated, left to right: Emily Newberry as Eve; Etta Pratt as Sariah; Elma Hansen as a Pilgrim mother; Jule McEntire as a mother of today; First Counselor Ranghild Safsten as Lucy Mack Smith; Iola Kent as Nancy Hanks.

Seated, center, rear: Mary Rowe, as Mary, the mother of Jesus.

Back row, standing, left to right: Thelma Umphenour, accompanist; Elizabeth Salmon, director; President Rae Linde; Second Counselor Ella M. Petric.

Birdie S. Bean is president of Seattle Stake Relief Society.



Photographs submitted by Amelia H. Robertson

**BIG HORN STAKE (WYOMING), VISITING TEACHERS OF LOVELL WARD,  
LOVELL WEST WARD, AND COWLEY WARD ACHIEVE  
A RECORD OF 100 PER CENT**

Top photograph—Lovell Ward Visiting Teachers. Officers of the Ward Relief Society are seated in the front row, beginning with the second from the left, left to right: visiting teacher supervisor Aurelia Beddes; Counselor Thelma Corbridge; President Ida Shumway; Counselor Martha Gorbutt; Secretary Lorainne Fillerup.

Middle photograph—Lovell West Ward Visiting Teachers. Officers of the Ward Relief Society, seated in the first row, beginning with the second from the left: Secretary Marcella Allred; Counselor Lulu Dillon; President Verda Asay. Seated in the second row, beginning with the second from the left: visiting teacher supervisors Edith Marshall and Kate Moncur.

Bottom photograph—Cowley Ward Visiting Teachers. Ward Relief Society officers, seated in the second row, beginning with the second from the left: Counselor Iva Lewis; Counselor Pauline Stevens; President Geneva Stevens; visiting teacher supervisor Charlotte Mayer; Secretary Lamar Jensen.

Amelia H. Robertson is president of Big Horn Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Vivian R. McConkie

### CALIFORNIA MISSION, WASCO BRANCH DISPLAYS FURNISHINGS FOR RELIEF SOCIETY ROOM

Front row, seated, left to right: Secretary-Treasurer Rae Hager; Second Counselor Rilla Honor; President Belva Edwards; First Counselor Flossie Hallmark; Louise Whedon.

Second row, standing, left to right: Chorister Barbara Baker; Zella MacDonald; Iris Dverksen; June Hawkins; Ruth Eaton.

Third row, left to right: Ora Eta Gubler; Josephine Spilsbury; Florence Hallmark; Thora Landrum; Loretta Rose Stuart; Gertrude MacArthur.

The photograph shows the Relief Society members and some of the furnishings of their Relief Society room. The lamps and rugs displayed in the picture were made by the women, and numerous other articles were made for bazaars and welfare work.

Vivian R. McConkie is president of the California Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Erma Croxall

### POCATELLO STAKE (IDAHO), POCATELLO FOURTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS

Left to right: President Isabell L. Curl; First Counselor Verla A. Marley; Second Counselor Ethel Aldous; Secretary Emma Puckett, who has been a member of the Ward Relief Society presidency for twelve consecutive years and in that time has missed only one meeting, this occasion being at the time of the death of her sister.

Helen Pugmire is president of Pocatello Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Pearl Halverson

GLENDALE STAKE (CALIFORNIA), WEST GLENDALE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS ASSEMBLED AT THE NEW GLENDALE WEST WARD CHAPEL AT THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON'S WORK  
May 1950

Officers of the society are seated in the front row, left to right: President Pearl Halverson; Second Counselor Blanche Alvard; First Counselor Barbara James; Secretary-Treasurer Edith Cooper.

Mary E. Cutler is president of Glendale Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Verna L. Dewsnup

ST. GEORGE STAKE (UTAH), HONORS ELDERLY RELIEF SOCIETY WOMEN AT VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION, April 28, 1950

Front row, left to right: Cora S. Hagan; Jane Moss; Emma Riddle; Effie Dunham; Avery Jones; Julia Andrus.

Back row, left to right: Mary Woodbury; Mary Reber; Ella Seegmiller; Emma S. Little; Anna M. Cox; Julia Graff; Ann Rinslasbaugher.

The combined ages of these women, most of whom are still active visiting teachers, is 933 years, and the combined period of time spent as visiting teachers is 572 years.

Verna L. Dewsnup is president of St. George Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Faymetta S. Prows

MILLARD STAKE (UTAH), FLOWELL WARD  
RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Front row, left to right, former Relief Society presidents: Martha F. Bushnell; Rozilpha C. Allen; Adeline A. Brinkerhoof.

Inserts: (left) Rosanna Tucker; (right) Ethel B. Johnson (deceased).

Back row, left to right, former Relief Society presidents: Nona C. Tomkinson; Faun W. Utley; Virgie W. Ivy; Fauntella D. Robison, present president.

Faymetta S. Prows is president of Millard Stake Relief Society.

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*Parting*

Christie Lund Coles

Say it was something born of the night,  
Fragile as the shadow-lace of trees  
Lying on water, shimmering and bright,  
Say it was stars—Venus, the Pleiades,  
Say it was only, only these.

Say it was night sounds, delicate,  
Whispered in the tall, dew-speckled grass;  
Say it was wind, sudden and intimate,  
Say it was skies, luminous as glass.  
Say it was these and let it pass.



## *Theology*—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

### Lesson 26—"The Trial and Condemnation"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, by Elder James E. Talmage, chapter 34.)

For Tuesday, November 7, 1950

Objective: To demonstrate the matchless love of Christ by recounting what he suffered to save mankind.

#### *The Jewish Trial*

After his betrayal Jesus was taken first to the Jewish rulers. Early in the night he was taken to the high priest, Caiaphas. The latter was little more than a tool to do the bidding of Annas, a deposed high priest to whom Jesus was first taken. Evidently a meeting of the Sanhedrin had been called at the palace of Caiaphas. The chief priests and scribes awaited eagerly the coming of Jesus at that place.

No serious student of Jewish or other law has ever attempted to justify the mockery of the proceedings that fatal night. No hearing or judicial trial involving capital punishment could be conducted except in the regular official courtroom of the Sanhedrin. The accused had a right to be confronted by the accusing witnesses and hear their testimony before a court could define the charges. Instead, the high priest began immediately to question Jesus concerning his doctrines in an effort to make him testify against himself. The Lord made

a perfectly good objection to the procedure when he replied:

I spake openly to the world; I ever taught in the synagogue, and in the temple, whither the Jews always resort; and in secret have I said nothing. Why askest thou me? ask them which hear me, what I have said unto them: behold, they know what I said (John 18:20-21).

Instead of receiving the reply, as would have been the case in any fair court, one of the officers struck Jesus a blow with the palm of his hand, saying: "Answerest thou the high priest so?" Again Jesus made an appeal for justice: "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil: but if well, why smitest thou me?" Though he spoke in gentleness, yet he leveled against them a keen legal weapon. If he had done wrong, where were his accusers which the law required? If he had spoken well, why was he treated thus by the officers whose sworn duty was to protect a prisoner? No, it was not to be so. "Now the chief priests, and elders, and all the



council, sought false witness against Jesus, to put him to death."

The time, the place and, in fact, the entire procedure was in direct violation of Jewish law. The Sanhedrin was a judicial body to hear only testimony. As in our own law, every accused person was presumed innocent until proved guilty. In this so-called trial, the judges even sought false witness. These disagreed among themselves until even the judge hesitated to condemn. There was no coherent story, much less corroboration of a witness. The law required that two witnesses must testify against the accused or the case must be dismissed.

The judges, however, had already decided that Jesus must be convicted and put to death. Something must be done quickly as they wanted to take the prisoner before the Roman officials early on the morning. "At the last came two false witnesses, And said, This fellow said, I am able to destroy the temple of God, and to build it in three days." Other witnesses told a different story: "We heard him say, I will destroy this temple that is made with hands, and within three days I will build another made without hands." There was a vast difference between saying, "I am able to" and "I will." In fact, a study of the text shows that Jesus was speaking of the "temple of his body." They were seeking evidence against him and if he had threatened to do violence to their sacred temple, that was a serious thing. Until that moment there was nothing for Jesus to answer and he kept still. This angered Caiaphas and, against all required procedure, he

angrily demanded: "I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God." There had been no foundation laid for this question. It is plain that the high priest was going to abandon the sedition charge and change to the charge of blasphemy. Jesus could have consistently disregarded the question as he had been brought before the court on an entirely different charge. However, he made an avowal that, in effect said: "I am what thou hast said." This was enough. "Then the high priest rent his clothes, saying, He hath spoken blasphemy; what further need have we of witnesses? behold, now ye have heard his blasphemy. What think ye? They answered and said, He is guilty of death." (Read Matt. 26:60-66.)

This judgment was rendered by an unlawfully convened court on evidence consisting of a voluntary statement made by Jesus. The Jewish law provided expressly that one accused of a capital offense could not be convicted on his own testimony unless it was amply supported by two competent witnesses. The decision of the high priest was rendered orally and no record is given of how the others voted, except by saying he was deserving of death. Even the unanimous verdict in such cases was unlawful, because that indicated that the accused had no friend at the bar of justice. In this case, ". . . they all condemned him to be guilty of death" (Mark 14: 64).

Luke tells us that early the next morning the chief priests and scribes came together and led Jesus "into their council." This may

have been an attempt to correct the grievous errors of the night before. No student of jurisprudence will say that it did correct the mistakes of the night trial, even though they went through the form of a second trial—here again the only statements made were affirmations by the prisoner, given voluntarily, with no witnesses to corroborate. Their first question, "Art thou the Christ? tell us," was illegal. The Lord, however, made dignified reply: "If I tell you, ye will not believe: And if I also ask you, ye will not answer me, nor let me go. Hereafter shall the Son of man sit on the right hand of the power of God." Then followed the vital question: "Art thou then the Son of God? And he said unto them, Ye say that I am. And they said, What need we any further witness? for we ourselves have heard of his own mouth" (Luke 22:66-71). They put an entirely different meaning to his words because it suited their purpose. Perhaps nothing further need be said against the trial which was but solemn mockery. The arrest of Jesus was illegal; his preliminary examination was illegal; his indictment was illegal; his trial and conviction were illegal. Jehovah has been vindicated by every unbiased mind who has studied the case.

Once rejected by his own,  
Now their king he shall be known.

#### *Peter's Denial of His Lord*

It will be recalled that at the time of his arrest, Jesus had indicated to the eleven apostles that they should go and not follow him farther that night. However, Peter

and "at least one other disciple" followed the Master. They persuaded the armed guard to let them enter the palace of the high priest and Peter "went in and sat with the servants to see the end." He was recognized by the attendant at the door, who was a young woman. As he sat among the servants, she said unto him: "Thou also wast with Jesus of Galilee." This Peter denied and said he did not know Jesus. No doubt, Peter's conscience began to trouble him and he went out on the porch to get away from further detection; but another maid, as soon as she saw him, cried out: "This fellow was also with Jesus of Nazareth." Again Peter denied knowing the Lord. The third denial came after Peter had left the palace and gone out to sit with others around a fire which had been built in the court. There some of the men sitting with him accused him of being a disciple of Jesus. Indeed, a kinsman of the man whose ear had been cut with the sword asked him point blank: "Did not I see thee in the garden with him?" Peter seems to have completely lost his temper and declared: "I know not this man of whom ye speak." "And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord. . ." Immediately thereafter, a cock crowed. "And Peter went out, and wept bitterly" (Matt. 26:69-72 and Luke 22:55-62). Whatever may have caused the denial by Peter, we know that he soon truly repented. His life of devotion and service amply prove that his repentance was sincere and genuine.

### *Christ's First Appearance Before Pilate*

It has already been stated that no Jewish court had the right to inflict the death penalty. Pontius Pilate was at the time of Christ's crucifixion the Roman emperor's deputy over Judea. He had come from his official residence on the shores of the Mediterranean to attend the great Jewish festival in Jerusalem. As soon as their own mock trial was finished, the members of the Sanhedrin led Jesus to the judgment hall of Pilate. Note their inconsistency. They would not enter the Roman's palace for fear they might be near leavened bread which, during the feast, would make them "ceremonially unclean." They were at the same time eager to shed the blood of their Creator and lawful King. Pilate came out of the palace and in-

quired as to the accusations against Jesus. Even that must have surprised the Jewish rulers as they expected a confirmation of their verdict. Noting their hesitancy, he was about to turn the Savior back for them to try him according to the Jewish code. They reminded Pilate that it was not "lawful" for them to put any man to death. John implies that these rulers not only wanted Roman sanction but also wanted the Romans to do the executing. Jesus had foretold that he would be crucified (John 18:28-32; 12:32). That was the Roman method, while the Jews stoned to death prisoners who were guilty of blasphemy.

It will be noted that the Jewish rulers did not accuse Jesus of blasphemy before Pilate. That would have been useless to their purpose. There was no such crime in the



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From a Painting by Munkacsy

### CHRIST BEFORE PILATE

Roman code. They changed again and accused him of high treason which was a capital offense under the Roman law. They told Pilate that Jesus claimed to be a king and that would be dangerous to Rome. Of course, he had not been tried for treason before the Sanhedrin. The Lord had spoken no word to Pilate and did not do so until they entered the judgment hall.

Once within the hall, Pilate, without prejudice, asked: "Art thou the King of the Jews? Jesus answered him, Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of me? Pilate answered, Am I a Jew? Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered thee unto me: what hast thou done?" The answer was so eloquent and beautiful that we suggest that John 18:36-37 be read from the Bible in the class. Pilate was so impressed with the Lord that he announced a verdict of acquittal: "I find in him no fault at all."

The chief priests and others in authority would not accept the verdict. They fiercely cried: ". . . He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place" (Luke 23:5).

### *Christ Before Herod*

The word "Galilee" suggested to Pilate a plan of escape from a decision he did not want to make. Herod, the vassal ruler of that province, was in Jerusalem and Pilate sent the Lord to him. But the Christ would not even speak to the vile creature who had caused the death of John the Baptist. Herod could

find nothing to condemn in the Lord and only as a further insult had him arrayed in gorgeous apparel and sent him back to Pilate.

### *Christ Again Before Pilate*

When Pilate found that Jesus was before him again, he called together the chief priests and rulers and the people and told them that he had already examined the prisoner and the charges of sedition and treason were without foundation. The Roman governor wanted to be fair and just. He knew that the hatred of the Jewish rulers was because of envy and malice. There was in prison at that time a notorious man by the name of Barabbas. He had been tried regularly and found guilty of sedition and murder. Pilate knew that it was the custom among the Jews to release at the passover celebration one prisoner whom the people might name. He, therefore, suggested that inasmuch as he had found Jesus innocent that he be released and that Barabbas be put to death. But when the plan was put before the Jewish rulers it was rejected and they urged that the multitude cry out against Pilate's decision. In answer to the question, "What shall I do then with Jesus? They cried, crucify him."

Seeing that they were determined, Pilate washed his hands before the multitude, "saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it." But he did release Barabbas and turned Jesus over to the soldiers. "Then rose the awful self-condemnatory cry of the covenant people. His blood be on

us, and on our children." How terrible has been the fulfillment of their request!

### *Judas Iscariot*

When Judas Iscariot saw how terribly effective had been the outcome of his treachery, he became wildly remorseful. Rushing into the presence of the high priests and elders, he implored them to take back the thirty pieces of silver, saying, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood. And they said, What is that to us? . . . And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself."

### Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. Discuss the trial of Jesus. Tell why it was so flagrantly illegal.
2. Relate the incident of Peter's denial of the Lord.
3. What was Pilate's first verdict concerning Jesus?
4. What induced him to reverse his decision?

### *References in the Gospels*

- Matt. 14:1; 26:57-75; 27:1, 2, 8, 11, 15-31; 37:3-10.  
 Mark 6:14; 14:30, 53-72; 15:1, 2, 6-20.  
 Luke 9:7, 9; 13:31, 32; 18:32; 22:54-71; 23:2, 3, 4, 5-25.  
 John 1:35, 40; 2:18-22; 11:49-50; 13:23; 18:8, 9, 13, 14, 15-24, 28-32, 39, 40; 19:1-16, 26; 20:2; 21:7, 20, 24.

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## *Visiting Teacher Messages—Our Savior Speaks*

Lesson 10—"Take Ye Heed, Watch and Pray" (Mark 13:33).

*Mary Grant Judd*

For Tuesday, November 7, 1950

Objective: To bring out the vital power of prayer, and the need for habitual prayer.

**I**N these few simple words, "Take ye heed, watch and pray," (Mark 13:33) the Savior admonished four of his chosen apostles. As in those days, so today, we must watch and pray. A consideration of the subject of prayer is appropriate to the Thanksgiving season.

Believing in Christ, we must believe in prayer, for (in his miracles especially) he demonstrated over and over the efficacy of this form of spiritual activity.

The Master did not tell us to pray occasionally, but enjoined us to "pray always" (Luke 21:36). He set the example in so doing. If our Redeemer, in his perfection, needed the help of constant prayer, how much more do we in our imperfection need it!

Before taking the important step of choosing his twelve apostles, "He went out into a mountain to pray and continued all night in prayer to God" (Luke 6:12). When im-

portant decisions face us, we might well say with his disciples, "Lord, teach us to pray" (Luke 11:1).

After feeding the five thousand, the Savior sent his disciples before him in a ship. "And when he had sent the multitudes away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray: and when the evening was come, he was there alone" (Matt. 14:23). In times of weariness or discouragement, prayer can give us increased physical buoyancy, as we withdraw, for a time, from the pressure of the everyday affairs of life and regain our spiritual balance. "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly" (Matt. 6:6).

Dr. Alexis Carrel, famed the world over for thirty-three years of scientific research in the famous Rockefeller Institute, understood fully the power of prayer. He declared:

Prayer is not only worship, but it is the most powerful form of energy that one can generate. The influence of prayer on the human mind and body is as

demonstrable as that of secreting glands . . . . Prayer is a force as real as terrestrial gravity. As a physician, I have seen men, after all other therapy had failed, lifted out of disease and melancholy by the serene effort of prayer.

Many individuals, more to be pitied than censured, have no conception of the power of prayer. They have not experienced the uplift, the solace, and the soul growth that comes to the eternal part of our natures through communion with our Heavenly Father. Elder Richard L. Evans says:

He who has ceased to pray has lost a great friendship, and he who has never prayed has never known the greatest companionship that can come to mortal man—the companionship of man with his Maker (Evans, Richard L., *Unto the Hills*, page 130).

One writer terms prayer "the greatest unused resource in the world today," and another states that if there is to be hope for a better world, "prayer, the basic exercise of the spirit, must be actively practiced in the lives of common men and women." "Take ye heed, watch and pray."

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More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

(Alfred, Lord Tennyson)

# Work Meeting—The Art of Homemaking

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

## Lesson 2—Color in the Home

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, November 14, 1950

(Reference: *The Complete Book of Sewing*, by Constance Talbot, chapter 34).

**C**OLOR is of vital importance in every phase of home decorating. From windows, walls, and floors to furniture and accessories, the color in your home speaks boldly of your judgment and taste. No other decorating element so surely reflects your individuality and so definitely influences the charm, beauty, and comfort of your home.

The use of color is one of the most challenging of all home decorating problems. It is challenging because, with no variation in the amount of money spent, a home may be dull, monotonous, and uninviting, or it can be a place of beauty, restfulness, and hospitality. It all depends upon individual good judgment and good taste. While the study of color is a science, still the art of producing beautiful color harmonies in a room is not difficult if a few simple guides are followed.

One of the chief reasons for the misuse of color is that many people are afraid of it. In your home do not be afraid of color. Take full advantage of its magic to express your individuality and preferences.

One of the first guides in the use of color is *suitability*. Suitability means that color combinations should be selected in accordance with your own tastes and preferences and the needs of your home. The

color scheme you decide on should be pleasing, restful, and relaxing to you and to your family, and yet, give you the necessary stimulation and spiritual uplift.

Color should not be used indiscriminately. Too many colors in a room produce an effect of confusion, while too few may produce a monotonous and usually dull effect. In your decorating, confine yourself to the use of three, never more than four main colors, and employ these in balanced proportions. An easy guide to remember is to choose one dominant color and use this in approximately fifty per cent of your room, such as on your walls, woodwork, and carpet. A secondary color should have about a thirty per cent proportion. This could be used in varying light and dark tones on your furniture and draperies. Then let the remaining twenty per cent be used as accent colors, perhaps on one chair, on lamps, and with accessories.

An interesting color scheme is obtained only through the use of light, medium, and dark tones in a room. Colors should carry from brilliant to soft grayed tones. The grayed tones are best for the larger areas, such as your rugs, walls, and ceilings. Medium light tones can be used on draperies, slip covers, and

upholstery. Save the brilliant colors for accessories and accents in your room.

Another color guide which will help you achieve a pleasing color combination is to *balance* properly warm and cool colors in your room. Use small amounts of warm colors to balance large amounts of cool colors. Warm colors are those with red or yellow predominating. Cool colors are those where blue predominates, such as greens and violets.

Colors directly opposite one another on the color wheel are known as complementary colors. Red and green are complements, and when used together in their various tones make a pleasing scheme. The same is true of blue and orange which are difficult to use in their pure shade, but which can be used together effectively as coral and turquoise.

The third or accent color you choose will depend on whether a warm or cool scheme is wanted. The neutrals, gray or beige, can be used effectively with the other two colors to produce the right color scheme for your home. Remember that a predominance of cool colors will make your room look larger and more spacious than if you use a predominance of warm advancing colors. In order to choose colors most

effectively, you will find it advantageous to use a color wheel which shows the primary and secondary colors as well as the complementary colors.

An important step in building a pleasing color scheme is to select a color source. This may be a patterned fabric, a wallpaper, a carpet, a painting, or some accessory, such as a colorful plate or vase. Once you have selected this source you can build your entire color scheme from it, determining the dominant color, the secondary color, and the accents. In choosing a color source and using the various color tones found in this source, you will be assured of a harmonious color scheme and an attractively co-ordinated decorating plan.

### Discussion Points

1. Discuss suitability of color. Show how some people live more easily with one color than another.
2. Show how the use of the same color tone throughout a room produces monotony instead of harmony. Show why we need variation of light, medium, and dark tones in the same room.
3. Discuss the importance of selecting a color source. Why is it important to decide on all the colors to be used in your room before doing any decorating.
4. Read and discuss chapter 34 in the text, *The Complete Book of Sewing*, page 232.

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### Dreams

Nelouise Fisher Judd

Take my youth—  
I do not need it.  
Turn my hair to gray,  
But, please,  
Never, never,  
Take my dreams away!



# Literature—The Literature of England

## Lesson 10—*Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*

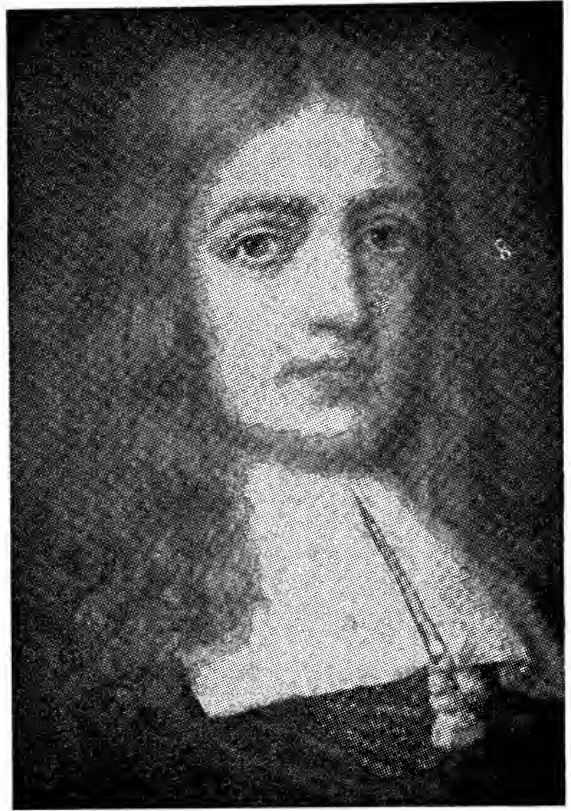
Elder Briant S. Jacobs

For Tuesday, November 21, 1950

IT is the budding scientific impulse within all of us which loves order, arrangement, classification. It is such a desire which impels us to classify each other, particularly when we are children and almost entirely frank. "Slim," "Red," and "Fatty" are common to every community. When we are older, oftentimes we type each other by a dominant trait or accomplishment. "Oh, I know him; he used to lead the choir," is a classification simple to make, easy to recall, but rarely a fair representation of the essential qualities comprising a person's character.

Thus it has been with John Milton. So ready are we to characterize the whole by examining only a part, that frequently Milton's classification begins and ends with the acknowledgment that he wrote *Paradise Lost*. Rarely do we stop to realize that, if Milton had never written his "great" work, the two long poems he wrote after *Paradise Lost* still would have assured him a place among the foremost writers of English literature.

*Paradise Regained* (not found in our text) has been defined as "Milton's most neglected great poem." Because the form of its title so obviously parallels or balances that of the magnificent, epical *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained* might logi-



JOHN MILTON

cally be expected to correspond to the first great epic in brilliance, tone, and style, as well as in subject matter. When, instead, the supposed sequel is found to be subdued in tone, written in unspectacular poetic lines, and depicting hardly any action before it reaches a foregone conclusion, it is temptingly easy to classify it as an attempt at another epic in the grand manner, but one which should never have been made by a genius whose powers during his declining years were withering and wan.

Although from its publication, in 1671, *Paradise Regained* popularly has been remembered for its failure to be memorable, Milton, according to his nephew, "could not bear with patience any such thing" as even a suggestion that it was an inferior work. Such a statement might well be identified as that of a blind and touchy old gentleman who, having outlived defeat to survive in a world of loneliness and neglect, hoped to protect his creation from the same cruel indifference which he had known so well. This might be true in part, but a small part. Actually, in the years following *Paradise Lost* Milton's mind and style matured and ripened, as is proved unquestionably by the power and flawless structure of *Samson Agonistes*, published as a companion-piece to *Paradise Regained*, and surely written after it. If, then, his critical and creative powers were growing anything but dim, why should he himself have defended *Paradise Regained* with such vehemence? Perhaps the trouble lies with his readers, who tried unsuccessfully to force this round work into the square hole labeled "Epic."

*Paradise Regained* is a semi-dramatic poem portraying the temptations of Christ by Satan during his forty-day fast in the wilderness. While it contains a very few Homeric similes, and occasionally uses the formal epic device to designate the speaker, it has no other epic machinery. The scene is bare; the language is simple and conversational, yet delicate and subtle. Its poetic quality in and of itself is high, worthy of the mature Milton. Through the successive temptations, Christ's

manly courage and will power become increasingly evident; Satan is fawning, cunning, and persistent, as he offers Christ "a table richly spread," wealth, political power, and, finally, all the wisdom and philosophical supremacy of

Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts  
And eloquence. . . .

With Christ as the supreme example, Milton built *Paradise Regained* to best express the great truth that man is ready to conquer in the outer world of action only when he has first learned to rule his own will and heart; then he has achieved the "paradise within."

Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules  
Passions, Desires, and Fears, is more a  
King;

Which every wise and virtuous man  
attains:

And who attains not, ill aspires to rule  
Cities of men, or head-strong multitudes,  
Subject himself to anarchy within  
Or lawless passions in him, which he  
serves.

But to guide nations in the way of truth  
By saving Doctrine, and from error lead  
To know, and, knowing, worship God  
aright,

Is yet more Kingly. This attracts the  
soul,

Governs the inner man, the nobler  
part. . . .

*Paradise Regained*, II, 466-477

Because *Paradise Regained* has a unity of tone and style, far surpassing that of *Paradise Lost*, and because its force is accumulative, as clever Satan and unimpeachable Christ engage in brilliant logical combat, the poem does not contain many short passages which are quotable when lifted from the text. The following, for example, can well stand by itself, but in lifting it from

context, we violate Milton's meaning in the larger passage.

. . . who reads

Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
A spirit and judgment equal or superior . . .

Uncertain and unsettl'd still remains,  
Deep-versed in books and shallow in himself. . . .

*Paradise Regained*, IV, 322-327

But, for those who love the exalted, high-singing note of true poetry *Paradise Regained* is a substantially rewarding experience.

### Samson Agonistes

The title of this versified play (which was never intended for performance) means "Samson's Agony"; originally Milton thought of using the title, "Samson, the Wrestler." In *Samson Agonistes* (ag o nis' tez) he reveals most intensely his immediate personal convictions. Herein might well be a nearly complete cross-section of his mature mind, re-created in artistic form.

What some have called his most flawless work of art, *Samson Agonistes* was written in close imitation of the classical Greek dramas of Aeschylus (es' ki lus), Sophocles (sof' o klez), and Euripides (u rip' i dez), "the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any." It is probable that he chose this form of expression for two reasons: first, he admired the rigorous, precise form which could be achieved only by honoring strictly the classical unities of time, place, and theme. (*Samson Agonistes*, therefore, depicts only a few hours in Samson's life, occurs in one place, and is concerned with one main idea.) Second, by obey-

ing such an exacting formula, and thus focusing intensely for a short time on a small area, he could best create the great surge of tragic power it was his purpose to achieve.

So successfully does he make the devices of Greek tragedy entirely his own, that his "Greek" drama, written in English, achieves a mood and tone and strength to be compared favorably with the original Greek dramas when translated into English. Instead of dividing his play formally into acts, he uses a chorus, or a group of Danite spectators, to provide us with vital details of Samson's past, to interpret the sequence of the action, or to generalize on the tragic sorrows of human existence. These chantings, spoken in a rhythm different from that in which the main action is stated, are interspersed between more intense passages, and thereby set them off. Often in his dialogue, Milton uses another classical device: alternate speeches which are very short, and parallel in form; he also uses the question-and-answer method of the riddle. Prominent as well is his use of irony, the powerful classical device of saying precisely the opposite of what one intends. The dignified avoidance of any violent action on the stage is Grecian, as is the formula "all is best," which occurs at the end of the play.

As always, Milton's language is filled with beauty and music; it is also polished and terse. Herein are no false moves. Every stroke counts. The meter is bold and unrestrained; the style, rugged, and varied at will.

But the real beauty of *Samson Agonistes* comes from within. It is the bare, direct statement of a

noble theme which causes this work to sing within us as great literature must do. Nowhere does Milton write more magnificently.

The chief emphasis in *Paradise Regained* is on the need for attaining inner moral integrity; action is to be distrusted. In *Samson Agonistes*, however, the hero, like Christ in *Paradise Regained*, has achieved the vital "paradise within," but this is preliminary to Samson's great deed. Here, then, action is central. Samson's death is tragic in the true Grecian sense of the word, for in his death-act he proves himself true to his convictions and his destiny. No longer is he eligible to be tempted by whatever tantalizing pleasures the world might offer.

As all of us know from the story in Judges 13-17, Samson's life was one of temptation, as is the play *Samson Agonistes*. But in Milton's version, Dalila is not the supreme temptation. Rather it is the temptation for Samson to blame God, and not his own weaknesses, for his suffering. It is the temptation to compromise with his conscience, either by yielding to sensuality (Dalila), to the temptation to wield his brute strength for its own sake (Harapha) (footnote page 694 of text), or to capitulate shamefully to the enemy as suggested by his weak father, Manoa.

Milton's *Samson Agonistes* is entirely objective, since every thought and happening might well have occurred to the actual Samson. If Milton's goal was to illumine and enlarge the Biblical text by giving us in enriching detail his own insight into Samson's character and

the events which brought him to serene maturity, he succeeded most admirably. On the other hand, this play is probably Milton's most subjective writing; almost as plausibly his goal might have been first to point out his own cruel suffering, caused by his blindness, out of which he now rose to defy to the end his triumphant enemies, and to predict their pending destruction. If *Samson Agonistes* is to yield up its true significance, however, it should be read, neither as a record of a particular Samson or a particular Milton, but as an artistically powerful record of the universal human conflict between sin, pride, and remorse, as opposed to integrity, humility, and faith.

*Note to Teachers:* To come alive, *Samson Agonistes* needs to be read aloud, both in enriching your own insight and in conveying it to your group. Read as widely from the following and from the play itself as time will permit:

Samson's opening lines, which, from his words to his guide. (1-3), through his overwhelming condemnation of his own physical and spiritual blindness (66-110), at once reveal his consuming mental anguish. Lines 39-42 are notable, not only for their specific details about Samson's situation, but also for the bitter irony which characterizes Samson's words both here and throughout the first half of the play. Milton's skillful use of the Chorus to further deepen the tragedy is seen in their first lines, particularly 115-126.

After Samson and Chorus review his life and destiny, Samson condemns corrupt nations who "love bondage more than liberty" and who deny the great souls sent to liberate them (268-276). Manoa enters, to blame both destiny and his own son, but in the magnificent reply "Appoint not heavenly disposition, father . . ." (373-419), Samson blames only himself, and defines true slavery. Samson desires not ransom, but only his own just punishment (488 ff.). He then confesses his former pride, finds his situation hopeless, and asks that death be speedy (to 650). The Chorus rebukes God for seeming indifference to faithful and unfaithful alike, and Dalila's approach is described (to 724). Impelled by an aloof curiosity, she tries all her wiles to see which will take effect. Samson speaks his scathing contempt of her and finally, "At distance I forgive thee; go with that" (line 954), she is dismissed. Here is a scene of intellectual and emotional intensity rare even in great literature.

Harapha comes to taunt the filthy, vile-smelling Samson into attempting physical attack, but admirably Samson controls himself, knowing his strength to be not in his body, but "in the Living God" (1140). The Chorus predicts that the spurned Harapha will stir up further trouble, then sings the beautiful chorus which recognizes the new invincibility Samson has ac-

quired by resisting all his tempters (1268 ff.). The officer soon summons Samson to entertain his conquerors, but he refuses (to 1333). Suddenly realizing that he has at last achieved peace with his conscience, he feels a new rousing emotion within himself, then suddenly decides to go to his enemies to destroy them. Thus he vindicates his past sins and achieves integrity in death.

Manoa, aided by the Chorus, worries about what will happen to his son, then dreams romantically of Samson's eventual liberation, even of a miraculous restoration of his sight. Suddenly a noise "tears the sky," there is a "universal groan," and the messenger comes to report the destruction of the Philistines and the death of Samson. Manoa praises his nobility, and the Chorus strikes the final note, "All is best."

### Questions for Discussion

1. Discuss various reasons why *Paradise Regained* has been called "Milton's most neglected poem."

2. Why did Milton write *Samson Agonistes* in the severe form of the strict Greek tragedy? Did such a narrow limitation intensify the drama and tragedy of his play? If so, why?

3. The achievement of inner moral integrity is the theme of *Paradise Regained*. What is the theme of *Samson Agonistes*? Does Milton believe finally in action only? Text, page 677.

4. Discuss the play: (1) comparing it with the life story of Samson as recorded in the Bible; (2) as the self-revelation of John Milton.

# *Social Science*—The Progress of Man

## Part I—The Lesson of History

### Lesson 2—The First Earth Government

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

(Text, *The Progress of Man*, by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, chapters 2; 6: pp. 79-80; 5: pp. 66-68; 3: pp. 39-40.)

For Tuesday, November 28, 1950

Objective: To show that for the benefit of Adam and his posterity, God established upon the earth a perfect system of government of patriarchal pattern.

#### *Government for the Benefit of Man*

**A**LL mankind, both in this world and in the worlds to come, must be subject to law and regulation. The Lord has declared:

All kingdoms have a law given; And there are many kingdoms; for there is no space in the which there is no kingdom; and there is no kingdom in which there is no space, either a greater or a lesser kingdom. And unto every kingdom is given a law; and unto every law there are certain bounds also and conditions. All beings who abide not in those conditions are not justified (D. & C. 88:36-39).

This is just as true of the kingdom—or government—of man as it is of any other kingdom.

Government is instituted for the benefit of man. Where there is no government anarchy and chaos inevitably rule. A despotic government is better than no government at all, although it is verily true that “when the wicked rule the people mourn” (D. & C. 98:9). Man has never learned to live without some form of government with authority delegated to representatives to enforce the law. Nor will such a condition ever come. There must be laws and officers to enforce them,

to secure to mankind any semblance of peace and safety, even where the most unsatisfactory governments prevail.

The entire universe is governed by law. Divine authority is manifest in the heavens. The perfect order by which the stars move in their times and seasons proclaims the majesty and power of the Almighty.

Divine authority is manifest in all the laws by which this earth is governed. We are wont to speak of this authority as that of the “laws of nature.” The laws of nature are simply the laws of God. These laws are immutable because they are divine. It is impossible for a man to escape the observance of divine law. He may rebel against the keeping of one law, but in the violation of it he comes face to face with some other law which he is forced to obey. Thus he discovers that in the violation of law he is not justified.

Of all our Father’s creations men stand out practically alone as rebellious against divine authority and commandment. Notwithstanding the rebellious nature of most men, it is the purpose of the Lord to make them as happy as he can

in accordance with divine law. In keeping with the great work and glory of the Father, he will bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man. Moreover, since the purpose of life is that man may have joy, the Father will give to all just as many blessings as it is possible for him to give according to their works.

### *Man Is a Social Being, and Cannot Live Alone*

Man cannot live alone, isolated from all other human beings. It was decreed from the pre-existence that men should live in social relationships upon this earth. We lived that way in the spirit world. We will live in communities, cities, states, and kingdoms after the resurrection of the dead. The family is the unit of the social order. The family organization with its power of increase is a blessing reserved for those who enter the highest degree of the celestial kingdom. Nevertheless, there will be organization and government and obedience to law, and the enforcement of law, in all other kingdoms.

### *The First Government of Divine Origin*

The Lord instituted the first government when he commissioned Adam and Eve and gave them dominion over all the earth. They were instructed by revelation and the appearance of heavenly messengers. Celestial law was given them and they were commanded to teach it to their children.

The gospel has been taught from the beginning. Angels were sent to

Adam to proclaim it. Every principle of truth essential to man's welfare on this earth as well as in eternity was made known. All precautions and warnings necessary to guard him against temptation and evil were given so that he could, if he desired, know and walk in the truth. The gospel was received by Adam and Eve with gladness.

This earth was prepared for the habitation of the sons and daughters of God, so that they could all pass through mortality and here gain the experience so essential to advancement on to perfection, after the resurrection from the dead. Adam and Eve were placed at the head, and given the responsibility of introducing the mortal life, and making it possible for all the spirits who were assigned to this earth to come in their proper times and seasons, to obtain the experience here awaiting them.

When Adam was driven out of the Garden of Eden and from the presence of the Lord, because of his transgression, the Lord sent angels to instruct him. He was taught the plan of the gospel and how, in the meridian of time, Jesus Christ would come to make amends for that transgression. When this information was received Adam rejoiced, and the darkness and the gloom, which surrounded him after he had been driven out from the presence of the Father and had become spiritually dead, was dissolved, and he rejoiced saying:

Blessed be the name of God, for because of my transgression my eyes are opened, and in this life I shall have joy, and again in the flesh I shall see God.

And Eve, his wife, heard all these things and was glad, saying: Were it not for our transgression we never should have had seed, and never should have known good and evil, and the joy of our redemption, and the eternal life which God giveth unto all the obedient (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 5:10-11).

### *Adam Had a Perfect Government*

The Father conferred upon Adam the Priesthood, and established with him and his posterity a perfect form of government. This government was a theocracy. Men holding the Priesthood ruled under direct revelation and commandment. Jesus Christ, who created the earth, was the rightful Ruler. After the transgression of man the Redeemer became the Advocate for man with the Father, and from that day on was, and is, the rightful Mediator for all mankind. Although he had not, at that time, obtained the stage of earth life, and had not a body of flesh and bones, yet he was the Creator and rightful Ruler of the earth. He it was who gave the law to Adam and to all the prophets, and while a government was established among mortals on the earth, yet it was their bounden duty to accept the rule and guidance of Jesus Christ. The government was patriarchal and the Priesthood ruled. Man was in all respects accountable to God, for "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein" (Psalms 24:1). It is his, for he made it, and while rebellion has come and men have set up governments of their own, rejecting the divine guidance of the rightful King, yet he has never relinquished his claim and surrendered

his place to the authority of mortals upon the earth.

### *The First Man Highly Intelligent*

The first man placed upon this earth was an intelligent being, created in the image of God, possessed of wisdom and knowledge, with power to communicate his thoughts in a language, both oral and written, which was superior to anything to be found upon the earth today. This may sound very sweeping and dogmatic to those who hold to the other view, but it is not any more so than their statements to the contrary. The Lord has said it; and surely the Creator, above all others, ought to know! The first man was instructed by the best Teacher man ever had, for he was taught of God, and spoke the language of the Most High, in which angels conversed. This language he taught to his children. It is true that he was left to work out, through the use of his faculties, many of nature's great secrets; but the Lord did not leave him helpless, but instructed him, and he was inspired by the Spirit of the Lord.

We should be humble enough to accept what the Lord has revealed to his servants, in preference to the theories of uninspired men, who in our great age of wonderful discovery, are ever learning, but never coming to a knowledge of the truth that saves. They rely on their own judgment, and are often mistaken in their theories and led astray, being forced from time to time to modify, change, and even reverse their teachings, as new discoveries are made.



In the Pearl of Great Price—which every Latter-day Saint accepts as the word of the Lord—the following very significant statement is found:

And then began these men to call upon the name of the Lord, and the Lord blessed them;

And a book of remembrance was kept, in the which was recorded, in the language of Adam, for it was given unto as many as called upon God to write by the spirit of inspiration;

And by them their children were taught to read and write, having a language which was pure and undefiled (Moses 6:4-6).

### *All Races of One Blood*

All those who accept the scriptural story of creation understand that the peopling of this earth commenced after Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden after their fall. The Bible does not give us any adequate account of the fulfillment of the commandment given to our first parents to multiply. It mentions only three children born to this first couple, and all three of these were sons. The incomplete story of how Cain killed his brother Abel, and then journeyed to the land of Nod where he knew his wife, has led many to believe that there were human beings upon the earth other than the descendants of Adam and Eve. Such a thought is in conflict with the thread of genealogical descent as it is portrayed in all ages of holy writ. In the Book of Moses, in the Pearl of Great Price, these matters are made perfectly clear. Adam and Eve were the parents of many sons and daughters, most of whom rebelled against the teachings of their

righteous parents. Cain married his brother's daughter, and there were many who followed him. However, from this first family have come all the families of the earth, notwithstanding the great differences in race and color. These variations in color and race have come because of transgression and because the Almighty has placed marks upon certain tribes and peoples.

### *Thoughts for Discussion*

1. Have a class member read beforehand and report at this session on the character, power, Priesthood, and learning of Adam as revealed in these passages: Moses 6:4-6, 46, 51-59; D. & C. 29:39-43; 88:112-115; 107:40-43; *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, pp. 157-159, 167-169.
2. Show the truth of this profound statement: "Government is instituted for the benefit of man." Accepting this, name types of government which have flourished in the past, which have not benefited man, and hence were not acceptable.
3. Prove that the universe could not exist without law and government.
4. Is a poor government better than no government at all?
5. Describe the kind of government given to our first parents. Why did it not endure? Would that system of government be effective today?
6. Comment on the declaration: "Man cannot live alone, isolated from all other human beings . . . . The family is the unit of the social order."
7. Define the terms "theocracy," "joy," "immortality," "eternal life," "patriarchal government," "despotism."
8. What facts have been revealed concerning the language of Adam? Does this harmonize with the teachings of some scientists?
9. What new facts are found in the Pearl of Great Price regarding the family of Adam?

# Music—Fundamentals of Musicianship

CONDUCTING, SINGING, AND ACCOMPANYING

Lessons for Union Meetings for 1950-51

## Lesson 2—"Baton Patterns and Their Application"

Florence J. Madsen

Objective: To learn and apply the language of the baton.

"The chief art of learning is to attempt but little at a time." Locke.

**T**O learn baton patterns and to become able to use them artfully is accomplished only by careful and continual practice.

The new lesson material will be better understood if the important points of the preceding lesson have been reviewed.

ness of the performers and disturbs the tranquility of the listeners.

- (2) Guard against upward and outward extension and motion of the elbows.

### 1. Preliminaries to Baton Technique

- (a) Obtain a baton of light weight and texture, about eighteen inches long.
- (b) Place the thick end or bulb of it against the palm of right hand and not merely between fingers (if left-handed, reverse procedure); close the fingers around it naturally.
- (c) Hold it firmly in the hand; raise to the front of you with outstretched arm; extend and point it outward on the level of your eye; raise it as high as your arm and baton will reach; lower it as far as it will go; repeat these motions several times; in the meantime, keep the arm and wrist from bending unnecessarily.
- (d) When this long (maximum) stroke has thus been practiced, gradually reduce its length until only the forearm is necessary.
  - (1) Avoid pressing the elbows against the body. Pressure of the arms against the side of the body limits the free motion of the baton; it restrains the natural responsive-

### 2. The Two-Four (2/4) Baton Pattern

At the bottom of the vertical stroke make a curve in the shape of a fishhook, or a "J" turned to the right. Bring the baton back up out of the curve along the same vertical track in which it descended. Continue this motion up to the place where the down stroke was started. A continuation of these motions downward into the curve and back up establishes a definite track. This track is known as a baton pattern; this particular pattern is called the 2/4 pattern. All rhythms with the figure 2 as the upper number of the rhythm signature, and also the short Alla Breve, explained in Lesson 1, are conducted with this pattern.

All rhythms can thus be indicated by certain definite baton patterns. In this connection, study chapter one in our textbook, *Fundamentals of Conducting*, by J. Spencer Cornwall.

### 3. Application of the 2/4 Baton Pattern

- (a) Turn to the following hymns: *Latter-day Saint Hymns* (green book), pp. 13, 18, 25, 26, 44, 47, 51, 55; *Deseret Sunday School Songs*, pp. 3,

22, 39, 44, 48, 53, 56, 60, 240, 241, 277, 284.

Hymns (new L.D.S. book), pp. 7, 12, 17, 21, 35, 41, 62, 89, 138, 147.

- (b) Practice songs in the order listed.
- (c) Use baton as described and directed above.
- (d) Use maximum baton pattern for songs that require volume like "Praise to the Man"; use medium (forearm) baton pattern for those requiring less volume like "Come Unto Jesus."
- (e) Avoid rigidity in arm, wrist, hand, or fingers.
- (f) Use only the hand holding the baton for the present time.
- (g) Practice slowly at first, then increase the tempo (speed of rhythm) to the normal tempo required by the song.
- (h) Practice frequently before a mirror. (See textbook, chapter 1, paragraph 8.)

#### 4. Correlation of Song Material and the Practice Periods

- (a) Select songs that will correlate with the different lesson subjects.
- (b) Use the two practice periods each month. Learn some new hymns from available song books.

#### 5. Accompanists

Accompanists as well as potential conductors should study and practice these lessons to become thoroughly acquainted with baton technique and interpretation.

#### Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. What type of baton should be used for conducting?
  - a. How should the baton be held?
  - b. Discuss the purpose of its use.
  - c. Name a few important factors in baton technique.
2. What difficulties result from the arm being pressed against the body while conducting?

Bring your hymn books and baton to all music departmental meetings.

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## Dark in the Chrysalis

(Continued from page 539)

of you. I meant to speak to you that night, but the girl gave me pause."

"I thought you were talking about Mrs. Hartley," said Edith swiftly.

"Jane Hartley?"

"So did Linnie. That was why she was displeased. She did not like Jane so very well. She said afterwards she wished I were the one—"

"Oh," said Cory, light dawning upon him. "I should have known that if I weren't such a dunderhead. The crowd has been trying to marry us off, Jane and me, for years. I am afraid she contributed a little to the idea herself. I felt like a heel not to. They are such good friends, and I like Jane—she's a fine woman. I felt a little obligated to—at least not to humiliate her in any way," he floundered. "I might have even wound up marrying Jane. Oh, I wasn't committed in any way, and I am a man who likes to do my own choosing, but I told myself a man could do worse, and the crowd wanted it so. And then you came. It was out, from then on. It—that was the reason I wanted you to be the hostess at my dinner party—to sort of let the crowd know."

"And they mistook me for your sister-in-law," Edith explained.

"They didn't!"

"Yes, they did—from Linnie calling me Aunt Edith, you know. Mrs. Gooding let me know that the match between you and Jane was in the offing. I think she wanted me to help promote it."

"Oh, horrors!" groaned Cory. "So that explains the sudden formality immediately after the dinner."

"Exactly," said Edith. "Oh, I couldn't bear it, Cory. I was jealous through and through, and when Linnie—"

"I know," said Cory. "I felt that way about her mother, that I would never love again. I searched my nature, and postponed talking to you for that reason as well as because I didn't want to complicate things for Linnie. It was her show. The obligation of the parent, you know."

"I know."

"It was a postponement, though, never a doubt. Not from that first morning when you shook hands with me. An ordinary person, applying for a like situation, would not have done that. I have thought of you since—putting your hand in mine."

"I must tell you, Cory—"

"What—a past—?"

"Yes, indeed—four sons, you know, and four grandchildren."

"I knew about them. All fine fellows I am sure, all married, though—no real place in their lives for mother. Oh, it is normal enough, and as it should be. I can't wait to meet all my inheritance. I want to share them with you, Edith, as you have shared my Linnie. I guess a man always wants sons."

"There's more," Edith told him fearfully. "I promised to help Kit's wife when her baby comes."

"Soon?"

"Not for months."

"Well, she can come to the house," Cory said comfortably. "That house needs a birth. We've gone through a marriage and a death in it. Those are the roots that sink deep, Edith. But perhaps we'd rather sell it, buy a smaller, more modern one."

"Oh, no!" said Edith quickly. "That house is home to me and to my furniture."

"Oh, it is, is it?" Cory asked, with a twinkle of pleased amusement. "And so you were jealous of Jane?"

He reached for her then, his arm strong around her, his palm on her cheek, moving to tilt her face to his.

"I knew it! I knew it!" he whispered. "You fit my arms as neatly as you fit my life, Edith. I have watched your graceful movements, the contour of your lips with a good deal of hunger, my dear."

"And I," said Edith.

"Oh, we're going to be a great pair, we two," Cory exulted. "With so much we can do together. Now, tomorrow—"

"Yes," said Edith, feeling the lift of wings, mentally surveying the bright field of her future before her.

"Tomorrow!"

(The end)

## *Below the Mountain*

C. Cameron Johns

I remember the highways  
Reaching long arms to the world;

I remember the rooftops multicolored,  
Covering the quiet people.

I remember the willows, red-stockinged,  
Wading the reedy swampland;

I remember all the wide valley floor  
And the unfettered spring of my youth.

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## From Near and Far

I like the January (1950) cover, those snow-covered pines look so peaceful, and the poem "The Singing Snow" (by Lael W. Hill) is a fine poem. I can close my eyes and see those majestic snow-capped peaks and that eagle soaring around. An outstanding article is "Relief Society Women as Mothers in Zion." I like this talk by President Smith and feel much better for having read it. It inspires me to try harder to be a better mother and makes my desire even greater to be a member of the Relief Society. . . . The first prize poem "Desert Pioneer" is beautiful and I can just see the woman and live her life as she lived it, feel the anxiety, suspense, doubt, and the courage and faith to overcome. It is a mighty fine poem. I liked the first prize story "Grass in the Market Place" (by Dorothy Clapp Robinson). Also I like very much the serial story "Dark in the Chrysalis" (by Alice Morrey Bailey) and "You Can Learn" (by Katherine Kelly) is plenty interesting. "Woman's Sphere" (by Ramona W. Cannon) is always entertaining and I like to see the pictures from the stakes in "Notes From the Field."

In the February (1950) issue the article by Elder Ezra Taft Benson "Preservation of Our Blessings of Freedom" is one of the best. If there were only some way to get every man and woman to read this address. The people of America are getting too careless and unconcerned. I fear greatly for American freedom if there isn't a change made. The article on oriental china (by Rachel K. Laurgaard) is interesting to me as I am a lover of antiques. But oh, the story "I Know Where You Are" (by Inez Bagnell), how I love that story. I can just see that precious little old lady sitting in her rocking chair. The "Letter From Mother"—how true and wise. And "Early Spring Planting" (by Hazel D. Moyle)—that is right up my alley as I think I was born with a "green thumb."

—Mrs. Shelby Echols  
Glenwood, Arkansas

In the May issue of the Magazine (page 308), it reads that Toquerville, Utah, was named for a French explorer. This is not so. Scouts came through here in 1852 and in 1857 and in 1858 Brigham Young sent Joshua T. Willis and company here to make a settlement. When they arrived here there were Indians camping on the streams. There was an Indian chief living here in a hut made from cane leaves, etc. His name was Toquer—meaning black. The mountain east of us is black volcanic rock and it was a very fitting name. It was called Toquer, and later the "ville" was added. Toquerville was never named after a French explorer.

—Mrs. Rhea Wakeling,  
Toquerville, Utah

I borrowed two issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* and, finding out how wonderful this Magazine really is, I feel I cannot be without it in my home. Enclosed is \$3 for which please send a two-year subscription.

—Mrs. C. J. Rybok,  
Glenwood, Minnesota

It will seem strange to you receiving a letter from me, but I really feel I must write and tell you how much I appreciate reading *The Relief Society Magazine*. I am an English girl, married during the war to a Dutchman serving in the Dutch Navy in England. When Holland was liberated we came to live here. One sunny day, I always remember it as that, two missionaries came to the door, and that day changed my life. I was baptized into the Church nine months ago, and by its teachings have learned to be more tolerant, kinder, and very much happier. One of the missionaries presented me with a year's set of Magazines from the Relief Society, and I can truly say I have and am still reading them with great pleasure. I am a member of the Dordrecht Relief Society.

—Beatrice von der Werf  
Dordrecht, Holland

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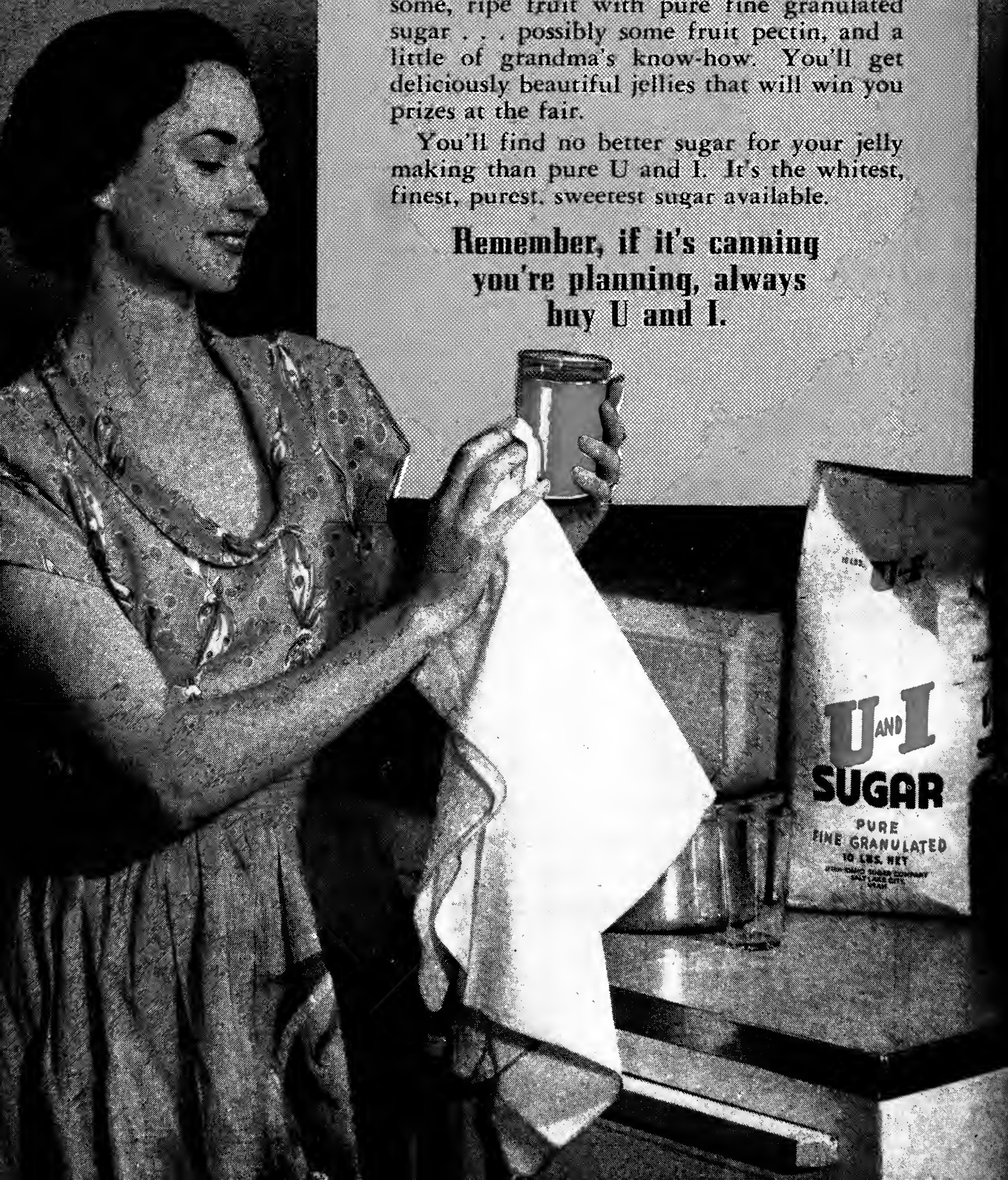
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**RELIEF SOCIETY**  
MAGAZINE

VOL. 27 NO. 9

Lessons for December

SEPTEMBER 1950

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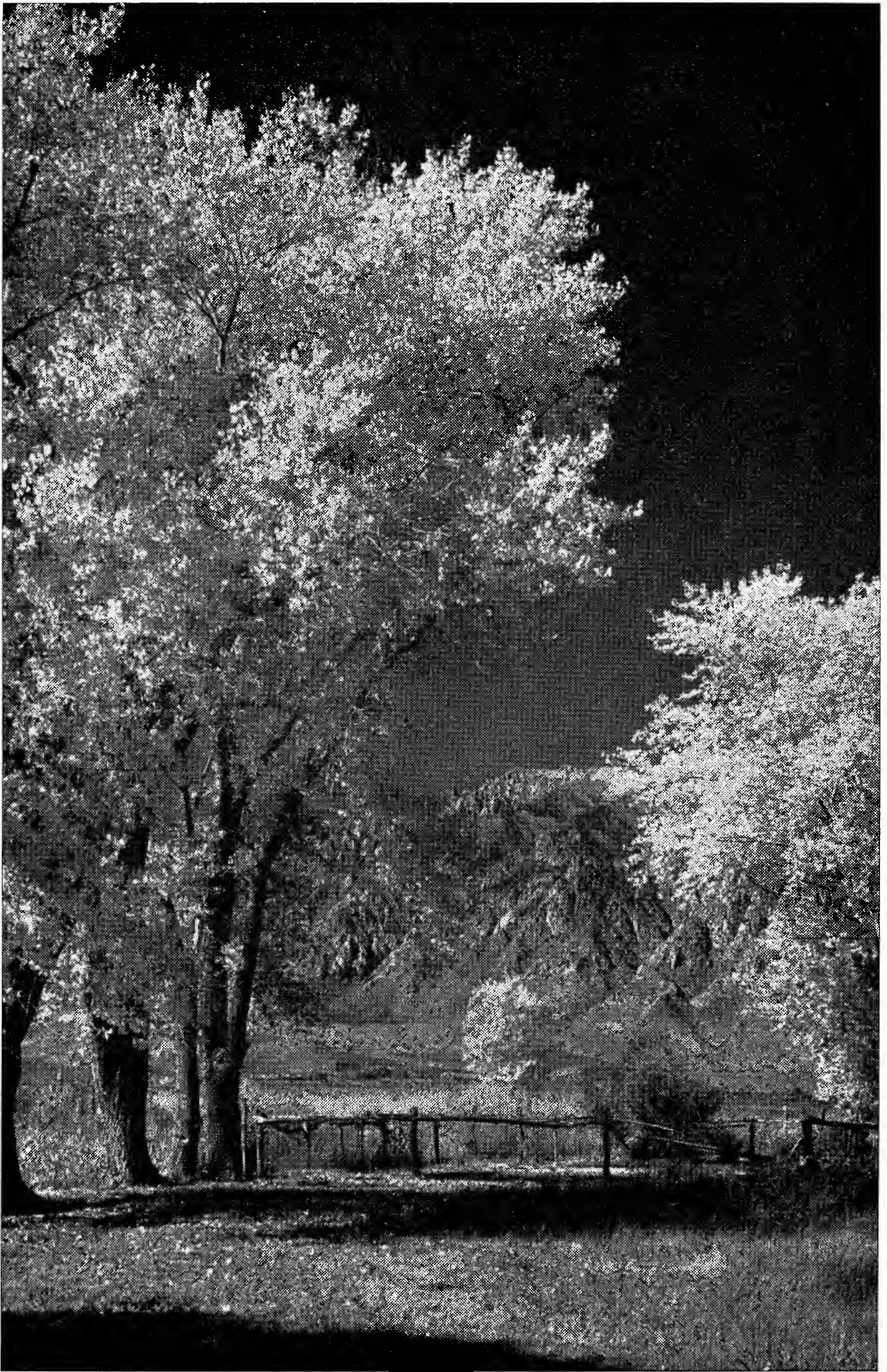


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## *For Early Autumn*

*Berta H. Christensen*

Do not listen and do not look  
At this branch of flaming filigree,  
Not a single glance at the spheres of gold  
That are clustered weights on the apple tree.  
Though your hand be sworn and your word be given,  
Your heart betrothed in solemn pledge,  
Now that the leaves are dream-ghosts driven  
Like splintered stars on a granite ledge,  
Be wary, the net of the harvest moon  
Silters its weaving with many a token  
Of sound and flame to ensnare a heart,  
And a pledge might be lost or easily broken.  
Autumn is here in auras of amber,  
Sapphire-veiled, this lovely late-comer.  
Oh, do not look and do not listen,  
You who are betrothed to summer!

# “And They Shall Also Teach Their Children”

GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT THROUGH THE FAMILY HOUR

*Christine H. Robinson*

Member, Relief Society General Board

**I**N these latter days the Lord has again emphasized a fundamental of successful living which is as old as the human race itself. In November, 1831, through his chosen Prophet, Joseph Smith, the Lord instructed his people that “. . . they shall also teach their children to pray, and to walk uprightly before the Lord.” He also said, “For this shall be a law unto the inhabitants of Zion” (D. & C. 68:28, 26).

The family unit and the obligations of parents to children and of children to parents have ever been a subject of concern and instruction from God-inspired men. One of the Ten Commandments given to Moses for the guidance of Israel was, “Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee” (Ex. 20:12). The apostle Paul, in his letter to the Ephesians, stressed the importance of the family unit and admonished children to obey their parents and to honor their fathers and mothers. And to the parents he said, “And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord” (Eph. 6:4).

Much of the unhappiness in the world today and many of its ills are the direct result of man's failure to heed these instructions. In many

great countries millions of God's children have been persuaded to the evil belief that the government is all-important, and that the God-given rights and interests of individuals and of family groups must be bent to the will of the State. Furthermore, all over the world, the bonds of marriage and the sanctity of home life are being violated. Today, in the United States, the rate has risen to such heights that more than one marriage out of every four ends in failure, resulting in the devastating effects of broken homes and divided parenthood.

Recognizing the seriousness of this basic problem, leaders of our Church have given inspired instructions to Latter-day Saints of this day in regard to strengthening of the family unit. The members of the Lord's Church in these latter days must show the way and set the example which will strengthen man's faith in himself and make more firm the sanctity of the home. Our Church leaders have long known that one of the best ways of teaching children to honor their parents, and of encouraging parents to rear their children in righteousness, is through family prayer and through family-group activities. One of the most effective ways of stimulating these activities is through the family-planned “Family Hour.”

THE Relief Society is highly honored with the assignment and the responsibility given it by the General Authorities to encourage all Latter-day Saint families to experience the joys and satisfactions which come from planned and regularly held Family Hours. The other auxiliaries of the Church, representing different age groups in our families, have joined with the Relief Society in helping to establish and further this Family Hour program. Those families which regularly participate in this program know the extent of individual development and the unity and happiness this activity brings. For example, many parents have had experiences similar to that of one Salt Lake City family of eight members, including six small children, who organized their group on a corporation basis, with each member acting as a stockholder. This family group meets on a scheduled evening twice each month to discuss family affairs and to enjoy the association of one another. At one meeting, the discussion centered around an important event soon to take place—the addition of a new member to the family. The group discussed the expected new arrival, and each member volunteered the help he or she would provide. The event was looked forward to with great joy and anticipation and, when the beautiful new baby girl was born, each member of the family sensed a feeling of individual ownership and pride, and the joy experienced in participation went far to establish a firm foundation for solidarity and unity in that family.

Thoughtful parents have an abiding interest in the spiritual, intel-

lectual, and social growth of their children. Individual participation in regularly held Family Hours can do much to stimulate this growth. It is generally agreed among eminent psychologists that one reason small children often attempt to "show-off," and are difficult to handle in the presence of company, is because their parents have failed to give them ample opportunity to express themselves in normal family relationships. The Family Hour, if properly planned and conducted, can serve as one of the best possible means of encouraging this self-expression.

#### *Some Methods of Conducting Family Hours*

Parents who have the greatest success with their Family Hours do not think of them as regimented or stilted formal meetings. Rather, they use the Family Hour as a means of getting their children together for the purpose of discussing family plans and problems, of socializing as a family group, of organizing special family study programs, of learning more about the gospel, and of developing the art of self-expression.

Some specific activities which contribute to successful Family Hour programs include: An evening of good music. Each member contributes with his own talents or with playing favorite records, and with group singing of selected songs and hymns. An evening of games. Most family members, young, or old, enjoy games in which all can participate. To be most effective, these should be planned in advance for maximum variety and group interest. An evening of enjoyable reading. In this activity, reading should

be aloud, with as many of the group members as possible participating. Books to be read should be selected wisely for maximum interest and intellectual and spiritual development. This is an excellent opportunity for enjoyment and enlightenment from reading the scriptures. An evening of *planned discussion*. For subject matter, current articles from Church publications, including *The Relief Society Magazine*, *The Improvement Era*, *The Instructor*, *The Children's Friend* and the "Church Section" of *The Deseret News*, might be used. A variety of interesting discussion topics can be decided upon by the group. An evening of *remiscing*. Extremely interesting Family Hour periods can be built around missionary experiences of father, mother, son, or daughter, and courtship experiences, and other events. A stimulating evening can grow out of "my most interesting experience" related by each member of the group. A picnic or outing can be effectively used as a part of the Family Hour program. These outside activities can add variety to the family gathering and can do much to hold the group together.

**T**HESSE are only a few of the many activities which can be employed to make Family Hours appealing and stimulating. Organized family groups will find other ways to develop interesting self-expression:

There are, however, four fundamentals which every thoughtful parent will strive to make a part of the Family Hour program. These are:

1. *The activity should be planned by the group as a whole, or each member of the group should be given responsibility, in turn, for its planning.*

2. *Everyone should participate in the evening's activity. This does not mean, however, that Family Hours should be postponed if some member or members of the family group are absent. Family Hours should be held regularly, even if all family members are not present.*

3. *Family Hours should be informal and natural. Refreshments always add a note of informality and enjoyment.*

4. *Spirituality should be a fundamental part. Although the social and recreational aspects are important in the Family Hour, wise parents will find in this group activity a prime opportunity to help their children to grow and develop spiritually. Fortunate indeed are young men and women who have been given opportunity to approach their Father in heaven in sincere and humble vocal prayer. Each Family Hour should commence with prayer or close with the usual family prayer.*

An incident was told by a former mission president of two young missionaries who had recently arrived in the field. At one of their regular meetings at the mission home, one of the young men was called upon to pray. With poise and dignity, he led the group in a beautiful but humble prayer. After the meeting, the other new missionary expressed amazement and asked his friend how he had been able to do it. In answer, the young man explained that it was easy because as long as he could remember he had participated in family prayers at home with his family group.

#### *Some Blessings and Benefits*

Lasting benefits and blessings flow out of regular participation in family-group activities. The Family Hour performs an important function in helping both children and parents to taste the joys of service and the satisfactions that come



through giving of themselves to the family as a unit. This heaven-inspired home activity fosters the practice of love in its truest form, not just the showing of outward affection, but the real understanding that comes from learning to think in terms of "we" rather than "me."

The Family Hour provides one of the surest ways of strengthening family ties. One of the beautiful things which our gospel emphasizes is the eternal importance of the individual and the family, and the

vital part the home plays in their development. Not only is the family the center of our present civilization, but one of the greatest blessings any member of the Church can enjoy is to be married for time and for eternity and to have the family sealed together as a unit forever. It is an absolute fact that no nation can rise higher than the quality of its homes, and that no home is stronger than the children it produces. Blessed is the family whose children are taught "to pray and to walk uprightly before the Lord."



Photograph by L. V. McNeely

#### THE ARZA A. HINCKLEY FAMILY ENJOYING AN EVENING OF MUSIC

Left, at the organ, reading from front to back: Harold; Jessie Lynn; Susan; Jean.  
 In foreground, standing, left to right: Jo Ann; Alonzo.  
 At the back, standing, left to right: Erma Taysom Hinckley and Arza H. Hinckley, holding the baby Louise.

# White September

Ezra J. Poulsen

## CHAPTER 1

**Y**OU never know what goes on inside a woman's pretty head. That's why Daphne Sommers was so baffling to everyone when she returned to Knowlton after an absence of ten years. Though she was barely thirty, her hair was almost white.

In every other way, however, she was as youthful as ever. Her smooth, oval cheeks were full of bloom; her step was vibrant; and her voice had the same golden melody as when she was twenty. Then, there remained the old flare of impudence in her manner. She seemed to be defying the rumors that she'd lived a gay, reckless life in the city.

Being merely the home-town boy whom she'd jilted in search of a more glamorous romance, I might be expected to be a trifle confused. It turned out to be worse than that—I was uncomfortable and afraid. It was unpleasant to have my friends looking down their noses at me again; and, frankly, I began thinking the town wasn't big enough for the two of us. Sometimes thwarted love makes you feel that way—less afraid of death itself than the possibility of being hurt the second time.

Nevertheless, as president and cashier of the bank, I was too busy to entertain any foolish notions of running away. So Daphne just breezed in, took over the big house left vacant by the death of her father, and began to be very much in evidence. This would have been less disturbing if she had been dif-

ferent, but she was one of those people whose presence creates a new center of gravity—you must either be drawn into the vortex surrounding their personalities, or stay far enough away to be attracted toward some other pole. In a town as small as Knowlton, the latter was quite impossible.

"You see, I'm quite an old woman," she laughed, greeting her friends. "My hair is white. But I haven't reached December yet, only September—white September." She laughed this off very easily. It was her way.

"We like your hair."

"You look wonderful."

These were stock answers, especially with the younger set with whom she quickly became very popular. The boys gathered around her like moths around a lamp, to enjoy her wit and gaiety, and to learn from her stock of scintillating, worldly lore. This created talk and suspicion in other quarters, but not among the younger girls, who admired her hair, her clothes, her inexhaustible glamor.

"Oh, she's grand," sighed Mollie Dangerfield, her niece.

It was natural for Mollie to adore her, for half the town had already declared she was the image of her Aunt Daphne, even to the extent of following in her flirtatious footsteps.

At best, Mollie's fiance, Tom Andrews, was playing an uneasy role. Mollie was at the moment carrying on a secondary romance with

Paul Ebberly, who spent his summers at the resort on Bear Lake, as well as giving encouragement to several other local boys. Tom was my assistant at the bank. I could easily see he was going through exactly what I'd once suffered with Daphne. And now, with Mollie's irresponsible, adorable auntie back, I thought he could expect things to grow steadily worse.

**D**APHNE'S first party was a grand affair. Old Bill Sommers' big Georgian house hadn't looked so dressed up in years. A decorator and a caterer came up from the city, and fresh-cut flowers were shipped in for corsages. We're a trifle behind on such matters in Knowlton. Several carloads of young folks, friends of Daphne's, also came from the city. Paul Ebberly was there, as well as Tom Andrews. Mollie, dressed in a cream-colored evening gown of flowered organdy over taffeta, and looking almost as light and airy as a butterfly on a summer afternoon, danced and flirted to her heart's content.

The event was a rather trying one for me. I couldn't be so rude as to refuse the invitation altogether, especially when everyone else was going, and I was sure my presence there would be regarded as evidence that I had outgrown my youthful disappointment. But I hovered in the outer edge of events, keeping in the shadows as much as possible, though circumstances required me to become an active participant once or twice. Even then, I avoided Daphne, or met her with cool formality, and she paid only the most casual attention to me.

Next morning, I was at my desk

when Tom came in with a haggard, washed-out expression on his face. "Well," he said miserably, after greeting me, "I guess it's all over between Mollie and me. I took my ring back last night." He dropped into his chair and drummed his fingers on his desk, letting his tall, angular form sag lifelessly, and his gray, deep-set eyes wander over my shoulder. "I'm leaving Knowlton."

"Oh, now, Tom, don't talk like that. We need you here." I was a trifle alarmed, but felt capable of giving him some good advice right out of my own book of experience. "Whatever you do, don't let a love affair destroy your career. I've been through the same thing. I know how you feel. But—but I—"

Just then the street door opened, and in walked Daphne, dressed in a chic black suit, and a hat set off with a small white feather. She smiled winningly and walked straight up to the railing in front of me.

"Good morning, Jim," she greeted.

"Good morning." I felt like a boy caught in the act of stealing jam. The temperature seemed to rise ten degrees. But, leaning back in my chair, I looked at her cautiously. I knew her presence was a challenge, and accepted it as such. There was a flood of memories, even after ten years, and I had to be on my guard, knowing Daphne was scheming something.

"Jim, may I see you alone—about a matter of business?"

"Certainly." I opened the door of my private consultation room, and invited her in. When we were seated on opposite sides of the table, I waited.

"Jim, I want to borrow three thousand dollars," she said evenly. "I'm going to send Mollie to Europe this summer. Poor child, she's hardly even been out of this poky little place, and it's about time she saw something of life."

It was easy to see Daphne was under a strain in spite of her composure. I knew she was smart enough to see how foolish this proposition sounded to the ears of a banker.

"You can have a mortgage on the old home for security," she proposed impatiently, as if I'd already refused her. "I have some property in the city up for sale, too. I'll pay the loan off as soon as the sale goes through."

**B**ILL Sommers' home was perfectly good security. But I felt as if Bill would turn over in his grave in protest against this plan to throw away his home in order to send his already spoiled granddaughter on an unnecessary trip. Canny Scot that he was, he'd often opposed his wife's rather extravagant concern about the social future of his children. He'd come from Europe himself, and experienced its hardships and lack of opportunity. No one in Knowlton had ever heard him express a desire to return to the old world, even for a visit; but many had heard him praise the goodness and abundance of America.

For the first time, I tried to look straight into Daphne's deep, restless eyes, but she hid them behind her long, silken lashes. Then my eyes fell upon her lovely hair. Somehow, it gave her an exotic, sophisticated beauty. In spite of its whitish

cast, it seemed warm and alluring; yet, knowing Daphne's temperament, I couldn't understand her failure to dye it. Then, a train of memories began.

**T**HE Sommers house stood on the brow of the hill on the west side of town, where it commanded a broad view of the valley. From childhood I'd loved the place, running across the street from my own much smaller home on the lower side of the hill whenever I had an opportunity. There was always a thrill in going through the tall picket gate, and up the broad flagstone walk bordered by a maze of shrubbery and flowers. I could always be sure the beautiful Mrs. Sommers, whose hair reminded me of Martha Washington's, would load me with cookies and let me play with her little daughter Daphne.

Later, it became a habit to call for Daphne on my way to school. And, as we grew up to high school age and attended the academy on the hill, I made it a practice to carry her books up the snowbound trail leading along the lane back of the Sommers house up to the academy. The boys sometimes teased me, and finally gave me so much competition I was frequently left out; but I remained devoted, though Daphne was beginning to show a restless interest in others of the masculine sex. But I still haunted the Sommers house. On summer afternoons I often slipped over and played tennis with Daphne on the clay court at the rear of the lot, when her other admirers were absent. I helped Mrs. Sommers cultivate her flower beds, I cut the lawn, I ran errands.

But what cut me to heart at the moment was my recollection of the time I first declared my love to Daphne. We were strolling up the front path on a Sunday afternoon. I picked a sprig of lilac and placed it in her hair.

"This blossom will die, but my love never will," I insisted.

"Beautifully said, Jim," she murmured. "But you may want to take it back. My hair will fade very early, just like mother's."

"Then it will be more lovely than ever," I cried, giving her an experimental kiss.

When we arrived at the house, I playfully cut a strand of her rich brown hair and placed it inside the glass covering her graduation picture, which hung in the broad, paneled hall back of the stairway.

\* \* \*

"WELL, don't you think the security's good enough?" demanded the Daphne of the present from across the table.

I stared guiltily. "Oh, er, yes, very good. You may have the money. We'll get the papers fixed up at once." My heart sank, for I didn't think she'd be able to redeem the place. As for her having property in the city, I didn't believe it, knowing her father had often sent her money while he lived.

Daphne arose with a smile of relief, which reminded me I had quite overlooked the impatient tensivity with which she'd been waiting. "You bankers are so terrifying," she reproved. "You seem to look right through one as if you suspected some dark plot to steal your money."

"I'm sorry," I said, realizing my cheeks were burning.

"Thanks, Jim. You won't regret it. But you do think I'm foolish, don't you?"

"Frankly, yes," I admitted.

"Oh, well, I'm doing it for Mollie. It's to be her part of the estate, and I want her to have it now while it will do her some good."

"You'll ruin Mollie." I said this against my will—bitterly.

This caught her off guard, but she rallied quickly, much to my discomfort. "That isn't what I want to do."

She turned to go, and, with a flash of spirit, added over her shoulder, "You're still a small town boy, aren't you, Jim?"

On her way out, she spoke to Tom, as if nothing had happened between him and Mollie; then, with an impudent, triumphant little toss of her head, she left the bank. The mere fact of breaking up a fine young couple like Tom and Mollie appeared to be a trivial detail in her plans.

Instantly, I was furious, then frantic. I started to rush toward the door to call her back and tell her she couldn't have the money, but stopped helplessly as she glided past the window outside. What a fool I was, I reflected, to let her make me a tool for her purpose of ruining Tom. I was sure she was bent on doing to him just what she'd done to me—all to satisfy her ambition and love of display. How could one with such a lovable exterior be so utterly ruthless, I gasped, almost aloud. I must do something, I must! This thought seared its way through my brain like a streak of fire, yet when I turned to Tom, I realized I was incapable of advising him.

(To be continued)



Hal Rumel

## HARVEST FIELD

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*Learned by Heart*

Elizabeth Waters

When I have memorized the lines  
 Of mountains rising to the sun,  
 And learned by heart the sound of pines,  
 And all the ways that rivers run,  
 I still shall not remember quite  
 The spell that on this valley lies,  
 When autumn turns its wheat fields white  
 And high at night the wild goose flies.  
 The hills are brown, and gold the trees;  
 I shall recall, when far away,  
 Each trivial detail of these,  
 Yet grieve to half forget this day.

# An Apple for the Teacher

Lydia Bennett Egbert

MRS. Bently had just finished her breakfast dishes. She dried her hands and drew aside the crisp ruffled curtain from the window to watch the school children surging by, and yearned a little when she recalled the years when her own had been among the happy throng on that always excitable, first day of school.

Gradually, the sound of clattering feet and merry laughter faded away, and Mrs. Bently might have turned from the window had her eye not caught sight of her thriving young apple tree standing bright and green against the white picket fence. Only in its fourth year, it was already beginning to bear, and the dozen apples that she had watched with anticipation all through the summer months now hung ripe and red.

"I'd better pick them soon," she mused, smiling to herself, while her eyes rested upon one big, shining beauty that hung low over the fence. "They may find their way to the teacher's desk."

A small boy rounded the corner at that moment, and paused beneath the branch holding the big, red apple, upon which her eyes rested. She glanced at the clock. "Hum, five minutes to nine. Wonder why the child's late? Strange his mother wouldn't see to it that he was early on the first day."

For a long moment the boy stood gazing at the apple, then ran swiftly on his way.

"I'll pick the apples today," she decided, turning from the window.

"It isn't fair to tempt children, anyway."

But there was a cake to bake for the cooked-food sale, cookies for the children's party, and peaches to can for Mrs. Adams, not to mention a dozen other odd jobs. There was no time left in which to pick the apples that day.

Perhaps it was curiosity that took Mrs. Bently to her window at the same time the next morning, again to watch the gay panorama and to linger until it had dwindled to the last few stragglers.

Could be that he came early this morning and I failed to recognize him among the other children, she thought, and was about to return to her household duties when the little late-comer made his appearance. She moved closer to rest her elbows on the sill of the window and watched with interest.

It was quite evident that, at first sight, the lone apple on the overhanging branch had made its impression, for now the boy had no trouble in spotting it immediately, and with hands in his pockets he stood with eyes fixed upon the bright object above him.

As she stood looking intently upon the scene before her, her mind wandered back. Ah, her own little Polly and Phil, how they had loved to tote apples to the teacher! It hadn't been easy, either. They had had no apple tree growing in their back yard then, and fresh fruits had been a rare treat for them in winter. The "depression" had been

at its peak, and Tom had worked only part time. Feeding a family and making ends meet was a problem, indeed. But, even so, they had been happy. She had Tom then. They found joy in scheming and planning together, she and Tom. And their two beloved children had given them many a moment of laughter and thrills.

SHE blinked her eyes to release an unwelcome tear and the smile that flickered across her face chased it on down to rest on the bosom of her fresh gingham dress. She was reminded of the time when Polly came home with a beautiful rosy apple, a reward for helping the teacher straighten up after school, and proudly placed it on the shelf of the cupboard for Daddy's lunch. And small brother Phil, on his way out the next morning, innocently, had collected it, and for the second time it found its way to the teacher's desk. She and Tom had laughed and joked about it, but Polly never knew.

With a deep sigh of tenderness, Mrs. Bently laid aside her golden thoughts again to concentrate upon the little stranger within her gaze. "He's looking so wistfully! Bless his dear heart! I'll call to him that it's all right to take the apple." Unconsciously, she spoke aloud. Then, as a small hand reached upward, she began censuring herself for having waited so long to allow the first seed of temptation to be sown in the young heart. But a moment later she stood amazed, realizing that the child had only smoothed the apple carefully, before taking to his heels to make up for lost time.

For special reasons, Mrs. Bently made no attempt to pick her apples that day. The next morning her dishes were left standing in the sink later than usual, while in the back yard she busied herself among her flower beds, picking the bright blooms and arranging them in a silver-trimmed wicker basket.

"Good morning, Sonny," she called casually, as the object of her curiosity came into view and made his usual stop beneath the apple tree. "A little late this morning, aren't you?"

The boy jumped in surprise and turned to face her. "G—good morning, Ma'am," he stammered. "Yes, I'm always a little late, but I make it before the bell rings." But his mind was not to be distracted for long from his main interest. "Are these your apples, Ma'am?" he asked, turning abruptly and again casting his eyes upward.

"Why, yes. Would you like to take that big, red one to your teacher?"

The boy's face lighted up and his voice quivered with excitement. "Oh, yes, Ma'am. I'd sure like to take an apple to the teacher. But—but," he continued, his tones suddenly lowering and his mood growing serious, "it—it was Nancy I was really thinking about."

Mrs. Bently detected the note of seriousness in his voice and spoke softly, "Is Nancy your baby sister?"

"Well, Nancy isn't really a baby, Ma'am. She's almost as old as me, but she's been sick for a long time and has to stay in bed, and I sort of look out for her."

"I'm very sorry your sister is sick," she answered, sympathetically. "But I must say she's a lucky little girl



to have a brother who looks after her. What is your name, and where do you live?"

"My name's Jimmy Mason, and I live over by the mill in that old house without any paint. Mom says maybe when I get old enough to help out we can have a better house."

"What about your Daddy?"

"Oh, my Dad's dead. We had a better house before he died, but Mom couldn't make enough to pay so much rent, so we had to move."

"Your mother works, then?"

"Yes, she goes to work at night, after me and Nancy's asleep, and don't get home till nearly eight-thirty in the morning. That's why I always come late to school."

"Do you have any relatives or friends near?"

"No, my aunt and uncle used to live here, but they moved away right after Dad died and we don't have anybody now. Mom says she don't have time to find friends and, anyway, she says our house is too shabby and nobody'd want to come there."

"It isn't so much the house that counts, Jimmy, it's the people who live in it. But perhaps you'd better run along now," she suggested kindly, "or you may not make it this time before the bell rings."

"Oh, gee, yes, I almost forgot . . ." His words faded; he ran swiftly on and vanished from sight at the next corner.

Gathering the basket of flowers in her arms, Mrs. Bently made her way across the green stretch to the house and into the living room. She arranged the basket at the foot of the mantel and sank, for a few

moments, into the easy chair beside her, before beginning her day's routine. As she looked about the cheery, well-furnished room, a feeling of gratitude swept over her, and she wished that all those less fortunate might enjoy the same comforts.

Tom had left her a good home; with the insurance and other securities, she was amply provided for. True, Tom's death, and then the children's marrying and settling in distant towns, had left her lonely. But it was not for long. With so much to be done in the world, one could not lose herself to grief and loneliness for any length of time. "There's enough happiness in the world for everybody, and life is kind to those who search for it," she repeated to herself.

"JIMMY!" called Mrs. Bently across the fence that afternoon as she motioned the boy toward her. "Have you a few moments to spare, Jimmy?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I think I have. The teacher let us out early this afternoon." He came near and paused outside the fence.

Mrs. Bently unlocked the gate and pushed it ajar. "Come inside. Are you a good climber, Jimmy? I'd like to get you to help me pick my apples."

The boy's face beamed as he slid through the gate. "Oh, gee! I'd like to help you pick your apples, Ma'am. I'm used to climbin' trees. I climb the big ones over by our house and Nancy watches me through the window." He straightened his shoulders proudly and shoved both hands in his pockets.

(Continued on page 642)

# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, September 1, and September 15, 1890

## "FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS"

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE: The music of the future may be enriched by the products of men of more genius, learning, and wisdom than those of today, but it is safe to say that so long as the world stands there will never again be produced a song that will so universally touch the human heart as "Home, Sweet Home." The most notable rendition of "Home, Sweet Home" of which there is any account, was probably at the Jenny Lind concert in Washington on the night of December 17, 1850. John Howard Payne was present, and the quarter of an hour during which he listened to Jenny Lind's singing of this ballad—which has since been heard in all lands—was without doubt the most thrilling fifteen minutes of his life.

—Hearth and Hall

### THE SONG OF THE SEA

The song of the sea was an ancient song  
In the days when the earth was young;  
The waves were gossiping loud and long  
Ere mortals had found a tongue.  
The heart of the waves with wrath was wrung,  
Or soothed to a siren strain,  
As they tossed the primitive isles among  
Or slept in the ocean main.  
Such was the song and its changes free,  
Such was the song of the sea.

—Richard E. Burton

### OUR COUNTRY

Our thought of thee is glad with hope  
Dear country of our love and prayers;  
Thy way is down no fatal slope,  
But up to freer sun and airs.

With peace that comes of purity,  
And strength to simple justice due;  
So runs our loyal dream of thee:  
God of our fathers! make it true.

—J. G. Whittier

HUNTER WARD RELIEF SOCIETY: Counselor B. W. Smith spoke of being present at the first organizations of the Relief Society in Nauvoo, and of being intimately acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith, and testified that all the principles he taught were true, and would benefit the human family. Sister E. B. Wells spoke upon the grand results achieved through the organization of women, also upon true charity, and the disposition to look upon the bright side, referred to the days of famine and of sickness, the trials of the Saints in Nauvoo and in Winter Quarters and thought for many reasons we ought to be grateful notwithstanding the persecutions of the present time, for the Lord had greatly prospered us in these valleys.



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

**M**OST of the winners in the League of Utah Writers contests this year are contributors to *The Relief Society Magazine*. Included are Olive W. Burt, who won first place in the short story and first in the juvenile story; Rosa Lee Lloyd, who placed second in the short story; Anna Prince Redd, with second place in the article; Christie Lund Coles and Dorothy Roberts who placed first and second in poetry; Sarah Moss and Mabel Harmer, who received second and third places in the juvenile story.

**M**RS. LeROY McBRIDE, of Hyrum, Utah, herself housebound for eleven years, organized in Utah the state-wide campaign for observance of Shut-in's Day. It was held on the first Sunday in June, when shut-ins were to be remembered with visits, letters, flowers, homemade delicacies, or other thoughtful expressions. She won the co-operation of Governor Lee, of many mayors, newspapers, women's clubs, radio, and church officials. Her efforts won her the third prize of the national Rhoda Corwin Pickens annual award for successful organizing for Shut-in's Day.

**O**NE of the oldest books on our American Continent, the Popal Vuh (book of the people), which

preserves historical facts, legends, religious tenets, and the customs of the Quiche Maya Indians, has now been made available in English for the first time through a translation from Spanish made by Delia Goetz, an authority on Latin American languages, history, and tradition, and Sylvanus G. Morley, another scholar. They translated it from the Spanish of Adrian Recinos, who, in turn, had translated it from a copy in Latin characters but in the Mayan language made by Father Ximenez, an early Guatemalan priest, from a similar copy written in the middle of the sixteenth century by an educated Indian. The Indian's copy was lost. Fortunately, Father Ximenez's copy remained. This is a most important original source for students of early American Indian culture.

**J**INNY LEE NELSON, of Salt Lake City, married to V. Douglas Snow, recently won a prize of \$500 in a textile design contest sponsored by the Moss Rose Manufacturing Company of New York. Her young husband has won a Fulbright scholarship to study art in Italy this year. While he works, she will continue studying, specializing in Italian textiles and ceramic designs.



## *Voting Is Our Responsibility*

**M**ANY women whose grandmothers and great-grandmothers worked earnestly for the privilege of voting have become indifferent to their responsibilities. Only a small percentage of women vote in their city, state, and national elections. They fail to realize that the perpetuation of liberty and our right to choose our rulers, our religion, our work, and our place of residence, all are in grave jeopardy, from determined and organized opposition both within our own country and from possible foreign intervention. In this time of rapid change, with the dark shadow of regimentation and autocratic rule spreading ever wider across the world, no man, and no woman, who has the precious right to vote, can be excused for not exercising this most important responsibility, upon which so much depends.

Many of the privileges and opportunities most dear to us as Latter-day Saint women might become non-existent if we, and others, fail to exercise our votes and retain that liberty which is God-given. It would be easy to lose our right to rear our children in the way of the gospel, to lose even the opportunity of holding Church services and retaining our Church organization. It would be easy to allow our institutions of government to become instruments of oppression, regimenting every phase of life. If we

permit weak men and wicked men to attain high office, we can no longer control our destinies. Power, in the hands of the ambitious and the ungodly, can and will enslave individuals and destroy nations.

As Latter-day Saint women, we have a particular responsibility toward government. We know that freedom of conscience and "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" are inherent rights, and that our Constitution, which upholds these rights, was established under the inspiration of God. In words of simplicity and strength, we have been instructed and we know that "that which is governed by law is also preserved by law."

Section 134 of the Doctrine and Covenants, which deals with "Government and Laws in General," specifically points out that we should use our influence to see that our public officials are "such as will administer the law in equity and justice."

Are we accepting and magnifying this high and important duty? As election day approaches, do we make sure that we are qualified to be voters and, when election day arrives, are we too busy or too indifferent to perform that great responsibility upon which nearly all the other phases of our lives depend?

Perhaps the most common excuse for failing to vote is that one vote is unimportant. This is subter-

fuge, for the total vote is made up of individual ballots, and each vote expresses the sovereign will of an individual, and is as important as any other vote.

Another excuse may be that we are not acquainted with the people whose names are on the ballots. There are many ways of finding out about these people. If we have been alert to civic affairs, we shall probably already know something of the records of the men and women who are seeking re-election. If we know nothing of the new names appearing, we should find out before election day what type of people these candidates are, and what principles they may be expected to support. One way to find this out is to learn of their affiliations with various social, educational, cultural, and civic groups. It is helpful to ask the advice of reputable people who personally know the candidates. The voter who realizes the importance

of her civic responsibility may wish to attend meetings at which the candidates speak, or she may wish, in local cases, where this is feasible, to talk personally with the man, or woman who is to represent her in the all-important work of government.

Ability and integrity are qualities that we should demand in our representatives. Their attitude toward our Constitution and toward law enforcement is paramount. Their dedication to high ideals and their earnestness of purpose should be carefully considered.

Freedom and liberty are easy to lose, but their regaining is always difficult, sometimes impossible. If we lose our heritage of individual choice, we are ourselves at fault, and ours is the guilt, unless we magnify our privilege as voters and remain ever alert to the great responsibility of self-government.

—V. P. C.

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## *Color of Autumn*

Beatrice K. Ekman

Below the mountain road the farms have spread  
 A colored pattern. Autumn has begun,  
 And native currant bushes have turned red.  
 Brown cockleburs, made brittle by the sun,  
 Sound harsh rustlings by the road, as wind shifts  
 Veils of dust across their sharpened edges.  
 From crumpled milkweed pods, soft, white down drifts  
 To the brown pastures and tawny sedges.  
 Loosed from their anchored roots, the tumbleweeds  
 Drift with the wind, light, silent ghosts at play;  
 Sowing, as they drift, their spiny seeds  
 Across the fields and prairies faraway.  
 Wind weaves smoke through September grasses  
 And purple haze veils the mountain passes. . .  
 The languorous summer is done.

# *Notes* TO THE FIELD

## *Annual General Relief Society Conference*

THE annual general Relief Society conference will be held Wednesday and Thursday, September 27 and 28, 1950. On Thursday afternoon in the Tabernacle a meeting will be held to which the general membership of Relief Society and the public are invited. The attendance at the meetings Wednesday and Thursday mornings is limited to stake and mission officers.

## *Buying Textbooks for Relief Society Lessons*

FROM inquiries which come to the general board it would seem that some Relief Society officers and class leaders are not acquainted with the recommended procedure for acquiring necessary textbooks for lessons.

The education counselor in both the stake and the ward should present to the president of the respective organization a list of the textbooks which will be needed to teach the Relief Society lessons during the coming season. She should then be authorized to purchase these books with funds from the Relief Society general fund. The education counselor should see that the name of the Relief Society organization is written in each book before giving it to the respective stake or ward class leader for her use. At the end of the course the education counselor is responsible for collecting the books and placing them in the Relief Society library.

Where a teacher wishes to purchase her own textbook in order to be able to mark it and keep it after the conclusion of the course, it is recommended that the Relief Society organization should also purchase the textbook: 1. in order that the book may become a part of the Relief Society library; 2. to be available for use by those given special assignments; 3. because a change of teachers might be necessary during the course and at that time it might be impossible for the Relief Society organization to purchase a copy of the desired textbook.

Education counselors are urged to safeguard Relief Society libraries and to be alert to opportunities of adding to them gifts of Church and other worthwhile books.

\* \* \*

## *Influence*

Josephine J. Harvey

Some of us who walk the earth  
Are bound by feet of clay,  
But when you looked at me and smiled,  
I walked on clouds all day.

# *The Practical Nurse—A New Opportunity*

Elaine Mellor, R.N.B.S.

Director, Practical Nursing, Salt Lake Area Vocational School

**P**LEASE—Help us find a Practical Nurse.” How often has this plea been heard—and gone unanswered? Nursing registries frequently have such calls as this and are unable to help. It is the age-old problem, demand greater than supply.

There is a need for more people to enter this field. The demand for nursing service is growing steadily and cannot adequately be filled by the number of registered nurses now on duty or in training.

“What is a Practical Nurse?” Often we think of a practical nurse as a kindly person, perhaps a next-door neighbor, who has learned a “way” around sick people by working with them. The need for practical nurses is now so acute that formal courses of instruction have been set up in various states, and these people are being educated for the work they do. The people are assured of the right kind of nursing care because the Licensed Practical Nurse receives her title today only upon completion of this formal course of training after which she must pass a state examination.\*

“What does a Practical Nurse do? The practical nurse learns to give complete bedside care, to make the patient comfortable. She learns techniques in preventing the spread of communicable diseases, how to amuse the convalescing child, how to care for the new mother and her baby. Emphasis is placed upon the care of the patient in the home—preparation of the proper diet, and how to safely adapt improvised equipment to the needs of the patient.

The practical nurse should not be expected to care for critically or acutely ill patients. Her training does not prepare her to perform highly skilled treatments. She functions here as a valuable assistant to the professional staff by relieving them of nursing duties which do not require an extensive scientific background.

Practical Nursing offers a wonderful opportunity for many women who may be looking for a job with a future. There are opportunities for her to work in the home, in the doctor’s office, and in other places where she works under the supervision of a licensed physician or a professional nurse.

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\*A practical nurse is a person trained to care for subacute, convalescent, and chronic patients requiring nursing services at home or in an institution, who works under the direction of a licensed physician or a registered professional nurse, and who is prepared to give household assistance when necessary. A practical nurse may be employed by physicians, hospitals, custodial homes, public health agencies, industries, or by the lay public (National Association for Practical Nurse Education).

“Who is eligible?” Any person between the ages of eighteen and fifty, in good physical condition, who enjoys working with people, and who would like to enter a well-paid, dignified lifetime vocation, may be considered as a possible applicant.

A list of approved Practical Nursing schools may be obtained by writing The National Association for Practical Nurse Education, 654 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. Information regarding an approved school in Utah may be obtained through your local nursing registry or by contacting the Salt Lake Area Vocational School, 431 South 6th East, Salt Lake City, Utah, or the Central Utah Vocational School, 1101 South University Avenue, Provo, Utah. Classes begin each September and March.

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## *The Constitution of the United States*

Grace M. Candland

ON September 17, 1787, one-hundred sixty-three years ago, a great and glorious event took place in Independence Hall at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. It was the ratification of our National Constitution, which, on that date, was signed by representatives of all except one of the thirteen original colonies. This occasion marked the beginning of a new era, for the betterment and progress of mankind, in a land made ready for its marvelous destiny. It thereby continued to be a choice land, a blessed land, bearing the promise that it should be free from captivity or bondage or kingly rule, a land in which the inalienable rights of man might find their fullest exercise.

The Constitution was to be the supreme law of this land, a guiding light unto a people who would love and honor it and appreciate its manifold blessings. It came not by chance. It was born out of the yearnings of the human heart. It grew out of the cradle of oppression, and the ever-burning desire of man's spirit to be free.

It had to be won by blood and tears and sacrifice on the battlefield, and finally came into being, through the never-failing channel of prayer and contrition of great minds chosen for this mighty work, whom we honor as the founding fathers.

The Constitution is a divinely inspired and, therefore, a sacred document, and any attempt to belittle it or disregard it, is most disturbing to the sincere and worthy citizen. Those who would uproot this precious tree of liberty have no right to rest in its shade.

America should be proud to be the keeper of so great a trust, not only for herself, but for all the world. The Church possesses the keys of the kingdom, Latter-day Saints are the crusaders for living according to the principles established by Christ, and a stirring challenge now confronts us. Let us go forward, on the difficult road ahead, with faith and courage, blazing new trails up the mountainside, which shall open new vistas of co-operation and understanding, not in temporal things alone, but in things of the spirit, as well; not proudly nor arrogantly, but as good Samaritans, lifting and healing a bleeding and confused world, to the end that wars may be banished, and the inestimable rights and freedoms we enjoy be extended to suffering humanity.

This is America's destiny, but we may not achieve this high accomplishment unless we live righteously and fulfill the measure of the promise given to our Nation.



# You Can Learn

PART VI

## *K Is for Kathy and L Is for Luck*

Katherine Kelly

THE next April our daughter arrived, the baby girl I had dreamed about, who would love me better than anyone else in the world! She had so much black hair that we had to cut it to keep it out of her eyes. And her eyes—well, at first, her eyes were dark, but they would be blue. Tom's hair was dark and his eyes a clear, deep blue. Baby Kathy's would be just like his! Yes, we named her Kathy, that much she would be like me.

But little Kathy wasn't so well. She didn't gain any weight. I was completely bewildered. Ernie, our boy, now three years old, had been so strong and hearty. It was just as though this world was his to enjoy from the day he was born, and later, I am sure he thought it was his to explore.

Baby Kathy was different. She was like some lovely, fragile spirit from another world who just could not make up her mind whether she would stay or not. By the end of the second month she hadn't gained an ounce. By then it was June! One night, in desperation, we gave her two ounces of cow's milk diluted with four ounces of boiled water, like the baby-book said. She drank it all and went to sleep and slept till six o'clock the next morning! I was up every few minutes all night to be sure she was still breathing!

When I told the doctor about it he was very dubious. "Katie, as I told you before, you can't start feed-

ing a tiny baby on cow's milk in June, and you living on a farm where there is no refrigeration! You can try giving her a feeding each night when the milk is fresh, and maybe we can pull her through the summer. But, my dear, you mustn't feel too badly, maybe she wasn't intended for this world. . ."

My darling not intended to be mine! Those words only made me more determined. If cow's milk was what she needed, then cow's milk she should have. I would milk the cow every two hours if it was necessary!

Because she was so delicate, it was necessary at first. Our supply of hay was gone, and the first crop not yet ready, so each two hours I took my little pitcher, covered with sterile gauze, and fared forth down to the pasture to milk the Jersey cow.

But it was so worthwhile. Little Kathy, who had been listless and waxy white, had gained four pounds!

This morning, as I finished her bath and laid her all clean and sweet in her little basket, I thrilled to see how she had filled out. Gratefully, I kissed the dimples on each tiny finger.

I came back into the kitchen in time to save Ernie's teddy bear from the bath which it obviously needed, but for which it hadn't been made. I took Ernie with me out to pour the bath water on the burned spots in the lawn and to move Minnie,

the sheep, that was our automatic lawnmower, to new feeding grounds.

I noticed that the delicate green tendrils of the Virginia creeper we had planted that spring were beginning to climb the wire. The bucket of water I brought from the river each time I went for Kathy's milk was really making it grow. Our trees were still too young to shade the house, but by another year this vine would shade all the south and west side, too, I hoped. Tom said that was the nice thing about me, I never saw things as they were, but as I wanted them to be. Sometimes I had a disturbing feeling that he didn't always think that was so good, but it certainly helped when it came to trying to make things grow in that clay soil with so little water.

Ernie had caught sight of his Daddy and the horses in a distant field.

"Ernie, wait for mother, it's time to go for Kathy's milk," I called.

This business of going to the pasture was getting to be an old story to Ernie. I didn't dare leave him, his little head was so full of ideas I never knew what he might be doing by the time I got back.

"Ernie go wif Daddy, you milk the cow," he said, trying to escape.

"Daddy is too far away. Don't you want to help get milk for baby sister? You find your hat while Mama gets the pitcher ready."

Kathy was sleeping quietly, so I fastened the layers of sterilized cheesecloth over the top of my little white pitcher with an elastic band, and with the pitcher in one hand and the water bucket over my arm, I took Ernie by the hand and we started for the pasture.

By the time we crawled through the bars of the corral fence Ernie was enthusiastic. There were ducks on the river! I had to run to keep up with him.

But where was Jersey? I looked up and down the pasture. There she was across the river behind the squawbushes! Of all things! I would have to wade the river! How perfectly inconsiderate of her! The river was still high, but apparently she hadn't thought it too high. I sat down on the bank and pulled off my shoes and stockings. I would have to take them with me to the other side, no one could walk barefoot in that salt grass. Then I remembered Ernie. He was sitting beside me busily trying to untie his own shoes.

"No, no, Ernie, leave your shoes on, you can't wade. Mama will have to carry you."

But when I stepped into the current, with him in my arms, I nearly fell, and one stocking went sailing down the stream. It was no use, I would have to leave Ernie behind. But I couldn't do that, either, he might fall in while I was on the other side, even if I could make him understand that he couldn't follow me.

My mind was darting around in circles trying to find the answer. It would have to be good to keep him away from the fascination of that river.

"Ernie," I said desperately, "are you Mama's big boy? Can you go back to the house and take care of little sister while mama milks the cow? We mustn't leave her alone so long, she might cry. See, you can see the house from here, go back

(Continued on page 617).

# annual report—1949

**T**HIS annual report not only reflects the activities of Relief Society for 1949, its 107th year, but for the past five years, 1945-49—the adjustment period which followed the close of World War II. This adjustment period, as was to be expected, brought renewed interest in all activities.

Relief Society objectives—the alleviation of suffering through our compassionate and welfare services, and the spiritual and cultural development of Latter-day Saint women through our educational program—reached a high pinnacle in this period even though there were fluctuations in various activities.

Interest in all phases of Relief Society work reached its peak in Utah's Centennial year, 1947, stimulated by activities which emphasized the historical significance of that occasion.

The maps show the geographical distribution for 1949 only, but the chart following the maps summarizes the distribution for the five-year period and shows that 89.67% of the membership is in the United States and 10.33% is in other countries.

Our field of activity was extended during the five-year period by the addition of 22 stake, 3 mission, 190 ward, and 418 branch organizations. The increase in organizations naturally resulted in more meetings, thus giving more women an opportunity to take part. In 1949, the Uruguay Mission (created in 1947) made its first report.

There was a substantial increase in the number of Latter-day Saint families in stakes and missions and in Relief Society membership, but the gain in membership did not keep pace with the increase in families.

Average attendance at regular meetings, though fluctuating somewhat, showed an increase. Attendance in the missions was consistently higher than in the stakes.

A total of 7,142,942 visits was made by visiting teachers to L.D.S. families over the five-year period. As the number of families increased, more visiting teachers were called to meet the need, so that the total number of visits increased over the five-year period even though the average number of visits to each L.D.S. family decreased during 1948-49. Astounding as the total number of visits is, the goal of twelve visits yearly to each family is yet to be reached.

The sewing chart indicates a change in emphasis in sewing assignments during the five-year period. The total of 1,113,259 articles sewed in Relief Society meetings attests the fact that this basic homemaking skill continues to play a major role in work meeting. Red Cross sewing decreased after World War II and was discontinued in 1948. This, together with decreased requirements in the Church Welfare sewing budget, was responsible for the decrease in the number of women participating in the sewing program.

Relief Society has continued to support the Church Welfare program through 1,145,661 hours of service on welfare projects other than sewing at Relief Society meetings, in ministering to the sick and homebound, and in visits by ward presidents to needy families.

The stakes and missions are to be congratulated upon the excellence of the reports for 1949, which were even better than those received for 1948, 56 stake and 5 mission reports being perfect.

The achievements of the five-year period summarized in this report should bring a feeling of deep satisfaction to all Relief Society members throughout the Church. The general board expresses sincere appreciation to all who participated in this great accomplishment and looks forward hopefully to greater achievements in the future.

*Margaret C. Pickering*

General Secretary-Treasurer

# membership

A N N U A L R E P O R T 1 9 4 9

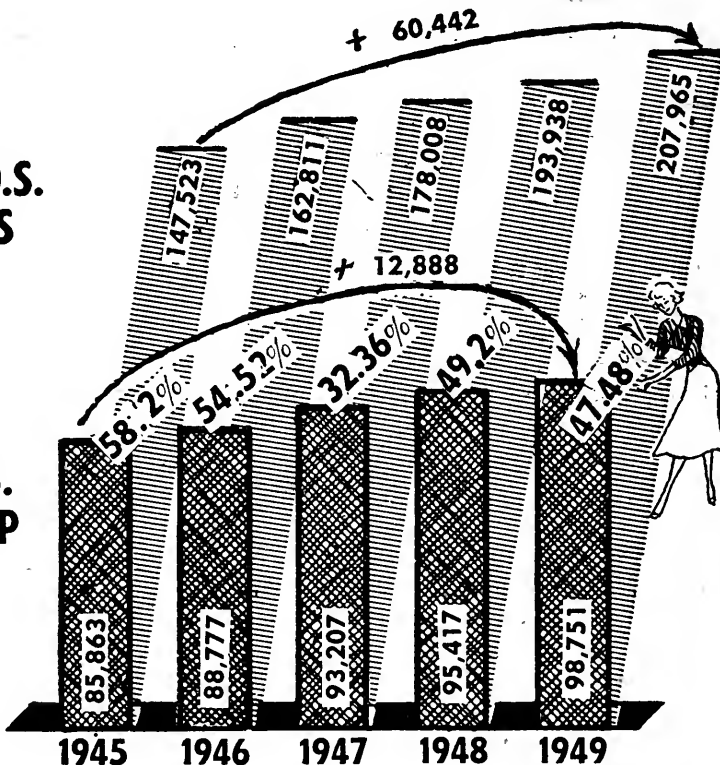


## TOTAL L.D.S. FAMILIES

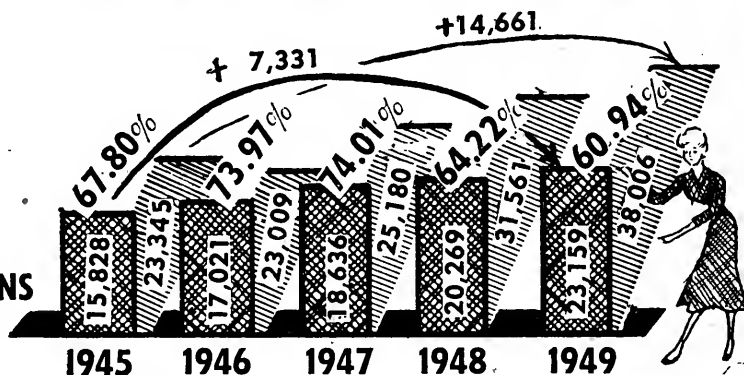


## TOTAL R.S. MEMBERSHIP

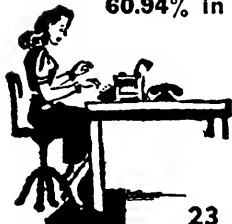
IN STAKES



## IN MISSIONS

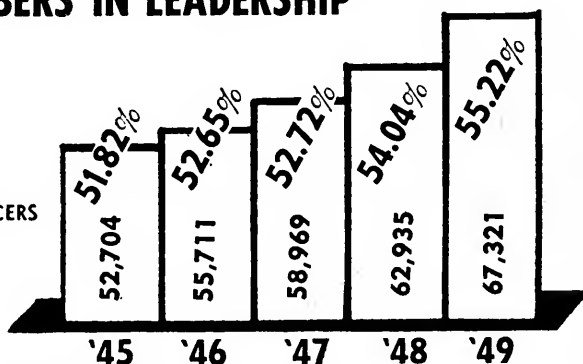


Note the five-year increase of 60,442 L.D.S. families and 12,888 Relief Society members in the stakes, yet membership percentage as related to families declined from 58.2% to 47.48%. The missions gained 14,661 families and 7,331 Relief Society members, yet the percentage of Relief Society members as related to L.D.S. families decreased from the peak of 74.01% in 1947 to 60.94% in 1949.



## R.S. MEMBERS IN LEADERSHIP

- 1949
- 23 GENERAL OFFICERS
  - 2,002 STAKE OFFICERS
  - 397 MISSION OFFICERS
  - 10,701 LOCAL EXECUTIVE OFFICERS
  - 4,971 OTHER OFFICERS
  - 9,118 CLASS LEADERS
  - 40,109 VISITING TEACHERS



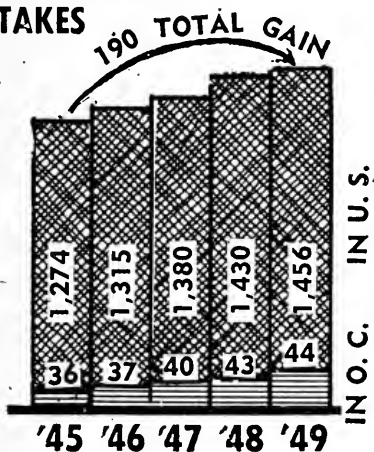
The steady increase of Relief Society members participating in leadership activities is most gratifying.

# Geographic Distribution of Organizations & Members

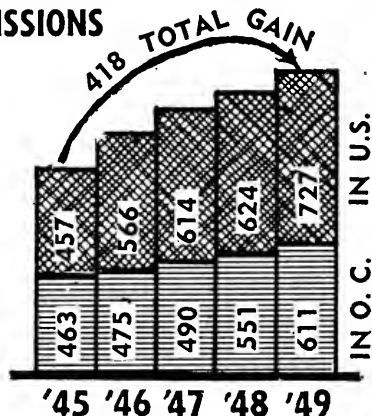
A N N U A L R E P O R T 1 9 4 9



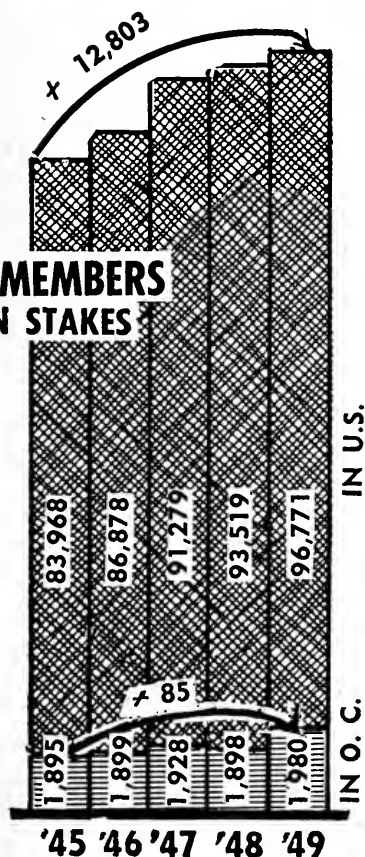
**ORGANIZATIONS IN STAKES**



**ORGANIZATIONS IN MISSIONS**

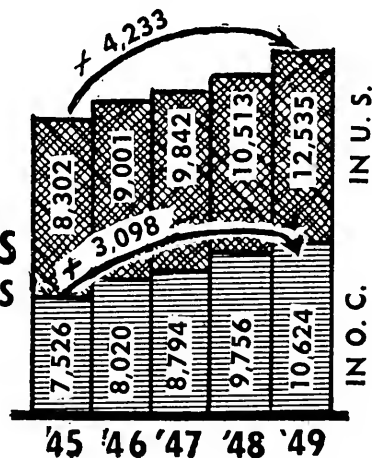


**R.S. MEMBERS IN STAKES**



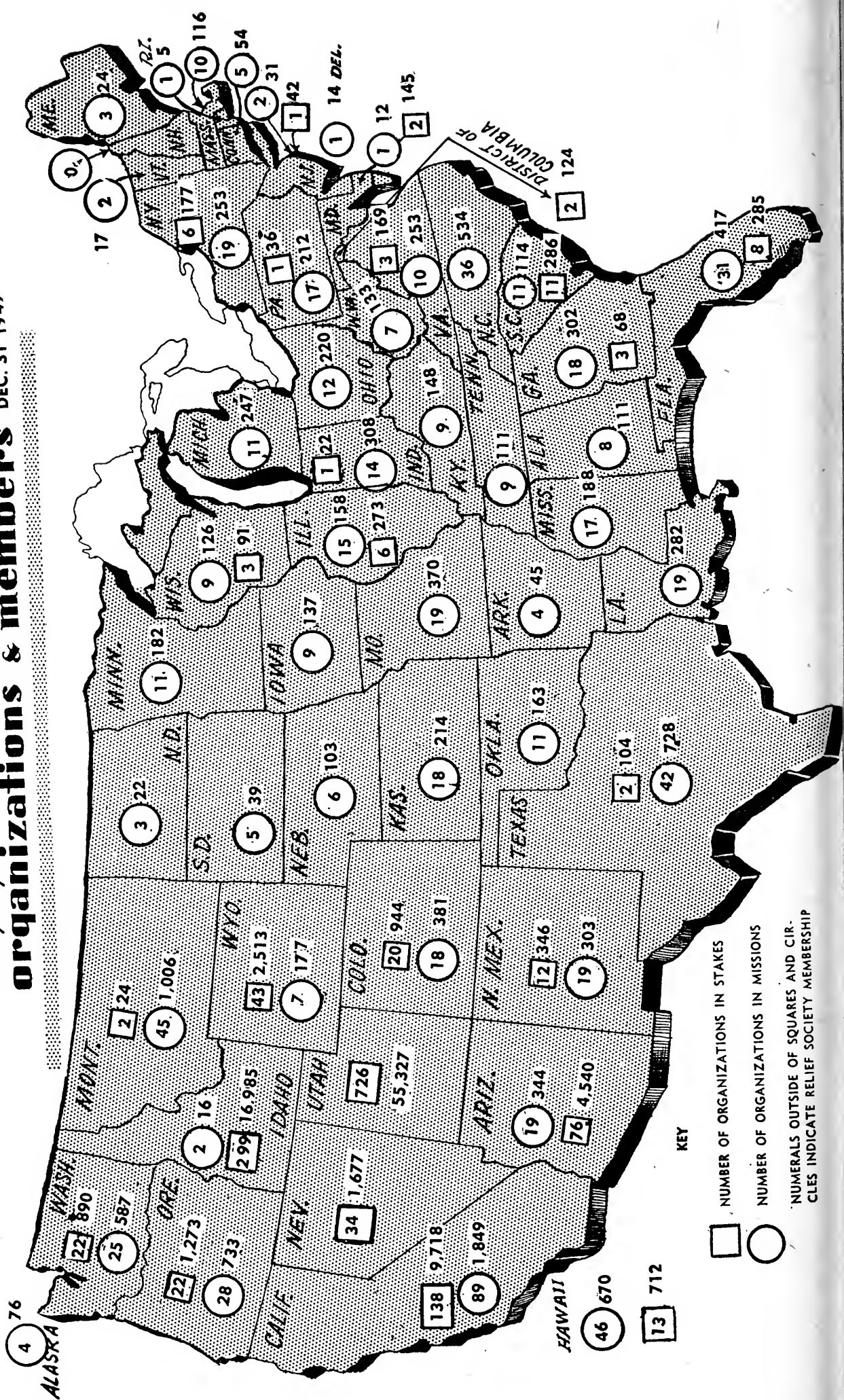
In the stakes, four of which are located in other countries, there was a gain of 190 organizations in five years. The distribution of members in the stakes shows the majority are located in the United States which made a five-year gain of 12,803, while stakes in other countries gained 85 members. The missions showed a total five-year gain of 418 organizations—almost equally distributed between the United States and other countries. Membership distribution in the missions is proportionately balanced between the United States and other countries, with a five-year gain of 4,233 in the United States and a gain of 3,098 in other countries. The greater growth in the missions is, no doubt, due to intensive missionary work.

**R.S. MEMBERS IN MISSIONS**



# Geographic Distribution of organizations & members

DEC. 31 1949

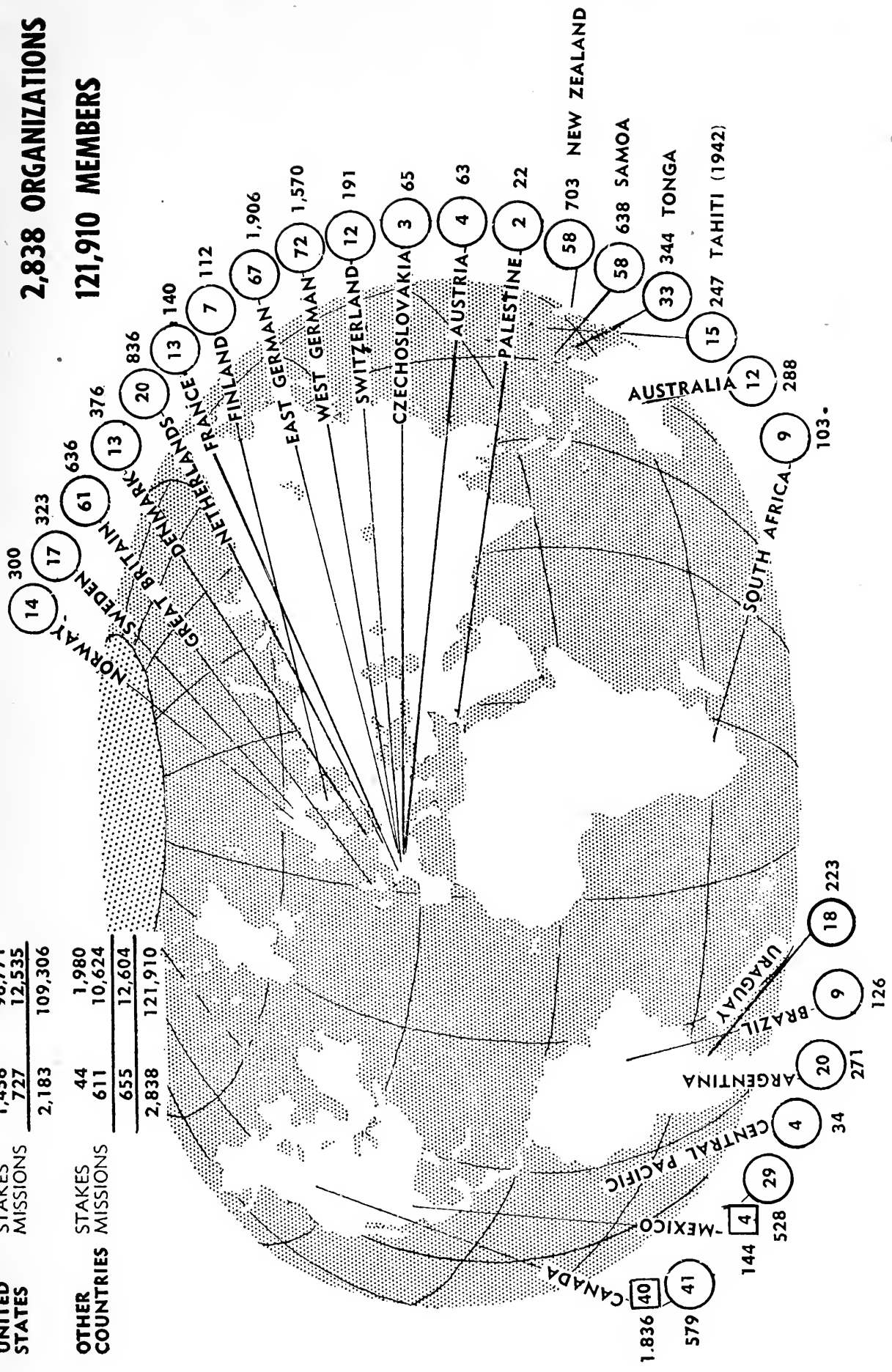


# Annual Report 1949

## 2,838 ORGANIZATIONS

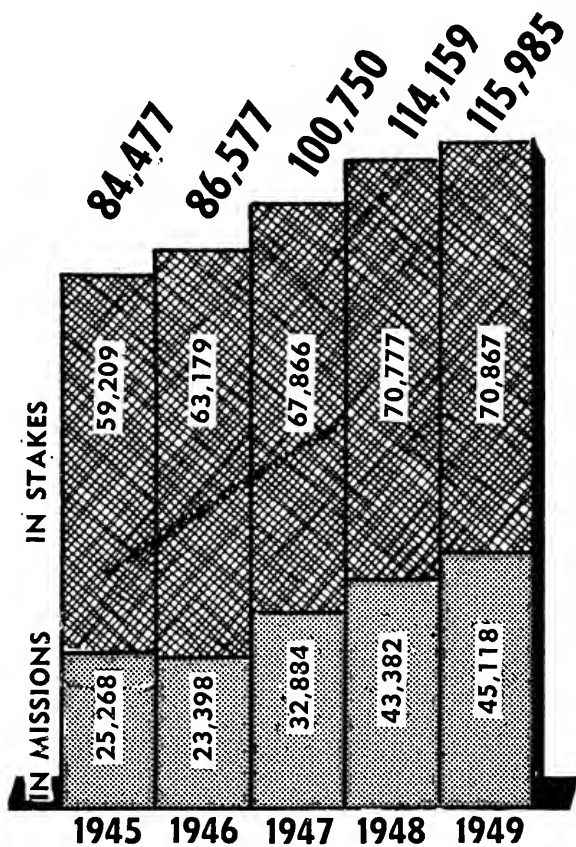
## 121,910 MEMBERS

UNITED STATES	ORGANIZATIONS	MEMBERS
STAKES	1,456	96,771
MISSIONS	727	12,535
	<b>2,183</b>	<b>109,306</b>
<b>OTHER COUNTRIES</b>	<b>44</b>	<b>1,980</b>
STAKES	611	10,624
MISSIONS	655	12,604
	<b>2,838</b>	<b>121,910</b>



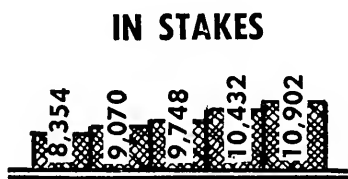
# meetings

A N N U A L R E P O R T 1 9 4 9

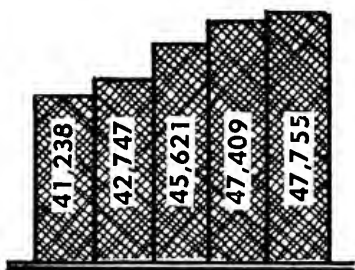


## TOTAL MEETINGS HELD

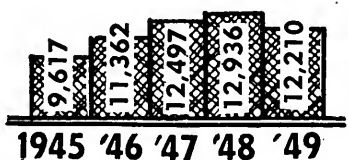
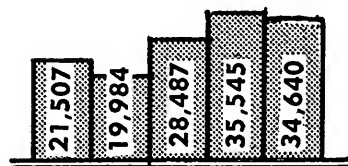
All meetings have shown steady increases over the five-year period in proportion to the growth in number of organizations. The visiting teacher meetings have shown praiseworthy increases, particularly in the missions.



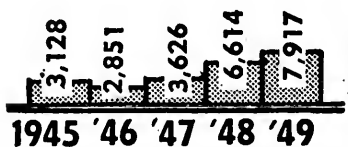
## VISITING TEACHERS MEETINGS



## REGULAR MEETINGS



## ALL OTHER MEETINGS





# & attendance

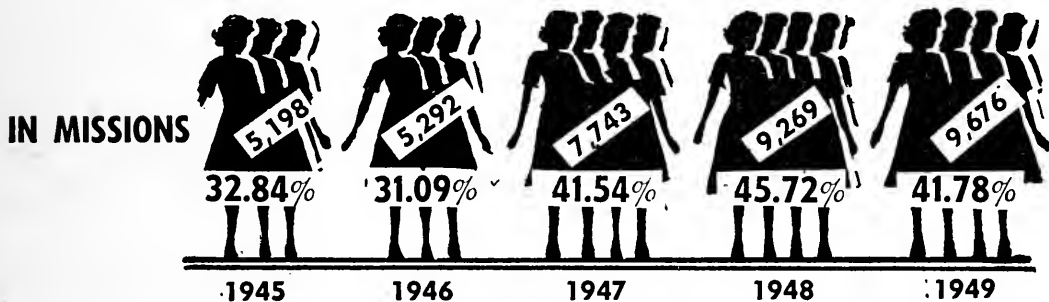
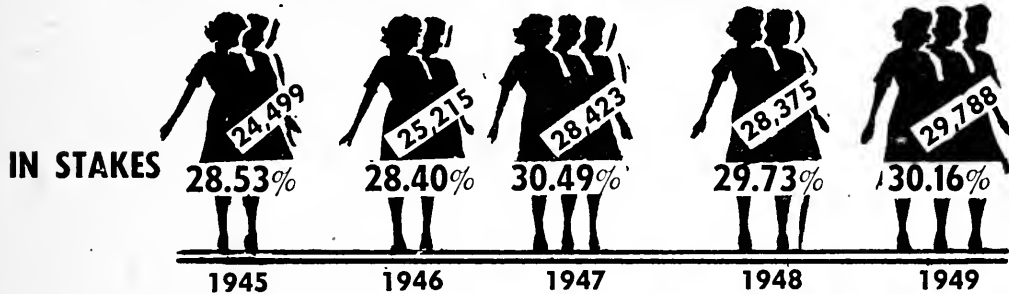
A N N U A L R E P O R T 1 9 4 9

## AVERAGE ATTENDANCE OF VISITING TEACHERS AT V. T. MEETINGS

The increase in 1949 indicates a trend toward renewed activity.

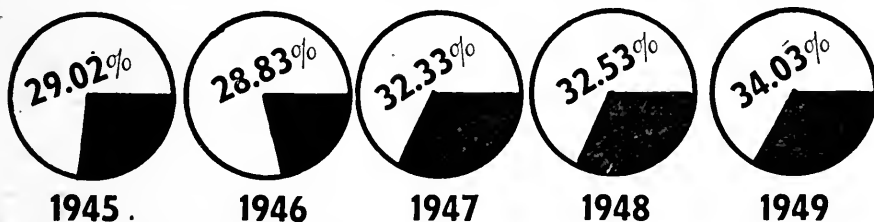


## AVERAGE ATTENDANCE AT REGULAR MEETINGS



The average attendance fluctuated in the stakes and missions with a final increase to 30.16% in the stakes and a decrease to 41.78% in the missions. The total average attendance in regular meetings, however, increased from 29.02% in 1945 to 34.03% in 1949.

## TOTAL AVERAGE ATTENDANCE AT REGULAR MEETINGS

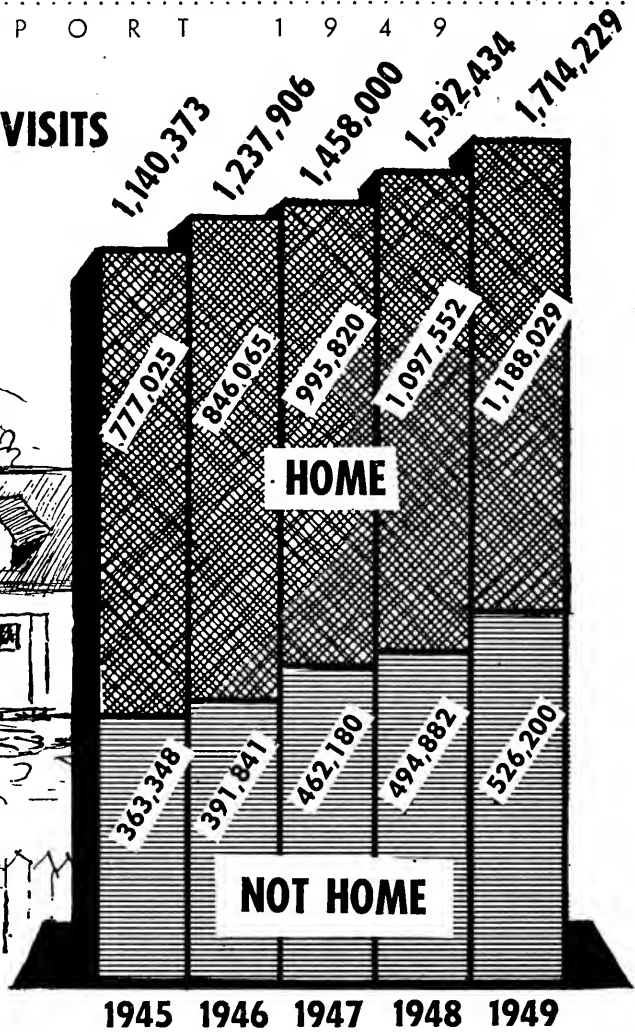
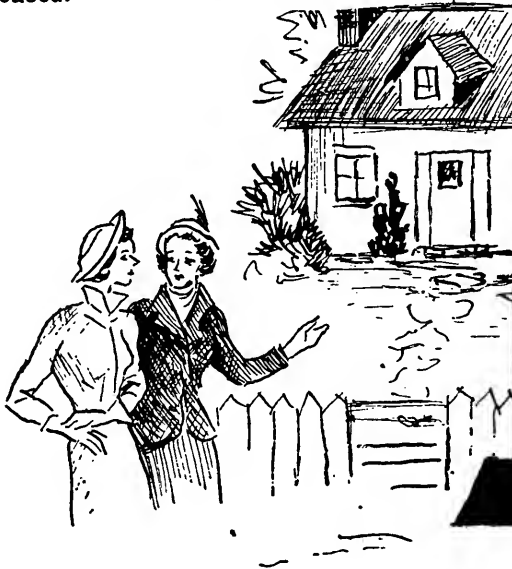


# Visiting Teaching Service

A N N U A L R E P O R T 1 9 4 9

## TOTAL VISITS

Total visits steadily increased to 1,714,229 in 1949. The average number of visits to each L.D.S. family decreased from the peak of 7.28% in 1947 to 6.97% in 1949, showing that the increased number of visits to families did not keep up with the increased number of L.D.S. families even though the number of visiting teachers increased. We regret to note that communications in lieu of visits increased rather than decreased.

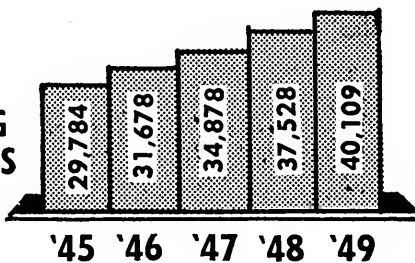


EACH L.D.S. HOME SHOULD BE VISITED BY R. S. ONCE A MONTH OR 12 TIMES A YEAR.

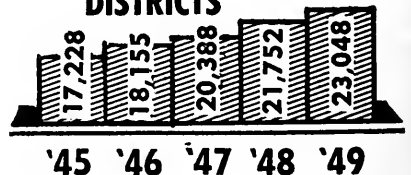
## AVERAGE NUMBER OF VISITS TO EACH L.D.S. FAMILY



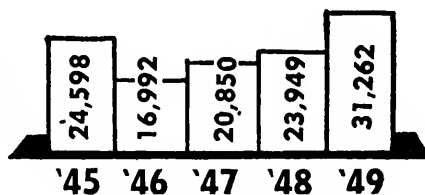
## VISITING TEACHERS



## DISTRICTS



## COMMUNICATIONS IN LIEU OF VISITS



# Educational Service

A N N U A L R E P O R T 1 9 4 9

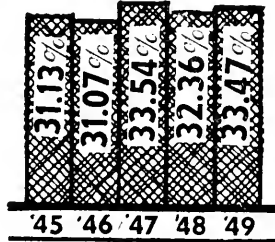
## TOTAL AVERAGE ATTENDANCE



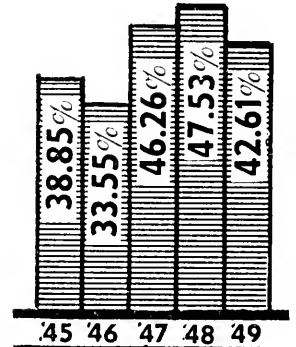
## IN STAKES

### Theology

1945-46-47  
CHURCH HISTORY  
1948-49  
LIFE AND MINISTRY  
OF THE SAVIOR

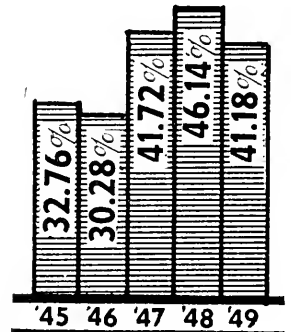
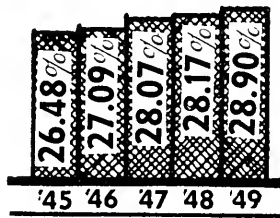
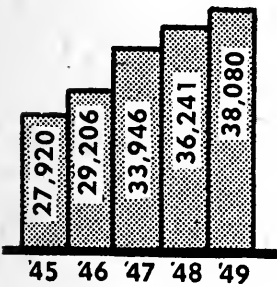


## IN MISSIONS



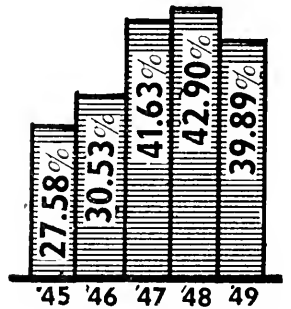
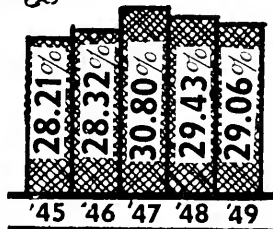
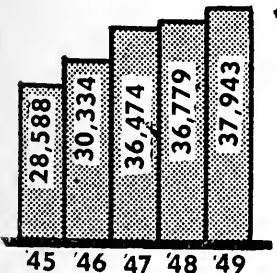
### Work

SEWING AND  
HOMEMAKING ARTS



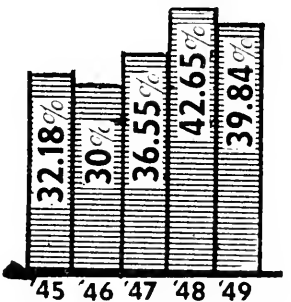
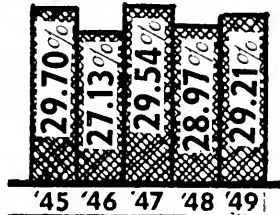
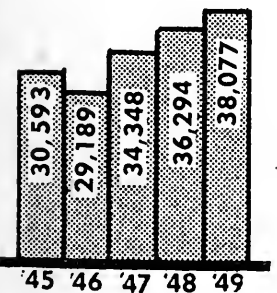
### Literature

1945  
THE BIBLE IN OUR LIT.  
1946  
AMERICA AS REVEALED  
IN ITS LITERATURE  
1947  
LIT. OF THE D. & C.  
1948  
THE LIT. OF THE L.D.S.  
1949  
THE LIT. OF ENGLAND

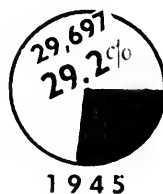


### Social Science

1945  
MODERN APPLICATION  
OF MORAL PRINCIPLES  
1946  
THE FAMILY IN THE  
GOSPEL PLAN  
1947  
ESSENTIALS IN  
HOME TRAINING  
1948-49  
L.D.S. POLITICAL  
THOUGHT



## TOTAL AVERAGE ATTENDANCE



1945

1946

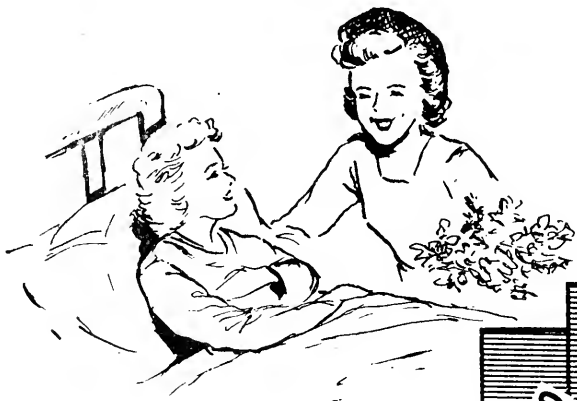
1947

1948

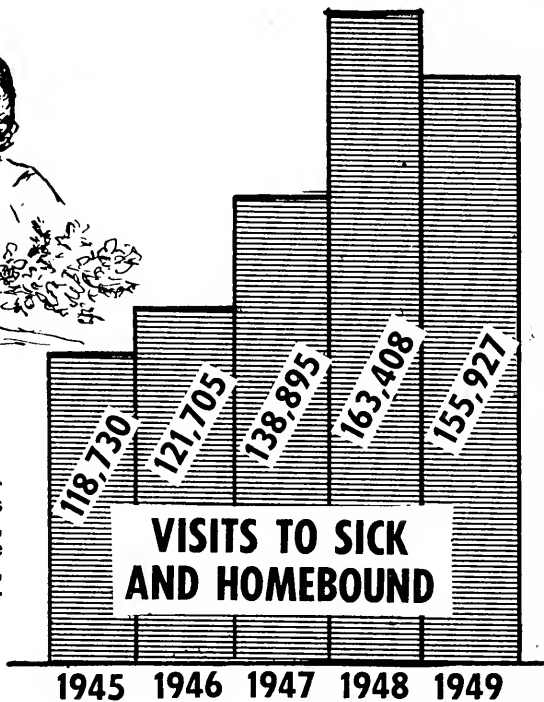
1949

# Compassionate Service

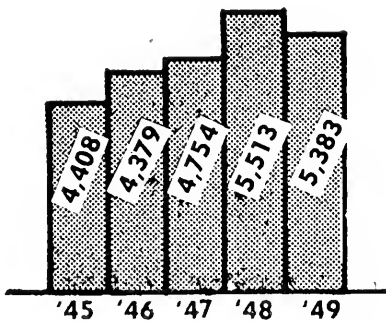
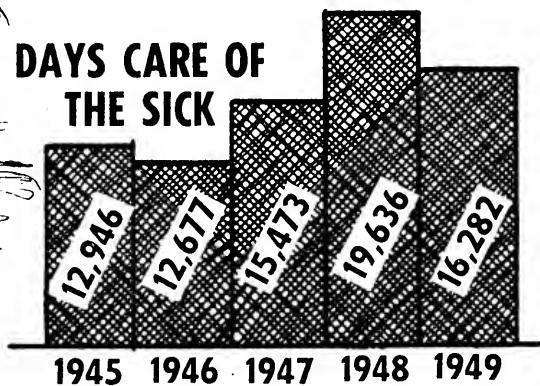
A N N U A L R E P O R T 1 9 4 9



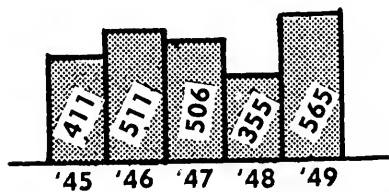
As indicated here Relief Society is continuing to meet its obligation to give friendly, sympathetic attention to the alleviation of human suffering, though there were slight decreases in 1949.



## DAYS CARE OF THE SICK



NUMBER OF FUNERALS AT WHICH R. S. ASSISTED



DRESSING ONLY FOR BURIAL

# Sewing Service

ANNUAL REPORT 1949

ARTICLES COMPLETED FOR:



TOTAL ARTICLES

Category	1945	1946	1947	1948	1949	5 YEAR TOTALS
QUILTS	11,449	13,270	14,040	15,520	15,771	70,050
OTHER BEDDING	7,268	9,043	5,432	5,698	6,675	34,116
CHILDREN'S CLOTHING	30,160	47,934	79,195	36,315	32,944	226,548
WOMEN'S CLOTHING	22,531	35,837	56,300	34,800	26,262	175,730
MEN'S CLOTHING	13,708	13,064	9,772	5,595	5,284	47,423
MISC. ARTICLES	121,118	121,121	124,450	92,256	100,447	559,392
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>206,234</b> in 741,378 Hrs.	<b>240,269</b> in 880,150 Hrs.	<b>289,189</b> in 952,222 Hrs.	<b>190,184</b> in 1,154,218 Hrs.	<b>187,383</b> in 1,154,763 Hrs.	<b>1,113,259</b>



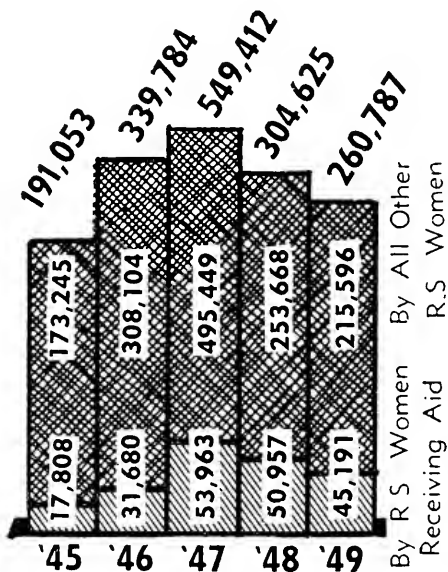
% OF R.S. MEMBERS PARTICIPATING

# Church Welfare Service

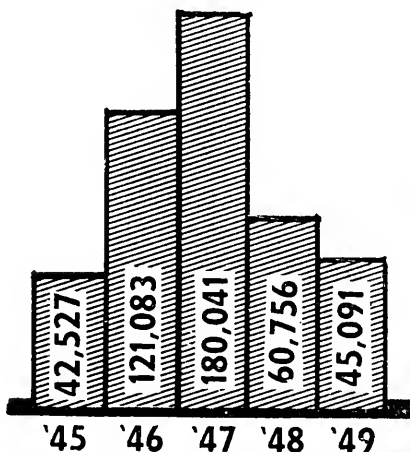
A N N U A L R E P O R T 1 9 4 9

## TOTAL HRS. OF SERVICE BY R.S. WOMEN ON CHURCH WELFARE PROJECTS

(NOT AT R.S. MEETINGS)



## TOTAL ARTICLES COMPLETED FOR CHURCH WELFARE AT R.S. MEETINGS



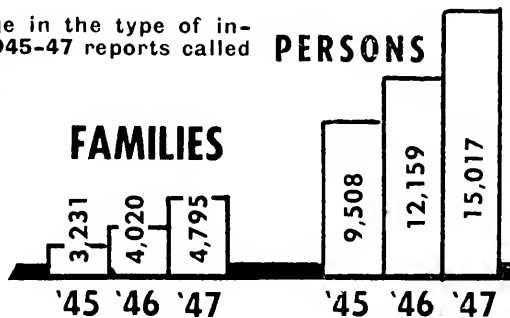
The decrease in the number of hours of service on Church Welfare projects is due to smaller clothing budget assignments and fewer calls for service on other welfare projects. The percentage of Relief Society women receiving aid who participated in welfare projects showed a commendable increase from 9.32% in 1945 to 17.32% in 1949. The number of hours of service by all other Relief Society women decreased from 90.67% in 1945 to 82.68% in 1949. The number of articles for Church Welfare completed at Relief Society meetings decreased due to reduced budget assignments.



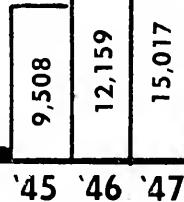
## FAMILY WELFARE SERVICE

This chart shows a change in the type of information required. During 1945-47 reports called for the number of families and the number of persons receiving family welfare service. In 1948-49 the type of information required was changed as indicated below.

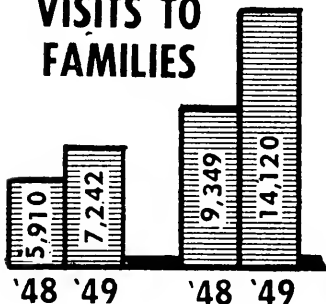
### PERSONS



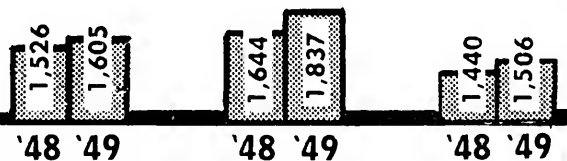
### FAMILIES



### VISITS TO FAMILIES



### NUMBER OF WOMEN SO VISITED



### WHO:

Initial Visits

Follow Up Visits



Worked on Church Welfare Projects Exclusive of Work Meeting Sewing

Sewed for Themselves and Family

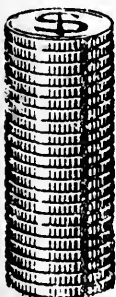
Sewed at Work Meetings

# financial report

A N N U A L R E P O R T 1 9 4 9

## CONSOLIDATED STATEMENT FOR STAKES AND MISSIONS

	1945	1946	1947	1948	1949
CASH BALANCE JAN. 1	\$ 491,754.53	\$ 532,024.82	\$ 575,326.80	\$ 598,363.43	\$ 625,291.48
CASH RECEIPTS	474,286.61	569,395.16	699,494.92*	1,135,672.26*	806,685.99*
WHEAT FUND	419,960.78	422,882.22	422,912.22	422,912.22	422,912.22
WAR BONDS	120,384.09	118,655.77	122,238.33	122,227.98	117,224.11
REAL ESTATE	141,283.13	146,772.02	140,116.55	149,080.50	144,526.69
FURNITURE	201,128.76	251,098.71	298,733.53	359,474.61	449,237.76
OTHER ASSETS	69,149.10	103,776.22	99,481.96	111,945.20	117,356.18
<b>TOTAL ASSETS</b>	<b>\$ 1,917,947.00</b>	<b>\$ 2,144,604.92</b>	<b>\$ 2,358,304.31*</b>	<b>\$ 2,899,676.20*</b>	<b>\$ 2,683,234.43*</b>
ACCOUNTS PAYABLE	2,039.75	2,413.23	163.00	368.69	400.83
CASH DISBURSEMENTS	434,016.32	526,093.18	676,458.29*	1,108,744.21*	755,660.84*
<b>TOTAL LIABILITIES</b> ( OPERATING EXPENSES )	<b>\$ 436,056.07</b>	<b>\$ 528,506.41</b>	<b>\$ 676,621.29*</b>	<b>\$ 1,109,112.90*</b>	<b>\$ 756,061.67*</b>
<b>BALANCE NET ASSETS</b>	<b>\$ 1,481,890.93</b>	<b>\$ 1,616,098.51</b>	<b>\$ 1,681,683.02</b>	<b>\$ 1,790,563.30</b>	<b>\$ 1,927,172.76</b>



\*These figures include contributions to the Relief Society Building Fund transmitted to the general board.

The total amount of the Building Fund held in trust by the general board as of December 31, 1949 was \$563,904.17, representing contributions of \$560,010.19 and interest for the three-year period of \$3,893.98.

# Comparative Financial and Statistical Data 1948-1949

	1949	1948	Changes 1948 to 1949	
	Number or Amount	Number or Amount	Number or Amount	Per Cent
<b>ORGANIZATIONS</b>				
<b>STAKES AND MISSIONS, TOTAL</b>	<b>215</b>	<b>212</b>	<b>+3</b>	<b>+1.41</b>
Organizations	215	212	+3	+1.41
Stakes	174	172	+2	+1.16
Missions	41	40	+1	+2.50
<b>Local</b>	<b>2,838</b>	<b>2,648</b>	<b>+190</b>	<b>+7.13</b>
Wards in Stakes	1,500	1,473	+27	+1.76
Branches in Missions	1,338	1,175	+163	+13.87
<b>MEMBERS</b>				
<b>Membership, Total</b>	<b>121,910</b>	<b>115,686</b>	<b>+6,224</b>	<b>+5.38</b>
Stakes	98,751	95,417	+3,334	+3.49
Missions	23,159	20,269	+2,890	+14.25
General Officers and Board Members	23	22	+1	+4.54
Stake Officers and Board Members	2,002	1,939	+63	+3.24
Mission Presidents and Other Officers	397	365	+32	+8.76
Ward and Branch Executive Officers	10,701	9,827	+874	+8.89
Other Officers	4,971	4,764	+207	+4.34
Class Leaders	9,118	8,490	+628	+7.39
Visiting Teachers	40,109	37,528	+2,581	+6.87
All Other Members	54,589	52,751	+1,838	+3.48
<b>L.D.S. FAMILIES</b>				
<b>L.D.S. Families, Total</b>	<b>245,971</b>	<b>225,499</b>	<b>+20,472</b>	<b>+9.07</b>
In Stakes	207,965	193,938	+14,027	+7.23
In Missions	38,006	31,561	+6,445	+20.42
<b>MEETINGS AND ATTENDANCE</b>				
<b>MEETINGS HELD, TOTAL</b>	<b>119,596</b>	<b>117,902</b>	<b>+1,694</b>	<b>+1.43</b>
<b>In Wards and Branches</b>	<b>115,985</b>	<b>114,159</b>	<b>+1,826</b>	<b>+1.59</b>
Regular Ward Meetings for Members	82,395	82,954	-559	-.67
March Sunday Night Meetings	6,186	5,613	+573	+10.20
Visiting Teachers Meetings	13,463	11,655	+1,808	+15.51
Ward Preparation Meetings	10,160	10,255	-95	-.92
Ward Conferences	2,443	2,382	+61	+2.64
Ward Conference Preliminary Meetings	1,338	1,300	+38	+2.92
<b>In Stakes and Missions</b>	<b>3,577</b>	<b>3,713</b>	<b>-136</b>	<b>-3.66</b>
Stake and Mission Dist. Board Meetings	2,125	2,170	-45	-2.07
Stake and Ward Officers (Union) Mtgs.	1,452	1,543	-91	-5.89
<b>General Board Meetings Held</b>	<b>34</b>	<b>30</b>	<b>+4</b>	<b>+13.33</b>
<b>VISITS TO WARDS BY STAKE OFFICERS</b>	<b>14,623</b>	<b>13,750</b>	<b>+873</b>	<b>+6.34</b>
<b>AVERAGE ATTENDANCE AT REGULAR MEETINGS For Members</b>	<b>39,464</b>	<b>37,644</b>	<b>+1,820</b>	<b>+4.83</b>
In Stakes	29,788	28,375	+1,413	+4.97
In Missions	9,676	9,269	+407	+4.39
<b>PER CENT OF MEMBERS REPRESENTED BY AVERAGE ATTENDANCE AT REGULAR MEETINGS</b>	<b>32.37</b>	<b>32.53</b>	<b>-16</b>	<b>--</b>
In Stakes	30.16	29.73	+43	+1
In Missions	41.78	45.72	-394	--
<b>ACTIVITIES</b>				
<b>VISITING TEACHING:</b>				
Number of Visiting Teacher Districts	23,048	21,752	+1,296	+5.95
Family Visits, Total	1,714,229	1,592,434	+121,795	+7.64
Home	1,188,029	1,097,552	+90,477	+8.24
Not Home	526,200	494,882	+31,318	+6.32
Per Cent Home	69.30	68.92	-.38	--
No. Communications in Lieu of Visits	31,262	23,949	+7,313	+30.53
<b>EDUCATIONAL SERVICE:</b>				
<b>Average Attendance at Relief Society</b>				
Theology	42,924	40,512	+2,412	+5.95
Work (Sewing)	38,080	36,241	+1,839	+5.07
Literature	37,943	36,779	+1,164	+3.16
Social Science	38,077	36,294	+1,783	+4.91
<b>SEWING SERVICE AT MEETINGS</b>				
<b>Average No. of Women Sewing Monthly</b>	<b>35,627</b>	<b>32,271</b>	<b>+3,356</b>	<b>+10.39</b>



## COMPARATIVE FINANCIAL AND STATISTICAL DATA 1948-1949 (Continued)

	1949	1948	Changes 1948 to 1949	
	Number or Amount	Number or Amount	Number or Amount	Per Cent
<b>ACTIVITIES</b> (Continued)				
Number of Hours Given In Sewing	1,154,763	1,154,218	+545	+ .04
Articles Completed	187,383	190,184	-2,801	-1.47
For Relief Society	107,010	94,940	+12,070	+12.71
For Church Welfare	45,091	60,756	-15,665	-25.78
For All Others	35,282	34,488	+794	+2.30
Kind of Articles				
Quilts	15,771	15,520	+251	+1.61
Other Bedding	6,675	5,698	+977	+17.14
Children's Clothing	32,944	36,315	-3,371	-9.28
Women's Clothing	26,262	34,800	-8,538	-24.53
Men's Clothing	5,284	5,595	-311	-5.55
Other (Miscellaneous)	100,447	92,256	+8,191	+8.87
<b>COMPASSIONATE SERVICES:</b>				
Visits to Sick and Homebound	155,927	163,408	-7,481	-4.57
Number of Days Care of Sick	16,282	19,636	-3,354	-17.08
Bodies Prepared for Burial	629	872	-243	-27.86
Complete Preparation	64	94	-30	-31.01
Dressing Only	565	778	-213	-27.37
No. Funerals at Which R. S. Assisted	5,383	5,513	-130	-2.35
<b>CHURCH WELFARE SERVICES</b> (in Addition to 45,091 Articles Completed at Relief Society Work Meetings)				
Hours Church Welfare Projects	260,787	304,625	-43,838	-14.39
By Women Receiving Aid	45,191	50,957	-5,766	-11.31
By All Other Relief Society Women	215,596	253,668	-38,072	-15.00
<b>FAMILY WELFARE SERVICE:</b>				
Number of Initial Family Visits Under Direction of Bishop	7,242	5,910	+1,332	+22.53
Number of Subsequent or Follow-up Visits	14,120	9,349	+4,771	+51.03
Number Visited Who Gave Service on Church Welfare Projects	1,605	1,526	+79	+5.17
Number of Women Visited Who Sewed at Work Meeting	1,506	1,440	+66	+4.58
Number of Women Visited Who Sewed For Themselves and Families	1,837	1,644	+193	+11.73
Number of Wards with List of Nurses	988	947	+41	+4.32
<b>FINANCES</b>				
Cash Receipts	\$806,685.99	\$1,135,672.26	-\$328,986.27	-28.96
Cash Disbursements	755,660.84	1,108,744.21	-353,083.37	-31.84
Net Assets	1,927,172.76	1,790,563.30	+136,609.46	+7.62
<b>MAGAZINE</b>				
Relief Society Magazine Subscriptions	83,444 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	77,740 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	+5,703 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	+7.33

## Membership 1949

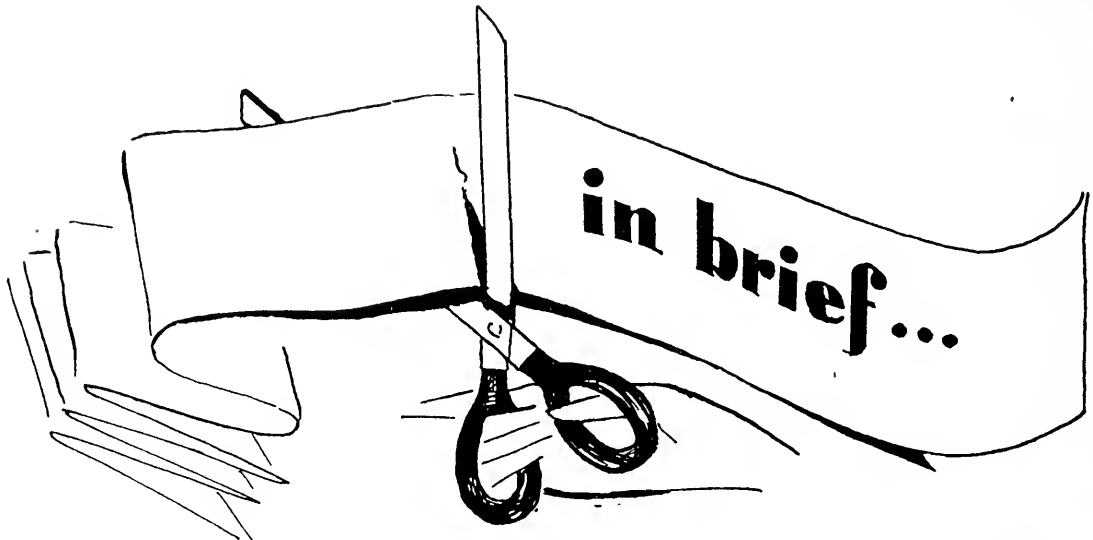
MEMBERSHIP JANUARY 1, 1949 .....	115,686
INCREASE	
Admitted to Membership .....	19,140
DECREASE	
Removed, Resigned, or Died .....	12,916
NET INCREASE .....	6,224
MEMBERSHIP DECEMBER 31, 1949 .....	121,910

## Distribution of Membership 1949

	January 1, 1949	December 31, 1949
MEMBERSHIP .....	115,686	121,910
General Officers and Board Members .....	22	23
Stake Officers and Board Members .....	1,939	2,002

## Distribution of Membership 1949—Continued

Mission Presidents and Officers .....	365	397
Ward and Branch Executive Officers .....	9,827	10,701
Special Workers .....	4,764	4,971
Class Leaders .....	8,490	9,118
Visiting Teachers .....	37,528	40,109
All Other Members .....	52,751	54,589



1949

2,838	<b>ORGANIZATIONS</b>
121,910	<b>MEMBERS</b>
115,985	<b>MEETINGS HELD</b>
39,464	<b>AVERAGE ATTENDANCE AT REGULAR RELIEF SOCIETY MEETINGS</b>
40,109	<b>VISITING TEACHERS</b>
155,927	<b>VISITS TO SICK AND HOMEBOUND</b>
16,282	<b>DAYS CARE OF THE SICK</b>
187,383	<b>TOTAL ARTICLES COMPLETED IN SEWING SERVICES</b>
45,091	<b>SEWING ARTICLES COMPLETED FOR CHURCH WELFARE, AND HOURS ON OTHER CHURCH WELFARE PROJECTS</b>
21,362	<b>FAMILY WELFARE VISITS</b>

### \*SUMMARY OF FIVE-YEAR ACCOMPLISHMENTS 1945-1949

<b>GAINED</b>	<b>608</b>	<b>ORGANIZATIONS</b>
<b>GAINED</b>	<b>20,219</b>	<b>MEMBERS</b>
<b>HELD</b>	<b>501,948</b>	<b>MEETINGS</b>
<b>MADE</b>	<b>7,142,942</b>	<b>VISITS TO L.D.S. FAMILIES</b>
<b>GAINED</b>	<b>10,325</b>	<b>VISITING TEACHERS</b>
<b>MADE</b>	<b>698,665</b>	<b>VISITS TO SICK AND HOMEBOUND</b>
<b>GAVE</b>	<b>77,014</b>	<b>DAYS CARE OF THE SICK</b>
<b>SEWED</b>	<b>1,113,259</b>	<b>ARTICLES AT RELIEF SOCIETY MEETINGS</b>
<b>COMPLETED</b>	<b>449,498</b>	<b>ARTICLES FOR CHURCH WELFARE</b>
<b>GAVE</b>	<b>1,645,661</b>	<b>HOURS SERVICE TO CHURCH WELFARE</b>
<b>MADE</b>	<b>48,667</b>	<b>FAMILY WELFARE VISITS</b>

\*The Family Welfare Service report did not lend itself to a five-year tabulation because of change in the type of information required during that period. During 1945-46-47, 12,046 families including 36,684 persons were serviced by ward Relief Society presidents under the direction of bishops; in 1948-49, 13,152 initial visits and 23,469 follow-up visits made by ward Relief Society presidents to families under care of bishops were reported.

## You Can Learn

(Continued from page 600)

just the way we came. Can you do that for mother?"

His brown eyes wavered toward the river for a second, but his little chest came out stoutly. "Ernie tend baby sister," he declared and started for the house.

He strutted off with such importance that my eyes filled with tears as I watched his straight little back. I'd really have to hurry, goodness knows what he would do if he reached the house before I did.

I lifted my skirts, and, holding the pitcher high in the other hand, I finally reached the opposite bank, just in time to see Jersey calmly crossing back to the other side! I could have cried, but there wasn't time. Back I went into the river, slipping and sliding in my hurry to reach her before she changed her mind again.

My skirts were dripping and I had dropped my other stocking in the water, but I managed to keep the little pitcher clean.

No use to argue with Jersey about the propriety of crossing the river, she just looked at me complacently as if she marveled at the non-understandable ways of women, and placidly chewed her cud while I filled my little pitcher with milk.

Hurriedly slipping my shoes on, sans stockings, and forgetting for once my bucket of water, I dashed for the house.

Our back door opened at the ground level from which the stairs went down to the cellar and up to the screen porch. As I opened the door, there stood Ernie at the top of the steps with baby Kathy in his arms!

"Baby sister crying, Mama," he explained as he struggled to keep back the tears in his own eyes.

I have had dreams wherein fear paralyzed every limb and, running, you got nowhere. That was the sensation I felt then, but somehow I threw myself between those yawning steps and my babies, gathering them both in my arms and pushing them back out of danger. One more step and it would have been too late!

\* \* \*

Sometimes I know Tom must be psychic. When he came from the field that night he brought a couple of piles of hay with him on the rake.

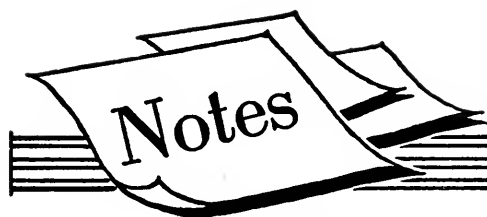
"Now you can keep Jersey up in the corral so you won't have to go to the pasture any more for Kathy's milk," he said. And he didn't even seem surprised when, for once, I didn't argue!

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### *Love Is Music*

Margaret B. Shomaker

Love is music with enduring wear;  
Beyond the years it glows, a light  
Amid the shadows of the soul;  
A beacon through the lonely night.



# From The Field

*Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer*

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

## RELIEF SOCIETY SOCIALS, BAZAARS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Lela M. Bailey

### SAN LUIS STAKE (COLORADO), MANASSA WARD RELIEF SOCIETY WOMEN, WHO HAVE BEEN ACTIVE WORKERS FOR FIFTY YEARS, DISPLAY TEN OF THE FIFTEEN QUILTS WHICH THEY HAVE MADE

Front row, seated, left to right: Jane Jackson; Pearl Holmes; Susan Haynie; Mary Crowther; Bernicia Rogers; Lilly Logue; Lucille Jackson.

Back row, standing, left to right: Mabel DePriest; Edith Christensen; Armeda Bailey; Ida Holsclaw; Fay Bagwell; Nanny DePriest; Secretary Ru Brady; Ethel Thomas; President Lucinda Haynie; First Counselor Sadie Brady; Mima Aydelott; Second Counselor Dorothy Sowards; Alice Rogers; May Smith; Anna Christensen.

Lucinda Haynie, ward Relief Society president, reports, with much appreciation, the efforts and accomplishments of these women: "The Manassa Ward Relief Society was assigned seven quilts this year for the Welfare program, and these good sisters (some of them homebound) have met in their homes and cut and pieced twelve quilt tops since January 15th, 1950. Ten of the quilts are shown in the photograph."

Lela M. Bailey is president of San Luis Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Josephine Jenkins

**FLORIDA STAKE, JACKSONVILLE WARD DISPLAYS  
APRONS MADE BY RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS, May 2, 1950**

Standing at the left: Josephine Jenkins, President, Florida Stake Relief Society, and, at the right, Vergie Shuman, President, Jacksonville Ward Relief Society.

Sister Shuman's counselors are Ethel Atkinson and Clara Carter.

Sister Jenkins reports that the large number of aprons completed, as well as the beauty of design and workmanship, made this an unusually effective and successful project. A good sum was realized from the sale of the aprons.



Photograph submitted by Elaine Richins

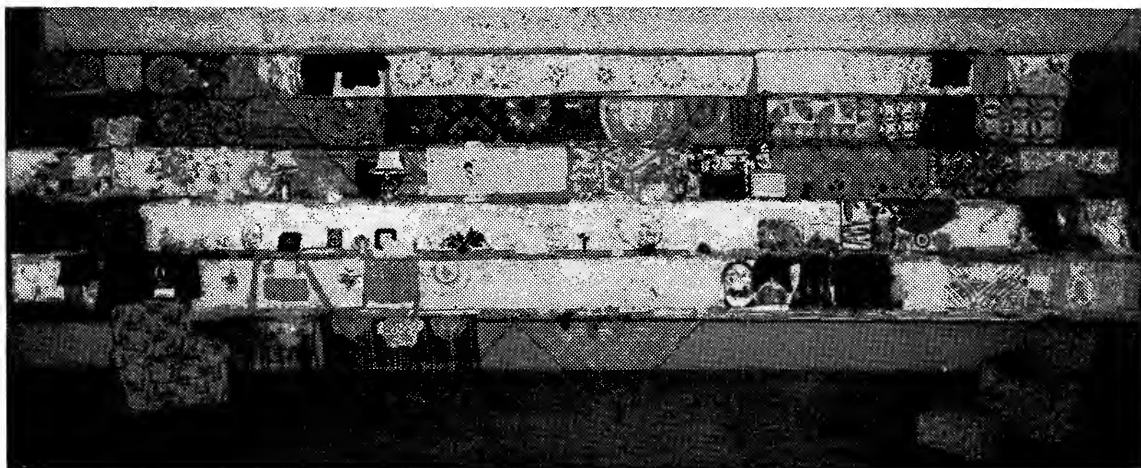
**RENO STAKE (NEVADA) RELIEF SOCIETY PREPARES UNIQUE  
HISTORICAL DISPLAY FOR VISITING TEACHER CONVENTION**

April 29, 1950

Front row, seated, left to right, stake board members: Gladys Grieve; Velma Jensen; Dolores Brown; First Counselor Blanch Bertelson; President Isabel Cook; Second Counselor Teddyanna Keele; Secretary-Treasurer Elaine Richins; Elmina Cummins; Bertha Purdy; Edna Platt; Theresa Larson.

The other women shown in the picture are visiting teachers from the nine wards in the stake.

The unusual display on the table in the foreground consists of miniature replicas of vehicles and methods used in visiting teaching through the years.



Photograph submitted by Della R. Hulme

### BEAR LAKE STAKE (IDAHO), DISPLAYS VARIED AND BEAUTIFUL HANDWORK AT BAZAAR

Della R. Hulme of Paris, Idaho, describes this unusually successful bazaar: "Under the direction of stake work director Darleen Booth, the wards of the Bear Lake Stake Relief Society held a unique review of some of their accomplishments in the winter work meetings. Many beautiful articles were displayed, including two wedding cakes, clay flowers made into corsages, bouquets, plaques, fresh flowers, two upholstered chairs, many quilts in unusual and intricate designs, rugs, crocheted articles, knitted articles, figurines, textile paintings, lamp shades, and a large variety of children's and adults' clothing."

Clarissa Ward is president of Bear Lake Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Bergetta A. Covington

### YOUNG STAKE (NEW MEXICO) RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD ASSEMBLED FOR ANNIVERSARY DAY SOCIAL IN KIRTLAND WARD March 17, 1950

Left to right: Magazine representative Lois F. Palmer; visiting teacher message leader, Alta B. Boise; First Counselor Bergetta A. Covington; President Harriet D. Foutz (deceased); chorister Helen M. Stock; work meeting leader Avarilla B. Watts; literature leader Ardelle A. Colyer; social science leader Lavinna M. Covington.

Sister Bergetta Covington reports that this social celebrated not only the birthday of Relief Society, but also the birthday of each person present. Twelve tables were arranged, each with a novel and beautiful centerpiece, representing each month of the year. One large table at the head of the hall was decorated in blue and gold, representing the Relief Society, the centerpiece being a large birthday cake decorated with golden shredded coconut and 108 blue candles. Each woman was presented with an emblem of her birth month. After prayer, a banquet was served, after which an original poem was read by Counselor Bergetta A. Covington, entitled "One Hundred and Eight Years of Relief Society." Then each table, beginning with January, sponsored one part of the program.

Sister Vera G. Walker was appointed President of Young Stake Relief Society to succeed Sister Foutz, who passed away in April 1950.



Photograph submitted by Irene Winegar

#### NYSSA STAKE (OREGON), PRESENTS BENEFIT CONCERT TO RAISE FUNDS FOR NEW ORGAN, June 9, 1950

Left to right, stake board members: Nelda Schenck; Jean Erickson, organist; Faie Duffin; Lucile Goates; Ada Winegar; Emma Chytraus, President, Nyssa Stake Relief Society; Mable Child, Counselor; Mary Gilchrist, chorister; Annie Stoker, Counselor; May Boyer; Mable Skeen.

This concert was presented in the beautiful new Nyssa stake building. Twelve hundred dollars was realized from this concert and handed to Stake President Orvil Child by Sister Chytraus and her counselors. This was the first event in the stake house prior to its dedication. Six wards participated: Ontario, Nyssa First Ward, Nyssa Second Ward, Vale, Owyhee, and Parma, (Idaho).

The Stake Secretary-Treasurer Irene Winegar was absent when the photograph was taken.



Photograph submitted by Carrol Wells

**TIMPANOGOS STAKE (UTAH), PLEASANT GROVE FIRST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY ASSEMBLED TO COMMEMORATE ANNIVERSARY DAY**

March 15, 1950

President Margaret Olpin stands seventh from the left in the second row.

This anniversary party commemorated, also, the settlement of Pleasant Grove in 1850. In keeping with the pioneer spirit, many of the women attended the social attired in clothing once worn by their grandmothers and great-grandmothers. The luncheon table was set in true pioneer style, the centerpiece being a three-tiered birthday cake, with miniature sagebrush and log cabins as table decorations. The menu included such pioneer dishes as baked beans, pressed meat, corn bread, molasses, "lumpy dick," dried fruit, and "red mush." An excellent program, in keeping with the occasion, was presented. Assisting President Olpin in arranging the social, were First Counselor Florence Gillman, Second Counselor Beulah Bradley, Secretary-Treasurer Mabel Sykes, and Venus Lindsay.

Carrol Wells is president of Timpanogos Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Lenora K. Bringhurst

**SWISS-AUSTRIAN MISSION, BASEL BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY PRESENTS BIBLICAL DRAMA, March 17, 1950**

Lenora K. Bringhurst, President, Swiss-Austrian Mission Relief Society, sends



greetings from the Relief Society sisters in her mission and reports some of their activities: "It is with great pleasure that I send greetings to our dear Relief Society from the Swiss-Austrian sisters, and, although we are far away, our thoughts and prayers are with you. . . . Celebrations commemorating the March 17th birthday were given in all branches, featuring plays, programs, and refreshments. . . . The sisters put forth all their effort to do just as they were instructed. Our Basel Branch presented an outstanding program, with musical numbers, poems, songs, and a serious play, with a setting in the time of King David. The moral of the play was expressed beautifully with the thought that hatred and envy only destroy, whereas love and understanding can only build. There were 120 people present, and all expressed their enjoyment. After the program refreshments were served and the people also had the opportunity of seeing the articles which were made by the Relief Society sisters."



Photograph submitted by Drusilla B. Newman

**RIVERSIDE STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH), RIVERSIDE WARD  
HONORS VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE SERVED FOR  
TWENTY YEARS OR MORE**

Shown in the photograph are the ward Relief Society officers and two of the women who were especially honored at the social.

Front row, seated, left to right: Janet Hazen, a visiting teacher for sixty-six years; President Ada Catmull; Magazine representative Hillevi Daniels.

Back row, standing, left to right: Second Counselor Lavinia Earl; Secretary-Treasurer Margaret Thomas; First Counselor Edith Weenig.

Sister Hazen has been a Relief Society president and has also served as counselor and as secretary. She was born Janet Amelia Jones, in a log cabin in Salt Lake City in 1867, and is still active in Relief Society work.

Sister Hillevi Daniels has served as Magazine representative under six presidents, and for the past four years has secured more than 100 per cent subscriptions and has served more than twenty years as a visiting teacher. She is still active in both capacities. Sister Daniels, who was born in Sweden, is a convert to the Church.

Drusilla B. Newman is president of Riverside Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Alice I. Ferrin

**GRIDLEY STAKE (CALIFORNIA), VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION**  
May 1950

Alice I. Ferrin, President, Gridley Stake Relief Society, reports a successful convention which served to encourage the visiting teachers to carry on their work successfully during the summer months: "To introduce the summer program and encourage the visiting teachers in their work, we held a visiting teachers convention in lieu of our May union meeting. We had a well-attended, spiritual meeting. We desire to co-operate in every possible way to contribute to the success of this wonderful work."



Photograph submitted by Rula W. Choules

**SOUTHERN STATES MISSION, GEORGIA DISTRICT, BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS ASSEMBLED AT CONVENTION IN ATLANTA,**  
September 17, 1949

Front row, left to right: President, Columbus Branch, Vera Owens; District Magazine representative, Caroline Willson; District First Counselor Twila Guymon; District President Lucille Brown; Second Counselor Lucy L. Willson; Secretary Nell Cook.

Second row, left to right: Minnie Fordham; Myrtle Stewart; Valorie Taylor; Sallie Cook; Sister Miller; Lucille Bennet; Vodice Thompson; Lorraine Mayo; Addie Black.

Third row, left to right: Ruth Donling; Louise Noble; Ruth Urserly; Pauline Gore; Mary L. Patterson; Ethel McFarland; Zula Morrison; Geneva Dubrauski.

Fourth row, left to right: Sister Jensen; Florence Willson; Lena Taylor; Effie M. Schrimskiri.

Rula W. Choules is president of the Southern States Mission Relief Society.



## *Theology*—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

### Lesson 27—"Death and Burial" and "In the Realm of Disembodied Spirits"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, by Elder James E. Talmage, chapters 35, 36.)

For Tuesday, December 5, 1950

Objective: To show more of the love of the Redeemer of the world, who suffered and died that mankind might be saved; and that this salvation includes both the living and the dead.

#### *On the Way to Calvary*

The previous lesson closed with the condemned Lord in the custody of a group of Roman soldiers who had been instructed to take him out and crucify him. Two criminals who had been regularly convicted and sentenced to die on the cross were led to the same place to be executed at the same time. A motley crowd followed the procession.

The law required that the condemned person should carry the cross on which he was to be executed. The terrible ordeals through which Jesus had passed, including the agony in Gethsemane, the scourging ordered by Pilate, and the fearful sufferings endured by reason of the cruel treatment by the Roman soldiers and others, had so weakened the Lord that the cross was almost greater than he could carry. He moved slowly. Finally the soldiers drafted a passerby, Simon of Cyrene, and made him carry the cross.

Most of the onlookers were mocking and deriding and to them Jesus

paid no attention. However, he was touched by the sympathizing cries of some women who were watching the procession. Turning to them, he said: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children." In kindness, he told them of the terrible things that would come upon them. All of the prophecies he uttered had literal and painful fulfillment. (For the prophecy, see Luke 23:28-31.) The details of the fulfillment of this prophecy are gruesome indeed (text, note 2, page 666). It is worthy of note that on that trip to Golgotha, or Calvary, the Sufferer thought of others. It was a voice of warning raised to those women who would listen.

#### *The Crucifixion*

Prior to the actual crucifixion, Jesus was offered a narcotic draught which would deaden the sensibility of the sufferer, but he refused to take it. He was now to make the great sacrifice for the sins of the



A Perry Picture

From a Painting by Plockhorst 1825-1907

CHRIST TAKING LEAVE OF HIS MOTHER

world; he, no doubt, wanted his mind keen and alert. He was crucified on the center cross between the two malefactors. He faced the most painful and lingering form of execution. Sometimes victims would live for days, suffering intense, increasing, and unremitting pain. In addition to the physical pain, the Savior suffered the mental and spiritual anguish necessary to save all mankind from the consequences of Adam's transgression. His suffering was not because of the fear of death. He knew death would take him back to his Father and to his glory. Only a God could suffer as he did. He suffered and died for the sins of the world. He paid the debt for Adam's transgression. In a way, and for reasons known to him, our Savior died for all mankind. All may be saved by obedience to his laws and ordinances.

Despite the fearful ordeal he was enduring while hanging on the cross, and with no bitterness, but only pity in his soul, the Lord prayed: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." In these words he sought the Father's forgiveness for those who were putting to death in this horrible way the Only Begotten and Beloved Son of that Father. The coarse, vulgar soldiers divided a part of his clothing and cast lots for his valuable coat. Pilate, to comply with Jewish custom, had prepared an inscription which was placed over his head: "JESUS OF NAZARETH, THE KING OF THE JEWS" (John 19:19). This sign, or title, aroused the anger of the

Jewish rulers. They wanted it to read, "He said, I am King of the Jews," but Pilate refused to make the change. The chief priest and scribes and elders gloating exulted: "He saved others; himself he cannot save. If he be the King of Israel, let him now come down from the cross, and we will believe him. He trusted in God; let him deliver him now, if he will have him: for he said, I am the Son of God" (Matt. 27:42-43). Though it was said in mockery, much they said was true. Let it be remembered: "He saved others." He did not come to save himself.

Much occurred during those three fateful hours during which the Lord hung on the cross. One of the thieves, suffering crucifixion, began railing against Jesus, saying, "If thou be Christ, save thyself and us." The other malefactor, evidently recognizing something above the human in the "divine Sufferer's demeanor," chided the railing criminal saying, among other things, "We receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss. And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, today shalt thou be with me in paradise" (Luke 23:39-42). This saying, the second time he had spoken from the cross, was a promise of hope to a penitent sinner and will be discussed later in this lesson.

Another example of his thoughtfulness: "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of

Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene" (John 19:25). Mary's sister was probably Salome, John's mother. (See note 6, on page 668 of text.) John is the only one of the Twelve mentioned as being there. It was but natural that of all that faithful group, Mary, the mother of the Redeemer, should have first consideration. Tenderly he commended her to his beloved disciple with these words: "Woman, behold thy son!" Then turning to John, "Behold thy mother!" The faithful disciple took the grief-stricken mother into his own home. (Read John 19:26-27.) What a privilege, to care for the mother of such a Son!

No "satisfactory explanation from science" has ever been made of the darkness and gloom that spread over the land for three hours at noontide. The only correct explanation is that it was done by divine power. There was no eclipse of the sun; there was always a full moon at the time of the passover. Just before Jesus expired, he cried out in the darkness: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" It was undoubtedly the Father's will that our blessed Redeemer should endure not only the indescribable agony of physical death, but also the suffering again of Gethsemane. Even the Father withdrew his support for a brief period. Soon the glory of our Lord would be complete. He gave one statement of his physical condition: "I thirst." That was said when, in the language of John, "all things were now accomplished." Then, in the moment of the glorious accomplish-

ment of this ordeal, he cried in a loud voice: "It is finished." The seventh and last time while on the cross, he spoke, addressing his Father by way of final report: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." The end had come. Earth's great Creator found relief from earth's most painful death. "He suffered the pain of all men, that all men might repent and come unto him" (D. & C. 18:11).

#### *Important Occurrences Between the Lord's Death and Burial*

The unusual phenomena occurring at the death of the Savior must have caused serious people to think. No place was dearer to the Jews than the temple. The veil of the temple was "rent from top to bottom" and the interior of the temple was thrown open to public gaze. Only the high priest had been permitted to see it theretofore. The Roman soldiers were amazed and frightened. Used to seeing people die, as they were, they had never before seen a man die of his own volition. The centurion was so impressed by all of the unusual events that he exclaimed: "Truly this man was the Son of God" (Mark 15:39). Soon, nearly everyone had left the place of execution, but a few faithful women who had watched from a distance.

The Jewish Sabbath began at sunset. The inconsistency was shown when the Jewish rulers, who had killed their Lord, became greatly alarmed at the thought that his body might be hanging on the cross after the Sabbath commenced. These rulers begged Pilate that

Jesus and the two criminals might be killed at once. The bones of the two malefactors were broken and death relieved them, but Jesus was already dead. To make doubly sure, a spear was thrust into his side but no bones were broken. This had been foretold long ago. (See Ex. 12:46; Ps. 34:20.)

### *The Burial*

A good man, Joseph of Arimathea, who was probably a Sanhedrist but who had not consented that Jesus be put to death, was given permission to take the body from the cross. He was assisted by Nicodemus, who had sought the Lord early in his ministry for information. (Read John 3:3-5.) The latter furnished the costly myrrh and aloes to anoint and embalm the body. These two worthy men wrapped the body in clean linen and laid it in the rock-hewn tomb in a garden (not far from Calvary) which belonged to Joseph of Arimathea. Faithful women also assisted in the sacred task.

### *The Sepulchre Guarded*

Pilate permitted the chief priests and Pharisees to have the Roman official seal affixed on the junction of the door to the tomb and the portal. To break the Roman seal without authority was punishable by death. An armed guard was also stationed at the tomb in answer to the request made of Pilate "Command therefore that the sepulchre be made sure until the third day." The Lord had said he would take up his body in three days and his enemies were de-

termined that he would not do so. Man's power arrayed against the Lord!

### *"In the Realm of Disembodied Spirits," Chapter 36*

**W**E know of no critic who contends that Jesus of Nazareth was not dead when his body was taken from the cross. Where was he while his body lay in Joseph's tomb? Revelation both ancient and modern abundantly affirms that he went to a place where the spirits of other dead go. That seems logical. He was the "ordained Redeemer and Savior of mankind." Unnumbered millions had lived and died on this earth before Jesus was born. Many of these children of our Father had not heard of the Redeemer and his great plan of life. Others had heard, but had not lived as the plan provided.

Alma, a Book of Mormon prophet, probably has given as comprehensive and clear description of the "state of the soul between death and resurrection" as is found anywhere in scripture. Class members are urged to read Alma 40:11-14.

Jesus promised the repentant malefactor who was crucified by his side that, "Today shalt thou be with me in paradise." They would both be in that spirit kingdom, which was so clearly described by Alma. Peter tells us of the mission:

For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit: By which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison; which sometime

were disobedient, when once the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls were saved by water (I Peter 3:18-20).

Class members should also read note 2 on page 677 of the text, if available.

There is no scriptural justification for the belief that the repentant sinner on the cross went to heaven, if we mean the place where our Father lives. Jesus and the thief went to the realm for departed spirits. Three days after the comforting assurance was given the thief, the Savior said to Mary Magdalene: "I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God" (John 20:17). Peter not only told where the Lord had been but also why he went:

For for this cause was the gospel preached also to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit (I Peter 4:6).

Jesus had plainly foretold his mission to the spirit world when he said: "The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live." (Read John 5:25-29.) He stated in the same text, "the hour is coming, in the which all they that are in the graves shall hear his voice, And shall come forth." The gospel is preached to the dead for the same reason that it is preached to the living. A glorious plan has been

provided by the Lord whereby vicarious work may be done by the living for the dead. All ordinances necessary to complete salvation may be performed and the gospel plan saves both the living and the dead who will yield obedience to the laws and ordinances thereof. The missionary work which was commenced by the Savior among the disembodied spirits will surely be continued by his authorized servants. As the converting is done over there, so will the ordinance work be done here in the temples of God. Paul understood this when he said: "Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? why are they then baptized for the dead?" (I Cor. 15:29). This work done in the temples is only efficacious as those spirits become penitent and faithful. Life there is as real as life here. Christ's great work was for all the children of our Father. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16). May we reverently conclude that Christ so loved all the children of his Father that he suffered, bled, and died that all might live and, if obedient, might share in the Father's kingdom, this love and glory?

*Note to Teachers:* It is suggested that "The Vision of the Redemption of the Dead" of President Joseph F. Smith, (*Gospel Doctrine*, pp. 596-606) be studied in connection with this lesson for the further light which it sheds on Christ's visit to the disembodied spirits during the time that his body lay in the tomb.



### Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. Describe the crucifixion of the Lord. Was his suffering limited to physical pain?
2. What occurred while Jesus hung on the cross to show his solicitude for his mother?
3. What unusual phenomenon occurred while Jesus hung on the cross? What caused it?

4. What promise was made to the penitent thief? Discuss its fulfillment.
5. Show how the missionary work is continuous here and hereafter.

### References in the Gospels

- Matt. 4:3, 6; 27:31-66.  
 Mark 15:20-47.  
 Luke 22:34, 35; 5:25-29; 20:36, 38; 22:37; 23:26-56.  
 John 3:1; 2, 14; 5:25-29; 7:50; 8:28; 12:32; 19:16-37; 20:27.

## Visiting Teacher Messages—Our Savior Speaks

Lesson 11—"Search the Scriptures for . . . They Are They Which Testify of Me" (John 5:39).

Mary Grant Judd

For Tuesday, December 5, 1950

Objective: To give incentive for a greater familiarity with the scriptures, particularly those in the Book of Mormon, appropriate to Christmas.

THE admonition of the Master to "search the scriptures" (John 5:39) is little heeded in our busy lives today. And yet there is no type of reading which is so rewarding as that of sacred literature. How many of us realize, to the extent that we should, that not only in the Bible, but in another sacred record, the Book of Mormon, Christ's statement that the scriptures testify of him, is amply demonstrated.

Here is a suggestion for the Christmas season. As we recall the familiar story of the shepherds abiding in the fields, the weary travelers at the crowded inn, and the wise men bringing gifts to the divine, new-born child, let us become better acquainted with the Book of Mormon account of Christ. Let us read to our families of how, near-

ly six hundred years before his birth, it was made known to Nephi (son of Sariah and Lehi) that he would come.

The account is to be found in the Book of First Nephi, chapter eleven, verses fourteen to twenty-one. It reads as follows:

And it came to pass that I saw the heavens open; and an angel came down and stood before me; and he said unto me: Nephi, what beholdest thou? And I said unto him: A virgin, most beautiful and fair above all other virgins. And he said unto me: Knowest thou the condescension of God? And I said unto him: I know that he loveth his children; nevertheless, I do not know the meaning of all things. And he said unto me: Behold, the virgin whom thou seest is the mother of the Son of God, after the manner of the flesh. And it came to pass that I beheld that she was carried away in the Spirit; and after she had been carried away in the Spirit for the space

of a time the angel spake unto me, saying: Look! And I looked and beheld the virgin again, bearing a child in her arms. And the angel said unto me: Behold the Lamb of God, yea, even the Son of the Eternal Father. . . .

Many Book of Mormon prophets foretold the coming of Christ, particularly Samuel the Lamanite. (See Heleman 14:2-8.)

To a later Nephi, writer of the Book of Third Nephi, a manifestation was given on the eve of the Savior's birth, when he heard these words:

Lift up your head and be of good cheer; for behold, the time is at hand, and on this night shall the sign be given, and on the morrow come I into the world (III Nephi 1:13).

The first chapter of Third Nephi is one of the most inspiring parts of the Book of Mormon and is well worth reading in its entirety. All we here have space for is to record the fulfillment of the prophecy of

Samuel the Lamanite concerning the sign which should be given of the birth of Christ.

And it came to pass that there was no darkness in all that night but it was as light as though it was mid-day. And it came to pass that the sun did rise in the morning again, according to its proper order; and they knew that it was the day that the Lord should be born, because of the sign which had been given. . . . and a new star did appear, according to the word" (III Nephi 1:19, 21).

The beautiful account of the appearance of the Savior to the Nephites on this the American continent and his marvelous teachings to them are to be found in Third Nephi, beginning with chapter eleven and continuing through to verse twelve of chapter twenty-eight. If you read these chapters, as well as other sacred writings, you will better understand the import of these words, "Search the scriptures for . . . they are they which testify of me."

Note: In order to convey the exact message of the scriptural passages quoted, it is suggested that a deviation in practice might be used in this lesson to allow the visiting teachers to read these scriptures in the home either from the Book of Mormon or *The Relief Society Magazine* itself.

## *Work Meeting*—The Art of Homemaking

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

### Lesson 3—Draperies and Curtains

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, December 12, 1950

(Reference: *The Complete Book of Sewing*, by Constance Talbot, chapters 38, 39, 40, 41, 44.)

Curtains and draperies play a major role in the entire decorating scheme of your home. Simply by re-curtaining windows you can completely transform the appearance and spirit of a room. The right win-

dow decoration can make your windows and your room appear larger or smaller, or your room's ceiling higher or lower. There is no other place in the decorating of your home where you can so quickly achieve gratifying results.

Your window decorations should express your own tastes and preferences, but, in addition, they should be the foundation through which you portray the entire character of your home. You may wish your room to express a quiet, restful atmosphere, or you may wish to express a hospitable air. Whatever the spirit, your curtains will do much to set the pattern for the rest of your home decorating.

By following a few simple guides in your selection of curtain and drapery materials, you can do much to create a harmonious and pleasant room ensemble.

*First, make sure curtain and drapery materials are suitable to the character, physical structure, and purpose of the room. Coarse homespun and rough textured fabrics are generally informal in feeling and should be used in informal rooms. Small provincial patterns, plaids, and most stripes with clear, warm, bright colors, express an informal spirit, and blend with informal furniture and furnishings. Satins, damasks, taffetas, and velvets with classic patterns, large floral prints, formal stripes and geometrics, on the other hand, express formality and should be used in the more formal rooms. Rich, full-bodied colors, too, lean toward the formal, and generally blend more harmoniously with furniture of delicate rather than massive lines.*

The physical structure of your room, also, has a direct bearing upon the fabrics you should use. If your room is small, you can give it a more spacious feeling by using curtain materials in solid colors or small prints that blend rather than contrast with the walls. Bold patterns or sharp contrasts in color in draperies, make a room look smaller.

If the room is large, you can use a drapery material of bright color and bold pattern. Vertical stripes in window decorations accent height and make a low ceilinged room appear higher. High ceilings, on the other hand, can appear to be brought down by right use of horizontal stripes, provided, of course, they are in character with the rest of the room.

*The second important guide in making your windows attractive is to be generous in the amounts of materials used. Draperies that are too narrow or too short, and curtains that fail to cover the window, attract unfavorable attention and spoil the entire effect of a room. To stay within your budget it is far better to use adequate amounts of less costly materials than to try to dress your windows with skimpy, expensive fabrics.*

A bit of looking and a little imagination on your part will help you find many interesting and colorful possibilities in materials, such as muslin (bleached and unbleached), chambray, percale, calico, sateen, denim, corduroy, Indian head, shantung, and gingham. Many of these may provide your room with just the effect it needs at a cost well within your budget.

A third guide, if you want your window materials to be most attractive, is to make sure they are the right length. Glass curtains, casements, and draperies, except in informal cottages or where there are architectural problems, such as a radiator, look best if they are about one-fourth inch from the floor.

If yours is an informal room and you prefer shorter lengths, be sure the materials come either just to the sill or to the bottom of the window apron. Curtains and draperies should never be hung to the top of the baseboard or to any other awkward, in-between length. Only in the most formal rooms should draperies fold out onto the floor. Trailing draperies soil quickly and give most rooms an overdressed look.

Valances and cornices help to unify and complete your window treatment. They do much to set the character of a room. Swags, jabots, and cascades are formal in nature and should be used only in rooms expressing formality. Ruffled, pleated, or scalloped valances and simple cornices, painted or covered with material, can be used effectively in almost any type of room. If the room is dark you should avoid a deep valance which would cut into the light. On the other hand, you can create an illusion of height with

a valance or cornice by projecting it above the top of the window. Valances and cornices, when properly used, add a pleasing touch to a window.

You can make your home reflect your individuality most simply and effectively through your window decoration. Your draperies and curtains will be attractive and in good taste, if you select a suitable fabric, use it generously, be sure your curtains and draperies are the right length, and see that their colors tie in with the rest of your room's color scheme.

### Discussion Points

1. Discuss the thought that curtains and draperies help set the character of your room.
2. Discuss ways of handling various types of windows: windows off balance, too narrow, too high, or too low. (See textbook, chapter 38.)
3. Discuss the many points to watch in making professional looking curtains and draperies. (See textbook, chapters 39 and 40.)
4. Discuss the importance of durability of curtain and drapery fabrics, those that are washable or sunfast, etc. For instructions in measuring and making curtains and draperies, see textbook, chapters 39, 40, 41.
5. Discuss various ways of adapting old curtains and draperies to new windows. (See textbook, chapter 44.)

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## *Beyond the Spring*

Miranda Snow Walton

A tree is wise; she knows that age can give  
A dream fulfilled, that only those who live  
Beyond the spring can know the autumn's gold;  
How lovely is a poplar growing old!

# Literature—The Literature of England

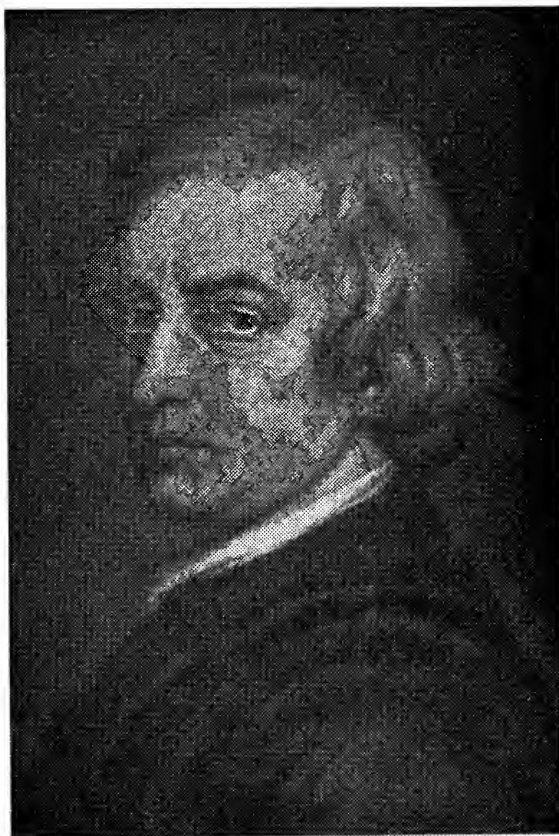
## Lesson 11—John Dryden

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

For Tuesday, December 19, 1950

THE name of John Dryden is one which all lovers of English literature know they *should* know. And his name they do know, and his birth date of 1631, his supreme role in the Neo-(new) Classical Age, his unexcelled skill in the heroic couplet (text, page 1145, also see footnote, text, page 211), possibly the name of his greatest play, *All For Love*, some of his poems and critical works, and his death date of 1700. But often he becomes a "classic," in the sense of the word defined by Mark Twain: "—a book which people praise and don't read."

As T. S. Eliot has truly pointed out, Dryden will at no time "ever be anyone's favorite poet, or engross the adolescent mind for a season as the romantic poets can do." Not only was Dryden writing for Neo-Classical audiences, but perhaps more than any other person he was influential in establishing the literary standards not only of his own day but for almost the next hundred years of English literature. At once the question presents itself: If a man were once so very popular, and lived not so long ago, why doesn't he appeal powerfully to us now? The answer might be that between his age and our own came the Romantic Period, which has taught us to enjoy the very values in literature which Dryden abhorred. It should be further added that whoever takes the time to un-



A Perry Picture

JOHN DRYDEN

1631 - 1701

derstand Dryden and the age which produced him, will soon come to value his objectivity and his many attainments. Such passages as the following reveal to anyone of any age a polished literary skill and a brilliant mind which, in some of its accomplishments, has never been surpassed. These lines are selected from "The Hind and the Panther," which is not in our text:

A milk-white Hind, immortal and un-  
chang'd,

Fed on the lawns, and in the forest  
rang'd  
Without unspotted, innocent within,  
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.  
(I, 1-4)

Here, indeed, is a quiet, controlled  
tone and melody.

For truth has such a face and such a  
mien,  
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.  
(I, 33-34)

Of all the tyrannies on human kind  
The worst is that which persecutes the  
mind.  
(I, 239-40)

All, as they say, that glitters is not gold.  
(II, 215)

Jealousy, the jaundice of the soul.  
(III, 73)

Possess your soul with patience.  
(III, 839)

Or consider the sensitivity of  
thought and language in this couplet  
from "Eleanora":

So softly death succeeded life in her,  
She did but dream of heaven, and she was  
there.  
(315-316)

These few lines are admittedly small evidence upon which to evaluate Dryden as a poet, but they do give an indication of the poetic power which characterized all his literary endeavors. And they were many. Save for the novel, Dryden was outstanding in every literary type during his own time and the following two generations. If time and space permitted, we could then prove more convincingly Dryden's amazing versatility, as poet, playwright, political satirist, prose-writ-

er, literary critic, and translator. In each of these he excelled in his age; in some of them he has never been equalled. Surely it was some wise person who made the observation that John Dryden, the man and the artist, was far greater than the sum total of all the great works he produced. But before we see why and examine the values of some specific works, perhaps we should point out some of the contemporary ideas and forces which ruled his life and which helped shape his genius.

Born in rural England, of Puritan parents, Dryden was graduated from Trinity College in 1654, while Cromwell's Puritan Commonwealth was at the height of its power. His first considerable poem was written in 1658 on the death of Cromwell. When Charles II was restored to the throne in 1660, Dryden joined the almost universal rejoicing by honoring Charles in a poem which first proved him master of the heroic couplet. For twenty years he devoted most of his energies to writing for the witty, cynical, and worldly stage, which was the delight of King Charles and his dissolute court. He pleased the King so highly that, in 1670, he was made Poet Laureate.

Dryden lived in a period of extreme religious and political turmoil (study text, pp. 721-739, 752-753, 768-769). Within his lifetime each of the three great religious factions—Puritanism, the Episcopal Church of England, and Roman Catholicism—had had a sovereign on the throne. In this age, when religion and politics were rarely separated, the three great schisms hated and feared each other; when, in

1678, unprincipled Titus Oates somewhat hysterically revealed that the Papists planned to seize the throne, murder the King and all Protestants, the emotional uncertainty which had been accumulating for years ran rampant. In 1682 Dryden wrote his *Religio Laici* (lay i si), defending his membership in the Anglican Church. In 1686 he joined the Catholic Church, as had the King in secret before his death the year previous, and the following year he published "The Hind and the Panther," a long poem defending his Catholicism. When Protestant William and Mary became rulers of England in the bloodless revolution of 1688, Dryden remained true to his new religion and refused to take the oath of loyalty to the new monarchs; as a result his office of Poet Laureate was given to his bitter enemy, Thomas Shadwell, and he was forced to turn to play-writing and translating for a living.

As has been observed, Dryden wrote before it became the fashion for a writer to pour his autobiography forth on the page and call it literature. His was a time of skepticism, order, and reason. A classical symmetry pervaded literature, music, architecture, and landscape gardening, the same strict ordering which, Dryden believed, was the order of nature by which the ancient writers had achieved their unrivalled excellence in structure and form. He followed the classical unities of time, place, and action, not in blind adherence to rule but because he felt he must, since by following the ancients he best followed nature. Nevertheless, rather than be a slave

to his literary theories, he was always ready to praise literary excellence whether the author had conformed to the rules of the Neo-Classicism or not: witness his acclaiming Chaucer as the first great English poet, and praising Shakespeare, who wrote in blank verse rather than in couplets, as the man "who of all Modern, and perhaps Ancient Poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. . . . he needed not the spectacles of Books to read Nature; he looked inwards, and found her there." Finally, Dryden's own greatest play, *All For Love*, was written in blank verse, which proves his desire to write in the form which best expressed his idea.

Both in his political-religious life and in his literary practices, Dryden has been accused of exchanging new values and belief for old whenever it was to his benefit. It is true that in his day he was largely dependent on royal patronage for means on which to live, and, then as now, he knew he had to please the public if he were to be popular. As he himself said, "They who live to please, must please to live." But it is unfair to Dryden to accuse him of being a turncoat. The new allegiances he made in his religious life were consistently in the direction of greater conservatism, and he stood firm in his final Catholicism, at great financial and social loss. Likewise, in his critical works, he had a genius for finding virtue and good on both sides of an argument, and presenting each fairly. Finally, however, he chose, here as elsewhere, those principles which seemed most

reasonable and serviceable at the moment.

While his friend Congreve remembered Dryden as being "exceeding humane and compassionate" to those who came to him for literary advice and guidance, he was also a master at satirizing those who differed with him or who had offended him. In "Absolom and Achitophel" (a kit o fel), we find exemplified not only his biting personal satire, but many other characteristics of Dryden's writings. It was written in a time of national tension, to please King Charles and to accuse the rebel Shaftesbury, who would exclude all Catholics from the English throne. Each couplet is polished, intense, and contributory to the accumulating power of ridicule which becomes the strength of the piece, particularly in his scathing presentation of Zimri (representing his enemy, the Duke of Buckingham) as a fickle, self-righteous fool (pp. 774, lines 545-568).

In a similar biting mood (pp. 772, lines 150-179), he describes the "wild ambition" of Shaftesbury (or Achitophel, in the allegory taken from II Samuel: 13:18) to seize the throne for his followers. Having already condemned the English people, "debauch'd with ease," for foolishly desiring what they felt to be liberty, Dryden describes a host of dreaming saints who similarly

Their power employ,  
Nothing to build, and all things to de-  
stroy.

But far more numerous was the herd of  
such

Who think too little, and who talk too  
much.

These, out of mere instinct, they knew  
not why,

Adored their fathers' God and property.  
(531-536)

But such a strong denunciation failed, for soon after the poem was published in 1681, the courts acquitted Shaftesbury of the charge of treason.

In "MacFlecknoe" Dryden's satire becomes scornful, even vicious. It is not a cheerful piece, but no one will deny the success with which it conveys the author's utter contempt for his former friend and fellow playwright. Flecknoe, the King of Fools, reigning in the realm of nonsense, finally chooses Shadwell as his successor, since

Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,  
Mature in dullness from his tender years;  
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he  
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.  
(15-18)

This first description continues to line 28. Shadwell is crowned, and swears

That he till death true dullness would  
maintain;  
And, in his father's right, and realm's  
defense,  
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce  
with sense.  
(115-117)

To go from "MacFlecknoe" to "A Song for St. Cecilia's Day" is but to prove once more Dryden's vast versatility. Here he attempted to combine music and poetry; in such lines as the following he did not fall far short of his goal:

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
This universal frame began:  
From harmony to harmony  
Through all the compass of the notes it  
ran,



The diapason closing full in Man.  
(11-15, text, p. 778)

Stanzas five and six, in their varied diction and word rhythm, are also valuable. The poem tells of the creation of the world, the universal harmony within the universe and man's place therein, and the incomparable role of music, both on earth, in heaven, and in unifying all the spheres.

"Alexander's Feast; or, the Power of Music" (text, page 779) was written in honor of St. Cecilia's Day in 1697, just ten years after his first ode. Old and unwell, Dryden dared not trust his judgment when he felt it to be his best poem, but the enthusiastic reception it spontaneously received and has since enjoyed, has proved it to be Dryden's greatest lyric poem, and one of the best in English literature. The moving dramatic story shows how, on a feast-day honoring his conquest of Persia, Alexander is powerfully moved by the universal power of music. In the flexibility of his imitative harmonies, his skillful use of rhythms, his careful diction and effective repetitions, Dryden again proves his ability to create memorable poetry.

Dryden set the pattern for Neo-Classical poetry; his direct, clear, and vigorous prose also became the pattern for its prose. In his pre-

faces he gave our tradition its first solid body of critical evaluation. The brilliance of his mind, and the concise directness of his statement can well be judged by reading aloud his evaluations of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson from "An Essay of Dramatic Poesy," to be found on page 782 of our text. Here we learn to see through the eyes of one whose vision penetrates more deeply, whose words blend more powerfully than ours.

Dryden was successful in interpreting the spirit of his age. He wrote strong satire, successfully defended his beliefs by stating them in verse and prose, wrote great drama, and popularized the rhymed couplet. He endowed our prose style with new suppleness and directness, and was the father of English literary criticism. Surely he has a right to our gratitude, and to our sympathetic ear and mind.

### Questions for Discussion

1. Why was Dryden made England's first poet laureate?
2. Discuss what is meant by Neo-Classicism. (See text, pp. 727-733)
3. What is satire? Discuss Dryden as a satirist.
4. What is most memorable about "Alexander's Feast"?
5. What is Dryden's contribution to English literature?

## Social Science

No lesson is planned for December in this department, due to the holiday season.

# Music—Fundamentals of Musicianship

## CONDUCTING, SINGING, AND ACCOMPANYING

(For Music Department of Union Meeting)

### Lesson 3—Baton Technique, Singing, and Interpretation

Florence J. Madsen

**Objective:** To become better acquainted with the art of conducting and singing.

Required reference: *Fundamentals of Conducting*, by J. Spencer Cornwall

#### 1. Application of the 2/4 Baton-Pattern (Continued)

- (a) In continuing the application of the 2/4 baton-pattern to the hymns that follow, it is recommended that continual effort be made to refine the baton strokes. From here on these strokes will be known and referred to as *beats*.
- (b) Avoid stressing or hurrying the upward beats of the baton.
- (c) Superfluous motions of any kind absorb energy that could be used to better advantage.
- (d) When using a music stand, conduct over it, looking at your music only incidentally. This implies, of course, that the stand can be adjusted to your needs. Conduct into, or to the side of the music stand, only when absolutely necessary.

#### 2. Exercises for Practice

- (a) Practice the 2/4 baton-pattern until it is easy to perform: first, with the maximum arm and baton length; second, with the medium (forearm). Practice this pattern several times with the arm and baton across the body, then to the side of the body. The first one of these positions is particularly useful in conducting large groups because, first, the sopranos and treble instruments are usually to the left, or in front of the conductor; second, because the

conductor is afforded a more extensive baton leverage; and, third, because the performers are enabled to see the entire baton instead of just its tip. The side pattern (close to the body) is more adaptable for use in conducting small groups for the reason that they are nearer to the conductor and, therefore, can more easily see and follow the baton-pattern.

“Our delight in any particular study, art, or science rises and improves in proportion to the application which we bestow upon it. . . .”—Addison

#### 3. Hymns for Practice

- (a) Practice the following hymns:
  1. *L.D.S. Hymns*, pp 13, 18, 25, 42, 44, 77.
  2. *Deseret Sunday School Songs*, pp. 3, 44, 53, 56, 60, 240, 241, 277, 284.
  3. *Hymns* (new L.D.S. book) pp. 17, 21, 35, 41, 62, 89, 138.

#### 4. Singing—a Universal Gift

- (a) The power of expression through gesture and vocal utterance is one of the greatest gifts that has come to man. We cannot overestimate the value of communication through speech. With training and practice, the speaking voice can be given more range, greater power, various inflections, and increased beauty of quality.

- (b) Singing is all of these essentials, amplified, extended, intensified, and beautified.

History shows that the desire and capacity to sing is latent in all civilized, normal human beings. From this we may conclude that, if given the urge and opportunity, we could all sing. This is affirmed by Dr. Emil Seashore in his book, *Psychology of Music*, as follows: "The normal mind (which is the average mind) is musical and the normal body is the instrument for adequate expression of music . . ."

5. *Preliminary Exercises for Singing*

- (a) Hum softly, with lips closed, teeth apart, on pitches in the medium part of the voice. Note a feeling of resonance in the cavities of the face and head. It is the singer's aim to retain and increase this resonance while singing prolonged vowels in syllables and words.
- (b) Hum the melodies of a few of the following hymns:
  1. *L.D.S. Hymns*, pp. 113, 293, 367.
  2. *Deseret Sunday School Songs*, pp. 27, 47, 110.
  3. *Hymns* (new L.D.S. book) pp. 44, 87, 117.
- (c) Sing these songs through with: (1) mum, (2) may, (3) my, (4) mo, (5) me.
- (d) Practice these songs with a different syllable for each line.
- (e) Sing the listed songs with their words. Determine whether or not the tone quality is unrestricted and resonant.

6. *Steps in Interpretation*

- (a) The first step in song interpretation is for the performer to phrase properly. This is accomplished by breathing or suspending breath at all punctuation marks.
- (b) Practice phrasing in the above songs.

---

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## Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. Differentiate between the maximum and medium baton strokes or beats.
  - a. Demonstrate with the baton.
2. Explain the proper use of the music stand.
3. Why practice the hum?
4. Discuss the universality of the gift of singing.

\* \* \*

## An Apple for the Teacher

(Continued from page 591)

"Well, I'm glad you're used to climbing, Jimmy. I wouldn't want you to fall and hurt yourself picking my apples." She led the way over to the tree. "Now, you just catch hold of that first limb and I'll give you a little boost."

Jimmy obeyed, and with his fingers curved over the limb and one foot extended backward, prepared to spring up.

"U - uh - there! Up you go!"

A little leap and Jimmy was on the limb, weaving his way through to the main fork of the tree. Bracing himself, he allowed his eyes to make a quick survey of the branches, adorned here and there with luscious, red apples. Gee, wouldn't Nancy like to have one of these big, red apples! If I had some money I might ask to buy one, he thought, and for a second his hopes soared high, only to take a sudden drop. He had no money, and he remembered, too, that his Mom had paid the rent the day before and had brought in a few groceries with the last of the money. He couldn't even run home, now, and get any.

"Have you got sure footing, Jimmy? I wouldn't want you to fall."

The sound of Mrs. Bently's voice broke the silence. Jimmy's day-dreaming ended suddenly. "I'm safe, Ma'am. You won't need to worry. I'm used to this." He continued with emphasis, "Gee, Ma'am, I've never seen any apples as big and red as these!"

"Neither have I. They are nice. There aren't many of them, but what there are turned out well. Will you be able to reach them all, Jimmy?"

"Yes, I think so, Ma'am."

One by one, Jimmy picked the apples and dropped them carefully into the bucket that swung from a lower branch. "I think that's all of them, Ma'am," he called, and dropped the last apple into the bucket.

"Well, that's fine. Come on down now. But be careful—don't fall!"

Even though Jimmy had given a good demonstration of his climbing ability, Mrs. Bently still persisted in cautioning him. But before she had the words out of her mouth he was on the ground.

SHE reached up and lifted the half-filled bucket from the limb and set it down beside her as she spoke. "You've been a great help to me, Jimmy. All summer I've wondered how I was going to get these apples down and save them from the frost. As a matter of fact, I don't have any use for them myself, but I never like to see things go to waste."

She stood for a moment looking down at the apples, then stooped

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and rolled several of them over in the bucket, carefully concealing the small slip of paper she had taken from her apron pocket.

"How would you like to take the apples home with you, Jimmy? Do you suppose you and your Mom and Nancy could find use for them?"

The thought of taking these big, red apples to Nancy made Jimmy's heart thump. But when he thought of what his Mom had told him and remembered again that he had no money, he knew that he must not let himself build any hopes. "Yes, Ma'am, we could find use for them, all right, but I haven't any money and Mom said I must never take anything without payin' for it."

"But, Jimmy!" she laughed, "you have paid for them!"

Jimmy was puzzled.

"You see," she explained, "I had to get someone to pick the apples, and certainly I would not expect to have it done for nothing."

Jimmy looked up at her hesitatingly. "But Mom might think I took the apples, Ma'am, and she wouldn't like that. Mom says it's awful to steal and Heavenly Father always sees even if nobody else does."

Mrs. Bently smiled. "Your Mom is right, Jimmy. It is very wrong to steal. But you earned these apples, and you won't need to worry about your Mom mistrusting you, either, because I tucked a note underneath them, explaining everything."

Picking up the bucket, she took Jimmy's hand and wrapped his scrawny fingers around the pail. "Thanks so much for helping me,

Jimmy," she said, as she opened the gate and let him through. "And tell your Mom I'll be calling on her soon. You see, I'm looking for a new friend. Oh, and, Jimmy!" She followed him through the gate and, reaching up, she picked the best big, red apple on the overhanging branch and tossed it into the bucket. "Take this one to the teacher."

---

## *Leaving a House*

Dorothy J. Roberts

An east door framed a square of orchard  
Lush in summer's vibrant green,  
Ethereal in winter's blossoms,  
Or rich in autumn's tangerine.

A picture window held Olympus,  
Changeful in the tides of light;  
Another showed a friendly neighbor  
Bent to her garden's gay delight.

These we left on living canvas  
Where the pigments of time were laid;  
These, and a tree's response to seasons,  
These, and a yard where children played.

## *My Neighbor*

Christie Lund Coles

My neighbor's door is never still;  
I hear it slam from dawn till night.  
Her house is never empty of  
Her children and their wild delight.

I know sometimes she looks toward here  
And envies me my quiet day,  
My leisure and the time I find  
For contemplation's calming way.

Yet, what she does not guess is how  
I often look toward her door  
And hunger for the childish noise  
I hear no more.



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Lurene Gates Wilkinson

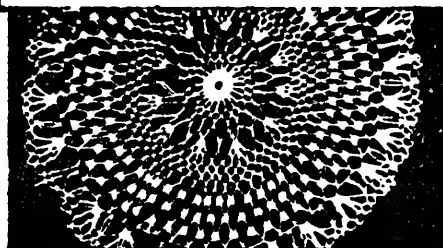
Clouds are feminine, I'm sure,  
With their whimsies  
And their grace.  
One danced across the hill today  
In a misty veil  
Of lace.

But yesterday I met a cloud  
That was a  
Fickle wench;  
First she smiled enticingly—  
Then left me there  
To drench!

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# From Near and Far

Lydia Bennet Egbert, author of the story "An Apple for the Teacher," was born and reared in Mound Valley, Idaho. She is the wife of Hyrum Herbert Egbert and the mother of six daughters, all married. Mrs. Egbert is also more than proud of her ten grandchildren. "An Apple for the Teacher" is her first published story, although she has written many poems. Among her Church activities is an active interest in genealogical work and she serves as genealogist for her family organization.

Ezra J. Poulsen, Salt Lake City, author of the three-part story "White September," beginning in this issue of the Magazine, is already well-known to our readers through his many articles and stories, including "The Rock and the River" (1944) and "Windy Hilltop" (1948). He grew up in Paris, Idaho, which is the locale for many of his writings. Mr. Poulsen tells us that he started to write a novel when he was very young, but, due to plot difficulties and lack of time, he laid the material aside. "But years afterwards I discovered it was still faintly breathing. I nursed it back to a certain amount of health, and gave it a big shot of revision. The final result has been my novel *Birthright*, recently off the press. I early developed the habit of glorifying the small town, and Paris, Idaho, is the Knowlton of *White September*."

\* \* \*

The editorial "Our Pioneer Heritage" (by Counselor Velma N. Simonsen) in the July Magazine was excellent. All too often we feel smug because we are related to some faithful soul. These lines come to me and fit the idea of the editorial: "You have to do your own growing no matter how tall your grandfather was."

—Mrs. Laura R. Merrill  
Logan, Utah

I should hate to miss an issue of this wonderful little friend—it is almost like one of the family coming home for a visit every month.

—Mrs. Joanna L. Wenkfield  
St. Helene, Oregon

I loved that article about the woman who prepared for death. I don't know when anything has appealed to me as that did. ("The Household of Faith," May 1950.) I guess it was the courage shown. Also, I thought the writing of it exceptionally good. The serial by Alice Bailey, "Dark in the Chrysalis," is interesting, also, and beautifully written.

—Dorothy Clapp Robinson  
Boise, Idaho

I thought you might be interested to know that the poetry in *The Relief Society Magazine* was commented upon very favorably in a radio program over station KG, San Francisco. The program was Ann Holden's "Home Forum," upon which I was interviewed, and Miss Holden read "A Sidewalk Sketch" from the October 1949 Magazine, and said how interested she was to know of the Magazine and the poetry used in it.

—Elaine Swain  
Vallejo, California

I would like a complete copy of the story published in 1947, "Where Trails Run Out" by Anna Prince Redd. Can you tell me if it is published in book form and the publisher's name? I enjoy reading the stories and articles every month, especially the contest poems and stories.

—Mrs. S. L. Zundell  
Venice, California

This story, which was a favorite with many of our readers, has not yet been published in book form.—Ed.

Please renew my subscription for two years, to the best little Magazine in the world.

—Mary Lda Loucks  
Spokane, Washington

I love my little Magazine and hope to be able to keep it going. The lessons and stories are wonderful and help in many ways.

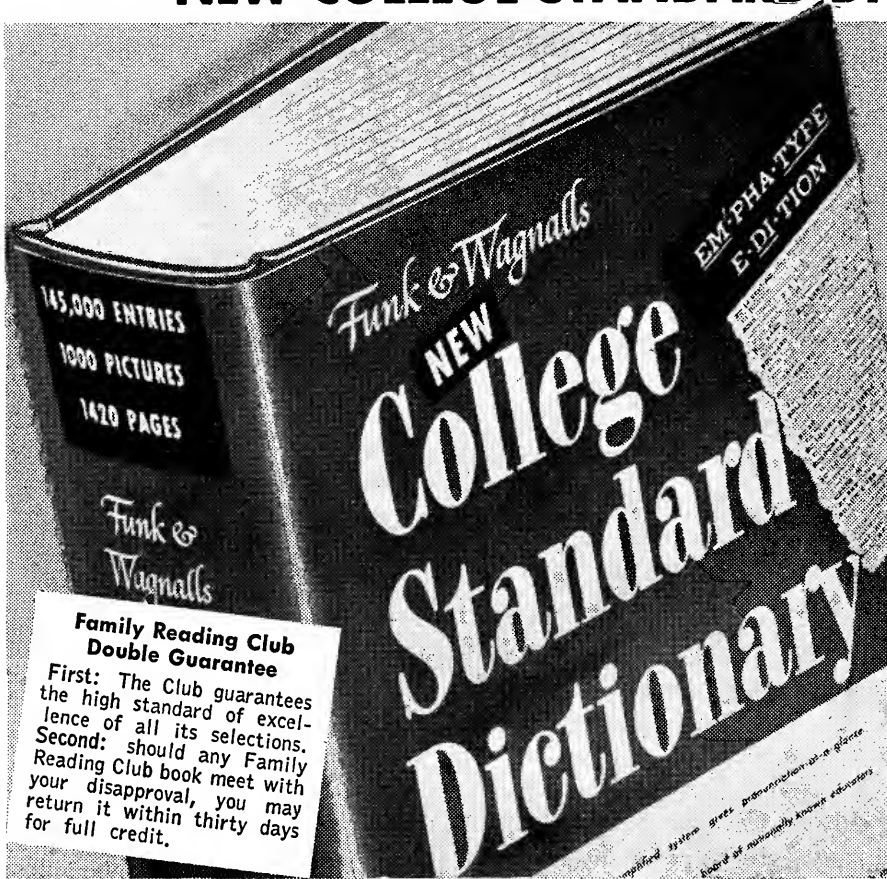
—Mrs. Stella Mann  
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No. 10

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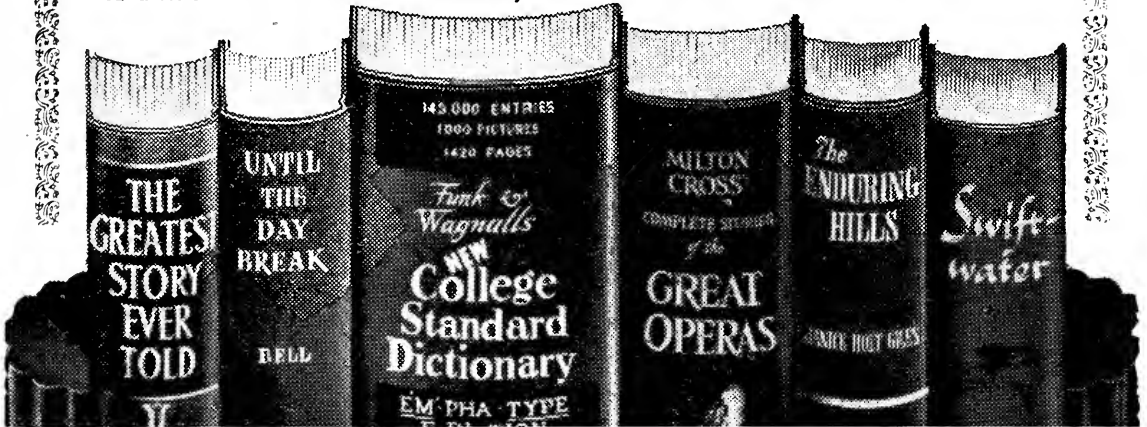
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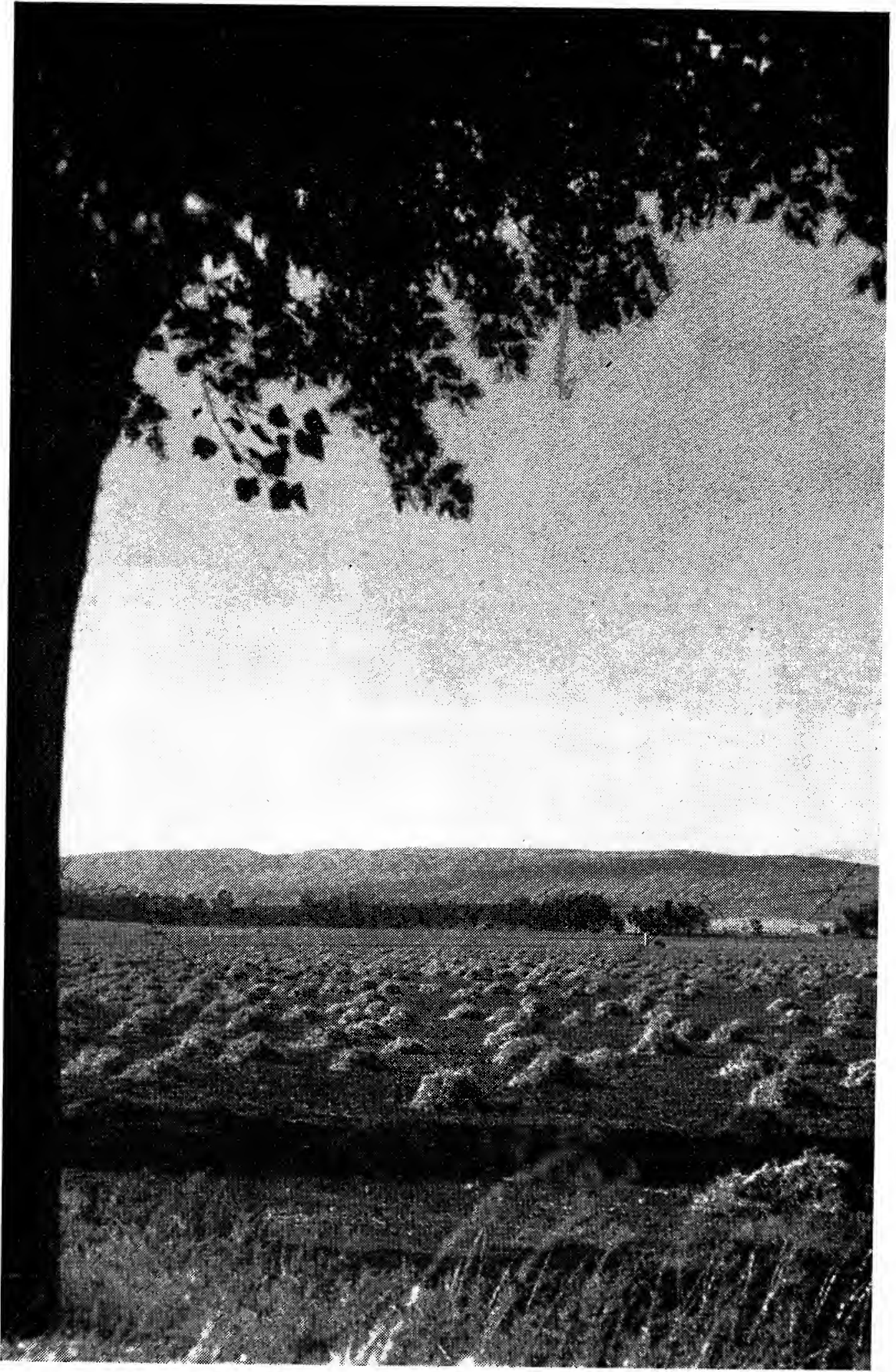
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# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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VOL. 37, NO. 10

OCTOBER 1950

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## *October*

*Eva Willes Wangsgaard*

October strides in scarlet shoes,  
A bushel basket in each hand,  
Her auburn hair in golden clips,  
Her fair complexion olive-tanned.

One basket heaped with apple red,  
The other round with green of pears,  
October gathers marigolds  
To trim the peasant blouse she wears.

October rests at close of day  
Where weeping willows sigh and drop  
Their amber tears around her couch,  
The narrow tears they cannot stop.

She lifts a frosted willow wand  
And changes costumes at one stroke  
To meet November at the gate  
Wrapped in a fine blue veil of smoke.

# Crisis in Constitutionalism

Dr. G. Homer Durham

Director, Institute of Government, University of Utah

**I**N large measure the United States holds a key responsibility for the immediate future of constitutionalism, due to its current position as the leading western power. By constitutionalism here is meant a system of society in which government functions according to definite rules, affords devices for popular control of its organs and activities, and in doing so recognizes that a system of *liberty* for groups and individuals is as significant a part of society as government. Charles A. Beard referred to it in American life as "government and liberty in check under supreme law."

The Latter-day Saints believe that such a system is in accordance with the wisdom of Providence. Such a system may not always prevail; surely has not always prevailed in the history of the human race. But, as indicated in the Doctrine and Covenants of the Church, a scheme whereby men can act in "futurity" (that is, act fearlessly and with confidence and faith in the future), and their free agency be respected, represents a religious and political ideal towards which men, if inclined toward belief in God, should direct their efforts.

The struggle for constitutionalism may be read throughout the pages of history. After the translation and printing of the Bible in western Europe, the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries saw many popular movements aiming at re-

sponsibility in government and liberty in the people, under law. Seventeenth century England represents a great culminating epoch: the extensive usage of written guarantees of human liberty (the Petition of Right, 1629; the Bill of Rights, 1689) was developed by the English Parliament; the independence of the judiciary established (redefined in the Act of Settlement, 1701); and the executive power limited and brought under representative control, not only of statute law, but of the purse. This great inheritance of English liberty and responsibility in government was redefined, clarified, and incorporated in the Constitution of the United States, together with the unique device of "federalism" and other features which mark it not only as the embodiment of the best efforts of struggling mankind over millenniums, but as a document of inspiration.

In a few years the Constitution of the United States will have completed two hundred years' service. It was framed in 1787; ratified by the American states in sufficient number to insure its adoption in 1788, and it went into effect in April 1789. It established a system of limited government, checks and balances, divided power between Nation and states, which made for the growth of popular control and liberty. Within months of its adoption, it was amended so that the principle of effective limitations

on authority, in favor of liberty, could be spelled out in black and white—the federal Bill of Rights.

**M**IDPOINT in the twentieth century, after 161 years of usage, the American contribution, together with its English forebears and contemporaries—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, et al.—has wielded tremendous world influence. The nations espousing liberty are more or less banded together in the Marshall Plan-Atlantic Treaty scheme, and constitute the forces striving to make the United Nations (UN) an effective instrument of constitutionalism at the world level. However, what, in the eighteenth century, seemed like the start of a universal trend towards constitutionalism, has not been realized. Many nations and the bulk of the world's population in Asia have not received the stimulus and influence of literacy and the growth of knowledge essential to a free society. There is tremendous and profound meaning in the simple phrase of the Prophet Joseph Smith:

I teach them correct principles and they govern themselves.

The world cannot be saved in ignorance. Peoples must learn to read and write, to think and understand. To say "Lord, Lord," is not to enter the kingdom. To say "Constitutionalism, constitutionalism; freedom, freedom" is not to produce a free society. To become self-governing, men must have knowledge. They cannot be saved from tyranny, dictatorship, or drudgery in ignorance. Inasmuch as constitutionalism, like the kingdom of

God, implies intelligent citizenship to enjoy the great privilege of self-government, it is small wonder that many millions fall to the spell of the dictator. But this question need not detain us. The question for us is, what of the areas of self-government in the world? Before they can expand in influence, hold out inspiration for the masses of Asia, what must we do ourselves? If our lights do not "shine" we can expect the awakening men of Asia to be properly duped and misled by other doctrines than those of freedom and self-government.

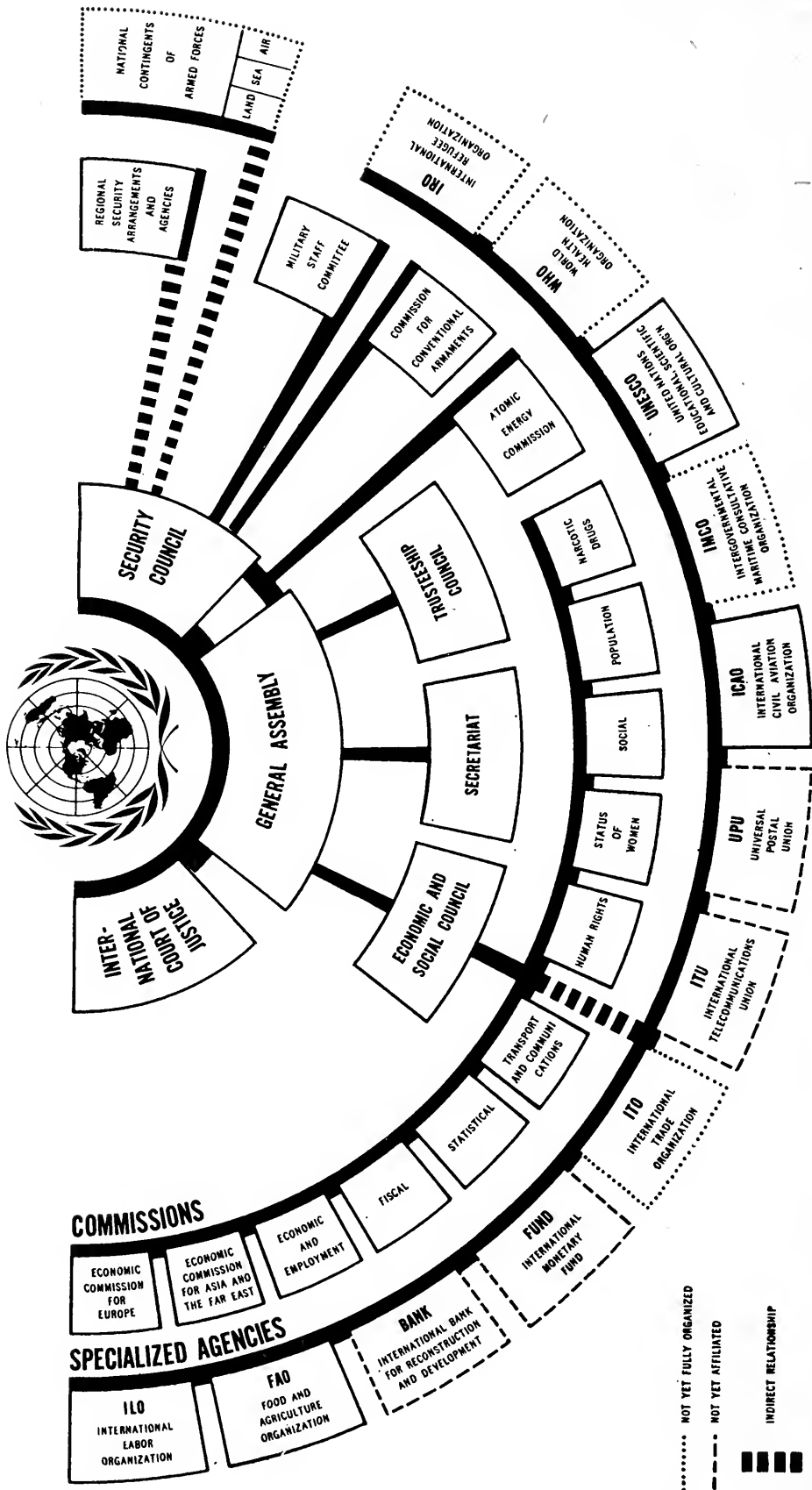
Because the major portion of readers will reflect membership in the American system, let us analyze the problem along American lines. However, parallel circumstances prevail elsewhere. Canadian and other readers can substitute their arrangements and analyze the situation in common with all members of the Church throughout the world.

**T**ODAY, government operates at four distinct levels in the effort to "establish justice . . . provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty."

#### 1. *The United Nations*

One of the great, unique, inspirational devices incorporated in the Constitution of the United States is the principle found in Article VI, which makes all treaties entered into by the United States "the supreme law of the land." Accordingly, the Charter of the United Nations is now part of the supreme law of the United States, and as such, under the doctrine of the Supreme Court in *Missouri v. Holland* (1918), pro-

# The United Nations



vides a basis for new legislation and new administrative developments. At the moment of this writing, it is significant to observe that the United States, with other members of the UN, are fighting in Korea in the interests of world law and order, as part of "the supreme law of the land" under Article VI of the Constitution, as well as in what the President and his councils have gravely decided to be American interests. The essential point is that the Government of the United States is bound to uphold and defend, as part of the effort towards international justice, the principles found in the Charter of the United Nations. This is a grave responsibility at the world level.

## 2. *The National Government*

At the national level the powers of government have expanded enormously. This has been due to democratization of an increasingly urban, industrial population. When the rich, learned, and well-born are the only ones to exercise the suffrage, government responds to their wishes and needs which are relatively few. When the ballot is given to everybody, as happened in the United States between 1830 and 1920 (universal manhood suffrage dates from around 1830; woman suffrage was achieved by 1920), government changes its nature and comes to reflect the needs of the masses of the people. The National Government was strictly limited by the original Constitution. But, under the pressure of a nation of workers crowded together in large cities, with all the problems of an industrial society, the National Govern-

ment, as a part of our self-governing system, has responded to demands for regulation of business, agriculture, labor, for old age pensions, federal aid for highways, agricultural colleges and extension services, social security, and other services.

**T**ODAY the National Government is a powerful instrument—very powerful. Moreover, much of its power is in the hands of the President, both because the original Constitution made the Presidency a powerful office, and because of the fact that Congress has found it necessary to delegate more and more power to him. Power may be used for good or evil. The relatively weak National Government from Washington to Lincoln could not affect greatly the destiny of the individuals of the land. Witness Joseph Smith's failure to get help from President Van Buren for depredations in Missouri in 1838-39. Today, the National Government would respond to almost any group with services. National power in international and domestic affairs, then, is now in the custody of the voters' hands. The Supreme Court has rarely challenged the scope of national power since 1937. That means the people shall judge and decide their destiny. This is a grave responsibility, in which we shall not be saved in ignorance. We must be informed, judge issues, decide them with wisdom, and use our influence to sustain good men and righteous causes.

## 3. *State Government*

The forty-eight states are in trouble. Before 1913 they con-

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#### THE PRESIDENT

### EMERGENCY AGENCIES

Displaced Persons Commission  
Economic Cooperation Admin.  
Motor Carrier Claims Com.  
Office of the Housing Exped.  
Philippine Alien Prop. Admin.  
Philippine War Damage Com.  
War Claims Commission

### JUDICIAL

The Sup. Ct. of the U. S.  
Circuit Courts of Appeals of  
the United States  
Dist. Courts of the U. S.  
U. S. Court of Claims  
U. S. Court of Customs and  
Patent Appeals  
United States Customs Court  
Territorial Courts

DEPARTMENT  
OF STATE

DEPARTMENT OF THE  
TREASURY

NATIONAL MILITARY  
ESTABLISHMENT

DEPARTMENT  
OF JUSTICE

POST OFFICE  
DEPARTMENT

DEPARTMENT OF  
THE INTERIOR

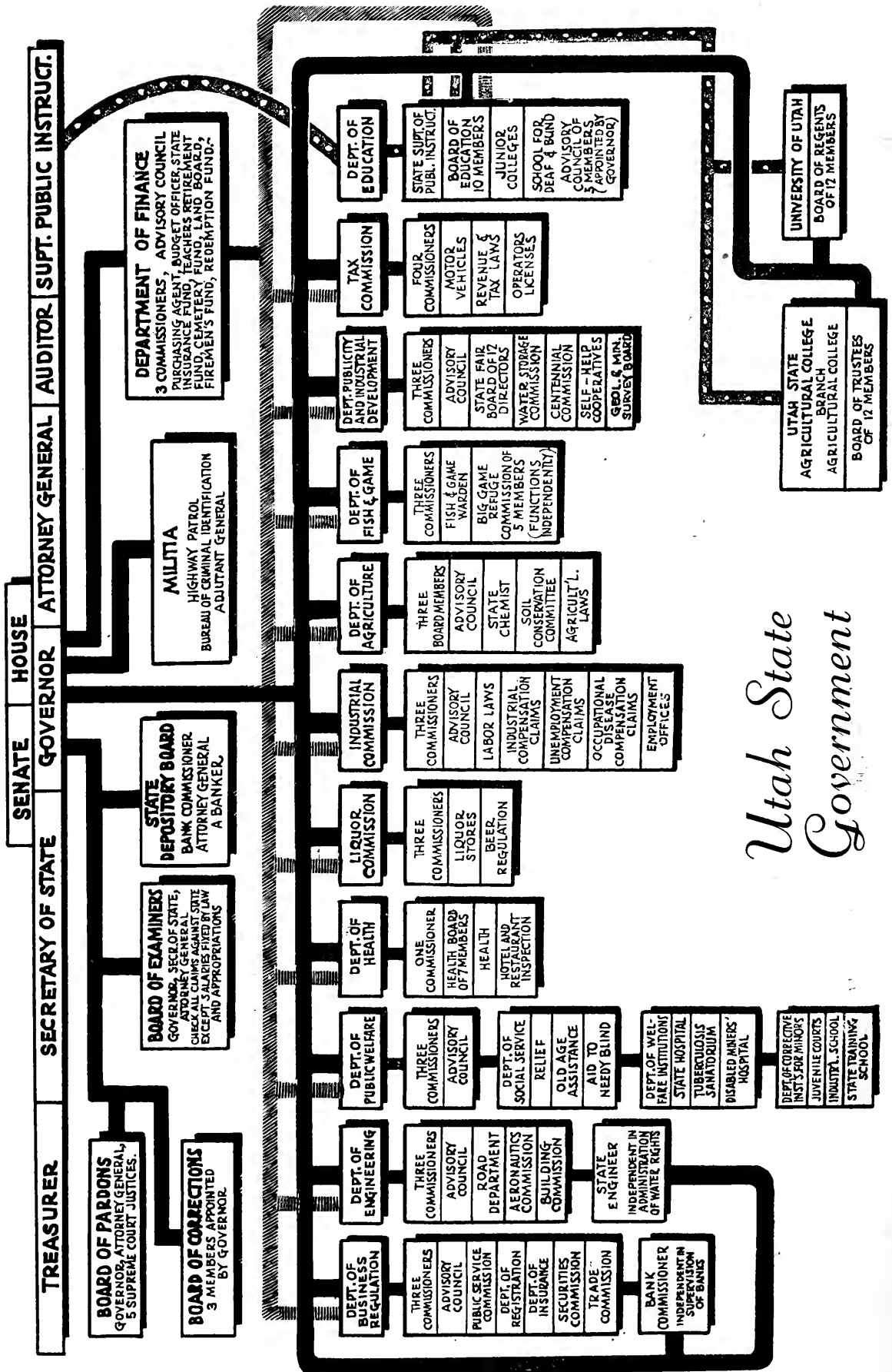
DEPARTMENT OF  
AGRICULTURE

DEPARTMENT OF  
COMMERCE

DEPARTMENT  
OF LABOR

## INDEPENDENT OFFICES AND ESTABLISHMENTS

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| American Battle Monuments Commission   | Interstate Commerce Commission                |
| Atomic Energy Commission   | National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics   |
| Civil Aeronautics Board  | National Capitol Housing Authority            |
| Commission of Fine Arts  | National Capitol Park and Planning Commission |
| Committee for Reciprocity Information  | National Forest Reservation Commission        |
| Commodity Exchange Commission  | National Labor Relations Board                |
| District of Columbia   | National Mediation Board                      |
| Export-Import Bank of Washington   | Panama Canal                                  |
| Federal Communications Commission  | Railroad Retirement Board                     |
| Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation  | Reconstruction Finance Corporation            |
| Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service                                   | Securities and Exchange Commission            |
| Federal Power Commission   | Selective Service System                      |
| Federal Reserve System, Board of Governors of the<br>Federal Security Agency | Smithsonian Institution                       |
| Federal Trade Commission   | Tax Court of the United States                |
| General Services Administration  | Tennessee Valley Authority                    |
| Housing and Home Finance Agency  | United States Civil Service Commission        |
| Indian Claims Commission   | United States Maritime Commission             |
| International Boundary and Water Commission,<br>United States and Mexico     | United States Tariff Commission               |
|  | Veterans Administration                       |



*Utah State Government*



trolled in the aggregate, American public finance spending and collected more revenues than the National Government. Since 1913 this picture has changed. With the income tax amendment to the Federal Constitution, and the demands of the citizens on the National Government, national expenditures now amount to around fifty billions of dollars per year in 1950, while the forty-eight states together spend around ten to twelve billions.

The states are being by-passed from above and beneath. New York City has a bigger government than New York State. Mayor O'Dwyer has a bigger budget and a larger administration sphere than Governor Dewey. Why? Urbanization and industrialization. The American people live in cities in 1950; there are only five or six million farm families—a small minority, but a vital one. For the farm areas, the rural areas, control most of the American state legislatures due to failure to reapportion representation after each census. Consequently, state governors and state legislatures are short of tax resources and short of effective powers. So, the city populations turn to Washington for federal services, or to their urban municipalities wherever possible. For the states to regain a place of significance in the American economy will probably require reallocation of tax resources, expansion of state budgets and services in proportion to national services.

However, it is doubtful that national expenditures can be reduced because of the demands of war and growing populations. There is great need for statesmanship at the state

level in America today, to provide strong and effective state governments as effective counterweight to the giant in Washington.

#### 4. Local Government

Local government suffers from the same disease as state government, existing on a static diet based on the general property tax, while the Federal Government thrives on a rich diet—the national income tax. Moreover, national revenues are more or less politically painless; i.e. national taxes are withheld from the overwhelming majority of voters so that what they never receive, they never miss. Consequently, the voters view Uncle Sam as a great and truly rich uncle. On the other hand, every home owner feels political pressure from the general property tax, and punishes local officials when taxes are raised in his community. Local government, consequently, operates under widespread political observation and scrutiny, compared with Washington. Actually, local taxes and state taxes, one could argue, *should be where the increases come*, from time to time, as population and growth take place. It requires money to build roads and maintain schools. There are 36,000,000 vehicles today where there were none in 1900. This requires increased government expenditures. The increase has largely come at the federal level, the politically-painless, withholding way. Meanwhile, states and localities have struggled to keep in business at some comparable ratio to the National Government, but have been kept alive

largely through doses of federal aid at times of stress. This paradox must be understood as we strive to maintain local government, use the states as responsible administrative areas, and at the same time use the National Government as a principal instrument for maintaining conditions of peace and prosperity, at home and abroad.

The power is in the people to judge and to formulate policy. That power must be exercised with vigor and caution; with foresight and wisdom, that liberty may continue to prevail. Constitutional crises may then become constitutional opportunities for the growth and expansion of self government.

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### *The Living Bread*

Margaret B. Shomaker

I sent a thin white word of prayer  
Because you knew my goal;  
I asked for food, the staff of life,  
And for the peace of soul.

You answered with unspoken words  
Because you knew my plight  
And fed me with the living bread  
Clothed in eternal light.

### *When I Leave*

Dorothy J. Roberts

When I leave, remember,—  
One bright, yellow rose  
To place upon the ember  
Where these communions close;

One last leaf to settle  
Where, in a mind, had lain  
A country town; one petal  
Upon a heart's refrain;

One loved hue to flower  
Above the coming night;

One bud from a bower  
Of stamened, golden light;

One last homage proffered  
The tranquil, quiet way  
Of a memory-coffered  
Country Sabbath day;

One last bloom to mellow  
Above the eyes, asleep,  
Used to fences, yellow  
Where old sweetbriars creep.

# President George F. Richards

## A TRIBUTE

Elder Joseph Fielding Smith  
Of the Council of the Twelve



PRESIDENT GEORGE F. RICHARDS

**F**OR forty years I sat in council, attended conferences, and served in various ways with President George F. Richards. He, with Elders Orson F. Whitney and David O. McKay, was called into the council of the apostles in April 1906. Four years later, in April 1910, I followed. From that time forward until his death I was closely associated with President Richards.

We have traveled together from one end of the stakes of Zion to the other. In the early days, we, the brethren of the general authorities, went two by two in the visits to the stakes of Zion. Where rail-

roads did not take us, and such places were numerous, we usually traveled in what were known as "whitetops," which were light spring wagons. Distant trips usually meant appointments to two stakes, frequently to three or four.

On such trips meetings were held daily between stake conferences in the various settlements, or wards, of the stakes. Such trips were over bumpy roads, sometimes merely trails, through heavy dust in the summer and the biting cold of the winter, frequently through heavy mud or heavy snows. Roads were not kept open in those days as they are today. However, in making these extended journeys by team, at times suffering from the heat or the cold, we had the assurance that our teams would carry us through safely, even if the journeys would be long. Today, with good paved roads and swift automobiles, we are not always so sure of reaching our destination in such safety, for now the brethren face hazards on icy roads, and with the help of the Lord have been preserved miraculously, at times. I repeat, in that early day, we went two by two, today the brethren have to travel singly. In 1910; there were only thirty-eight stakes of Zion and today they number 180, and they are still increasing.

**I**N 1921, President George F. Richards was appointed president of the Salt Lake Temple and I was appointed to be his counselor.

From that day until his passing we were closely associated in the work of the temple. I do not remember the time when I first became acquainted with him; it was several years before his call to the apostleship. He and I were privileged to accompany President Joseph F. Smith and his party to the dedication of the birthplace and monument in memory of the Prophet Joseph Smith on the one hundredth anniversary of the Prophet's birth. On this trip President Richards and I became more closely acquainted.

I would like to say something which I have not mentioned before. Not long after his call into the apostleship, he, one day, said to me that the time would come when I would also be called into that council. I felt at the time that in this he could not have spoken by inspiration, for at the time I had an older brother, Hyrum M., in that council; moreover, President George Albert Smith, my cousin several generations removed, was in that council, as was his father, John Henry Smith. Naturally, because of this condition, I dismissed the thought as merely a wish and paid no heed to it.

I have always honored, respected, and loved President George F. Richards because of his deep devotion to the cause of Zion, his great faith in the restored gospel, his sincere adherence to every principle of the truth that has been revealed. He loved the truth and his steadfast devotion was due to the fact that the Holy Spirit had borne upon his soul the truth of all these things. I feel assured that never was there a doubt in his mind of

the great mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith, nor did he ever lose his faith and devotion to the Prophet's successors, for the Lord had made known to him that all these things are true.

He taught his family by example as well as by precept. It has often been remarked by his brethren that he, with the help of Sister Richards, to whom much of the credit of course is due, trained his children in the truth, and they have walked steadfastly, without exception, in the footsteps of their beloved father.

The Lord once said of Abraham: "Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do . . . . For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him." So, likewise, could the Lord have spoken of President George F. Richards. He commanded his children, and they are keeping the commandments of the Lord. I pray that they may continue to do so to the latest generation.

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. has said that a great man has been taken from us. This is verily true. We, his brethren, miss him greatly. We would have kept him with us longer, but he had filled his mission here, and his work now accompanies him into the spirit world, there to be continued until the great day when the Lord shall say: "Ye saints arise and live; ye sinners stay and sleep until I shall call again," for with the righteous he shall come forth from the dead when the Lord shall come.

# Home Is Where You Make It

Olive Woolley Burt

**C**HERRY got up from the bed across which she had flung herself, and went to the mirror. She'd have to fix her face before Hal came. She didn't want him to see that she had been crying.

She went slowly across the hall to the bathroom, washed her face in cold water, and brushed back the light brown hair that curled softly around her face, now rumpled from burrowing in the pillow.

Back in the bedroom her mother had turned over to her and Hal—her own old room—she was just fastening a scarlet bow above her ear when Hal came in.

"How's ma honey?" he sang gaily, putting his arms about her and bending until his face was beside hers in the mirrored reflection.

Cherry smiled.

"Right as rain!" she answered, and put up her hands to cuddle Hal's cheek. Oh, how she loved him! Hal put his hand under her chin and tipped her face toward the window. He studied it thoughtfully.

"Tears, Cherry?" he asked. "What's wrong, honey?"

"Nothing, Hal," she answered. "I was just thinking—how much I love you. I must skip now, and help Mother with dinner."

She slipped away from his hand and dashed out into the hall and downstairs.

She went into the dining room and saw that the table was already set. The sight sent a sharp, irritating sensation up her spine. Her mother was still angry, then. She was showing it in her customary

way, by doing the things Cherry was expected to do, silently shutting Cherry out.

Cherry went into the kitchen. She wasn't a child to be punished in this way. Why did she feel it was punishment anyway? The answer was easy—because it was punishment. Your mother didn't have to beat you to punish you. Her mother had never even scolded her. Her method was more subtle, more devastating. She just shut Cherry out of everything—out of all the life of the home, by taking over her daughter's little chores. It had always worked, Cherry thought resentfully. But she was a woman, now. She would pay no attention to her mother's tacit reprimands.

"Shall I make the salad?" she asked brightly.

**H**ER mother, busy at the stove, shook her head.

"No, really, darling; there's nothing to do. Why don't you go sit on the porch and keep Daddy company?"

Suddenly Cherry could fight it no longer. She turned and left the kitchen, and met Hal coming down the stairs.

"Hal!" she begged, "take me in to town for dinner! Please, Hal—and a show."

Hal glanced into the dining room, at the table set for the four of them.

"But your mother . . ." he began doubtfully.

"Hal!" Cherry couldn't keep her voice from shaking. "Hal, take me

away for dinner . . . or . . . or I'll go alone!"

Her husband looked at her, and nodded.

"Okay, honey, come along."

On the porch Cherry paused, ran across to her father, reading the evening paper in the porch swing.

"Daddy, dear!" she bent and gave him a swift hug and a kiss on the top of his head where there was no hair to interrupt. "Daddy, tell Mother, Hal and I have gone into town. We don't know when we'll be back."

"No dinner?" her father asked mildly.

"We're stepping out, Daddy. Dinner in town."

Her father nodded. He was wonderful. It made no difference to him whether Cherry went out to dinner. He was so sure of her love for him and his for her, that nothing ruffled his composure in his dealings with her.

\* \* \*

**D**RIVING along the wide country road toward town, Cherry nestled against Hal's arm. He asked her nothing, until a tiny sigh warned him that she was ready to explain.

Then he said, "Out with it, Ladybird. No use strangling on it."

"Hal," Cherry spoke determinedly, "we've got to get away. I just can't stand it living in Mother's house any longer. I just can't!" she added emphatically.

"Okay," Hal agreed, "have you decided where we are going to go?"

"I don't care where we go! It is unbearable there. Mother still thinks I'm a child. She still tells me what to do and what not to do. She

still punishes me if I don't mind her."

Hal grinned.

"That is news," he said. "I had a notion that my spoiled darling had never been punished at all."

"Don't be funny, Hal!" Cherry was not in the mood to enjoy her husband's wit. "Of course I've not been beaten . . ."

His hand left the wheel and he hugged her impulsively.

"You're precious!" he said.

"Well," Cherry went on, reasonably, "there are worse punishments than whipping. And Mother knows how to administer them very effectively. When she takes over my jobs—like she did tonight—setting the table . . ."

"Most girls would be glad to have their mothers do their jobs like that."

Cherry shook her head. "No. She was mad at me, Hal. We had a quarrel today . . . over the baby."

Hal couldn't help showing his amused disbelief.

"Over the baby?" he asked. "Poor kid—not even born yet—and he's causing strife in the family."

"Mother thinks I should name him after Daddy. She says Daddy has always been so good to me—and he has, Hal. I love him very much. But I love someone else more—and I think you have the right to have your first son named after you . . ."

"Why not name him after both of us—Harold J. Levi Bronson Mel-drum?" Hal asked, trying to sound serious.

"Well, I didn't mind her having an opinion, and telling it to me, Hal," Cherry went on, ignoring his suggestion, "but when I said no, and she began arguing, and then her

lips went tight—just like they always do when she's angry; and then she switched out into the kitchen and started to whip up a cake—a chocolate cake, when I had just told her I wanted to make one for you—she just did it to punish me. I can't stay a little girl just because they have been good to us. So we've got to move, Hal—before the baby comes. We've got to."

**H**AL drove along a little way, without speaking. From time to time his eyes left the road and looked down at his pretty young wife. He estimated the misery in her face, the rebellion and unhappiness, and came to his resolution.

"Okay, honey," he said gently. "You're not a little girl to me. I know that when you decide a thing, you've given it thought. We'll move at once. Somewhere we will find a place. Now forget it for awhile, and let's enjoy a real, old-time date. How's about it?"

He parked the car and, taking her arm, led her down the sidewalk to the biggest hotel in town.

"Roof garden would seem good on a hot night like this, don't you think?" he asked.

Cherry glanced swiftly at her dress.

"Hal, I'm not . . . ."

"You're wonderful," he assured her. "You walk like a queen, and so your dress looks extra special, no matter what it is."

Cherry laughed, and they went up in the elevator.

The dinner was very good; and after the dinner Hal suggested a technicolor musical that was showing in a nearby theater.

When it was over and they went

out into the star-bright night again, Hal turned back toward the hotel.

"The car's down this way, Hal," she reminded him.

"No, it isn't. I've parked it in the hotel garage, when I left you there at dinner for a few minutes," Hal explained. "And, honey, I've got us a room in the hotel tonight. I called your mother and told her we were staying in town, so everything's okay. In the morning we can decide . . . ."

"Is mother still mad at me?" Cherry asked timidly.

Hal shook his head.

"I made everything okay," he assured her.

It was like a honeymoon again—the two of them alone in a hotel room, with the lights of the city twinkling on and off through the windows. It was heavenly to be alone with Hal—all alone.

**T**HE next morning Hal slipped away and to work, and Cherry lay luxuriously in bed, looking at the ceiling, feeling rich. After awhile there was a knock on the door, and there was her breakfast, all the things she liked best, for her to enjoy in bed. And a newspaper. She studied the classified ads.

She got up at last, bathed and dressed, and went out, the folded newspaper in her hand. When she went to the desk, the clerk handed her the car keys.

"Mr. Meldrum said for you to use the car today, Ma'am," he said, courteously.

Cherry was glad—and free. She went to the garage and the attendant brought the car, and she set out to answer the one or two not very

promising ads listing rooms and apartments.

There was only one real vacancy—she was either too late for the others, or they had never existed at all. This one, though, was in an awful looking house. Cherry's nose lifted in distaste as she followed the landlady up the dark stairs to the third floor.

At the second floor landing, a big, burly dark man came thundering against them, shoving them back against the wall as he passed.

"Why don't you watch where you're going, Steve?" shouted the landlady.

The fellow gave an ugly grunt and went on, clomping down the stairs.

"Not very courteous, is he?" Cherry said.

"Not him. But that's nothin'. Folks here ain't got time to be courteous. Got work to do."

"Does he live here?" Cherry asked, shuddering.

"Sure—next room to the one I'm showin' you."

Cherry didn't even look at the room, then. She didn't even see the peeling paper and the smudgy windows. She just shook her head and said, "No, thanks. I'm afraid this won't do."

"Better take it and be glad," the woman said sourly. "Aren't many apartments in this town."

When Hal came to the hotel room that night, he found a very tired, but not discouraged Cherry waiting for him.

"Any luck?" he asked, kissing her.

"Not yet. But there's always tomorrow. We can't stay here very long," she said. "We can't afford

it, Hal. Remember, we've got some big expenses coming up."

"I know, dear," he agreed. "And I'm looking for a place, too. But it takes a little time. Did you call your mother today?"

"No," Cherry answered, hesitatingly, "but I'm going to."

She dialed her mother doubtfully, remembering her own resentment when she left home, and half expecting that her mother's would have increased in the interval.

But her mother's voice was sweet and cheerful, and Cherry listened in vain for any hint of anger.

"Darling!" her mother cried, "have you had any luck? Hal said you were going to find an apartment, come what might."

"I've tried, Mother," Cherry answered, "but you've no idea . . ."

"Oh, but I have, dear! I think you and Hal had a marvelous idea, though, to stay right in town where you could grab one if it so much as poked its nose out of the ground. Tell me what it's been like."

**T**HEY talked. It was like old times, and Cherry felt tears behind her lashes as she realized how hungry she had been for the sound of her mother's voice.

But I'm not going to give in, she told herself fiercely. I'm not going to be soft, ever again!

She could hardly bear to hang up the receiver. Hal was already stretched out in bed.

"I'm dead tired," he groaned, "I didn't get any lunch—used my lunch hour to go with Jim Stanton to look at a place he passed on his way to work—folks were moving out then. But someone else had moved in by the time we got there." He yawned.



Cherry didn't even get a nibble the next day, either, but on the third day she met Anne Gillespie who lived in an apartment hotel high on the bench east of town. When Anne heard of Cherry's plight, she spoke enthusiastically, "Listen, Cherry, Mrs. Saunders, an old lady in the apartment above me, has a room. Her son and daughter-in-law have been with her, but he has been sent East. She's been hanging onto that extra room for dear life. I'll bet you and Hal could get it."

"Take me to her!" cried Cherry, and she almost pushed Anne toward the car.

Mrs. Saunders was a very charming lady, and she seemed definitely ready to let them have the extra room. But she hesitated.

"There's just one thing," she said gently. "I do not sleep well, and I will have to require that you be in early, and that you make no disturbance at all after I go to bed."

Cherry swallowed hard. Then she said, as pleasantly as she could, "Well, of course, Mrs. Saunders, I realize that you would be doing us a great favor, indeed, taking us in, and we'd both try to do everything possible to be unobtrusive and no trouble, but I'd like to talk to my husband before settling the matter. Will it be all right if I phone you this evening?"

She was discouraged, telling Hal about it.

"It would be terrible," she moaned. "She looks so gentle, but you could see she has a will of iron. She's a tyrant, if ever there was one. Oh, Hal!"

"We don't want her old room," Hal said. "Listen, honey! I've heard of a duplex."

"What are we waiting for?" cried Cherry.

The desk clerk stopped their mad rush.

"Mr. Meldrum," he said, courteously, "you realize, I suppose, that tomorrow your four days are up?"

Cherry stared, openmouthed.

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"Mr. Meldrum only took the room for four days, and it has already been reserved for another guest. He will be in tomorrow. The room is to be vacated by two o'clock."

Cherry thought she had never been so angry in her life. She switched along, seething.

When Hal caught up with her, she said resentfully, "I never heard of such insolence. Hal, what is the world coming to?"

Hal answered miserably, "I should have told you, but I thought we'd get a place by now. Maybe we will," he added, hopefully.

The duplex was still vacant. They rang the bell of the owner, who lived in one side.

"It's all been newly decorated, and fixed up," the owner bragged, turning on the light. Cherry gasped in delight. It was lovely.

"Of course," the landlord went on, "we've always kept it nice, and we're very careful about our tenants. No shenanigans, you understand, no parties or noise, no dogs or children."

Cherry stared at him. Should she keep silent, tacitly deny the wonderful thing that had happened to her and Hal? Never.

"We're going to have a baby," she said distinctly, "but of course, you

(Continued on page 694)

# American Pottery and Porcelain

## PART II—CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN WARES

Rachel K. Laurgaard

Illustrations by Elizabeth Williamson

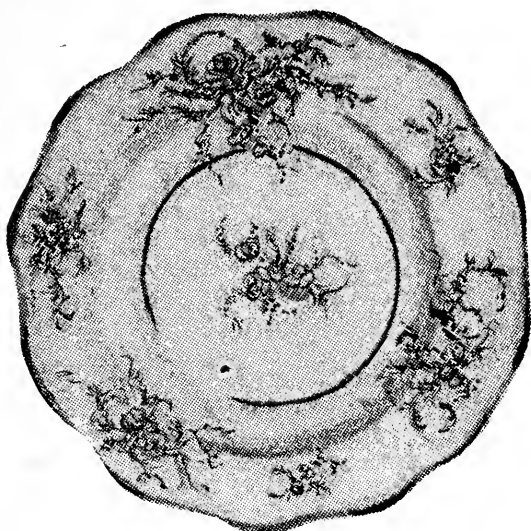
IT has been the dream of many American potters to create a distinctly American china which could stand beside the finest wares of other nations and make the most discriminating purchasers proud to "Buy American." Among those who dreamed that dream was Walter Scott Lenox. Growing up in the pottery district of Trenton, New Jersey, he developed an intense interest in the ceramic activity around him, and determined to lend his skill and energy to its fulfillment.

Although even his financial backers prophesied failure, he established his own factory and set about paying off his debts and perfecting his product. He called it American Beleck, for it was the thin, ivory-tinted, lustrous china of the little factory in Ireland which he chose to emulate in design and appearance, though not in fragility. His goal was too close to relinquish, when, in 1895, he became blind and paralyzed, but with the aid of a faithful secretary and an accomplished designer, he worked on. New shapes and patterns were created, and the china was no longer called Beleck, but Lenox. Soon it was appearing in the finest shops of the land. Then, President and Mrs. Wilson ordered a 1700-piece service decorated with a design adapted from the Stars and Stripes, to replace the old china, and Mr. Lenox knew that he had succeeded where all others before him had failed!

Since that time, other fine American chinas have been put on the market. The Onondaga Pottery Company of Syracuse, New York, manufactures the beautiful Syracuse China—Old Ivory Syracuse, with its soft cream-colored body, decorated with informal sprays and borders of flowers, or, more formally, with simple designs and bands of gold; and Shell Edge Syracuse with a white, very translucent body, decorated with fruit, floral, or deep-sea motifs.

The Shenango Pottery Company of New Castle, Pennsylvania, large manufacturers of vitrified hotel china, have recently become interested in two top-ranking home tablewares. Since 1936, they have been carrying on the production of Haviland china, using formulas, and workmen skilled in their use, sent from the Limoges factory. Thus it is now possible to fill in sets of the famous gold-band Haviland and other traditional styles, or to choose a completely new and modern pattern of this beloved ware.

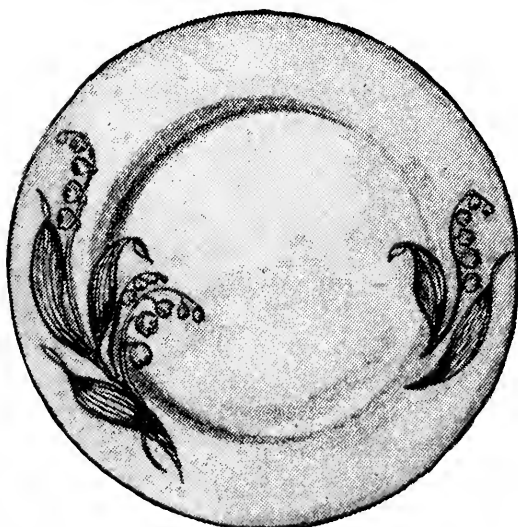
Castleton china is another enterprise of the Shenango Corporation. The body of this new ware is of a warm ivory tone, decorated with a wide variety of patterns created by eminent contemporary artists. Adaptations of traditional Oriental and baroque floral designs are available, as well as simple and distinguished modern styles. A recent Castleton dinnerware service, produced in collaboration with the



HAVILAND  
(ROSALINDE PATTERN)



SYRACUSE—SHELL EDGE



CASTLETON

Museum of Modern Art in New York, is a form so chaste and lovely that it requires no decoration.

THESE three companies, together with several others producing similar wares, call their product vitrified china, a name which distinguishes it from the chinas produced elsewhere in the world. The difference is to be found mainly in one ingredient of their formula—feldspar. English china is made of various mixtures of clay, flint, and bone ash. Oriental chinas contain bone ash, also, to make the body white and translucent, and help it to keep its shape in the firing, while American vitrified china is composed of clay, flint, and feldspar. In the extreme heat of the kiln, the feldspar melts and partially dissolves the flint and clay, cementing the particles together. Thus, the ware becomes “vitrified”—dense, non-absorbent, and translucent. Flints, clays, and feldspar from different localities have different qualities, and thus each china company has its own formulas and methods of production.

Less expensive than vitrified china, and yet approaching it in some of its qualities, is semi-vitrified china or semi-porcelain. Non-translucent, slightly more absorbent than vitrified china, with less costly decorations, semi-vitrified china is still a very durable product. It is a crowning achievement of our American ceramic makers that even the tablewares found in our ten-cent stores are remarkably attractive and give good service.

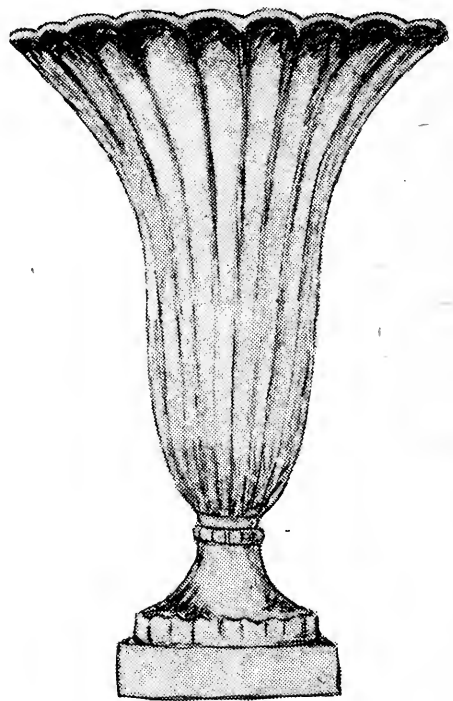
The cost of any ceramic ware depends mainly on the cost of the workmanship involved. Time and

skill are more costly than materials. The transfer printing process, as in the days of Wedgwood, is a good deal less expensive than hand decoration. Recently, wonderful advances have been made in multi-color underglaze printing, and, today, only the very cheapest ware is decorated with overglaze printed pictures.

Gold decoration is accomplished in several ways, but always over the glaze, for gold, like some colors, cannot withstand the high glaze firing. At the Lenox factory, which specializes in gold decoration, only twenty-four carat coin gold is used. It may be painted on by the artist with a brush, applied by a method called dry ground laying, or by the acid-gold, or etching, method. In the dry ground laying process, a sticky size is applied to the dish and the gold is dusted on in the form of powder. Etching is accomplished by covering the piece with an acid-resisting wax, leaving the design exposed. It is dipped into hydrofluoric acid, which eats away the exposed portion. The protective wax is then removed, and gold painted on the design. Pieces ornamented with gold are fired in a decorating kiln, and later polished by hand. When several colors are applied in addition to the gold, it is often necessary to fire the pieces several times, thus adding to the cost.

**T**HE type of gold used on less expensive wares is called liquid bright gold or luster. This, like the overglaze printed pictures, eventually wears off with use.

In the field of design the break with tradition is becoming more and more evident. Top-ranking artists are being hired by china companies



LENOX VASE

to create patterns that are truly American in feeling. An outstanding example is "American Modern," designed by Russel Wright, and made by Steubenville Pottery Company. The shapes are new and rhythmical, and the attractive colors of the glazes are described by their names—Granite Gray, Curry, Bean Brown, and Sea Blue.

Among the many interesting patterns created by Victor Schreckengost, artist for the Sebring Pottery Company, American Limoges China Company, and the Salem China Company, are "Comet" with its flame-red lines and platinum stars, and the quaint "Godey" pattern, authentically reproducing Godey prints.

Gladding-McBean Company of California, a large tile and drain-pipe producer, makes vitrified china of pleasing shape, and the colorful and popular Franciscan Pottery. Vernon Pottery, also of California,

puts out the attractive ware with underglaze pictures by the artists Don Blanding and Rockwell Kent.

Recent trends toward informality—patio suppers and barbecues, or cozy groups around the fireplace—have given new impetus to the production of artistic stoneware. In it the beautiful colors and textures of earthenware can be combined with the durability and non-porous cleanliness of vitrified china; for stoneware is made from colored clays fired at a high temperature, while china is made from white clays.

The future of American ceramics has never appeared brighter. We have finally come to appreciate what we have in our own back yard—literally, as well as figuratively, for the ceramics hobbyist who digs his own clay and experiments with local materials and original shapes and glazes, is breathing life and vitality into the potter's art, which can influence American ceramics as a whole; and develop in us as subtle an appreciation for beauty as that acquired by those who lived during other great periods of ceramic accomplishment.

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## *After the Harvest*

Leone E. McCune

Now earth has given every lavish gift.  
 The harvest of the orchard, garden, field,  
 Is stored against the fruitless days ahead.  
 The flame of sumac, gold of poplar tree,  
 Have changed to mauve and brown, and indigo  
 Of heavens paled to gray. The burning sun  
 No longer sends its penetrating rays  
 To ripen fruit or consummate the stem.  
 The last sweet sounds of summer disappear  
 In muted bird note, southward in the sky.  
 The bearing of such sumptuous gifts has taxed  
 The earth beyond endurance; weary, spent,  
 She drapes her cloak about her, rests, and dreams.

## *Pioneer*

Beatrice Knowlton Ekman

Though eighty years have etched her face,  
 Her eyes have not grown dull or dim;  
 She walks with her accustomed grace,  
 Her slender figure tall and trim.

She has plumbed the depths of life,  
 Billows, shoals, and undertows;  
 Loved and been loved—mother and wife,  
 Knowing all a woman knows.

## *Songs of Gladness*

Grace B. Wilson

Time was I found the happiness  
 That solitude was bringing;  
 But as the days grew long and long  
 My heart held no glad singing.

Then, with the coming of my love,  
 Woke such ecstatic madness,  
 My heart is now no longer strange  
 To sudden songs of gladness.

# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, October 1 and October 15, 1890

“FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE  
WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS”

**A REMEMBRANCE OF JOSEPH THE PROPHET:** How little does the world know of the great Prophet who came among us and turned the “key in behalf of woman” nearly half a century ago. I am thankful that I had the privilege of being somewhat acquainted with that noble man, the Prophet Joseph, and hearing sublime truths from his lips, which at the time, probably, I did not so fully appreciate. I have lived to see many of his predictions fulfilled, and still greater events are at hand. The last time he left his home in Nauvoo he said: “I go as a lamb to the slaughter.” I saw him pass with his brother Hyrum whom he could not persuade to leave him. They were on horseback and looked very solemn. Joseph knew he would never return alive. It was a terrible blow to the Saints; but they soon learned to acknowledge the hand of the Lord and that their beloved leader still labors in a higher sphere for the good of Zion.

TO E. A.

“Forget not the lone one!” thus thou hast written:  
Thinkest thou, dearest, we’ll ever forget,  
The poor, weary heart which too early was smitten,  
Hath suffered and waited, and suffereth yet.

Dark days have pass’d o’er thee, since last we met thee;  
But there’s a day when we’ll know no regret;  
Thinkest thou, dearest, we’ll ever forget thee?  
No, gentle friend, we will never forget.

—Lula

**IF YOU WANT TO BE LOVED:** Don’t find fault. Don’t contradict people, even if you’re sure you are right. Don’t be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friends. Don’t underrate anything because you don’t possess it. Don’t believe that everyone else in the world is happier than you. Don’t conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life. Don’t believe all the evil you hear. Don’t repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd. Don’t go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you. Don’t be rude to your inferiors in social position. Don’t over or under dress. Don’t express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about. Don’t try to be anything but a gentlewoman—and that means a woman who has consideration for the whole world, and whose life is governed by the Golden Rule.—Selected

**SALT LAKE STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE:** Mrs. E. S. Taylor said: “I hope we all have a testimony of the Gospel, and not let a spirit of indifference creep over us so that we will be asleep. We should be a peculiar people in faith, in healing the sick, in the blessings of the Gospel. Many are cultivating the knowledge of the Gospel, but many are getting careless, let us teach our children the faith that can heal our sick. We are living in perilous times and we are getting to love pleasure more than right, spending money in many ways that are not right, true pleasure is not enjoyed in such things, it is only by the presence of the spirit of God we enjoy true pleasure.” Mrs. Ann Griffiths said: “I had the privilege of shaking hands with the Prophet in Nauvoo, and the precious feeling of friendship has never left my hand yet.”—E. Howard, Sec.



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

**A**FTER thirty years tenancy in the Utah State Capitol building, the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers organization in July moved its headquarters to the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers Memorial Museum at 304 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, thus fulfilling a long cherished dream. For fourteen years, under the presidency of Kate B. (Mrs. Austin) Carter, and with Cornelia S. (Mrs. Anthony C.) Lund as memorial chairman, contributions have poured in from Daughters in all parts of the world, and from many communities and special donors. It is fitting that the impressive historical relics be housed in this beautiful building at the head of Main Street, where tourists and descendants of pioneers may view and appreciate the relics.

**RUTH CHAPMAN HARTKOPF**, housewife, is doing an expert job as secretary-manager of the Eastern Idaho State Fair at Blackfoot. This position calls for physical stamina, sound judgment, diplomacy, and business ability, and is rarely undertaken by a woman. Fourteen counties participate, and the grounds cover thirty-six acres. The attendance last year exceeded 95,000.

**MARIA COOMBS TAYLOR** of Parowan died May 4th, shortly after her 100th birthday. She was believed to be the fourth oldest Utahn.

**ALMA ELIZABETH MINEER FELT**, ninety-five, died July 28th. A pioneer of 1861, Mrs. Felt gave devoted service to her Church as a guide on Temple Square, in the Mutual Improvement Association, and in the Relief Society, where she was active for forty years, serving twelve years as president of the Eleventh Ward Relief Society, Salt Lake City. She directed plays and operas, was assistant wardrobe mistress of the Salt Lake Theater, and appeared in plays and choruses there.

**UTAH'S** delegates to Girls Nation, in Washington, D.C., were two seventeen-year-old girls, Vanet Sorensen of Salt Lake City and Winona Crosby of St. George. This participation is a wonderful opportunity and should help develop leadership among American women.

**SHE** probably never went to Girls State or Nation, nevertheless, attractive, feminine-looking Mrs. George H. Davis, only twenty-eight, and mother of three children, was elected mayor of Washington, Virginia, on an all-women slate, which defeated an all-male slate. The population of the town is 250.

**STENA SCORUP** of Salina, a Utah school teacher and the State's first woman mayor, died last summer.



## *The Quest for Peace*

LATTER-day Saints living today are seeing many prophecies related to the last days, coming to pass. One of them was stated by Isaiah in these words: "For the wisdom of their wise men shall perish and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid" (Isaiah 29:14).

Recently a convention, participated in by men versed in the learning of the world, was held. The question which was discussed was the way to peace. Many words were spoken and many viewpoints set forth and, although each person directed his remarks along the line in which he had spent years of training, the results were negligible and even trivial. So seem the councils of men throughout the world, the wisdom of their wise men has perished.

To a Latter-day Saint such groping for truth seems incredibly childish and futile. The Maker of heaven and earth has revealed truth to his children—it is available to all mankind. There is the written word—"For verily the voice of the Lord is unto all men, and there is none to escape" (D. & C. 1:2); and there are the words of the Lord's living prophets, seers, and revelators.

Centuries ago Isaiah gave a recipe for peace: "And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever. And my people

shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places" (Isaiah 32:17-18). On the contrary, he declared, "There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked" (Isaiah 48:22).

We read in modern scripture, "We believe that no government can exist in peace, except such laws are framed and held inviolate as will secure to each individual the free exercise of conscience, the right and control of property, and the protection of life." In view of present conditions throughout much of the world, it is not to be wondered at that the Lord, in 1831, declared, "The hour is not yet, but is nigh at hand, when peace shall be taken from the earth, and the devil shall have power over his dominions."

The words of the living prophets warn the inhabitants of the earth that only through righteousness, through repentance and turning from evil, may peace again be established.

The contemplation of the fulfillment of such prophecies should, however, bring not despair but hope and joy to the Latter-day Saint who prays daily, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." All inhabitants of the world are subject to the irrevocable laws of a just God. As men sow, so shall they reap, for the Lord has said, "What I the Lord have spoken, I have spoken . . . and



though the heavens and the earth pass away, my word shall not pass away, but shall all be fulfilled. . . ."

The Latter-day Saint knows the voice of his Shepherd and puts his trust in his peace: "These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace" (John 16:33); "And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep

your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus" (Phil. 4:7).

Though this might be the time when peace shall be taken from the earth, the time when the rains descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow, yet the spirit of the righteous man need not fail, for the peace of God will keep his heart and mind.

—M.C.S.

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## *Once Again*

Grace M. Candland

Once again the hillside leaves are turning,  
The harvest crops are safe in pit and barn;  
Sumacs have begun their annual burning,  
And crisping air has drifted in to warn  
Of coming frost. Then chestnut burs release  
Their shining seed, the orchard yield will fall,  
The song of bird and insect chirp will cease,  
Squadrons of geese repeat their parting call.

The summer's growth will turn to final mold  
To loam the soil for future bud and bloom;  
In quiet majesty the year grows old—  
The ceaseless change of nature's magic loom.

We welcome autumn days devoid of stress  
And gather to our hearts their loveliness.

## *October Winds*

Rose Thomas Graham

October winds croon sleepy lullabies  
To nodding summer flowers and drooping trees;  
And frost-kissed leaves like winging butterflies

Play tag, suspended in the autumn breeze,  
Then stamp upon the grass a Persian shawl,  
Or bank the fence in ornamental frieze.

Bared branches gently scrape the garden wall,  
With slender fingers tap the windowpane;  
Birds, flying south, send back a parting call.

Deserted nests hang heavy in the rain  
On limbs that bow to winters, overlong.  
Sweet dreams attend; it will be spring again.

## *Enchantment in Oils*

Elaine Swain

Each day I walk a country lane  
That creeps between the hills,  
To gather rust and golden leaves  
A giant elm tree spills.

Each day I haunt October,  
Trace her footprints, search her lair  
To find new pools of sunshine  
Her magic has laid bare.

Each day—come summer, winter,  
spring,  
I revel in the fall,  
For, captured fast on canvas,  
Autumn hangs upon my wall!

# *Notes* TO THE FIELD

## *Request for Copies of "The Woman's Exponent"*

The General Board wishes to secure copies of *The Woman's Exponent* in order that a duplicate set of these magazines may be available for safekeeping and for reference in the general office of the Relief Society. It is requested that anyone having copies of any issue of the *Exponent* who would like to present them to the organization, please send them to: General Board of Relief Society, 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

## *"Relief Society Handbook" Available*

The *Handbook of Instructions* of the Relief Society is available at the office of the General Board, 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, price 60 cents each, postpaid. This handbook contains official instructions on Relief Society policies and procedure. It includes a detailed index for ready reference and will be invaluable to stake, ward, mission, and branch officers, class leaders, and visiting teachers.

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## *October Is Forever*

Lizabeth Wall

Here is a beauty for remembering:

This moment-of-October, scarlet-still,  
This quiet time that holds no flight of wing  
Nor any wind-song, wild from any hill.  
And I shall keep this peace to fold about  
Less lovely seasons I shall surely know:  
A young, uncertain springtime tinged with doubt,  
Or any winter, silent under snow.  
So let me etch upon my heart each leaf,  
Each arrowed shaft of sun upon the grass,  
To armor me against impending grief  
And warm me when these amber hours pass.

# White September

Ezra J. Poulsen

## CHAPTER 2

*Synopsis:* Against his will, Jim Bates finds himself again very much interested in Daphne Sommers when she returns to Knowlton after an absence of ten years. Jim, the town banker, worries about his assistant Tom Andrews, in love with Daphne's niece Mollie Dangerfield, who, like her Aunt Daphne, seems to have a frivolous disposition and seems to take life lightly. Daphne goes to Jim's bank and borrows three thousand dollars, with the Sommers home as security, to send Mollie to Europe for the summer. "You'll ruin Mollie," Jim accuses, as Daphne leaves the bank.

THE day seemed to drag out endlessly, and my mind underwent a slow process of disillusionment. My resolve to keep clear of Daphne melted like ice in the sun. It was evident she would cause our paths to cross whenever it suited her purpose. Already I could see I was involved in her schemes, and there was little I could do about it. At first, I thought I'd warn Tom, and urge him to fight back, but second thought made this seem foolish. I'd only get poor Tom into a worse fix than ever.

As soon as the day's work was over, I saddled my horse and went for a ride. In Knowlton we don't play golf, but we do take pride in our horses. In fact, you might say we've carried the horse tradition down from cowboy days to the present sleek, polished riding club era. But, in my case, riding was a means of getting away by myself. It was a lonely habit, developed during my years of bachelorhood, and prompted by my inherent love for the hills west of Knowlton where I had hunted cows as a youngster. The hills,

the valley, the lake—that was my world.

Charger, my brown quarter horse, always followed the cow trail northward from Main Canyon through a low pass near the Ringel place, and headed toward the old Humming Bird mine when I gave him his head. I often rode that way because I liked the view of the valley and lake from the top of the hill. In my abstraction, I hadn't paid attention to my surroundings until a flock of magpies in the willows made me aware of the small stream running down from the snowbank at my right. The zest of late spring stirred my blood. Throwing off my worries, I took a fleeting glance at the lake nestled in the southern end of the valley, then urged Charger to a gallop. He needed no more than a hint. Down the hollow we raced toward Sleight's Canyon. We would soon pass the claim cabin on the Jaussi homestead, climb the flat beyond the Long Ridge, and finally reach the Little Valley reservoir from which we would swing back down to the county road, and home.

I began to enjoy the stimulus of unconfined action, letting my fancy go completely free. I was almost reckless with speed as I whirled Charger into the canyon creek, dense with willows. But it all ended in a gasp of astonishment. Charger collided in midstream with a little bay mare, just emerging from the thicket on the opposite side. The force of the impact threw the mare back a trifle on her haunches. I heard a woman scream and saw

Daphne Sommers' terrified face as we both reined sharply, our horses' hoofs rattling on the slippery stones.

"Oh, Jim!"

"Daphne!"

Both of us spoke with the sharp surprise of people who see the subject of their thoughts materialize before their eyes.

"How did you get here?" I demanded.

"Up Sleight's Canyon. And you?"

"Came over from Main Canyon. I hope you're not hurt." I led her mare gently back to the green plot on the north side of the creek.

"Oh, no, I'm all right," she replied in a shaky voice. "We really came head on, though, didn't we?" she added with a nervous laugh.

**D**APHNE'S brown eyes reflected a challenging glint as she swept up the details of my careless, informal riding clothes. Instinctively I realized my khaki riding pants and shirt, together with my shapeless gray hat and high-top shoes were under her critical inspection, and the effect was to remind her that I was still a country boy. She'd always had a flare for clothes, I noted, glancing at her black doeskin breeches and shining russet boots. Her hair was mostly tucked out of sight under her jaunty blue riding cap; and over her cream satin blouse, she wore a trim red vest. She reminded me of a picture in a fashion magazine, but she affected me much more deeply.

"How about riding up to the old mine with me?" I dared, remembering we had once gone up there together in our younger days.

This pleased her. "Why, certainly!"

We both knew the way. I let her lead out. There was little said as we meandered through the aspens and elderberry bushes. But when we reached the mine, we became as playful as two children. She seemed as eager as I to refrain from mentioning the unpleasant past. We fed the wild chipmunks, explored the old bunkhouses, and peeked over the edge of the terrifying shaft, then threw rocks down it, and laughed as they echoed below. Finally, we stood together on the high, weed-grown dump, and looked down into the pleasant valley that had nurtured our childhood.

Here, in one mighty surge of emotion, my love for Daphne returned. I could have taken her in my arms and kissed her and forgiven everything, promising to be her devoted slave forever.

Daphne must have surmised my threatened disintegration, for she ran down the dump to where the horses were waiting, challenging me to follow. Springing on her mare, she started down the trail at a reckless speed.

By the time we reached the reservoir, where the road was wide enough for us to ride side by side, our horses were both reeking with sweat, and we were serious. Then, I discovered what was on her mind.

"Jim, I wish you'd do something about Tom Andrews," she complained. "He's making a perfect monkey of himself. At the party he was so jealous it was painful. To cap it all, he demanded his ring back last night."

If Daphne had deliberately chosen to make me angry, she couldn't

have picked a better subject. "Surely—surely, you don't blame him," I snapped. "Mollie's been leading him around by the nose now for over a year. And every day she gets more light-hearted and frivolous."

"Well, can't he stand a little competition? Must he lock her up like a cave man, and refuse to let her speak to anyone else?"

"Possibly, that would be a good idea," I replied ungallantly. "Tom's too good a boy to have her ruin his life. He's the best match she'll ever make. But he doesn't like to be kept dangling over a flame forever."

**D**APHNE'S eyes spit fire. "Oh, you men! Tom's all right. But he's a prude. He ought to marry a scrubwoman. I want to see Mollie happy. That's why I'm sending her to Europe where she can meet people and get an idea of what the world is like."

"You're ruining Mollie. You're making her a worthless scatterbrain. Just—just . . ." I floundered.

"Just like myself," she said slowly.

My face reddened. "No. That's not what I was going to say," I denied lamely.

But Daphne looked at me as if I'd struck her. In an instant, the buoyant, youthful quality which seemed to cling to her, almost as it did when she was twenty, faded. I could see she was suffering, but she took it with great calm.

"All right, Jim Bates, say it. You might as well. So I ran out on you. I was a muddle-headed flirt myself. I was fickle. I loved to keep men dangling. I had no emotional sta-

bility. All I thought of was clothes and parties. I was spoiled rotten!" Her voice broke with a dry little sob, but she recovered in a split second. "Yes, and that's only half of it. I hated smug, stupid men. And—and—I still do!"

"Why have you interfered with Tom and Mollie?" I pleaded. "Can't you see you're breaking them up?"

"If Tom can't wait a few months, he isn't much good. It's just that I don't want to see Mollie settle down and be a discontented wife all her life. I—I—want her to be the kind of wife I might have been," she added fiercely. "I want her to know her own heart."

After this, Daphne seemed unapproachable. I understood in a single moment of anguish why I had lost her. Below the Long Ridge, we let our horses swing into a lazy lope, kicking up the dust which settled like a veil on the greenery of the hills, as we rode back to town.

**M**OLLIE Dangerfield left for Europe with a friend of Daphne's, amid shouting and fanfare, just as Daphne had planned it. Tom Andrews was among the group of admirers who saw her off at the depot, but he wasn't conspicuous in the role of lover. In fact, several other suitors were becoming bold since the fall of Tom; and when he came back to the bank he was very sober and tight-lipped.

Knowlton settled back into its daily routine. During the summer dancing parties at the lake took up a large share of the younger set's time, with many of the older folks

tagging along, presumably in the role of chaperons, but, actually, to enjoy the fun. The lake has always been one of our most popular attractions.

Meanwhile, Daphne, with Mollie taken care of for the time being, turned her attention to another daring undertaking. She announced her intention to open a millinery and dress shop. A clear note of approval came from the younger set, for who would know about styles and such things better than Daphne Sommers? But a chorus of protests arose also from some quarters. Some of these came from seamstresses who didn't want the competition. Others came from mothers who didn't think Daphne's influence on their daughters was altogether good. She was worldly and extravagant, they said.

Again Daphne came into the bank. "I don't want to borrow any more money," she declared, as if conscious of what was at the moment passing through my mind. "But, Jim, I would like your advice."

I forced an uncomfortable laugh. "As a banker?" I asked.

"As a banker," she replied.

Seated again in my stuffy consultation room—it only seemed small and stuffy when she was in it—I listened while she explained her plans. "You—see—I learned to be a milliner after I tired of playing," she said in a tone which made me feel this statement cost her much. Her voice was so low I could hardly hear her, and her eyes, quite unlike her, were riveted on the table.

If my heart had gone overboard for her to my undoing, I was determined my banker's judgment

should not do likewise. Consequently, when I spoke, it was with a cold, professional air I was soon sorry for.

"To be honest with you," I said, "I don't see much of an opening here for a milliner, and even less for a dress shop. You know, nearly everyone buys in the larger towns. That's especially true of the women."

"There's nothing here they can buy," she replied spiritedly. "I think I can draw people. And I know I can give them the best service."

Suddenly I believed I saw something new in Daphne—something I'd never seen before, and had looked for in vain. It was a touch of humility. Was it possible she was a little afraid, and perhaps somewhat lonely? Unconsciously I must have let my face betray a touch of relief, which she promptly misinterpreted.

"It isn't easy to come back and start all over again," she said. "But I'm going to do it." Her tone became militant. "I'm going to fight to my last breath to show people I'm not what they think I am."

I loved her for those words. She had always been so glittering, so headstrong. Now, for an instant, she seemed at my level, a person needing companionship, advice, and sympathy. Figuratively speaking, I began to discard my banker's mantle as quickly as possible. But I was too slow.

Those glorious eyes of Daphne's flashed. "But why do I tell you these things? I might have known you wouldn't understand. You bankers—you have about as much understanding of human problems

as a piece of pavement." She swept up her little silver-mounted handbag, and left my office. "I'll show you, Jim Bates. I'll make a success of business right here under your nose, right here in this poky little town. And I won't ask for another dime out of your precious bank, either."

**T**HE soft red plume on her hat seemed to bow mockingly at me as she went through the door, and her slender form for a moment impressed me with the perfection of her gray, pin-striped suit. Daphne was devastating in her hats and suits; and her voice seemed to float back reproachfully to me from the corridor.

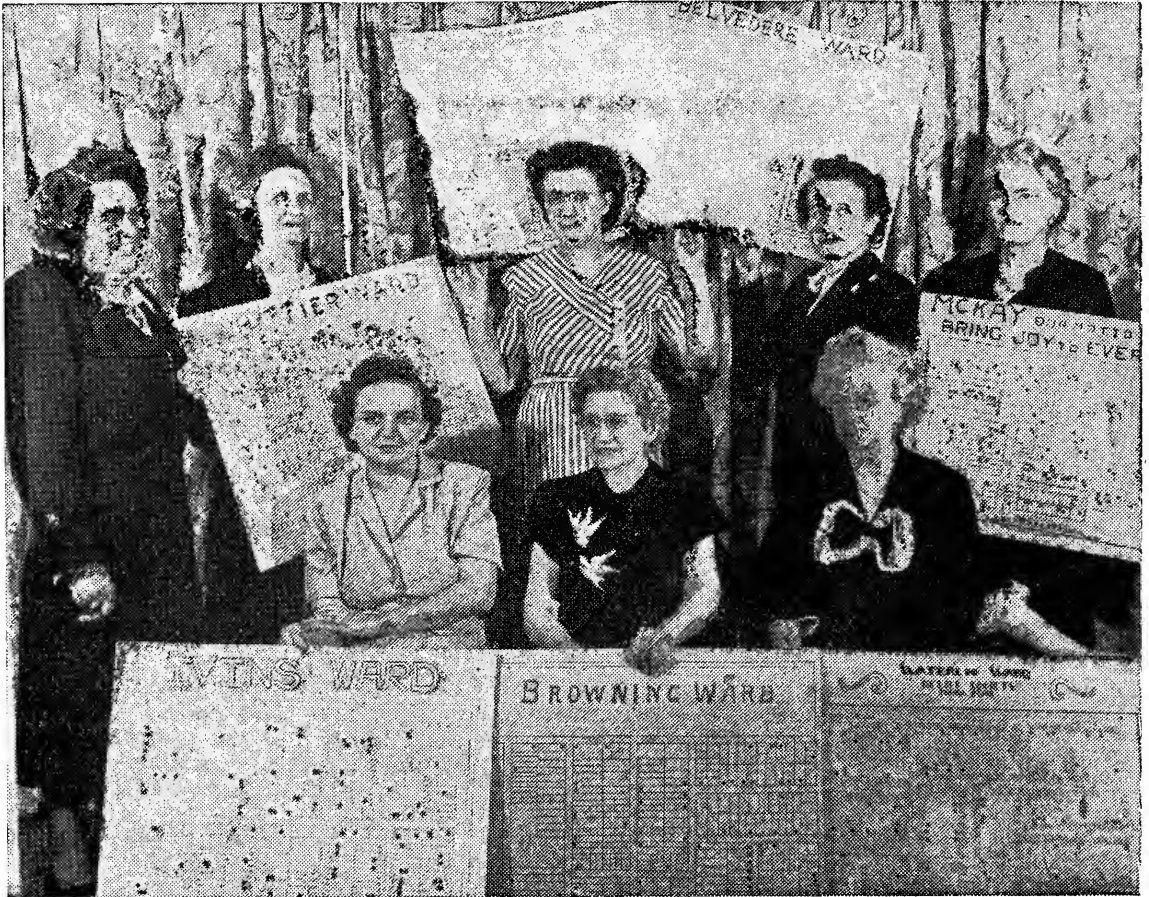
A few days later, she opened her business in a small building on Main Street. From then on she avoided me as I did her; and since the reports concerning her enterprise were confusing and contradictory, depending on the source from whence they came, I was unable to get a clear picture of her degree of success or failure. Secretly I hoped she'd fail, or at least not be successful enough to be able to go her own way independently. This was mean of me, but the real reason was the hope that I might have a chance to help her. Not that I expected to play easy with the bank's money, for I had some of my own. It would have raised my self-esteem immeasurably to have let her have it, so I could feel she would not be able to ignore me. My difficulty with Daphne had always been that she had never seemed to need me; it had always been I who had needed her.

Rumor became current that she

had no money and was in debt, and that her business venture was but a forlorn effort to stave off bankruptcy. Of course the mortgage on the Sommers home was a matter of common knowledge. You can't keep such things secret because they have to be recorded in the courthouse. It was frequently said she'd stay in Knowlton just long enough to have a final fling on the last of her father's money, then she'd be gone. But she had her defenders, too, and most of them were her admirers and customers. Whatever question had been raised on her solvency was quickly dispelled, when the first quarter's interest became due on her mortgage. She paid it promptly, adding a small token payment on the principal, but she avoided me when she came into the bank.

Mollie Dangerfield's letters came pouring back to Knowlton, meanwhile, telling her friends of the wonderful things she was seeing and doing. Tom got his share of the letters, but never dropped me a hint as to what they contained, and I took his silence as evidence that he didn't want me to know. But, to my amazement, I noticed he was beginning to develop a very close friendship with Daphne. Frequently, I saw him with her in her roadster. She seemed to find any number of odd jobs for him to perform before and after his hours at the bank. People began to talk. Maybe, Daphne was setting her cap for Tom. After all, she was only five years older than he, and they looked wonderful together. By this time I realized I was suffering my second heartache.

(To be concluded)



Photograph, courtesy Cacia F. Margetts,  
President, Wells Stake Relief Society

### WELLS STAKE (UTAH) COMPLETES UNIQUE MAP PROJECT FOR THEIR MAGAZINE CAMPAIGN

Seated, left to right: Alice Esplin; Lucy Grames; Jennie Waldram.

Standing, left to right: Stake Magazine representative Mabel Wood; Cleo Kelson;  
Merle Wennhold; Vera Bale; Leona Stoker.

Under the direction of Mabel Wood, stake Magazine representative, the seven wards of Wells Stake have completed a unique and useful project. These detailed and accurate maps present the status of the Magazine campaign in a vivid and clear-cut manner, enabling the representatives to keep their records up-to-date and to become acquainted with all the families in each ward.

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## *Keepers of the Hearth*

Ruth Harwood

Throughout the passing of the ages  
Art, itself, has ever been a sacred fire  
Burning on the world's hearth of culture,  
With man, no longer stranger on the earth,  
But warmly homing in a shrine of beauty.



# You Can Learn

## *M Is for Money and N Is for Neighbors*

Katherine Kelly

**W**HEN I told Tom that I would help him so that he would never have to worry about money any more I meant it from the bottom of my heart. But it is funny how even mortgages don't mean a thing when you have a sick baby. As summer cooled, and the autumn days slipped by, my little girl grew fat and rosy, and gradually I remembered that I was supposed to be a wife and helpmate, as well as a mother.

Tom never mentioned money matters, but that fall and winter he was feeding cattle again, and he watched the papers for the rise and fall of prices with quiet desperation. As I read or embroidered during the long winter evenings while the children slept, I wondered what I could do to help him. What could a woman with two little children, out on a farm, do to make money?

One day a woman asked me if I would consider making a dress for her. That was the answer! I could sew! It was the one thing I was good at. The short winter days flew by, and even the evenings weren't long enough. I really loved to sew!

For once spring came almost before I knew it. However, I did manage to plant a little garden and a row of my favorite pink sweet peas. Tom teased me about the sweet peas, but the water had to run down that row anyway. My Virginia creeper had lived through the winter and was reaching out strong,

green shoots. Our little trees were big enough to make a patch of shade on the lawn, and it could be called a lawn.

I sighed with contentment as I pushed the sewing machine in front of the window. Everything was coming out all right. No one would believe Kathy had been a delicate baby to look at her now. She was the picture of health. Really a picture, I thought, as the morning sunshine made a frame about her and Ernie as they played on the floor. Ernie was diligently taking an old clock to pieces, and Kathy's little fat hands reached for the shiny pieces, but Ernie guarded them jealously.

As I pulled my chair in place and started to thread the needle, there was a sudden commotion in the field next to us. There was our new neighbor driving his horses at a gallop and pulling a mowing machine into the field of hay. Instinctively, I hunched my shoulders and partly closed my eyes, expecting the crash to come any minute. It didn't come! The man lowered the hay knife and started up the side of the field, with his horses again at a gallop. Through the open door came snatches of a song. "My Bonnie lies over . . . the . . . ocean. . ."

I half rose to my feet and my mouth must have dropped very wide open, anyway later it was hard to shut. What on earth kind of farmer was this? It was bad enough to have strangers move into Mary's

and Joe's place, but this man must have taken leave of his senses! Mrs. Darby, his wife, had told me that they moved here to get out of the mines, but surely even a miner knew better than to drive horses at a gallop when he was trying to cut hay!

It was at this stage that I brought my jaws very firmly together and my lips drew into a thin line. Ernie had deserted his precious clock and stood with me at the window. It was just as I stooped to save the clock from Kathy, or Kathy from the clock, that I heard the crash. By the time I was back to the window the horses were going off through the field dragging parts of the machinery with them. Mr. Darby had picked himself up and was surveying his broken mowing machine. Well, it served him right.

**B**UT I melted a little and walked to the fence with Kathy in my arms as I saw Mrs. Darby run through the field to see if her husband was hurt. Foolish as he was, there was something about his wife I couldn't help liking.

Later, when she sank down on my porch steps all weak and shaking, I felt sorry for her.

I asked her in the house and put a chair by the machine. We could talk while I sewed, for this getting rich by sewing was a slow enough process when I didn't waste any time. We talked about farms and mines and ended up, as women do, with men in general.

Her sharp eyes watched me as I carefully arranged the black satin under the machine so that the painted design on the front would not get rubbed.

"What on earth are you sewing

on?" she finally burst forth, "that certainly isn't a dress for you?"

"Oh, no, it's for one of mother's friends, see," I said as I proudly held it up for inspection. "I get paid more for my sewing because I can do this fabric painting for trimming. Isn't the silver pretty on black?"

"Painting?" she asked incredulously.

"Yes, I took a class in it at school, and I love it. I stenciled my own curtains, too, and I painted those bluebirds on the oilcloth."

I was just warming up to my favorite subject when she stopped me with an astonished look and asked, "But how do you get time for all that sort of thing, and why do you waste time doing that when you are a farmer's wife?"

"It isn't wasting time! I get paid more for my sewing because of the painting, and goodness knows, we can use the money. Farming may be safer than mining, but there surely isn't much cash in it. I promised Tom I'd do what I could to make some money to pay on the mortgage this fall."

"Well of all things!" she said in astonishment, "and here they warned me that I musn't pattern after you, because you were such a poor farmer's wife!"

My cheeks flamed and my lungs felt like they would burst. A poor farmer's wife! Again, and I had tried so hard!

"But why don't you help your husband like other farmer's wives do? Farmer's wives are supposed to do the milking and other chores, all the women out in Hardscrabble do. That would help your husband more than all the sewing you can

do. How much have you earned at it, anyway?"

"WELL, I only have seventeen dollars in cash but . . . And I did milk the cows while Tom was ill, but Tom doesn't want his wife to milk cows."

"Fiddle, they all do. And what's seventeen dollars!" she said scornfully. "Well, you can do things your way, but I'm going to raise a garden instead of flowers, do the chores, and raise some turkeys. Now there's an idea for you! Why don't you take your seventeen dollars and buy a start of turkeys?" Her eyes shone with enthusiasm and she hurried on, "I have an aunt out in Hardscrabble who makes more money raising turkeys than her husband does on the farm. She is going to tell me just how to do it. I could tell you, and we could learn together."

"But Mrs. Darby," I said with dignity, "I hate turkeys! I can't even stand chickens, except I like to gather the eggs. Besides I'm allergic to feathers."

"Stuff and nonsense," she said, making me look her straight in the eyes, "you just think you are too good to raise turkeys." And, after what seemed like a lifetime, and the clatter of the broken pieces of my vanity finally quieted down, she continued, "You might like it, turkeys lay eggs, you know, and you can call me Thelma."

That wasn't at all what I felt like calling her as she walked across the field toward Mary's house. The nerve of the woman! It was I who should be telling her what to do. She, whose husband didn't even know enough to cut hay! Oh, if only Mary were back in her own

house! If only I could throw myself in her arms and sob my heart out.

No matter what I tried to do, all day I kept hearing those words over and over, "Turkeys lay eggs. She makes more money raising turkeys than her husband does on the farm . . . You just think you are too good to raise turkeys. . . ."

When Tom came in that evening I tried half a dozen times before the words finally came out haltingly, "Tom, do you think . . . I could raise turkeys?"

"Raise turkeys! What's got into you now? You can't even pick a chicken."

"But I wouldn't have to pick them, would I? Couldn't I just raise them? Mrs. Darby says her aunt makes more money raising turkeys than they do on the farm."

"It might be all right. I have thought some about it, but I haven't any money to invest in turkeys. Besides, by the time we get them raised, they probably wouldn't be worth anything either."

"But Tom, Mrs. Darby—er—Thelma, says her aunt is going to sell her some hens for three dollars apiece, and you can buy a gobbler for eight. I have seventeen dollars saved up. Will you go out there and buy me three hens and a gobbler?"

"Kate! You're not serious! You don't mean it?"

"Yes, Tom, I mean now, tonight."

I couldn't let Tom hear that voice mocking me, "You think you are too good to raise turkeys." But if a good farmer's wife raised turkeys, and there was money in it, *then I'd raise turkeys, too.*

## ON BEING ONE'S BEST SELF

Caroline Eyring Miner

A person should have at least one "uncomfortable friend"—someone who makes one dress up himself, his house, his car, his thoughts, his words, in their very best clothes. And one should see this friend every once in a while—often enough to tone him up.

"Well, Eunice must be coming to see us," my husband says when he sees me polishing the silver, waxing the floors, arranging balanced and artistic bouquets about the house, urging the children and him to put on their best clothes, because, well, yes, because Eunice is coming.

I don't like Eunice any better than I like others of my friends, but she is good for me. She keeps me from getting careless, from "running down at the heels," in other words.

She is herself very precise about all her things: her clothes, her home, her car, her children, her speech, and more important, for me at any rate, she makes me feel when she is around that I must be the same.

"I just feel Eunice can see right through me," I've remarked. "I really feel provoked at her for making me feel so uncomfortable!" However that is, I believe it is a good thing for me. Other times I never seem to know and use so many choice words, such careful English; I never resolve to get my hair done so often and reduce my hips more zealously; I never try to bring forth my best thoughts and words and arrange them more meticulously; I never brush the cobwebs off everything I have and am more enthusiastic than when Eunice is there to spur me on.

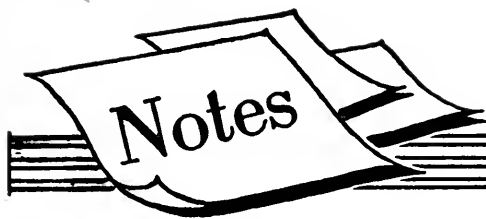
I'm definitely uncomfortable around Eunice. She would be bad steady fare, as friends go, but she is a good tonic for me.

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*October Song*

Marvin Jones

Beige as the mourning fawn that seeks the doe  
 Along the creek, where browning willows add  
 Their sober color to the sumac's glow,  
 So is October's song both gay and sad.  
 The fawn will turn into the wind and raise  
 Its soft throat to the swift spears of the sun,  
 Its silvered coat of willow-bronze will blaze  
 With mark of season-change that has begun.  
 And shall the timid willows know less of  
 The frailness of grass—the touch of wind  
 Than all the fire of sumac or the love  
 Of fawn for doe that winter-flow has thinned?  
 Or do the willows know in every season  
 October's paining heart—her range of reason?



## From The Field

*Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer*

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

### BAZAARS, SOCIALS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Delila Flint

#### NORTH DAVIS STAKE (UTAH), LAYTON SECOND WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS HONORED AT SOCIAL, June 6, 1950

Seated, left to right: Ruby Hickenlooper (1935-41); Maud Watt (1924-26); Irene Doney (1926-35); Mary Call (1944-49).

Standing, left to right: Mable Stephenson (1941-44); Amanda Hill (1916-19); Delila Flint (1949-).

This social honored all living Relief Society presidents of the Layton Second Ward, organized in June 1895. The luncheon tables were beautifully decorated with flowers, and a large birthday cake was decorated with fifty-five gold and blue candles, and the names of the presidents were written on the cake. Margaret Masters, *Deseret News* food commentator provided the entertainment. Each president was presented with a booklet containing a poem or tribute written by Kate Zesiger. All living past presidents attended, except Sister Emma Corbridge, who, at the age of ninety-eight, was ill and unable to attend.

Pearl W. Burton is president of North Davis Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Georgina F. Richards

### NORTHWESTERN STATES MISSION, MCMINNVILLE DISTRICT (OREGON) RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE, June 18, 1950

Officers, seated, front row, left to right: First Counselor Lucile Aldridge; Second Counselor Nina Humphrey; President LaPreal Johnson; Georgina F. Richards, President, Northwestern States Mission Relief Society; Freda Geurts, former district Relief Society president; Secretary Melba Duncan.

These women represent Relief Society organizations in Astoria, Hillsboro, McMinnville, Newberg, Seaside, Silverton, Tillamook, Vernonia, and Woodburn.



Photograph submitted by Georgia R. Livingston

### EASTERN STATES MISSION, YORK, UTICA, AND JAMESTOWN BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Center photograph, York (Pennsylvania) Branch Relief Society celebrates Anniversary Day at a banquet. Seated at the head table in the rear, are: First Counselor Anna Mae Strayer; President Sylvia Palsgrove; Georgia R. Livingston, President, Eastern States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph in left-hand corner, officers of the Utica (New York) Branch Relief Society, left to right: President Mabel B. Downing; Second Counselor Isabel Douglas; First Counselor Geraldine Ryan.

Photograph in right-hand corner, Jamestown (New York) Branch Relief Society women display attractive quilt, left to right: Agda Larson; Madge Fredrickson; Hedvig Bergquist; Esther Strom.



Photograph submitted by Verna L. Dewsnup

### ST. GEORGE STAKE (UTAH), IVINS WARD RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR

Left to right: Belle Reber; Jetta Reber; Second Counselor Nellie Burk; President Mata Ence; First Counselor Lula Tobler; Olive Tobler; Myrtle Gubler; Martha Hafen; Enid Ence; Lillie Ence.

Verna L. Dewsnup, President, St. George Stake Relief Society, reports that the members of this small ward are very active in Relief Society work, especially in handi-craft. The Ivins Ward Relief Society was the first organization in St. George Stake to send in their 100 per cent Relief Society Building Fund quota.



Photograph submitted by Nan A. Lindsay

### UNION STAKE (OREGON), WALLOWA COUNTY BRANCH EXHIBITS QUILTS MADE IN WORK MEETINGS, March 1950

Seated around the quilt, left to right: Grace Davis; Berniece Atwood; Berniece Davis; Della Lewis; Ann McCormick; Sister Wright.

Standing, left to right: Anna Clough; Zell Dieterle; Nellie Stringham; First Counselor Eva Bartmess; President Erma Blaisdell; Second Counselor Rose Clough; Secretary Orpha Lamb; Norma Basim; Leah Collins; Anna Makin.

Nan A. Lindsay is president of Union Stake Relief Society.



Photographs submitted by Koa Taylor

**NEVADA STAKE, WARD AND BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS;  
ELY WARD OFFICERS; AND MCGILL WARD ANNUAL BAZAAR**

Top photograph, presidents of the four wards and one branch of Nevada Stake, left to right: Agnes Sorenson (Ruth Ward); Hope Broadbent (Ely Ward); Ella Fawcett (Lund Ward); Zelma Dearden (Garrison Branch); Pearl Johnson (McGill Ward).

These five presidents met to congratulate and honor Sister Fawcett (center) on her long record of service. She has been the Lund Ward Relief Society president for



twenty-one years, and has never missed a meeting because of her own ill health, even though she had a broken leg at one time. She has missed meetings only to care for others. Zelma Dearden has been president of the Garrison Branch Relief Society for eighteen years. The five women in this photograph represent 130 years of service to Relief Society. "Be Not Weary in Well-Doing" might well be their motto, for they are all full of love and enthusiasm for Relief Society work.

Center photograph, officers of Ely Ward Relief Society and two Salt Lake City visitors, left to right: Augusta N. Stobbe, Counselor in the University Ward (Salt Lake City) Relief Society; Vivian Rees, Secretary, Ely Ward; Fern Robinson, chorister, Ely Ward; Brigitta Clyde, Stadium Village Branch, Salt Lake City; Hope Broadbent, President, Ely Ward; Marietta Call, First Counselor, Ely Ward; Leah Bunderson, Second Counselor, Ely Ward.

Sister Cylde was a guest speaker for the social science lesson in May 1950. She spoke before the Relief Society women of Nevada Stake. She stressed the importance of the social science lessons and discussed conditions in Germany and Austria. A convert to the Church, and a war bride, Sister Clyde expressed her great appreciation for her new home in America. She was accompanied to Nevada Stake by Sister Stobbe.

Bottom photograph, officers of McGill Ward Relief Society, assembled at their annual bazaar, left to right: work meeting leader, Finis Crane; Counselor Leona Johnson; President Pearl Johnson; work director Sue Anderson; Secretary Bernice Roy Lance.

This bazaar was held in connection with a very successful food sale, and the funds raised were used to purchase a new electric range for the chapel kitchen.

Koa Taylor is president of Nevada Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Florence Pace

#### CARBON STAKE (UTAH) VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE SERVED MORE THAN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS HONORED, June 2, 1950

Seated, in front, left to right: Sarah Jane Warren of the Price Fourth Ward; Margaret Ann Horsley of the Price First Ward; Jane Morley, Price Fourth Ward; Harriet Pierce, Wellington Ward.

Fifty copies of *A Centenary of Relief Society*, and sixteen Relief Society pins were given to the visiting teachers in recognition and appreciation of their many years of faithful service.

Florence Pace is president of Carbon Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Leone R. Bowring

### TEXAS-LOUISIANA MISSION, MONROE (LOUISIANA) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY ANNUAL BANQUET

Front row, left to right: Truena Love; Lillian Smith, First Counselor; La Faye Hudnall, President; Doris Tynes; Leila Crider, Second Counselor; Francis Monk, Secretary; Barbara Hatcher, district visiting teacher leader.

Second row, left to right: Phyllis Earl; Margaret Riser; Irma Crider; Cecile Rugg; Anne Bivins; Alice Hollman; Dovie Lawson; Martha Tucker; Hazel Stokes; Marcile Roberts.

Leone R. Bowring is president of the Texas-Louisiana Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Maurine Nelson

### STAR VALLEY STAKE (WYOMING) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE, May 21, 1950

Stake board members, appearing in the picture, are: Second Counselor and organist, Ressa Chadwick, second from the right in the front row; stake chorister Lily Jensen, at the right in the first row; pianist Ada Gamm, at the right on the second row; stake board member Leola Allred, third from the left on the third row; stake board member Rula Crook, second from the right on the fourth row; Stake President Nellie B. Jensen, fifth from the right on the back row.

Some of these women traveled as far as fifty miles to sing with the group for stake conference.



Photograph submitted by Almina Coody

#### NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSION, NORTH FRESNO BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY WOMEN PARTICIPATE IN RUGMAKING PROJECT

Front row, left to right: Val Stringfellow; Hazel Forrest; Elizabeth Faulkner; Lyle Coombs; Nellie Atwood; Eunice Ellefsen; Doris Hardy; DeLoris Fawns; Gladys Dinstead.

Second row, left to right: Sarah Sessions; Annette Crain; Aileen Robinson; Lydia McCauley; Dagmar Steele; Gladys Hansen; Frances Allred; Alberta Ledbetter.

Third row, left to right: Goldie Nelson; Alvera Hatch; Marinda Berg; Myrtle Butler; Twila Horn; Elda Petty; Ann Ferguson; Hazel Hopkins.

Fourth row, left to right: Ruby Enns; Charlotte Taylor; Hilda Agar; Darlene Anderson; Leah Hansen; Helen Lambourne; President Almina Coody.

During the summer of 1949, Lydia McCauley, who was then branch Relief Society president, taught a group of women the art of making hooked rugs. When the problem of buying a rug for the Relief Society room in the new chapel presented itself, Sister McCauley conceived the idea of making a hooked rug large enough to cover the room from wall to wall, the actual size being fifty-four square yards. First a pattern was chosen and then drawn on twenty pieces of monk's cloth. These were tacked to frames and stretched, then delivered to the homes of the women who were to hook the rugs. Woolen materials were collected from members, and some materials were purchased. The total cost was sixty-seven dollars. When the finished pieces were collected they were steam pressed and trimmed and finally taken to the Relief Society room where the pieces were sewn together by hand. The photograph shows a part of the rug.

Amelia P. Gardner is president of the Northern California Mission Relief Society.

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Are you not dependent on your faith, or belief, for the acquisition of all knowledge, wisdom, and intelligence? . . . Would you have ever sown, if you had not believed that you would reap? Would you have ever planted, if you had not believed that you would gather? . . . Or, would you have ever knocked, unless you had believed that it would have been opened unto you? In a word, is there anything you would have done, either physical or mental, if you had not previously believed? Are not all your exertions of every kind, dependent on your faith? (Lectures on Faith 1:11)

## Home Is Where You Make It

(Continued from page 667)

wouldn't object to a tiny, newborn baby."

"Oh, wouldn't I?" smiled the landlord, and switched off the light and turned toward the door. "Little tiny, newborn babies grow up into yelling, howling infants, and then into noisy, rowdy, destructive kids. And it's too hard to get tenants out. Nope."

Helping her into the car, Hal said, "You didn't have to tell him, Cherry."

"Yes, I did," she answered, and sat silent while they drove back to the hotel.

The next day, as soon as Hal had gone, Cherry went to the phone and dialed her mother's number.

"Mother," she said sweetly, "I'm giving up. No luck, darling. Will it put you out too much, Mother? I mean, may we come back?"

"Oh, darling!" Her mother sounded genuinely regretful. "I wish you could! But Helen Gray called me yesterday—she hasn't a place to go, you know—they sold the house right over their heads—their landlord did, I mean. And she seemed so lost and helpless and so desperate to find a place. I told her to come out and look at your old room—and she did—and she is moving her things in tonight. Oh, darling, I'm so sorry; Daddy will be furious. But Hal said you were going to find something."

"It's okay, Mother," Cherry managed. "I'm glad it's Helen."

"So am I," her mother sighed. "She will be company for me. I'll confess I've missed you two chil-

dren more than I ever dreamed I would, but I know it's for the best."

**S**HE had to tell Hal, and she did it as courageously as she could.

"I was a fool, Hal, a silly, spoiled little fool. I didn't have any sense. Oh, what if mother did try to punish me in the old way—maybe, like you said, she wasn't even trying to. Hal, she didn't even sound mad at me."

"She isn't mad, darling. She's a peach."

"What did you tell her, Hal, exactly?"

"I didn't tell her how you said you felt toward her. I just said we were going to stay in town till we found a place. But I guess she knew."

"I guess she did," Cherry murmured thoughtfully. "Where do we go from here?"

They packed their suitcase, which Hal had gone back home and brought Cherry that first day they had spent in town. They went downstairs and paid their bill, and Hal tucked it into his pocket, refusing to let Cherry get a glimpse of it. They got into the car.

"Let's try a motor court," he suggested. "That wouldn't be so expensive."

Cherry sat very still beside Hal as he drove out to the south of town. Motor court after motor court they passed, each with a sign, "No Vacancy." Then they came to one that had no such sign, but when Hal went into the office and talked to the clerk, he came out again,

grim and silent, and they drove on.

"Hal," Cherry said timidly, "any place would do—any at all. You've got to get some sleep. You have to work tomorrow."

"Not that place, honey," he said shortly.

"Drive home, Hal," she said at last, wearily. "I'll get Mother to let us spread a blanket on the basement floor. After all, even that is better than anything we've seen."

Hal looked at her.

"You sure you want to, darling? If we go back, we'll probably have to stay until after the baby is born. There'll be lots of things . . ."

"There'd be lots of things anywhere, Hal," Cherry answered, speaking slowly. "Lots of things that would be harder to bear than Mother's little peculiarities—lots of things that would be worse for our son than a doting grandmother and grandfather."

When Hal kissed her, Cherry thought she saw diamonds on his lashes, and her own throat grew tight. He really liked her folks, he really liked living there.

Her parents were sitting in the porch swing when they drove into the yard.

"Darling!" her mother cried, jumping up and running toward her.

Cherry threw herself into her mother's arms, as if she had been gone a year instead of four days.

"Oh, Mother!" she whispered. "Oh, Mother, I'm glad to be home!"

Her father was standing there, smiling foolishly, cheerfully.

"Dad," she cried, and gave him a quick hug.

Then she said bravely, "Mother, Dad, may Hal and I come back? Oh, I know about Helen," she interrupted, "but we'll be glad to stay anywhere. In the basement, maybe. There's that old army cot we used to take camping, and dad's bed-roll. We can fix a place—anything for tonight—and tomorrow we can fix something. We'll try not to be too much bother."

"Cherry, darling, listen!" Her mother made herself heard. "Your old room is all ready. Helen isn't coming, after all. I phoned her and she said Ted's mother would take them in."

"Oh, Mother!" Cherry couldn't say any more for a minute. Then she turned to Hal. "You see before you the world's most foolish girl, transformed in one hard lesson into a wise woman."

"I've some lemonade and ginger cookies ready," her mother said, "sit down and I'll get them."

Cherry nuzzled close to her father, and his hand went out and touched her arm, gently, understandingly. Suddenly Cherry wondered about Helen Gray, about her own room being ready. But as she had just said, she was a wise woman now. She snuggled close, and shut her mouth tight like her Mother did.

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"This is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all . . . doubt and division."

—John Ruskin



## *Theology*—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

### Lesson 28—"The Resurrection and the Ascension"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, by Elder James E. Talmage, chapter 37.)

For Tuesday, January 2, 1951

Objective: To create faith in the power of Jesus Christ over death and to show that his resurrection and ascension were real.

#### *Christ Is Risen*

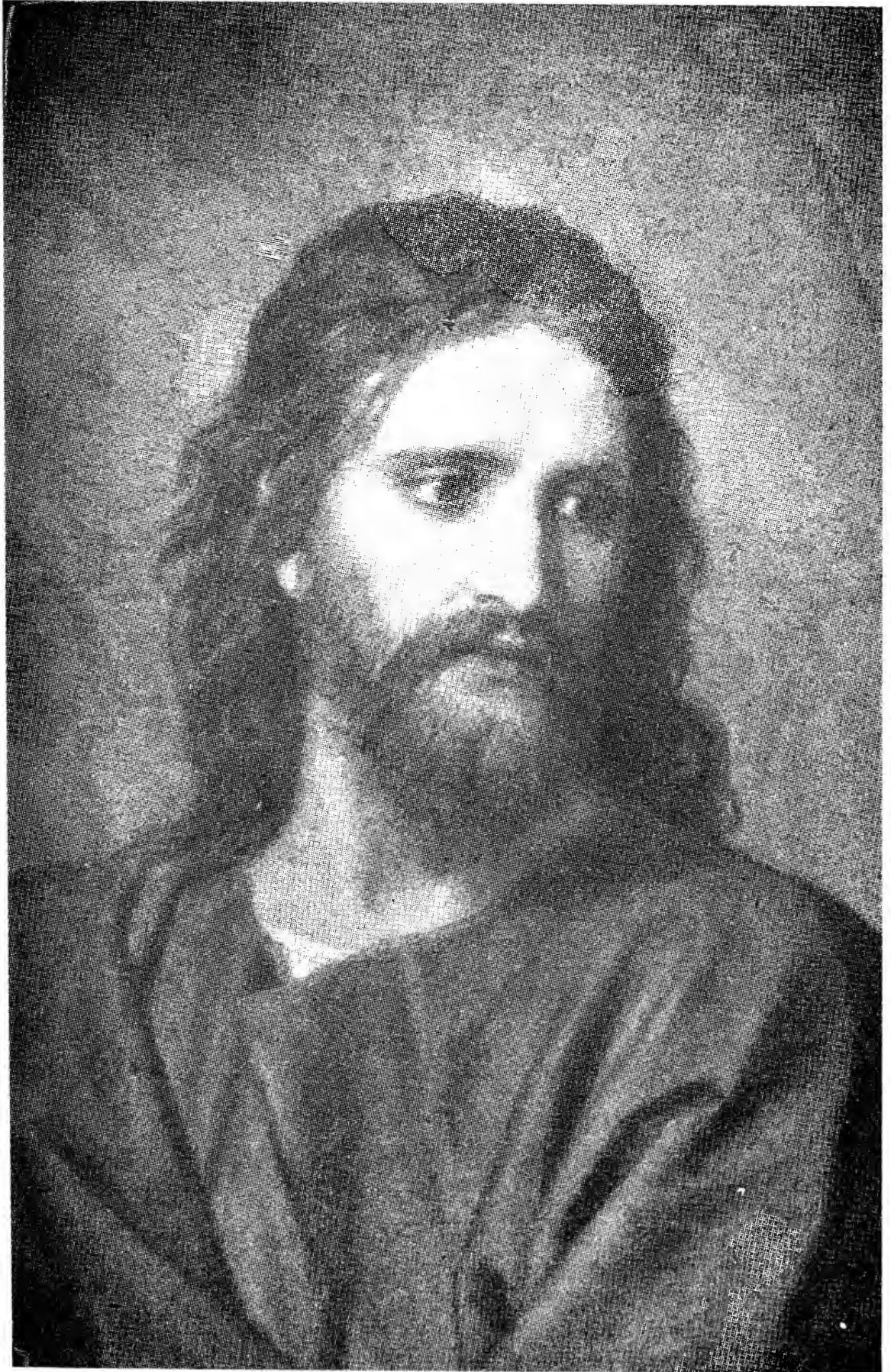
SOMETIME before dawn on the most memorable and the most important Sunday in history, an angel came down in glory and rolled back the stone from the portal of the Savior's tomb. The Roman soldiers were so paralyzed with fear that they fell to earth as dead men. As soon as they regained sufficient strength, they deserted their posts and fled. Ordinarily such desertion was punishable by death. The seal of authority had been broken; the tomb was empty.

Very early in the morning, Mary Magdalene and other devout women came to assist in further anointing the body of the Lord. They brought spices and ointments according to the custom of that day. No doubt, they intended to supplement the work so hurriedly done by Joseph and Nicodemus. They said among themselves as they walked: "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" They were afraid when

they saw the angel, but he spoke to them saying:

Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you (Matt. 28:5-7).

It seemed difficult even for the followers of Jesus to realize the literalness of the resurrection. Although she had heard the angel direct her to go and tell the disciples that he had risen, Mary Magdalene still told Peter and others that they had taken the Lord out of the sepulchre. It is noticeable that a devout group of women were first apprised of the resurrection of Jesus. Naturally, Peter and "that other disciple," probably John, hurried to the sepulchre and discovered that it was empty. They found the linen which had been wrapped around Jesus' head and body. Note the details of the account. Having seen these things, John believed.



A Perry Picture

From a Painting by Hofmann (1824-1894)

THE CHRIST

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He explains, in behalf of himself and the other apostles, "For as yet they knew not the scripture, that he must rise again from the dead." Now he believed.

These two then departed, but Mary Magdalene lingered. She looked into the tomb and there saw two personages. They asked: "Woman, why weepest thou?" She replied sorrowfully: "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." As she turned from the tomb she saw a personage who made almost the same inquiry: "Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?" It was Jesus speaking, but Mary did not recognize him until in familiar tones he said: "Mary." Then, she turned herself and said "Rabboni," Master. In an ecstasy of joy she would have embraced him, but he restrained her and said:

Touch me not; (In revised version, "Take not hold of me") for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God (John 20:11-17).

It is worthwhile to consider that to a woman was given the honor of being first to see a resurrected soul—the Lord Jesus. He manifested himself to at least three other faithful women before he appeared to his apostles. An angel of the Lord also appeared to these women near the empty sepulchre and proclaimed to them the glorious tidings: "He is not here: for he is risen." Jesus met these women on the way back to Jerusalem, "And they came and held him by the feet, and worshipped him" (Matt. 28:10).

Between his meeting Mary Magdalene and the event just mentioned, Jesus had probably been to see his Father. When the women told their surprising story to the disciples, the brethren could not believe them. Even the apostles could not accept the actuality of the resurrection. They seemed to have looked upon it as something for the distant future. After all, there was nothing in their experiences or history with which they could compare it. A man had lived among them. He ate with them, mingled with them, taught them, and had been put to death before the eyes of many of them. Now he was with them again in a real body of flesh and bone. While the apostles doubted, the women knew. They had seen and heard him; they had touched that sacred body. They knew their Redeemer lived.

#### *A Priestly Conspiracy of Falsehood*

It will be recalled that many of the chief priests were Sadducees who did not believe in the resurrection from the dead. When the Roman soldiers who had guarded the sepulchre reported to them the supernatural things they had seen, a meeting of the Sanhedrin was called and the disturbing report was considered. The high priests decided upon a scheme and offered the soldiers large sums of money to say, "His disciples came by night, and stole him away while we slept." The soldiers accepted the proposal as the best way out of their dilemma. So the wicked story went abroad among the Jews. However, many accepted the evidence of the resurrection and openly joined the



Church. Even many of the priests "were obedient to the faith" (Acts 6:7).

### *Christ Walks and Talks with Two of the Disciples*

The Lord appeared to various of his disciples so that the evidence of his resurrection does not come to us from only a few favored ones. Two believers, but who evidently were not apostles, left Jerusalem for Emmaus that fateful Sunday afternoon. One of the brethren was named Cleopas. The distance was about seven miles and they had time for conversation on the one topic uppermost in the minds of all the disciples. As they earnestly talked, another personage joined them. Soon he asked of the two: "What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk; and are sad?" Cleopas replied: "Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days?" It was Jesus who walked with the two. In sorrow they told him of the great work done by the Messiah and how the rulers and high priests had put him to death. They further told him that "certain women" had visited the sepulchre that morning and that an angel had told them that Jesus was alive, and the tomb was empty.

Jesus chided these men for being slow of heart to believe all that the prophets had spoken; and explained to them the scriptures concerning his mission. He accepted their urgent invitation to enter the house to which they were going and, as the guest of honor, he took the prof-

fered loaf, "blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight." They quickly returned to Jerusalem and added their testimonies to the rapidly growing number who had seen the risen Redeemer (Luke 24:19-33).

### *The Risen Lord Appears to the Disciples in Jerusalem and Eats in Their Presence.*

The faithful followers in Jerusalem met frequently in solemn assemblies. The testimonies of the two returning brethren from Emmaus were related to the group who were meeting behind closed doors. Peter also had a visit from the Master. We may be sure that a great change had come over the now repentant Peter. He had every reason to know that he was forgiven for his weakness in denying that he knew Jesus. Never again did he shrink from danger in giving his testimony concerning Jesus, the Son of God.

While the disciples were in the meeting listening to Cleopas and his companion, "Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you." They were afraid at first but the Lord spoke to them saying: "Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." He was no "shadowy form" but a living being with a real body. To convince them more of his reality he asked for meat. He took the broiled fish

and other food which they passed to him "and did eat before them" (Luke 24:42-43). Could anything be more real? In addition to all this he again left his peace with them, and "breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost: Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained" (John 20:21-23). This must not be mistaken for the endowment or gift of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost which will be discussed in our next lesson.

### *Doubting Thomas*

Thomas, one of the apostles, was not present at the evening meeting on the Resurrection Sunday. At first he did not believe the testimony of those who had seen and heard the Lord. He said: "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." There are many "doubting Thomases" today, many who insist that we must see before we know. Thomas, no doubt, had but little confidence in the women, in Peter, and in the larger group at the meeting. He wanted to see and touch the resurrected body of flesh and bones. It was some eight days later or the next Sunday when Thomas assembled with the disciples.

Then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you. Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing.

Thomas was convinced. He exclaimed: "My Lord and my God." Jesus told him that because he had seen it he had believed, but blessed are they that have not seen and yet believe. (Read John 20:24-28.)

### *At the Sea of Galilee*

Obedient to instruction, the apostles left Jerusalem about a week after the resurrection and went into Galilee. While they were waiting for further instructions, seven of them went fishing one evening. In fact, they worked all night and had not caught any fish. As they came back at early dawn, a voice from the shore called to them: "Children, have ye any meat." (In those days the salutation, "children" was equivalent to our use of "sirs" or "men.") Jesus had made the inquiry and they replied "No." They did not recognize him and he said to them: "Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find." They did this and caught more fish than they could draw into the boat.

John was the first to recognize the Lord. He said unto Peter: "It is the Lord." "Simon Peter went up, and drew the net to land full of great fishes." The men recognized the miracle as the net did not break because of the overload. Jesus had already built a fire and laid fish on it for them. This was the third time that the Lord had shown himself to this group (John 21:3-14). It was the seventh time he had appeared since his resurrection.

After the meal was finished, the great Teacher gave one of his wonderful lessons: "Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" Three

times, in substance, this question was asked of Peter. Each time the apostle replied: "Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee." The first time Jesus answered and said to Peter, "Feed my lambs," and the second and third time the question was asked, Jesus said: "Feed my sheep" (John 21:15-17).

How impressive the lesson! Peter was receiving a great commission. John tells us that the Lord indicated to Peter that he would be called on to suffer a martyr's death for the truth (John 21:18-19). Peter also later referred to it (2 Peter 1:14). It was upon this occasion that Jesus also made reference concerning John's future:

. . . If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou me. Then went this saying abroad among the brethren, that that disciple should not die: yet Jesus said not unto him, He shall not die; but, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? (John 21:22-23).

Later revelation tells us that John still remains in the flesh (D. & C. section 7).

Jesus also met his apostles on a mountain in Galilee. Others were also present at that meeting (Matt. 28:16-18).

### *The Final Commission and the Ascension*

From the scriptures we learn that Jesus made at least eleven appearances at various times between his resurrection and ascension. There can be no doubt but that he gave many instructions on "the things pertaining to the kingdom of God" (Acts 1:3). Of course, many things he said are not recorded. John tells us that the things that

are recorded, ". . . are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name" (John 20:31). Some of these instructions were to the apostles. Unto them he said: ". . . Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." He then promised that signs and blessings should be given to the believers (Mark 16:15-18; see also Matt. 28:19-20).

The final hours of the Savior upon earth in that great dispensation were drawing to a close. He told the apostles they were not to know the time when his kingdom would finally be restored. That was known only to the Father. The Holy Ghost would lead them in their great missions of preaching the gospel.

They journeyed on until they came to Bethany. The Lord then blessed them and ascended into heaven. As he arose a cloud received him out of their sight. While they stood gazing into heaven, two personages, robed in white, spoke to them, saying: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven (Acts 1:11).

Note the naturalness and the realness of the event, "Shall so come in like manner." It would not be as a great universal, immaterial spirit that he would come, but as the material being who was resurrected—an immortal, celestialized body of flesh and bones.

### Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. Sometime during the meeting at which this lesson is studied, it would be very appropriate to sing, *I Know That My Redeemer Lives*.
2. Discuss the events leading to the resurrection. Why is it one of the most important events of all times?
3. What convinces you that the resurrection was and is a reality?

4. Describe the ascension. In what form will Christ come the second time?

### References in the Gospels

- Matt. 10:5, 6; 24:36; 26:32, 33, 70, 72, 74; 27:65, 66; 28:1-7, 9, 10-20.  
 Mark 13:32; 14:28, 29; 16:1-18.  
 Luke 5:4-10; 22:33; 24:1-51.  
 John 12:42; 13:37; 14:16, 17, 26; 15:26; 16:7, 13; 20:1-31; 21:1-23.

## Visiting Teacher Messages—Our Savior Speaks

Lesson 12—"For What Shall It Profit a Man, If He Shall Gain the Whole World, and Lose His Own Soul?" (Mark 8:36).

Mary Grant Judd

For Tuesday, January 2, 1951

Objective: To stress that the chief aim of life should be the saving of the soul of man.

**T**O make New Year resolutions is an old-fashioned idea, but a good one. For how can we develop if we do not make a conscious effort to do so, and when could a more logical time be found to take stock of ourselves, with a view to improvement, than at the commencement of the year? Good resolves made at any time are worthwhile (provided, of course, that they are followed with purposeful action) but, to repeat, they are particularly so at New Year's.

Some people consider it unnecessary to pursue a concerted effort in character development, preferring just to drift along in their day-by-day living, and yet, as one writer says, "Man is the master of thought, the moulder of character, the maker

and shaper of condition, environment, and destiny."

Even those thoughtless or careless individuals referred to, if contemplating the building of a tangible structure, would not think of commencing it without a well-formulated plan. The gospel might be termed a blueprint of our Heavenly Father's plan of life.

It was to impress upon us that the enticements of the world will lead us away from God's plan, that our Savior asked the question, "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark 8:36). From the time of our first parents, we have had to meet and overcome the temptations of the world. Even the Savior was tempted of Satan,

who promised him the kingdoms of earth and the glories thereof if he would but worship him.

In our own time, we must be conscious of the false gods that beckon to entice us away from right living. One of these might be called by the name of vanity. The desire for undue wealth, for show, for worldly honors and the plaudits of men, with attendant power, have all too often led to spiritual downfall.

Another false god might be termed *indolence*. To quote from a talk given by President David O. McKay to a group of seminary teachers:

Indolence is seeking something for nothing. When a man shuns effort, he is in no position to resist temptation. So, through all the ages, idleness has been known as the parent of all the vices.

If the mind and body are not kept usefully employed, worthless

activities will be engaged in. "Vulgarity weakens the mind," says President McKay:

It is vulgar to like poor music, to read weak books, to feed on sensational newspapers, to find amusement in trashy novels, to enjoy vulgar theatres, to find pleasure in cheap jokes, to tolerate coarseness and looseness in any of their myriad forms.

We must beware of self indulgence. Intemperance comes under this head and unchastity. "Indulgence which leads to licentiousness will kill spirituality more quickly than anything else in this world" (President McKay).

May we all resolve to be strong enough in our individual lives that we may develop a true sense of values and understand the full import of Christ's question, "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

## *Work Meeting*—The Art of Homemaking

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

### Lesson 4—Slipcovers and Dressing Table Skirts

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, January 9, 1951

(Reference: *The Complete Book of Sewing*, by Constance Talbot, chapters 36, 37, and 41.)

**T**HOUGHTFUL selection of slipcovers can play an important part in the success of your home decorating. They provide an easy means by which you can use your imagination, ingenuity, and sewing skills to give your home a new freshness and charm.

Slipcovers can be used in practically every room of your home. In your living room you can cover sofas, daybeds, all types of chairs, stools, and hassocks. Dining room chairs can be slipcovered in a variety of ways to add interest and introduce pattern into a room which might

otherwise be plain. Bedroom chairs and stools, even cedar chests, can be slipcovered effectively. The fabric you choose and the style you select can be elaborate or simple, depending upon the spirit you wish to portray.

You can have your slipcovers made by an upholsterer, but you will find it is both stimulating and economical to make them yourself. They are not difficult to make. There are excellent patterns and sewing instructions which can be followed easily, and in making your own you will have the joy which comes from creating something useful and lovely.

There are a great many uses for slipcovers in your home decorating. Some of the more practical of these include:

1. To protect new furniture from wear, fading, and dust.
2. To fit an odd piece of furniture into your decorative scheme. A piece of upholstered furniture, which is out of harmony with the rest of the room, can, by the use of an appropriate slipcover, be made to fit in and become an integral part of your decorative scheme.
3. To renew old pieces of furniture. Outmoded or poorly styled furniture can be made to look new and up-to-date with the right slipcover.
4. To economize in decorating. If furniture is old, the use of slipcovers can prove a real economy by enabling you to postpone expensive reupholstering or the purchase of new furniture.

In choosing the correct fabrics for your slipcovers, there are several important points to keep in mind. First, the material you select should be of excellent quality and should be in harmony with the general spirit of your room. It is a false

economy to use time, thought, and money in the making of a slipcover unless you use serviceable, good wearing material. If you use an expensive material on one piece of furniture, do not use a cheap material in another slipcover in the same room. The material you use for all your slipcovers should be in harmony with the rest of your room's decorations. Although, with the great variety of fabrics which are available today, you can mix various types in the same room, you should make sure harmonious materials are selected. For example, of course, you would not use denim slipcovers in a room with satin draperies.

The second point to keep in mind is that slipcovers offer a real opportunity to help co-ordinate your color scheme. If a piece of upholstered furniture seems too large for the size of your room, you can make it appear to be smaller and better proportioned by covering it in a simply styled, well-tailored slipcover made of plain material in a color which matches your walls. If the walls of your room are wallpapered, you might use the background of the paper as the suggestion of the color of the sofa slipcover. In almost every instance, if you are making a slipcover for a large sofa or daybed, these pieces will look better covered in a plain colored fabric which blends in either with your walls or with your carpet.

A third point to remember is that if you are slipcovering more than one piece of furniture in a room, the "rule of three" is a good guide to follow. (Remember, if too many patterns are used in one room they produce a confused, cramped feeling.) The "rule of three" states

that, in most rooms, we should use no more than one basic pattern, plus a stripe (or dot), and the rest a plain color. This means that if you have a large patterned wallpaper or rug, your slipcovers should be predominantly plain colored, with possibly one chair covered in a stripe. If your draperies are of a patterned material, you can achieve a harmonious effect by using that same patterned material on one or more pieces of furniture in your room, provided the material itself is of suitable quality, such as chintz. By repeating the same pattern in a room, you can achieve a friendly, hospitable, informal spirit.

Many of the same guides we use in choosing slipcovers can be applied to dressing table skirts. The dressing table is one item of furniture with which you can use a great deal of imagination and where you can truly express your own taste and desires. Dressing table skirts can be very frilly and feminine, tailored and reserved, or sophisticated and even ornate. The skirt can be ruffled, pleated, or straight, depending on the spirit you wish to create. Solid colored or patterned material can be used, or a combination of two materials is often inter-

esting. However, there is one rule to remember, a dressing table must not look isolated. It must bear a relationship to the other furnishings in the bedroom. For a unified feeling in your bedroom, the dressing table skirt should be the same general style and material as your draperies, curtains, or bedspread.

To repeat, slipcovers and dressing table skirts can do much to express your individuality in your home. In addition to being a source of economy, they can bring color and life into your home furnishings.

### *Discussion Points*

1. Show the importance of serviceability in choosing material for slipcovers. **Stress** the importance of choosing fabrics which are firmly woven and sunfast. (See textbook, page 240.)
2. Discuss the important details to watch when making slipcovers. (See textbook, pages 244, 245, and 246.)
3. Discuss measurements for slipcovers. Call attention to the necessity, where a patterned fabric is used, to allow extra yardage for centering the pattern. (See textbook, page 284.)
4. Discuss various ways of making economical dressing tables and dressing tables which will fit into corners instead of taking valuable wall space. (See textbook, page 251.)

## *Literature*—The Literature of England

### Lesson 12—Richard Steele and Joseph Addison

*Elder Briant S. Jacobs*

For Tuesday, January 16, 1951

**T**HE latter part of the seventeenth century following the restoration of Charles II to the English throne in 1660, was one of the most

immoral periods in modern history. The gay world of glitter was fashioned solely to please the King and his cavalier court.



A Perry Picture

## RICHARD STEELE

The Restoration Age was dominated by the morals of Catholicism and wealthy, wicked France—both of which winked knowingly at sins of the flesh. It was contemptuous of what to them seemed dull, strict Puritanism. The drama became so lax and morally calloused as to approach grossness. The age also desired to live a brittle, artificial life conforming to the reasoned patterns of the classical Greeks and Romans.

When, in 1698, the clergyman Jeremy Collier published his *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, such a reaction against excess was long overdue. Actually it was not merely the drama which had "debauched the age." The vain, cynical, dissolute philosophies which the elite classes believed in, led to their debauchery; the drama was but the most important tool employed toward such an end. (Again study text, pp. 721-733.)

So long as the King was popular and all-powerful, no one dared rebuke him. It was after Protestant William and Mary came to the throne, in 1688, that the power of a new middle class, both in town and country, began to assert itself in moral standards, literature, and entertainment, as well as in economics, politics, and religion. From within this class came the inevitable reaction against Restoration shallowness and immorality. From this class, as well, came those masters of English prose who skillfully felt the pulse of the age. They, first, stated in words the hate of sham, and emphasized the love of virtue and industry which were in England's heart, but of which her sons were scarcely aware.

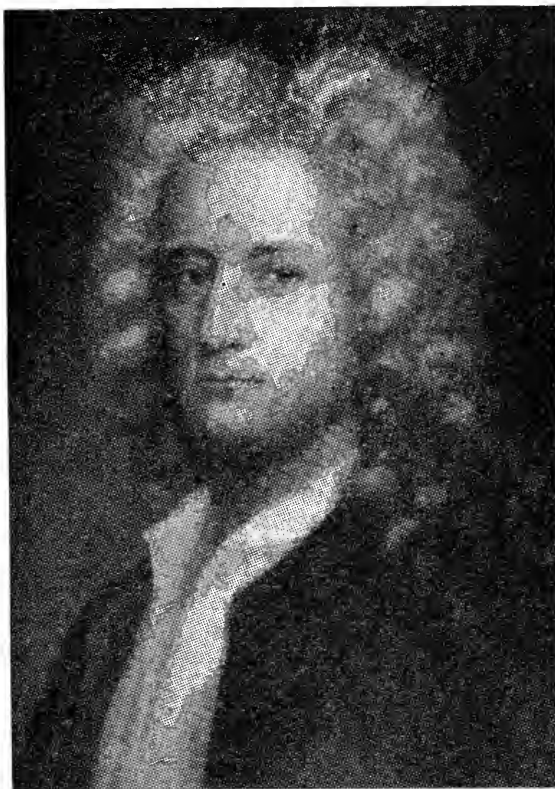
"It is no small thing to make morality fashionable," wrote Hippolyte Taine, a famous critic, of Steele and Addison; yet that was one of their great accomplishments. Another was the manner in which they led, rather than drove, the English people in the direction they felt best. As their contemporary, dramatist John Gay, said of them, they ventured to tell the people that they were a parcel of fops, fools, and vain coquettes; but in such a manner as even pleased them, and made them even more than half inclined to believe that they spoke the truth.

Sir Richard Steele was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1672. After leaving college to become a captain in the army, and writing controversial political pamphlets for the Whigs (or liberals), he began, in 1709, publishing *The Tatler*, a periodical or news sheet appearing



three times weekly. Addison contributed frequently to the publication until abruptly Steele ceased its publication in 1711. When two months later Addison began writing *The Spectator*, which was published each day, Steele, in turn, wrote many articles for this new venture. He held various political posts, was a Member of Parliament, managed Drury Lane Theatre, and was always writing controversial pamphlets, which at one time caused him to be ousted from his positions, and which finally caused him to differ with his lifelong friend and co-worker, Joseph Addison. He was a successful writer of plays, his *The Conscious Lovers*, being one of the most successful sentimental comedies of the century. Always in need of money, Steele suffered ill health during the last years of his life which he spent in retirement in the country. He died in 1729. (See text, pp. 740, 885-887 for many more details.)

Joseph Addison was born in 1672, the son of a clergyman and a scholar. He was educated at Oxford, where his writing attracted the favorable notice of the Whigs. They groomed him for future political usefulness by financing his study on the continent for four years. Upon his return, he held various political positions and was also a Whig Member of Parliament for many years. Likewise, his *Cato* proved him a successful dramatist. After being Chief Secretary for Ireland, he married the Countess of Warwick in 1716 and became Lord Commissioner of Trade, a post which he soon resigned because of ill health. He died in 1719.



A Perry Picture

## JOSEPH ADDISON

Save for the Elizabethan dramatists Beaumont and Fletcher, and the modern Gilbert and Sullivan, who combined to write light opera, the happy combination of personalities and backgrounds of Steele and Addison stands unique.

Furthermore, the time was ripe to produce the form of writing in which they excelled: the periodical essay, or an essay which, like a newspaper or magazine, appears at regular intervals. When coffee was introduced into England in 1652, coffee-houses were opened in London. While the court society continued their elegant intrigues within their select circles, the more solid merchant-class of men gathered at the coffee-houses for their recreation. Here, conversation grew into a high art, and, as only good talk can do, such conversing taught

them to think seriously and intently upon many subjects. The conversation at one house became famous for its discussion of trade and commerce; at another politics was discussed; at another literature and the arts; at another local gossip. Here the same seriousness which had made their fathers Puritans, characterized their self-education in the realm of books and in practical current events. While they knew books and the learning of the past, they held such knowledge to be useful only so far as it improved the present moment. How to improve daily life was their great concern. And in interchanging ideas, in learning the thrill of winning others to one's way of thinking by logic and debate, the newly emerging class of Englishmen learned the virtues of tolerance, kindness, and understanding, all marks of this new type of educated gentlemen. Thus "consideration for others became the fashion, and . . . courtesy came to be regarded as a part of civilization."

Good talk was the life of the coffee-houses, but it was not until this stimulating conversation was given artistic form, as well as permanence in print, that the coffee-houses attained their unparalleled influence on English life. It was this high function which was first conceived and attained by Richard Steele in *The Tatler*.

Since 1695, when the licensing of all periodical and occasional publications had been suspended, innumerable newspapers, many in the form of dialogue, as well as pamphlets, poems, bits of gossip, and other miscellanies, had been published

freely. These were bought regularly by the coffee-houses for the reading pleasure of their customers, much as our barber shops and beauty parlors do today. It took the ingenious Steele to combine these elements into a new form, partly news, partly cultural interest, and partly gossip. Thus the periodical essay was born when Steele's first issue of *The Tatler* appeared in 1709.

This publication always honored its editorial policy of exalting "truth, honor, and virtue" as the chief ornaments of life. But *The Tatler* did far more than point out the value of such morals. Through Steele's ingenious wit and warming insight, and Addison's cultivated mind and perfect grace, the periodical became an amazingly accurate record of how the people of eighteenth-century London thought and talked, just as Hogarth's brilliant caricatures and sketches tell us how Londoners appeared at that time. Never had English prose been so colloquial, so nearly a transcription of actual conversation, so fluid and flexible an instrument.

Steele invented the character of Isaac Bickerstaff, borrowing the name from his friend Swift. Isaac was supposed to report happenings and conversations of interest at the various coffee-houses; also, there was included a section "From My Apartment," which became increasingly popular, at the expense of other sections. The publication scrupulously avoided controversial subjects, such as religious and political doctrine and misdeeds of prominent contemporaries. Instead, it talked of the foibles of all peoples: the evils of duelling, gambling,

swindling, infidelity, pride in dress or station, pettiness of mind and manner, and the pedantic use of learning for its own sake. There were character sketches (some of them satirical and pointed at actual persons), dialogues, allegories, short tales, and letters, illuminated by the editor's comment. Each essay was prefaced by a pointed saying from one of the classical writers.

Our text contains three selections from *The Tatler*. "On Ladies' Dress" (text, page 887) by Steele, reveals his tender affection for womankind, and a true appreciation of her beauty. It also pokes fun at her for her undue concern for clothes and the fashions of personal adornment—all in a manner which has bite beneath, and yet, then as now, contains so much truth, that his feminine readers could not find it in their hearts to be angry with him. "Tom Folio" (text, page 889) was written by Addison, a fact at once apparent by the beautifully smooth, controlled style, which was lacking in Steele. Here, he tellingly points out the pedantry of "all men of deep learning without common sense." In "Recollection of Sorrow" (text, page 891), Steele again shows his warmth of understanding for human suffering as he recalls the past, particularly the death of his father, which is told with delicacy and pathos. Here Steele is completely at one with his audience. Not so much does he create sentiments as does he recall his own emotions, vividly and effectively. Herein is the understanding for mankind's suffering and pains which has endeared Steele to his readers.

*The Spectator*, which was published daily for 555 days, had a more select purpose than had its predecessor, as announced in the tenth number by Addison:

I shall endeavor to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality. To the end that [my readers'] virtue and discretion may not be short, transient, intermittent starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them of that desperate state of vice and folly into which the age is fallen. . . . I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses.

This publication was concerned only with morals and manners. Since it appeared each day, and had no such competitors as radio and movies, the daily literary essay became familiar and intimate to more than sixty thousand readers in the London area; thus its message penetrated each day to the heart of the people. While the pettiness of society was a constant subject, so were advice to lovers, pleasure of the imagination, anecdotes, the behavior of theater audiences, literature, poetry, religion, philosophy, foolishness of social rules, London sights and moods, a definition of true and false wit. Here again, we find a spontaneous sympathy for the people despite their weaknesses, but here predominantly is the fluent, charming style of Addison's carefully controlled pen.

In No. 1, Addison introduces himself to the reader (text, page 893), and his style as well. If ever thought and word were superbly wedded into one, it is here. Steele

introduces us in No. 2 to Sir Roger de Coverley (text, page 895), the weak, proud, careless, entirely human center of the famous Spectator Club; other members of the club are sketched as well. In "Westminster Abbey" (text, page 898), Addison catches the somberness both of death and of this burial place for the illustrious dead; in "Party Patches" (text, page 899), he taunts woman for her petty personal vanity and shallowness of mind. "A Country Sunday" (text, page 901) and "Sir Roger at the Assizes" (text, page 903) give us intimate pictures of life in the country.

His criticism of *Paradise Lost* is important, not only as criticism, but also as witness of Addison's ability to free himself from the conventional, petty literature which was in his time overwhelmingly popular, and value unpopular Milton for his epic grandeur and enduring worth. "A Young Lady's Diary" (text, page 907) might well tell us more about ourselves than we care to admit. Basically it is a plea to replace the tedious, but falsely sufficient pastimes of life, with the more weighty, tangible affairs of reality.

It is difficult to compare Addison and Steele, and foolish to say which is greater. It is the combination of the two which is memorable; together they made a nearly perfect oneness. Irishman "Dick" Steele had an impulsive, affectionate warmth for humanity; he was at his happiest in a jolly crowd, was careless in his writing as in his finances, and loved his independence, politically as in every other way. Joseph Addison was speechless before strangers, al-

though among friends, according to Alexander Pope, Addison "had something more charming in his conversation than I ever knew in any other man." Always he was the scholar, modest and retiring, intellectual rather than emotional, formal, yet with an ordered charm and grace which shows Neo-Classical restraint at its best. His literary prose style is one of the best in the language. In the words of Samuel Johnson, one of our greatest critics:

His prose is the model of the middle style; on grave subjects not formal, on light occasions not groveling; pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration; always equable, and always easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences. . . . What he attempted, he performed; he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. . . . Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

Each believed in condemning Restoration morals and in establishing among Englishmen moral honesty and virtue, industry and solidarity, and a home where children are to be desired and the single standard of morality reigns supreme. But, whereas Steele was always true to his innermost convictions before he conformed to party or society, Addison considered such rampant individualism unwise and untactful; he himself hewed closely to the party line, and, in contrast to Steele, reaped his material rewards.

Thus each has his virtues and weaknesses; while Addison excelled in literary charm and style, Steele possessed a greater insight into hu-

manity, and was always the originator. What he began, Addison perfected, and in their supplementation of each other, they achieved greatness.

### Questions for Discussion

1. Why did Addison and Steele find it needful to "make morality fashionable"?
2. How did Addison and Steele influence polite England to raise its moral standards?

3. Compare this state of moral decadence of the Restoration Age with conditions of our own day. What concerted action for improvement do you think might be effective?

4. What is a "periodical essay?"

5. What was the subject matter of *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*? Why was politics omitted?

6. Discuss the personality of Steele and the style of Addison as contributions to the periodical essay and to English literature.

## Social Science—The Progress of Man

### Part I—The Lesson of History

#### Lesson 3—Evil Forces in the World

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

(Text: *The Progress of Man*, by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, chapters 6 and 7.)

For Tuesday, January 23, 1951

Objective: To depict how Satan, perpetual opponent of the plan of salvation, induced early man to forsake his divine form of government and introduced a rule of force and oppression.

#### The Rebellion of Lucifer

FROM what is written in the Book of Moses and in the Book of Abraham in the Pearl of Great Price, we are taught that not only did men have their agency in the world of spirits, but they were of varying degrees of intelligence and faithfulness. It appears that they were, to some extent, possessed of the characteristics which we see manifest among the children of men on the earth. Lucifer, at least, possessed the spirit of selfishness and ambition for power. (See Isaiah 14:12-18.)

With his influence Lucifer prevailed upon one third of the spirits to support his contention. The fact that they supported him, notwithstanding they were in the presence of God, and had been granted all

the privileges and blessings that were granted to the rest of the spirits, for there could have been no discrimination or respecting of persons, would lead us to the conclusion that there were influences and desires at work in opposition to principles of righteousness. These men followed their inclinations, and, at times, these inclinations did not lead to the establishment of peace and happiness. It is plain to see that, since these spirits walked by sight and were in a position to be taught by direct contact with the Father and his faithful servants, when they rebelled against the constituted authority they did so fully knowing the consequences of their evil actions. These spirits kept not their first estate and with full understanding of the consequences, they became sons of perdition.

### *Lucifer's Warfare Continued on the Earth*

The warfare which was waged in the spirit world against authorized and rightful government was continued almost as soon as man was placed upon this earth. In the world of spirits the Savior said: "And we will prove them herewith, to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command them" (Pearl of Great Price, Abraham 3:25). Man, then, is on this earth for the purpose of being proved, to see if he will be faithful in all things, and thus entitled to have glory added upon his head forever and ever, or to see if he will fall short and receive a lesser reward according to his individual works, based on his free agency. For this purpose of proving him, the Lord permitted the rebellious Lucifer and his host of spirit followers to come to the earth where they tempt man and do all in their power to lead him astray and into forbidden paths. On the other hand, there is the persuading influence of the Spirit of the Lord, or light of Christ, which has been given to every man born into this world (See D. & C. 84:46-48), and which will lead each soul to the fulness of the gospel, if its teachings and directing influences are obeyed. Lehi, in his instructions to his son, has very truthfully and positively declared that in this mortal life, in order to bring to pass the eternal purposes of God in relation to man, it is necessary that there be opposition in all things; the forbidden fruit in opposition to the tree of life, evil in opposition to good, pain and suffering in opposition to peace and hap-

piness. Yet, through it all, man has been given every opportunity to follow the right and know the will of the Lord in his behalf.

### *They Loved Satan More Than God*

When Satan came among the children of Adam and told them to reject the teachings of Adam, they hearkened to his teachings and rejected the word of the Lord. The record says that "they believed it not, and they loved Satan more than God. And men began from that time forth to be carnal, sensual and devilish" (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 5:13).

We believe that very few of the children of Adam, and very few of the children of their children, hearkened to his teachings. It appears that the great majority, even from the beginning, turned away from the rightful government established by the Almighty through Adam, which was based upon divine authority and revelation. As men began to multiply and scatter over the face of the earth, they took the attitude expressed by Cain: "Who is the Lord, that I should know him?" (Moses 5:16).

In this spirit men organized themselves into their own political governments. They carried with them, nevertheless, many of the traditions and teachings (but in a corrupted form), which had been given by divine revelation. As wickedness increased, these divine teachings given to Adam were bound to be corrupted and changed as rebellion and wickedness were able to pervert them. As men spread over the face of the earth and established govern-

ments of their own construction, eventually the worship of the true and living God was replaced by other worship, and divinely revealed principles were changed and replaced by the ideas and traditions of men. In this way political kingdoms came into existence—nourished and built upon rebellion against the established government of God first given to man.

The history of the antediluvian times is so meager that we are not informed as to the nature of the governments which were first established following the apostasy which set in almost at the beginning. Cain married his brother's daughter, and they "loved Satan more than God" (Moses 5:28), and with others he went to the land of Nod, east of Eden, and there he and his followers established themselves. We have learned also that, in course of time, the people of Cain became very numerous. Other nations also were formed among the descendants of Adam who did not follow Cain, and these, in the main, reveled in their wickedness. There were the peoples of Shum, Canaan, Enoch, Heni, Omar, Shem, Haner, and Han-naiah, and perhaps a great many more.

### *Rebellion, Wars, and Bloodshed*

Enoch was called by divine appointment to be a missionary among the peoples of the earth and the Lord said unto him:

Enoch, my son, prophesy unto this people, and say unto them—Repent, for thus saith the Lord: I am angry with this people, and my fierce anger is kindled against them; for their hearts have waxed hard, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes cannot see afar off;

And for these many generations, ever since the day that I created them, have they gone astray, and have denied me, and have sought their own counsels in the dark; and in their own abominations have they devised murder, and have not kept the commandments, which I gave unto their father, Adam (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 6:27-28).

In obedience to this charge, Enoch went forth among the people, except the people of Canaan, who were descendants of Cain. The descendants of Cain were black and were despised among all other people. As Enoch went forth he stood upon the hills and the high places and cried unto the people, and they were offended at him because of the things he taught. Nevertheless they were afraid of him because of the great power of his words which caused the earth to tremble, and even mountains fled at his command, but this did not bring the people to repentance.

And from that time forth there were wars and bloodshed among them; but the Lord came and dwelt with his people, and they dwelt in righteousness.

The fear of the Lord was upon all nations, so great was the glory of the Lord, which was upon his people . . . (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 7:16-17).

### *The Power of Satan on the Earth*

Enoch and his city were not to remain amid the wickedness of the inhabitants of the earth. Because of their faithfulness the Lord said to Enoch:

Zion have I blessed, but the residue of the people have I cursed.

And it came to pass that the Lord showed unto Enoch all the inhabitants of the earth; and he beheld, and lo, Zion, in process of time, was taken up into heaven. And the Lord said unto

Enoch: Behold mine abode forever.

And Enoch also beheld the residue of the people which were the sons of Adam; and they were a mixture of all the seed of Adam save it were the seed of Cain, for the seed of Cain were black, and had not place among them.

And after that Zion was taken up into heaven, Enoch beheld, and lo, all the nations of the earth were before him;

And there came generation upon generation; and Enoch was high and lifted up, even in the bosom of the Father, and of the Son of Man; and behold, the power of Satan was upon all the face of the earth (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 7:20-24).

While Enoch was lifted up, he beheld Satan upon the earth, and he had a great chain in his hand, and it veiled the whole face of the earth with darkness. This darkness was caused by the wickedness of the people and their willingness to serve the prince of darkness, who looked upon his work and laughed, and his angels rejoiced. However, out of this veil of darkness there came some who refused to submit to Satan's rule and out of heaven angels descended to these, bearing testimony of the Father and Son; and the Holy Ghost fell on many, "and they were caught up by the powers of heaven into Zion" (Moses 7:27). In this way the Lord blessed the obedient and humble, and they were privileged to join the translated city, being caught up unto that city from the veil of Satan's darkness. The few righteous who remained, tarried because they had a mission to perform, which mission was to preach to those in darkness and to hold authority in the earth in the name of Jehovah, and to perpetuate the race after the de-

struction of the ungodly should come through the flood.

### *A Time of Great Wickedness*

We read further that the Lord of heaven looked upon the residue of the people after he had taken away those who were willing to serve him, and he wept. And Enoch said, "How is it that thou canst weep, seeing thou art holy, and from all eternity to all eternity?" (Moses 7:29). The Lord answered him, saying:

Behold these thy brethren; they are the workmanship of mine own hands, and I gave unto them their knowledge, in the day I created them; and in the Garden of Eden, gave I unto man his agency; And unto thy brethren have I said, and also given commandment, that they should love one another, and that they should choose me, their Father; but behold, they are without affection, and they hate their own blood; And the fire of mine indignation is kindled against them; and in my hot displeasure will I send in the floods upon them, for my fierce anger is kindled against them. Behold, I am God; Man of Holiness is my name; Man of Counsel is my name; and Endless and Eternal is my name, also. Wherefore, I can stretch forth mine hands and hold all the creations which I have made; and mine eye can pierce them also, and among all the workmanship of mine hands there has not been so great wickedness as among thy brethren (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 7:32-36).

Not only was man corrupt, but the same was true of all flesh, so that the Lord declared:

The earth was corrupt before God, and it was filled with violence. And God looked upon the earth, and behold, it was corrupt, for all flesh had corrupted its way upon the earth. And God said unto Noah: The end of all flesh is come before me, for the earth is filled with vio-



lence, and behold I will destroy all flesh from off the earth (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 8:28-30).

In this early day, the governments of men had failed. They had corrupted themselves through rebellion and sin so that the only remedy was for a cleansing of the earth by a baptism of water.

### Thoughts for Discussion

1. Show that in the spirit world conditions of advancement among the spirits were seemingly as varied as we find them here.
2. In what ways was the plan of Lucifer contrary to the will of God?

3. What was he seeking to accomplish? What are he and his minions seeking to accomplish in their warfare against mankind on earth?

4. What degrees of success did they obtain in the early generations of earth history? Cite examples to justify your conclusion.

5. Compare conditions prior to the flood with world conditions today. Would the Lord's condemnation of the antediluvians apply to those living now?

6. Trace step by step the downfall of the race from the rebellion of the sons of Adam against God and righteous principles down to destructions of the wicked by the waters of the flood.

7. By contrasting conditions in the city of Zion with those among the followers of iniquity, discuss the conclusion: "In this early day, the governments of men had failed."

## Music—Fundamentals of Musicianship

### CONDUCTING, SINGING, AND ACCOMPANYING

(For Music Department at Union Meeting)

Textbook: *Fundamentals of Conducting*, by J. Spencer Cornwall.

### Lesson 4—The Accompanist, Her Responsibility, Efficiency, and Art

*Florence J. Madsen*

Objective: To help the accompanist realize her opportunities and responsibilities in selecting and playing appropriate prelude music and of providing accurate and supportive accompaniments.

#### 1. The Techniques of Playing and Accompanying

The accompanist is a very important person in all musical organizations; her responsibilities and duties are many:

- (a) She should be able to play the accompaniments well, and, at the same time, give help to the singers, if needed.
- (b) She should practice to read music readily and accurately. The conductor, whose baton speaks through silence, can make a mis-

take without much annoyance, but the mistakes of the accompanist speak loudly and disturbingly.

- (c) She should have a strong sense of rhythm and tempo.
- (d) She should know keys, tone quality, and balance.
- (e) She should learn to conduct, that she might better understand the needs of the conductor.
- (f) The accompanist is also a soloist. She introduces the hymn by playing it, or a part of it. In choral numbers, she plays the introduction, interludes, and postludes, as solos. They should be a part of

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the song in tempo, mood, and style.

- (g) The accompanist should follow the singers in all variations of tempo, volume, mood, and phrasing.
- (h) She should try to transpose easy hymns to a key above or below the printed copy. First, she should transpose parts separately, then add the other parts, one by one. This is excellent training for the accompanist, and is often needed.

2. *Prelude Music*

- (a) Prelude music is played for the purpose of generating a spirit of reverence and love, and not for drowning out conversation and noise. The composition should not be a display of volume, speed or technique.

Choose numbers that are subdued and quiet, that will remind the audience that "Silence is golden" and that "He who listens, learns." If a song-tune is used, it should be sacred in its nature, such as: "If With All Your Hearts," or "O Rest in the Lord," or solos from the oratorio, *Elijah*, by Mendelssohn.

- (b) Bring to the music department compositions suitable for preludes. Play a few of these, or parts of them, for one another. This will acquaint the group with other compositions.
- (c) Discuss the appropriateness of these selections. Make sure they are not connected with secular thought.
- (d) Use a hymn occasionally.
- (e) Make use of the organ music from books in your ward music library, or write to the General Music Committee, 200 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, for a copy of the handbook, *Some General Recommendations Concerning Music in the Church*, which may be obtained free of charge.

- (f) Study how to consistently shorten a composition that is too long.

### 3. Tempos and Dynamics

- (a) Read chapters 2 and 3 in the textbook.
- (b) Study tempos and dynamics in music dictionaries and in regular unabridged dictionaries.
- (c) Learn to spell, pronounce, and define the words signifying the more commonly used tempi (tempo) and dynamics, as:
- (1) *Tempos*: Moderato, Allegretto, Allegro, Andante, Andantino, Lento Adagio, Largo, Adagietto, Larghetto.
  - (2) *Dynamics*: Piano (p), Pianissimo (pp), Forte (f), Fortissimo (ff), Sforzando, crescendo, diminuendo, crescendo, dolce, morendo.

Tempo is the speed at which the rhythm moves. Dynamics refers to variation in volume. These are indicated in words and signs. See "Signs and Abbreviations," in Elson's *Music Dictionary*, and "Arbitrary Signs and Symbols," in Webster's *Unabridged Dictionary*, under Music.

- (d) When indicating tempos and dynamics, the left hand, known as the "musician" in conducting, is brought into use to help the right hand effect delicate gradations of expression, essential to artistic interpretation. See pp. 30 and 31 in the textbook.

### 4. Application of Techniques in Rehearsals

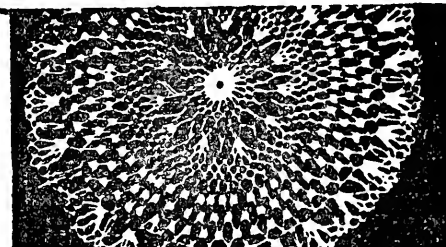
These techniques should be thoroughly learned by the accompanist and the conductor and applied to the hymns chosen for the two practice periods each month.

These practices are of vital importance to the entire Relief Society. They should be planned, prepared, and conducted regularly and efficiently.

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## Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. Outline the essentials of good accompanying.
2. What should govern the choice and performance of prelude music?
3. Of what importance are tempos and dynamics in music?

## Autumn Day

Christie Lund Coles

Upon the mountainside once more  
The autumn's needle point is laid,  
Again in muted melody  
The summer's elegy is played.

The bronze and wine chrysanthemums  
Stand undefeated by the frost,  
The plum and apple grow more sweet  
Within this sudden holocaust;

Their lifted branches shall, in time,  
Have lovelier blossoms, stronger root.  
I, too, would face the darkening hours  
And bring my life to fruit.

## Katydids

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Wearing uniforms of green,  
They wait behind the drooping leaves,  
The curtain of their theatre.  
The moon through scintillation weaves  
A chain of footlights for the scene,  
And peacefully, while shadows rise,  
Their haunting rhythmic musicale  
Begins, and long they improvise.

A wave of frost, and katydid  
Are gone—one alone remains.  
The show must still go on. His song  
Blends listlessly with chilling rains,  
The loyal trooper of the night  
Mournfully accepts his plight.

## Storm Warning

Virginia Ellis Newman

White frost on roof and grass;  
Ice on the kitten's plate;  
Hurry the harvest in,  
For the months of the year grow late!

Gather the autumn's wealth;  
Leave not one shock of grain  
To waste in the wintry wind,  
Or fall under leaden rain.

Fasten the storm sash tight;  
Lay mats for the muddy feet.  
Smell of frost is in the air—  
You can almost feel the sleet.

Oh, hasten neglected tasks,  
For the months and the years grow late;  
When the autumn of life draws near  
Winter can hardly wait!

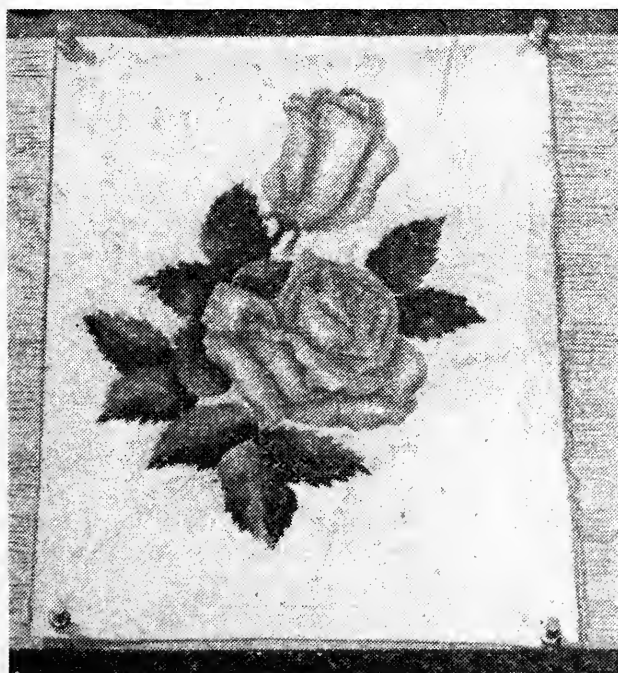
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## From Near and Far

My ten-year-old daughter often curls up with a stack of back issues of *The Relief Society Magazine*, which she reads voraciously. Each time it arrives the Magazine is passed from one to the other of the family members and comes through the ordeal intact as to cover and contents. Numerous friends and acquaintances have called and friends and strangers have written concerning the two stories ("The Thickness of Water," April 1950, and "Through Thick and Thin," July 1950) which I have had in the Magazine.

—Nellie Iverson Cox,  
St. George, Utah

With reference to the article "Mission to Moapa" (by Caroline Eyring Miner, July 1950), I wish to mention my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gentry who lived at St. Thomas—where the Muddy and Virgin Valleys meet. Their home was always open to all who passed, with or without money. He was bishop and she was president of the Relief Society. It was at St. Thomas that I first met Mormon people, living, as I thought then and now, the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. The Bunkers (Edward and his son John M.), George Burton Whitney and his wife Lovina Syphus, the Perkins family, Mrs. Stewart, and many others I remember as reclaiming a wasted and unused land that now is producing food and shelter for a thrifty population.

—Harrison Anderson,  
Altadena, California

I have waited patiently for my July Magazine to come to get a glimpse of the lessons that would be outlined for the coming year at our work meetings. As I opened my Magazine and saw that Christine H. Robinson would be the author of these lessons, I just can't tell you how thrilled I was. I have worked as stake sewing leader in North Sanpete Stake for two years and like my work very much. . . . but I especially need to know about color and room balance.

—Mrs. Levern Jensen,  
Fairview, Utah

For many years the poetry of my great-aunt Lula Greene Richards appeared in the Church publications. She inspired me to hope that some day I might see my name there, affixed to some composition which you deemed worthy of acceptance. I am enclosing for your consideration "Storm Warning."

—Virginia Ellis Newman  
Salt Lake City, Utah

The poem "Storm Warning" appears on page 719 of this issue of the Magazine.—Ed.

In regard to "Centennials of 1950" (editorial in the August issue), my grandfather Simeon A. Dunn went on a mission to Tahiti in 1850 with James S. Brown, arriving there May 24th. They signed an affidavit on the 8th of November, 1850, that they would be no expense to the French government and would be self-supporting missionaries.

—Effie E. Merrill  
Logan, Utah

On page 530 of *The Relief Society Magazine* for August (in "Centennials for 1950") you name the first Hawaiian missionaries, and among them is the name of my father, but instead of Thomas Keeler, the name should be James Keeler. He had a family of twenty-six members, and I am now the only one living. I am nearly eighty-five years old, but did not think it wise to go back to the Islands this summer to the Centennial.

—Alice Keeler Hatch,  
Manti, Utah

This is the finest little Magazine I take, and I wouldn't be without it for anything.

—Alvaretta Hastings,  
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Thank you for reminding me to renew my subscription. I would surely hate to miss even one number of the Magazine. My husband enjoys it and reads it as much as I do.

—Mrs. Evelyn L. Winward  
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# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 37, NO. 11

NOVEMBER 1950

## *For All Familiar Things*

Christie Lund Coles

May I never again look on the fields of home,  
The far, wide acres where the corn in shock  
Is stacked and dried; where blackbirds line the fence  
And the brown hay bulges from the worn haycock;

Where sea gulls follow the silver plow—  
A line of beauty through steaming furrows—  
Where the meadow lark chimes the break of day,  
And the gopher in the cool earth burrows;

Where poplars stand, leaf-speared and tall,  
Where the willows lean to the water's singing,  
Where orchid evening moves across the hills  
Softly as swallows in their southward winging,

Without a sense of wonder and of peace,  
Without a prayer of endless gratitude  
For all familiar things, for the free soil  
On which my father, and his father, stood.

# “For After Much Tribulation Come the Blessings”

*President Belle S. Spafford*

(Address delivered at the general session of the Annual General Relief Society Conference held in the Tabernacle, September 28, 1950.)

RECENTLY I read a short biographical sketch of Giacomo Leopardi, a great Italian poet and a distinguished scholar of his day. His writings were noted for their perfection of style though somewhat tinged with pessimism. Leopardi lost his love of God and, eating his heart out in reasoning despair, ended with these desolate lines: “Life is but the privation of the pleasurable; it is destroyed illusions and wounded pride. Tiresome and bitter is life—never aught but that.”

Mr. Clarence Darrow, one of the nation’s greatest criminal lawyers of a few years ago, an eminently successful man judged by the standards of the world, wrote that to him “the outstanding fact of human life is the utter futility of it all.” He said that “no life is of much value . . . the most satisfying part of life is the time spent in sleep when one is utterly oblivious to existence, and the next best is when one is absorbed in activities.”

Such futilism as expressed by these two men is one of irreligion’s commonest effects. The soul that knows true religion, who has a belief in God, views life hopefully as an opportunity and a blessing. To the Latter-day Saint, possessed of revealed truth regarding God’s great plan of life and salvation, the divine

purposes of God in the earth-life of man and how man may fulfill these purposes are clear. God has made known to us in positive terms the “why” of human existence and the ultimate destiny of man. In the light of this knowledge, life as we live it here upon the earth from day to day assumes its true significance.

We know that we are sons and daughters of God; that our spirits had an existence before they tabernacled in the flesh; that there we dwelt with our Heavenly Father and Mother and the Son, that there we were given our free agency to act as we saw fit and that we exercised that agency and proved ourselves valiant. As a reward for that valiance, the Lord permitted us to come to earth, to take upon ourselves mortal bodies that we might further our progression. Moreover, we were given a special blessing to come to earth through the lineage of the faithful, in the dispensation of the fullness of times, heirs to salvation.

This knowledge should be a constant source of inspiration, strength, and confidence to us as we continue our earthly existence.

In his teachings to Abraham the Lord showed him the intelligences that were organized before the world was, and the Lord said:

And there stood one among them that was like unto God, and he said unto those who were with him: We will go down, for there is space there, and we will take of these materials, and we will make an earth whereon these may dwell; and we will prove them herewith, to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command them. And they who keep their first estate shall be added upon; and they who keep not their first estate shall not have glory in the same kingdom with those who keep their first estate; and they who keep their second estate shall have glory added upon their heads forever and ever (Abraham 3:24-26).

ONE cannot be proved by walking only the easy road, nor does he become valiant without struggle. Through a mastery of the difficult the character of a man becomes strong. Lehi, speaking to his son Jacob, declared: "For it must needs be that there is an opposition in all things. If it were not so . . . righteousness could not be brought to pass" (II Nephi 2:11).

Doctrine and Covenants, section 136:31, tells us:

My people must be tried in all things, that they may be prepared to receive the glory that I have for them, even the glory of Zion; and he that will not bear chastisement is not worthy of my kingdom.

History is replete with accounts of the children of men who have been tried, tested, and refined in the furnace of life—men whom the Lord loved dearly.

There is no more striking example of this than the story of Job. Job was perfect and upright, one that feared God and eschewed evil. The Lord blessed the works of his hands and his substance increased. Then the Lord permitted Satan to

try Job as a test of his faith. His prosperity turned to calamity; his honor to contempt. Sore bereavement came upon him, physical suffering, loss of substance, taunting by his friends. So great were his trials that he cried:

Oh that my grief were thoroughly weighed, and my calamity laid in the balances together! For now it would be heavier than the sands of the sea. . . . (Job 6:2).

My days . . . are spent without hope (Job 7:6).

My soul is weary of my life (Job 10:1).

Yet, withal, he steadfastly refused to accept sin and, with sublime faith and trust in God, he met the test, declaring:

For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God (Job 19:25-26).

Scripture tells us: "The Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning."

Even that great Prophet, chosen of the Lord to open this last dispensation, was not spared. When the Prophet Joseph Smith was incarcerated in Liberty Jail, he was called upon to endure hardships which were revolting to his refined and sensitive nature. Not only were high-handed injustice and cruelty practiced upon him, but the food was filthy, he was compelled to hear blasphemous oaths and to witness scenes of drunkenness and debauchery. Out of the midst of his tribulations, he called upon God in passionate earnestness:

O God! where art thou? And where is the pavilion that covereth thy hiding place? . . . How long shall thy hand be

stayed, and thine eye . . . behold from the eternal heavens, the wrongs of thy people, and of thy servants, and thine ear be penetrated with their cries? . . . O Lord . . . stretch forth thy hand . . . let thine heart be softened, and thy bowels moved with compassion toward us.

And God answered the cries of the Prophet, and said:

My son, peace be unto thy soul; thine adversity and thine afflictions shall be but a small moment; and then, if thou endure it well, God shall exalt thee on high . . . If thou art called to pass through tribulation, if thou art in perils among false brethren, if thou art in perils among robbers, if thou art in perils by land or by sea, if thou art accused with all manner of false accusations, if thine enemies fall upon thee, if they tear thee from the society of thy father and mother and brethren and sisters, and if with a drawn sword thine enemies tear thee from the bosom of thy wife and of thine offspring . . . if thou shouldst be cast into the pit, or into the hands of murderers, and the sentence of death passed upon thee, if thou be cast into the deep, if the billowing surge conspire against thee, if fierce winds become thine enemy, if the heavens gather blackness, and all the elements combine to hedge up the way; and above all, if the very jaws of hell shall gape open the mouth wide after thee, know thou, my son, that all these things shall give thee experience, and shall be for thy good (D.H.C. III, p. 291 ff.)

Surely, the Prophet is "exalted on high."

**Z**ION'S Camp furnishes us another striking example of testing. In the year 1834 there was a day of calling and a day of choosing. A little band of brethren set out to aid their brothers in Jackson County. The hardships of that journey beggar description. Spied upon, tortured by mob threatenings, wad-

ing through mire and stream, half-fed, suffering the plague of cholera, they pushed forward toward their goal. Some there were who murmured and found fault, who were disobedient to the authority of the Prophet; others were loyal and true, facing the hardships with unwavering faith.

In a revelation given to the Prophet on Fishing River, Missouri, in June of 1834, the Lord said:

But the strength of mine house have not hearkened unto my words; but inasmuch as there are those who have hearkened unto my words, I have prepared a blessing and an endowment for them, if they continue faithful. I have heard their prayers, and will accept their offering; and it is expedient in me that they should be brought thus far for a trial of their faith.

*Essentials of Church History* tells us:

While the object for which Zion's Camp was organized and for which they made the journey, as understood by the members, was not attained, yet without question they did accomplish all that the Lord expected of them . . . Their faith was tried; experience had been gained by which men were to be chosen for responsible positions in the Church in days to come.

But, you say, these are trials which came to the great and chosen of the Lord. What of the more humble among us? We too must be proved. All must face trials, some of which are more or less personal in nature, and others the trials incident to the day in which we live. These trials are not given us by an unkind providence to crush us. Many of them are man-made, the result of man's weaknesses and imperfections. But, regard-



less of their source, by a mastery of them we may rise to our fullest stature.

Paul Speicher has said:

Cripple him and you have a Sir Walter Scott. Put him in a prison cell and you have a John Bunyan. Bury him in the snows of Valley Forge and you have a George Washington. Have him born in abject poverty and you have an Abraham Lincoln. Deny her sight and speech and you have a Helen Keller. Bind him down with bitter racial prejudice and you have a Disraeli.

And we might add: "Have him reared by a widowed mother under the hardships of desert pioneer life and you have a Heber J. Grant."

ONCE again in our day, at home and abroad, is mankind suffering the toll of lust for power, of fighting and bloodshed. Throughout the world people are harassed by the perplexities of the nations, and by the judgments which are upon the land. The hearts of the prophets are heavy; the leaders of nations confused; wives and mothers, contemplating days ahead of armed service for their husbands and sons, are sorely grieved. The prophets have told us that wars are to come, and come they will. The earth must be purged from all unrighteousness that it may be prepared for the celestial glory.

Our concern is to meet with faith and fortitude the afflictions incident to the day.

The women of the Church must prove themselves a steadying and unwavering influence in their homes and in their children. Driven by our own anxieties, it is so easy to project fears, to implant bitterness, to impair hope, to destroy faith.

This, Latter-day Saint wives and mothers must not do. Rather, must they build faith and enlarge their own understanding, and that of their families, of God's great plan and purposes, so that when the bitter experiences of life come the doctrines and teachings of the Church will be a living reality with unbounded sustaining influence and power. Courage must be ours and a hopeful heart. Wisdom and intelligence must dictate our course, and our emotions must not be allowed to run unbridled. The Lord has admonished us, "Live near unto me," with the promise, "I will live near unto you."

Let us make of our homes a sanctuary, a place where the sweet spirit of the Lord may dwell, regardless of the confusion in the world about us. Let each of our homes be a place of such faith, peace, and understanding companionship that wherever family members may go, or whatever experiences they may pass through, the sweet memory of home will bind them to it, buoy them up, and help them to endure without yielding.

I beseech you, sisters, during these days of stress to maintain your homes as normally as is humanly possible. Safeguard your own health. Do not dissipate your physical strength, for a troubled spirit takes its toll of physical strength, and, in turn, the spirit is more readily crushed when the body is weak. Know this, that being children of the Father we have within us resources of power and strength great enough to enable us to meet valiantly whatever adversities this earth life may bring; and

“after much tribulation come the blessings,” if we meet them with faith, retaining our testimonies strong as did Job when he said, “I know that my Redeemer liveth.”

And now, my sisters, I leave with you my blessing. I bless you for the righteousness of your lives, for the faithfulness of your service to Relief Society, for the quality of your wifhood and your motherhood, that as you order your lives according to the teachings of the Church, the stern days ahead will not find you disconsolate and crushed in spirit, but strong in faith and testimony, more worthy of exaltation in our Father’s kingdom because of the manner in which

you have met the tribulations incident to your day.

The Lord has promised:

Wherefore, I now send upon you another Comforter . . . that it may abide in your hearts, even the Holy Spirit of promise . . . This Comforter is the promise which I give unto you of eternal life, even the glory of the celestial kingdom.

In Doctrine and Covenants, section 61:36, is this blessed promise:

And now, verily I say unto you, and what I say unto one I say unto all, be of good cheer, little children; for I am in your midst, and I have not forsaken you.

May this be your blessing, sisters, I pray.

---

## *Trees in November*

Maryhale Woolsey

This is their last frail, precious hour of glory.  
The pale gold day yields to a somber sky,  
And melancholy ghosts of summer sunshine  
Drift silently where scattered treasures lie.

They lift a few bright hoarded leaves, like banners,  
While near the grove, a storm-king’s forces press—  
To march, invincible at last, upon them  
And loot their final store of loveliness.

This they must know, through year on year of learning;  
This they accept with calm and noble grace.  
They make no cry against the winter’s coming,  
No futile protest for their stricken place;

But patiently they wait till April wakes them  
With voice of rain, with touch of feathered wing . . . .  
For this, their last brief hour of autumn glory,  
Is prelude to their long white dream of spring.

# Mildred Bennion Eyring Appointed to the Relief Society General Board

Leone G. Layton

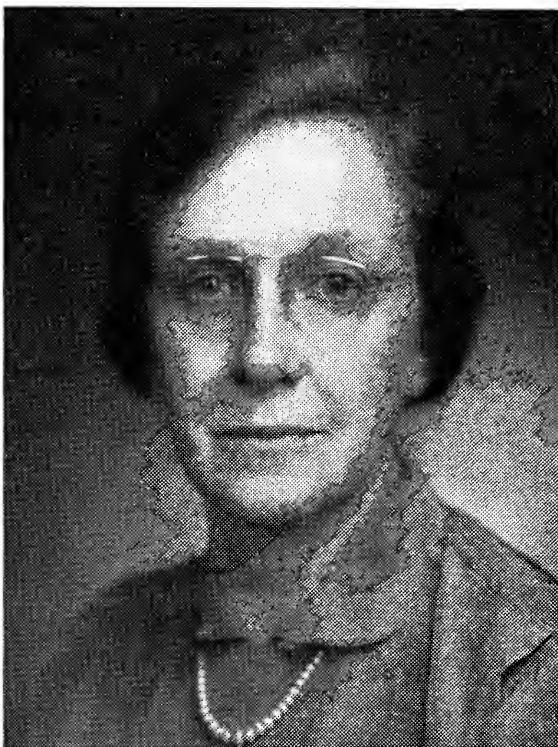
Member, Relief Society General Board

ALL who have been associated with Mildred Bennion Eyring will welcome her appointment to the general board of Relief Society on September 18, 1950. To know Sister Eyring is to appreciate the sturdy pioneer forebears who loved the gospel pattern by which she has lived. Wherever she has been, she has served the Church, and many missionaries and members bear testimony to the hospitality of her home.

Born in Granger, Utah, to Marcus and Lucy Smith Bennion, Sister Eyring early learned the value of service, as her mother was counselor in the ward Relief Society presidency for many years. Mildred's appointment as assistant Sunday School organist at the age of fourteen demonstrated her interest in music which has continued through her life.

She obtained a B. S. degree in the field of health and physical education from the University of Utah, remaining there as a faculty member for seven years. A desire for further study took her to the University of Wisconsin, where she met and married Henry Eyring.

Having previously accepted the position as Head of the Women's Division of Physical Education at the University of Utah, she returned there for a few months before going to Germany with her husband for a year. They returned to Berkeley, California, where Dr. Eyring taught for a year before ac-



MILDRED BENNION EYRING

cepting an appointment in the Department of Chemistry at Princeton University. Here they labored diligently in the small branch at New Brunswick, New Jersey, often traveling fifty-nine miles on Sunday, and stopping on the way to invite missionaries and other members to ride with them to Church. The Eyring home was open to all and, during the war years, the branch met there. Sister Eyring served as counselor and theology leader in the small Relief Society, and many gatherings were enriched by her lovely singing.

The appointment of Dr. Henry Eyring as Dean of the Graduate School of the University of Utah brought the family West, and Sister

Eyring became active in Monument Park Ward, Bonneville Stake. She was called to be theology leader and a visiting teacher and, later, first counselor in Relief Society and taught the Gospel Doctrine class in Sunday School.

Sister Eyring is the mother of three sons, Edward Marcus, now

serving as a missionary in the French Mission, Henry Bennion, and Harden Romney. The Eyring family is characterized by the fine quality of intellectual companionship which they enjoy. The motto of their household might well be, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

---

## *Thanksgiving*

Louise Spencer

**M**ORE than three hundred years ago a small band of people to whom right and wrong meant more than life itself, left their home shores and all they had ever known to embark in a small vessel, with a poorly charted course, over a great ocean, to a vaguely known destination. Surely there must have been times when a flood of fear rose up in their hearts, fear that could be smothered only in the blessed relief of prayer. Prayer and the belief that God led them.

And he did guide them, not to the sunny southland of which they had dreamed, but rather to the rigors of the rugged country soon to be known as New England. Here they were to leave their mark on civilization. Here their choice posterity was to become a force for righteousness on earth.

That first winter the grim reaper took many of their number by the hand and led them to still another land. But those who remained never lost their courage—nor their hope—nor their faith in God. When spring came they planted seeds, only hoping to be allowed to reap what they had sown. God was merciful and granted to them an abundant

harvest.

So overflowing with gratitude were the hearts of these people that they found it insufficient expression of their feelings to merely say, "We thank thee, God." Out of their need for a greater expression they set aside one day to be used for the giving of thanks to him. Their tables were heavily laden with a portion of that most important harvest, and the Pilgrim, who had known so many lean days, with his friend the Indian, sat down together to feast.

Today, we remember those people and their many fine deeds. For we, like them, have found a need for giving thanks for our harvest and for all of which it is symbolical. For if there were no peace among men in our midst there would be no harvest; if there had been storms and havocs of nature there would be no harvest; if God had not watched over the seed and given it power of increase there would be no harvest. Without harvest the earth would soon be desolate and without life.

So, following the good example of our Pilgrim Fathers, we of this generation have set aside one day after each harvest for thanksgiving to God.

# A Star Is Shining

Sylvia Probst Young

**S**NOWFLAKES, like small curled feathers falling against the bus window, held Jessie's eyes and brought a little smile to her lips. There would be snow for Christmas. Already it lay upon the roofs like foamy cake frosting, and every tree stood "ridged inch deep in pearl." She had hoped that it would snow, snow would make it seem a little more like Christmas tomorrow, although nothing would really make it seem like Christmas without Mom. For Mom had made Christmas, and every memory of her was as bright and sparkling as the lights on the Christmas tree.

A sudden mist blurred Jessie's eyes—remembering. They had always had such fun planning for Christmas. Ever since she was a very little girl she had helped with the gift wrapping and the Christmas cards. Together, she and Mom had made fondant and a very special kind of Christmas cookies with nuts and dates and lemon peel. Together, they had trimmed the tree, with Dad there to hang ornaments on the topmost branches. But the most important thing about Christmas had been planning a present for Dad.

This year everything was different, for Mom was not here—Mom had died. It was so final and poignant, that knowledge, and always it was with her, stinging at her heart. Christmas without Mom would never be the same. Last night she and Dad had trimmed their tree, and Dad had been unusually gay, but she knew he was just pretending.

Last year they had popped corn by the fireside, and Dad had read the Christmas story from the Bible. She and Mom had played a duet—"Star of the East." She could remember it all so clearly, even the dress Mom was wearing—a new, blue wool, the color of her eyes. Always, through all the days and years, there would be only memories—memories that made her ache with longing.

\* \* \* \* \*

**E**VERYTHING had changed so much since that October morning when she had awakened to see Dad sitting by her bed not looking like himself at all. She had been afraid then, more afraid than she had ever been before, because he was so gray-looking and old. He had held her very close and had tried to say something, but he couldn't talk, and she had known without being told. The next few days had been like a horrible dream. Everyone had been so kind and had tried so hard to help, but it was as if her heart were frozen inside of her and wouldn't ever thaw out. After the funeral was over, and they were all alone—just she and Dad, loneliness settled in with them like a permanent tenant, familiar everywhere—in the living room, the bedrooms, the kitchen, the yard. It had been almost more than she could endure, and one day Dad had found her in Mom's clothes closet with her arms around a blue gingham house dress, crying softly to herself. But when she saw how choked up he became

she forgot about herself, thinking of him. Thirteen or thirty-six, it was a mutual feeling. And there, with his arms around her, she had resolved to be brave and to never let him see her cry again. She had succeeded, too. But time crept along on old, tired feet. It seemed like two years, instead of two months, since Mom had gone.

A tear slid down her cheek, and she brushed it away. Another block and she would get off in front of Samuelson's. She was going there to buy a present for Dad—a white shirt from Mom and her. They had planned it during those long weeks in the spring when Mom had to lie in bed with rheumatic fever. There had been so many hours to talk things over and plan for birthdays and Christmas.

"I know something we must buy for Dad's Christmas," Mom had said one day, "a white shirt. When he was getting ready for church last Sunday I noticed how shabby his shirt is, and it is the only white one he has. I've already turned the collar and now the cuffs are beginning to fray."

"And every man wears a white shirt to church," Jessie volunteered.

A sudden shadow had crossed Mom's eyes. "My doctor bills have been such a drain, Jessie. Your Daddy has gone without so many things he really needs. I've been thinking how nice it would be if we could really make his Christmas special this year. By June I'll be all well and strong. Then maybe I could work again. Wouldn't it be nice to have our own money and to be able to buy him ties and several shirts and a robe?"

"I think it would be the nicest thing," Jessie had agreed eagerly. "And maybe I could help, too, if someone needs a baby sitter."

**B**UT it was not until September that the first money went into their Christmas fund. For although Mom had been up since June, and seemed to be as well and full of life as before, Dad simply would not hear of her going to work; and all summer long it seemed that no one needed Jessie to mind children. Then one day in September, scarcely two weeks before that never-to-be-forgotten day when Mom was rushed to the hospital, Jessie came home from school to find her busy making an angel food cake, and she was beaming.

"Jessie, just think, honey, Mrs. Price asked me to make a cake for a party she's having tonight. That will be a dollar toward our Christmas fund, and, who knows, by Christmas maybe I'll have a chance to bake a dozen cakes."

That had been a memorable afternoon. Jessie had helped whip egg whites and sift sugar and flour, and all the while she and Mom had talked about the fun they would have surprising Dad. That night they had taken the precious dollar and put it in a little blue china vase on the highest cupboard shelf.

It was the last time Jessie had thought anything about the money until one day just after Thanksgiving. Then she took the vase down, and emptied its contents into her hand—one round, silver dollar. Tears ran down her cheeks as she remembered the cake-baking day. There wouldn't be enough money to buy the things they had planned,

but maybe there would be enough for the white shirt if she could earn a dollar before Christmas. Maybe Mrs. Roberts would want to do some Christmas shopping and would need a baby sitter now since Gary was born. Jessie decided to stop by and ask her.

And Mrs. Roberts had been so sweet, especially when Jessie told her about the white shirt. "Why, yes, Jessie, I'll be very glad if you'll stay with him, maybe next Friday after school."

She had stayed on Friday afternoon and then last Saturday morning. Now she had the money—two dollars here in her purse, and it would buy a white shirt. Samuelson's had advertised them for a dollar and ninety-five cents. Dad would have a new white shirt even if she couldn't get any of the other things she and Mom had talked about. He wouldn't have to look shabby in church any more. Jessie smiled a little, could it be possible that Mom might know? She had thought when she looked at Mom's picture this morning that her smile seemed unusually bright. It was almost as if she were going to say, "Good girl, Jessie."

The snow had stopped falling when she got off the bus, and the magic of the storm seemed to have transformed the town into a fairyland, adding glamour to each festive street. Over the silvery, frosted air, the voices of a choral group rang out: "O come all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant, come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem."

JESSIE walked slowly, drinking in the beauty of the song. The streets were crowded. People, their

arms filled with packages, were hurrying in every direction. Everyone but a small boy in an old, brown topcoat. He was standing by Samuelson's window, his face pressed against the pane, his eyes glued to the silver Christmas tree with its trimmings of glistening red balls. No one seemed to notice him especially, for any child will stop to look at a Christmas tree. But something about the way he was standing, the look in his eyes, told Jessie that he was unhappy. And because all her life she had been taught to be kind, it was instinctive to stop beside him.

"It's a beautiful tree isn't it?" she said. And when he turned to look at her she could see the trace of tears in his eyes.

"Is something wrong?" she asked sympathetically.

Although he couldn't have been more than eight years old, there was a certain manliness about him.

"No," he answered, squaring his shoulders, "I was just wishin'."

"Wishin' what?"

"Wishin' that I had a Christmas tree."

"But everybody has a Christmas tree."

"I haven't." In spite of him the tears were near spilling. "Gram says Santa Claus can't bring trees, he's got too much else to bring."

"Do you live with your grandma?" Jessie asked.

"I do now—Mom died."

"Oh." There was sympathy and understanding in her voice. She knew how he felt; they had experienced the same heart-crushing loss—knew the same loneliness.

"I'm Jessie," she said kindly. "What's your name?"

"Terry Willis."

"But, Terry, you've got to have a tree. Couldn't your Grandma buy one?"

He shook his head. "She hasn't enough money."

Jessie didn't answer then. She was suddenly very conscious of the two dollars in her purse. Two dollars would buy a Christmas tree. But she couldn't buy a tree with that money. No, of course she couldn't. That money was to buy a shirt for Dad, a shirt from Mom as well as herself. They had always given Dad a Christmas present; it wouldn't be Christmas without doing that. And Dad needed the shirt, Mom had said so, too, and she had left a dollar to help buy it.

But what about a boy without a Christmas tree? And there was something so pleading in Terry's face looking up at her. What could she do? A strange sort of conflict was going on within her. The money in her purse—it belonged to Mom, too. Mom—what would Mom do? Mom would buy a tree for Terry, of course. The answer came instantly, as if someone had spoken it. A strange sort of warmth filled Jessie then. The conflict was gone; she knew the answer.

"Terry, I'll buy you a Christmas tree," she promised.

His face lighted instantly. "You will? Have you got the money, Jessie?"

"Yes, Terry, right here in my purse. Where do you live?"

"Just a block up and one over. Gee, wonder what Gram will say when I bring home a tree?" He was jubilant.

In the next block they found a man selling trees, and he seemed to be anxious to get rid of them.

"Do you have any for two dollars?" Jessie asked a bit timidly.

The man eyed them kindly. "Wait," he said.

He was gone only a few minutes, and when he returned he was carrying a little tree. It was a bit straggly, but not too bad.

"This was two dollars. You can have it for one. Won't be bad when it's trimmed up."

JESSIE handed him the money. There was still a dollar left. Maybe she could still buy something for Dad. Terry picked up the tree. His face was radiant.

"Will you come and help me trim it?" he asked.

"Well, I guess I can if I don't stay too long. Have you got any trimmings, Terry?"

The light went out of his face. "Gee, I never thought of that, but maybe Gram's got something."

Jessie knew that it wasn't likely his Gram would have anything, at least not any glistening ornaments or silver icicles. There was still a dollar in her purse, and maybe a dollar wouldn't buy a very good tie, but a tree without trimmings was as good as no tree at all.

A little while later Jessie followed her new friend through the door of a small, shabby-looking house at the end of a narrow street. Terry was proudly carrying the tree, and under her arm Jessie held a box of blue ornaments and another of silver icicles. The room they entered was quite bare, but very clean, and warm from the fire glowing in the little heating stove.



"Gram," Terry called, "come and see what I've got."

From the adjoining room came a thin, frail-looking woman, with soft, gray hair and a face that expressed gentle kindness. She looked from Terry to Jessie in complete surprise.

"Gram, just look," cried the boy, "a Christmas tree and trimmings! This is Jessie, Gram. She got them for me."

"Jessie," she smiled warmly. "What a nice surprise. So you buy a tree for my boy. Come by the stove and take off your coat. Now tell me how you knew Terry needed a tree."

Briefly Jessie related her meeting with the little boy, while Terry busied himself with the tree. The Grandma listened, and her eyes grew sad.

"So bad I wanted a tree for Terry. But this month I needed coal and warm underwear for him. So little money I have, none is left for a tree. So now you give your money for his tree, but the money you have saved for something else," she concluded. "A good girl you are. Your Mama is a kind woman, she teaches you how to do."

Jessie felt a lump rising in her throat, and then she was telling the Grandma all about Mom. And the Grandma was so kind and so motherly. With an arm around Jessie, she spoke words of comfort and understanding that drove the choked-up feeling away, and Jessie went to help Terry with the tree. It was fun seeing his eyes sparkle as the blue ornaments and the silver icicles transformed the bare little tree into a thing of beauty. For it was beautiful, Jessie decided,

standing off to admire it. Somehow it had transformed the little room like a magic wand would have done. The Grandma, too, was all praise for it.

"And now I have something," she said, "come."

On the table were cups of hot chocolate she had made while they were trimming the tree. From a drawer she brought a great loaf of braided bread with a glistening top, and laughed at Jessie's wonder. "This bread we make in the Old Country for Christmas, so here I make it, too. Now you see how good it is."

It was, too, and the chocolate was delicious. Sitting there with the Grandma and Terry, Jessie decided it was the nicest afternoon she had known since Mom died.

LONG shadows were falling when she left for home. In her hand was a paper sack with a generous slice of the Christmas bread in it. "For your good Papa," the Grandma had said. Jessie had smiled. She would see them again, for the Grandma had carefully written her name and address in a little black notebook. "God bless you and your Papa," she told Jessie. "Because of you, Terry will have a merry Christmas."

It was almost dark when she got home. Quietly she went into the house and turned on the light. The face in the picture on the end table smiled at her, and she smiled back. She took off her coat and turned on the lights of the Christmas tree. It looks like a lady in a formal dress, wearing a million jewels, she thought.

Maybe there would be carols on

the radio. She turned it on, and someone was singing: "Hark, the herald angels sing, glory to the newborn King . . ."

A calm peace filled her heart. Better fix Dad some dinner. She hurried to set the table and put the finishing touches on the food she had prepared earlier in the day. Finally she heard him coming in through the back door.

"Hello, kitten," he greeted her. "Is dinner ready—our Christmas Eve dinner?"

"All on the table, but don't you want to look at our Christmas tree first?"

He seemed too quiet, standing there looking at the tinsel boughs. Jessie knew he was remembering last year, and her heart hurt for him.

For awhile they stood in silence, watching the colored lights.

"Shall we have dinner now?" he asked finally.

After the meal was over and they were back in the living room, Jessie touched a match to the logs in the fireplace and sat down on the rug in front of the blaze.

"Dad, there's something I want to tell you."

"What's the matter, honey, anything wrong?"

"No, nothing's wrong, Dad, but I want to tell you about today. You know every year Mom and I have bought you a present together, and today I went to buy it. Way

last spring we decided on it—Mom and I. We decided that we would buy you a white shirt, and I was going to get it. I had two dollars—one I earned, and one Mom earned making a cake for Mrs. Price one day last September."

"She did?" There was a choke in his voice.

"Yes. And I went to buy the shirt downtown, Dad, but I didn't get it after all, because I found a little boy who didn't have a Christmas tree."

Then she told him all about the afternoon with the Grandma and Terry. "So that's why I didn't buy you anything, Dad. I just couldn't see Terry go without a tree. But I want you to know that I really didn't forget about you, I could never do that."

"Jessie," he spoke tenderly, "you have given me the most beautiful gift in all the world—it's your unselfish heart. Look, kitten, here through the window, that star—the bright one. Remember the story I used to read to you about the Christmas angel who hung a star in the sky for every child who did an unselfish deed? A star is shining for you, Jessie—that bright one. And I feel sure your Mama knows, honey."

"Oh Dad, do you really? Do you really think so?"

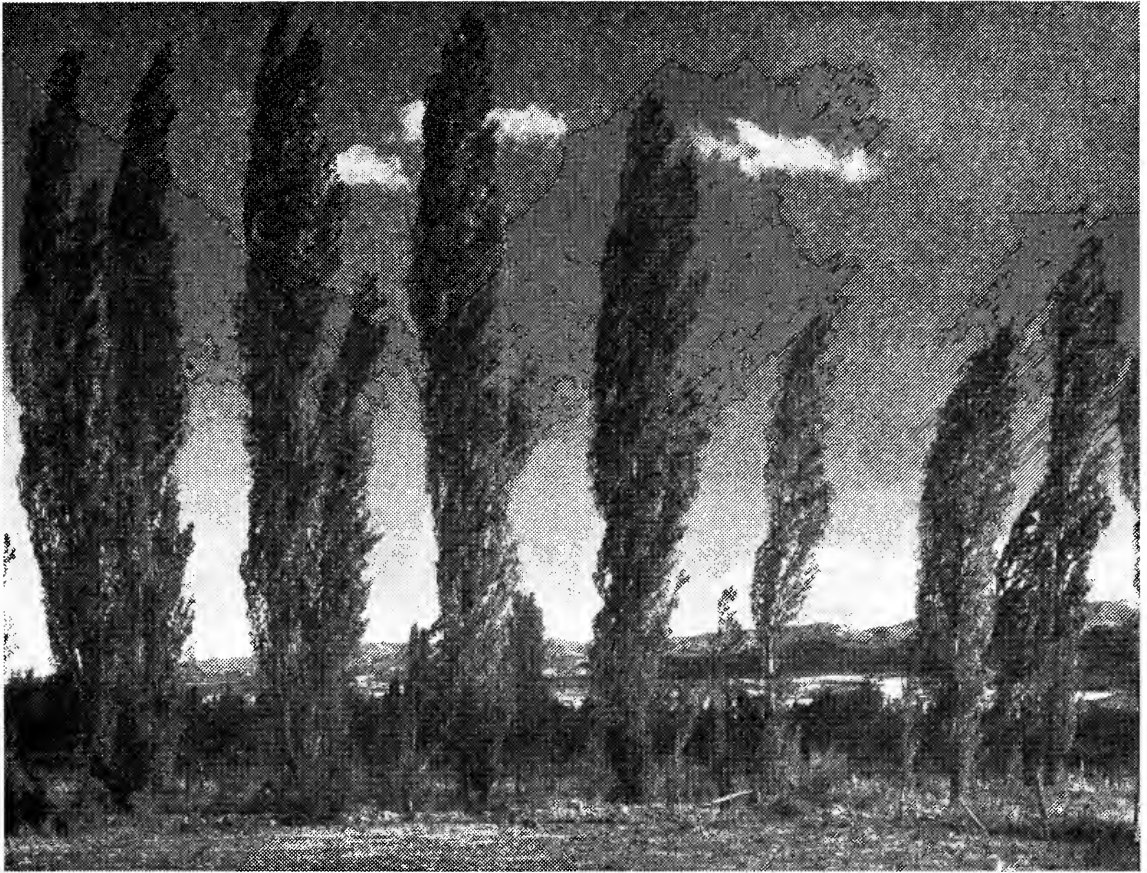
"I really think so," he answered, smiling down at her.

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## *Upon Reeds of Grass*

Margaret B. Shomaker

Perched above the tranquil pool,  
A blackbird sang his song;  
On slender reeds of cattail grass  
It echoed, clear and strong.



Josef Muench

POPLARS AGAINST THE SKY

*Fallow Field*

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

A brown sea, lacking foam,  
All sound and motion lost,  
These waves of fallow loam  
Are white-capped by the frost.

The white sails of the snow  
And golden sail of sun  
Across these waves will blow  
Until a year is done.

Then seeded loam will loose  
New color on the scene

And ripples of chartreuse  
Will deepen into green.

Where now cold silence lies  
Upon unruffled turf,  
The summer wind will rise  
To sound of whispering surf.

And dancing waves will take  
The white gold from the rain;  
At length the billows break  
The golden spray of grain.

# “Poor Little Rosalee”

Norma Wrathall

**I**T was a hot July afternoon when Alta Bowman, a fresh cherry pie in her hand, tapped on the kitchen screen of her recently widowed young neighbor. At the choked sound from within, she opened the door. “Why, you poor child,” she murmured.

There was Rosalee, trying ineffectually to force a wire down the sink drain. Her face was smudged with tears.

“You just put that wire down, honey,” said Alta, setting the pie on one corner of the cluttered table. “Wash your face, and call your little boys in from play. Then all three of you come over to my place for supper. I’ll ask Will to fix that drain for you when he gets in from his work in the field. He’s so handy with things like that, when you can get him at it.”

Rosalee pushed back her short brown hair and dabbed at her eyes. “Oh, dear, I just can’t get it to work.” She saw Alta looking toward the dishes that were stacked on both sides of the sink, and the pile of clothes on a chair in the corner. “What with the boys to look after, and all, things do accumulate so,” she sighed.

It wasn’t that Rosalee Webb had been left destitute. Her husband had left her enough to live on, if she were careful, until her little boys, aged three and five, were old enough to go to school. It was just that she seemed so forlorn, so unavailing in the face of destiny.

Minerva Parker invited a few neighbors in for hot chocolate and sandwiches, the next evening, to discuss what could be done to help Rosalee.

“It isn’t so much that she’s a widow,” explained Minerva, “it’s that she seems unable to cope with things. Alta and I have found her more than once in helpless tears. Now, I think that if we could all pitch in, sort of take the load from her shoulders for a little while, she’d be able to carry on by herself, later on.”

“One thing, she’s got her home,” said Minerva’s husband, Herbert Parker. “Give me that plate of sandwiches, Min, and I’ll pass them around.”

“Yes, but it was never finished,” put in Alta Bowman. “He tried to do most of the work himself, so it wouldn’t cost so much. She can’t afford to hire it done now. Poor little Rosalee. She’s always been so sort of helpless.”

Will Bowman cleared his throat. He was remembering the gratitude that had poured from Rosalee’s blue eyes after he’d fixed the sink drain. “Seems to me we ought to get together and do something concrete about it, not just talk. We men can finish up her house, if we get right at it every evening after work. What do you say, Herb?”

“Sure. I’m surprised, ashamed, really, that we didn’t think of it first thing. You women can help

her out with cooking and things. Everybody agreed?"

THE other husbands assented. "What do you think, Orvie? Haven't heard from you." Will aimed the question at Orval Strong.

Minerva had confided to Alta that she'd invited Orvie principally because he was a contractor, and that kind of work was so expensive to hire. Orvie, who was as old as most of the husbands present, had never married. It was generally conceded that he was too set in his ways to take the step now.

Orvie chewed for a moment, and swallowed, before answering. "Well . . . it'd be all right. Fine, in fact. But, to tell you the truth, I'm all tied up for at least a month. I don't see how I could."

"Tied up!" exclaimed Alta, her cup trembling in her hand. "What about the rest of us, fruit coming on, school sewing to get started, hay men to cook for? But, at a time like this, you've got to let other things wait and help out, if you've got a drop of Christian blood in you. I should think you'd realize that, Orval."

"Alta's all tired out from bottling cherries and helping with Rosalee's children," interposed Will. "But I do think, Orvie, that if the rest of us are willing . . . after all, everybody's busy."

"Let's organize into committees," urged Minerva. She was thin and energetic, with an abiding desire to extend herself in as many directions as possible. "Some of us can do her washing and ironing—just until she feels able to do it herself, of course, and I'll get busy and make up her living-room drapes. She's

had the material for ever so long. Now, you men decide who's to shingle her south roof, who's to paint and paper and connect up her water heater. Orvie, you be responsible for her cement walk, her driveway, and finishing her back porch." Minerva paused for breath and a sip of chocolate.

"Well . . ." Orvie glanced about for a possible chance to object, but the other men were talking about the shingles that Herb had left over from his chicken coop, and the fact that Mr. Simpkins, who had a wall-paper store, could let Rosalee have her paint and paper wholesale.

Orvie said, loudly, "It's all right to help people out, but you can overdo it. Now, you take Rosalee. She's young and in good health, and pretty."

"Pretty!" Alta's peppery tongue belied her smooth features and mild expression. "Trust a man to think that mere prettiness could help the poor child, at a time like this!"

But, as Minerva recalled later, perhaps Orvie had got at the heart of the matter right there.

It wasn't long until things were humming at Rosalee's house.

When Monday rolled around, Alta was at Rosalee's back door. "Just gather up your wash, honey. I'll run it through with mine. No trouble at all."

Rosalee's eyes filled with tears. "You're all so good to me. I just didn't ever know how good people could be."

"Forget it," said Alta, bustling about, "didn't you ever get your washing machine fixed, Rosalee?"

Rosalee shook her head. "Orval Strong was here and said he'd send

back to the factory in Omaha for some parts for it."

**L**ATER that day, as Alta and Minerva hung clothes in their adjacent back yards, Alta said, "Never saw so much ironing. She'll never finish it, and I have such a lot myself, this week."

"Don't worry about it, Alt. My two girls are home now, and we'll do up her ironing. Not that both of us haven't plenty of work of our own, of course, you with six to do for, and there are five of us."

Alta nodded agreement, her mouth full of clothespins.

As her work lightened, Rosalee lost the forlorn look. Her cheeks rounded, her eyes sparkled. She was thrilled at every improvement that went into her house.

Will's farm produced abundantly that year. One morning he appeared at Rosalee's kitchen door with two bushel baskets brimming with fresh string beans. Rosalee looked up at him, thanking him, her soft brown hair framing her little-girl face, her blue eyes gentle. When Will went back home for breakfast, he told his wife, "Alta, that girl doesn't know the first thing about canning. And she hasn't a pressure cooker. Alt, it looks to me as if you'll just about have to . . ."

"What? Oh, for goodness sake! There are three bushels of beans in my basement waiting for me. I've already done her cherries and her raspberries. How do you expect me to . . .?"

"But, Alta, she's helpless as a child in some ways. She doesn't know the first thing about . . ."

"Oh, all right, then. Go bring the beans back. But see that she

gets the bottles ready. At least, she can wash the bottles. Remember, Will," she told his departing back, "see that she washes the bottles."

Everyone felt that Rosalee should be encouraged to store as much food as possible. Grandma Webb spent a great deal of time helping Rosalee peel late summer apples for drying. But it was a funny thing, Grandma said, how helpless she was at putting them on the dryer. She never could remember which side went down. And, in no time, both her thumbs were cut from peeling.

It was about the time that Orvie was finishing up his part of the work, pouring the cement driveway, and making a little cement wall to hold back the dirt around her rose bushes. Orvie said that he had to pay the man and the helper to run the cement mixer anyway. Besides, he was tired of cement work all the time. As a child, Orvie had helped his mother place fruit to dry on the shed roof. So he placed the apple quarters in neat rows on the dryer, while Rosalee stood in the shade and talked to him.

Grandma said she didn't see how Rosalee had the patience to put up with Orvie, anyhow, the way he dawdled along with the work he was doing for her. Day after day, he'd spend half an afternoon, and accomplish practically nothing. But Minerva said not to nag him about it, as it was so hard to get Orvie to do anything for free.

**B**UT, as the weeks of late summer raced into fall and school days, Rosalee showed no inclination to take back the burdens that willing hands had lifted from her shoulders. All summer, the men had vied with

each other to see who could think of the most artistic way to finish up her house. Now it glistened with fresh paint inside and out. It exuded the clean smell of new wallpaper. Its windows sparkled in the autumn sun.

At the tag end of the canning season, when the days were still hot and dusty and the house cleaning was yet to be done, there was something which made the women's nerves edgy.

The men had finished Rosalee's basement just the way she wanted it. But Minerva said that she had waited five years for Herb, who was a carpenter, to build her some fruit shelves. She still had her fruit around the basement floor in cases, with labels pasted on top. And Mrs. Simpkins, who lived up the road a piece, stated that she never had been able to get her front porch painted, so this year she'd done it herself, two coats, along with all her other work. She held out her sunburned arms as evidence. The paint on Rosalee's porches had been applied mostly by Mr. Simpkins, who had been heard to say that you couldn't expect a slip of a girl like that to mount a ladder and paint anything.

These complaints were aired during a brief conversation on Alta Bowman's back porch, which had leaked for years, so that every summer, at beet canning time, the sudden thunder showers had trickled down her back while she topped her beets.

"I'll tell you what's the matter," said Minerva, with sudden insight, "we're too blessed capable."

"In a way, it's our own fault," reasoned Alta. "We started it. We urged the men to help her out. And

we took over her work, even to tending her little boys. Not that she didn't need help, poor child, but Rosalee will have to learn to carry her own load, though I'll have to confess, I haven't always been as kind to her as I should have been. I gave her two bushels of peaches from my tree of late Hales, and just walked away and left them for her to can."

A strange expression crossed Minerva's face. "I guess those were the ones I did for her, preserves—she'd let them get too ripe."

The three women looked at each other, and laughed ruefully.

It was the next afternoon, as Minerva was brushing flour onto her board preparatory to rolling out pies, that the phone rang, and Alta poured the message into her ear. "Now's our chance to explain to Rosalee. She's bringing her little boys over for me to tend while she goes out with a friend. No, she didn't say who. Now, remember, we agreed to be kind but firm with her—don't forget, *firm*, Minerva."

**R**OSALEE, flower-fresh in a print dress, was sitting in Alta's kitchen when Minerva arrived. There was about her an air of suppressed excitement. Her eyes sparkled, her lips trembled often into smiling, one toe beat an impatient rhythm on the linoleum.

"Look, Rosalee," began Minerva, "I—we—that is, all of us are pretty busy now, getting ready for winter. Thanksgiving isn't far off. We've helped you with your canning and your work, and with straightening up your house after the building was finished, not that we haven't

(Continued on page 767)

# *Sixty Years Ago*

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, November 1 and November 15, 1890

## “FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS”

**AFTER THE DEATH OF JOSEPH:** Sometime in August after Brigham Young and other Apostles had returned from their missions a meeting was held in the grove. I could plainly see Sidney Rigdon with some others, standing in a wagon box with backs to the stand. Sidney was the one speaking then saying among other things, you must choose a guardian. I was surprised at the quietness of the whole congregation in front of the stand; no sound that indicated that any marked attention was paid to the speaker's urgent appeal to choose a guardian. . . . I saw some one spring up on the stand; with bated breath I saw the tall figure rise with great dignity, and begin to address the people, for a little moment I saw something like a cloud or mantle slip over the person; but until some minutes I could not think who the person was like but after a little, and other persons observing some change, I felt I knew not what; but I felt also that Brigham was somehow changed taller more portly, his voice also, then when some friends later on named the Prophet, I saw what all had signified that surely the mantle of Joseph had fallen upon the shoulders of the chosen head of the Church.—S. G. Richards

### TO A DEPARTING MISSIONARY

There have come across the waters,  
Sounds of pleading in the night,  
From souls who are in darkness living  
Asking thee to bring them light.

'Tis not from the untaught heathen,  
Not from them the summons came,  
But from Christian lands they call thee,  
To bring the Gospel in His name.

—M.A.Y. Greenhalgh

We have as fine autumn weather in Cache Valley this month as I ever knew of anywhere. The evenings and early mornings are frosty but the mid-time of day is warm and bright with sunshine. The laboring men highly appreciate this pleasant weather, as it affords them the opportunity of getting their winter supplies of firewood from the canyons with so much more ease and comfort than the same could be done in storms of snow and cold winds. . . . The spirit of the sixty-first semi-annual conference of the church is being richly diffused among the inhabitants here, whose hearts are open to receive it. . . . and have we not great reason to rejoice that the women of the Latter-day Saints are not all sleeping so soundly as to let their lamps go out? . . . I sometimes forget the lapse of years dividing the present from the past, when with father and mother, brothers and sisters, I spent so many happy days in our quiet peaceful home. —Lulu

**UINTAH STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE:** Pres. Sarah Pope, supposed it was on account of the brethren being so busy with their teams that there were so few present. Hoped all had the spirit of the Lord with them, and if they had we would be able to have a good meeting if there were but few.





# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

**D**AWN, a poetry anthology, recently published in San Francisco by the Poets of the Pacific, contains the work of 134 western poets. Nineteen of these are contributors to *The Relief Society Magazine*, sixteen women and three men: Alice Morrey Bailey, Berta Huish Christensen, Christie Lund Coles, Vesta P. Crawford, Beatrice K. Ekman, Rose Thomas Graham, Lael W. Hill, Eunice J. Miles, Ora Lee Parthesius, Pansye H. Powell, Anna Prince Redd, Dorothy J. Roberts, Margery S. Stewart, Mary Pack Triplett, Lizabeth Wall, Eva Willes Wangsgaard, C. Cameron Johns, Marvin Jones, and Edward R. Tuttle. Charles R. Mabey, former Governor of Utah, is president of the Poets of the Pacific.

**T**HE Army Medical Corps has offered commissions to women medical specialists, with the same rank, pay, allowances, and benefits that are provided for male officers of the Medical Corps.

**M**ISS PATRICIA JUDD, of Salt Lake City, Utah's "Miss Television," who competed for the national "Miss Television" title, was awarded a scholarship, on the basis of her outstanding talents, for a year's study in vocal music under Richard Bonelli, famed Metropolitan Opera star.

**M**ABEL YOUNG SANBORN, last surviving daughter of Brigham Young, died September 20, 1950, at the age of eighty-seven. Her mother was Lucy Bigelow Young, and she was the last child born in the Lion House. In May 1950, Mrs. Sanborn traveled by airplane to Washington, D. C., where she unveiled a statue of her father in the National Capital, and this was her last journey away from her Salt Lake City home.

**O**LIVIA McHUGH of Salt Lake City, doctor of optometry and president of the American Association of University Women in Utah, has returned from a convention of the International Confederation of University Women in Zurich, Switzerland. The theme of the confederation, attended by 600 members, was the extension of human rights and welfare. Seventeen nations still do not grant the vote to women, among them Switzerland.

**M**RS. John E. Hayes, of Twin Falls, Idaho, cultured and competent president of the National Parent Teachers Association, is the mother of two daughters and a son, and grandmother of three young boys. In addition, she is a writer, with published poetry, articles, stories, and produced pageants to her credit.



## *Gracious Living*

**M**ANY women have sincerely tried to achieve an elusive accomplishment which they call gracious living. To each woman this term may have a different and a personal meaning. It may reflect the spaciousness and luxurious furnishings of a home; it may include the precious silver handed down for generations, or the priceless antiques that grow in value with the years; it may be characterized by the possession of treasured books and pictures, lovely china ware, pressed glass, or a Meissen vase. Some women define gracious living in terms of cleanliness and convenience. They must have all the modern conveniences and labor-saving equipment. Others, impatiently and often, change their houses, furniture, and decorative schemes, hoping thereby to find a deeper contentment and serenity in their lives.

Very likely, in truly gracious living, many of these elements may find a place, but they are symbols, not the essence of home life. It will always be the spirit of the homemaker which determines the graciousness of the home; the essential factor will always be the use which the housewife makes of the materials at her disposal, shaped and vitalized by a spiritual ideal of beauty.

I am reminded of a log house in the lonely desert of northeastern Utah, which I visited once in the fall of the year. The house was set

against dry hills, sparsely cedared, and yet there was a square of green lawn, a vegetable garden, and rows of flowers that defied the drought. The homemaker had used well the small stream of water, allowing none of it to go to waste. But it was the inside of the house which reflected most clearly her ideals of beauty and comfort. Though the floors in the five small rooms were all linoleum-covered, they were bright with homemade rugs, and the color was taken up and emphasized by the brilliantly colored geraniums on the window sills. Hand-pieced quilts, crocheted bedspreads, and exquisitely embroidered pillow slips gave the bedrooms an air of old-fashioned comfort and artistry, and there were rocking chairs with cushioned backs, and in the woman's bedroom, a sewing table at the corner window. In the living room a bowl of sweet peas on a round oak table scented the room, and a child's violin lay on top of the upright piano. From the cheerful kitchen, bright with fresh paint and gingham curtains, a trapdoor opened into a cellar well stocked with home-processed fruits and vegetables and the rich color of jelly and jam. That evening when the father and his sons came in from the cattle range, and the little girls returned from school, they all settled down to a deep and abiding contentment—a simple supper, preceded by a prayer of gratitude, then a lighted lamp, and violin and piano music in the twilight.

Gracious living is not confined to any circumstances, to any period of time, to any locality. It is the pattern of the mind and the heart of the woman who makes the home, and its attributes are order, beauty, cleanliness, kindness, comfort, and a spiritual completeness to blend all the other qualities and permeate the whole. Thus gracious living may be in the heart of a great city or it may be in a small town; it may be in a remote cabin or in a spa-

cious house. Gracious living was exemplified by our pioneer grandmothers who planted rose bushes in the desert soil, and it is an ideal of women today who bravely seek to make their homes beautiful and happy, even in times of sorrow and uncertainty, remembering always that a woman's fulfillment is to apply her energy and talents to truly gracious living.

— V. P. C.

### *Ernest L. Wilkinson Appointed President of Brigham Young University*

**E**RNEST L. Wilkinson, of Washington, D. C., an attorney, an active and devoted Latter-day Saint, and an alumnus of Brigham Young University, was appointed President of that institution on September 16th. He will assume his new duties in January 1951.

Born in Ogden, Utah, in 1899, the son of Robert Brown Wilkinson and Cecelia Anderson Wilkinson, Brother Wilkinson attended the Ogden public schools, Weber Academy, and Weber College, where his record of scholarship and student activity was brilliant and outstanding. After service in the Student Army Training Corps at Brigham Young University, he became a student there, maintaining throughout his entire college career a high standard of scholarship, as well as winning a reputation as a gifted and dynamic leader in debating, student publications, public service, and extemporaneous speaking. It was at Brigham Young University that Ernest Wilkinson became acquainted with Alice Ludlow, of Spanish Fork, Utah, his fu-

ture wife, a talented and accomplished dramatic arts major and vice-president of the Brigham Young University student body. They were married soon after leaving the B. Y. U., and later the young couple moved to Washington, D. C.

In Washington, Brother Wilkinson studied law at George Washington University, and was graduated from that institution, *summa cum laude*, with an LL.B. degree. He was then offered a scholarship by Harvard University Law School, and a year later was awarded the degree of Doctor of Juridical Science, a degree awarded only to those who had maintained a straight "A" average. Soon after being awarded his doctorate, he accepted a position as an assistant professor of law at the University of California, but resigned this position to become a full professor of law at the New Jersey Law School. After teaching and practicing law for a number of years, he became a member of the law firm of Charles Evans Hughes in New York. In 1935 he and

Walter Moyle, a former Salt Lakeer, organized the firm of Moyle and Wilkinson, and later Mr. Wilkinson organized a firm under his own name. In his law work he has represented, with great ability, many of the most important industries and institutions in the United States.

Beginning his Church activities as a very young man, Ernest Wilkinson became an assistant Sunday School superintendent at the age of fifteen, and at twenty-one was a member of the North Weber Stake Sunday School Board. He has since held many positions of leadership and responsibility in the wards and branches of the Church, including counselor in the Manhattan Branch, president of the New York Branch, Queen's Ward, and bishop of the Queen's Ward. For eight years he was a member of the Washington Stake presidency, serving under Elder Ezra Taft Benson, who is now a member of the Council of the Twelve.

Members of the Church who are planning to send their sons and

daughters to the Church university will rejoice in the appointment of President Wilkinson who demonstrates in his own life the progression, intellectual achievement, social, and religious leadership, and high standards of integrity and scholarship, which they would wish for their own children. Sister Wilkinson, a gracious and lovely woman, will preside with charm and dignity in the beautiful "president's home" on the Brigham Young University campus. The Wilkinsons have three sons and two daughters.

Following the lofty ideals and progressive planning of former Brigham Young University presidents, who have done so much to enrich the spiritual life of the Church and the nation, Dr. Wilkinson, in his letter accepting the new responsibility, wrote to President George Albert Smith:

I welcome the opportunity of returning to my alma mater where chief emphasis is placed on individual responsibility and righteous living—the only key to personal and international peace.

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## *The Cottonwood*

*Evelyn Fjeldsted*

This giant cottonwood withstands  
The storm where winter guides the helm,  
And lends apartments in the spring  
To robins in a leafy realm

Arrayed in mountain green, it holds  
A mirrored star in each new leaf  
And from its silver-stenciled crest  
Winter shadows fall across the reef

A lone tree, once a wind-blown seed,  
Keeping vigil by the lake,  
Before the mighty storms of earth,  
Bends at times but does not break.

# White September

## CHAPTER 3 (Conclusion)

Ezra J. Poulsen

MOLLIE came home in late September. Most of the town turned out to meet her at the little yellow station down at the bottom of Academy Street, where the railroad branch came to an end. I was closing the bank a few minutes before train time, when, to my surprise, Daphne drove up to the curb in her roadster and called me. "Jim, come with me to the train," she invited.

My heart jumped into my throat. Why was she asking me, now of all times? I felt as if I might be sorry, but suddenly I realized I wanted to go the worst way. "Thanks," I answered, with a shyness I could scarcely understand, "I might as well go to the home-coming, too."

"Yes, Jim, you might as well. People are gathering at the station as if they expected to witness a hanging."

I looked into Daphne's eyes and saw she was greatly agitated.

"It may be my hanging," she went on.

"Why do you say that?" I asked, startled.

Daphne raised her eyes from under the rim of her soft gray hat, which in some subtle way created a quiet, subdued impression—different from her usual jaunty boldness. "Jim, you don't suppose you're the only one in Knowlton who disapproves of me, do you?"

"Listen, who says I disapprove? I—"

"I'm looked upon as a corrupter of youth. If Mollie doesn't turn

out all right after her fling, who'll get the blame?"

"You," I replied honestly.

"But what if she has learned to love this poky little town, to appreciate the home life here? What if she settles down and marries a home-town boy, and rears some fine, exemplary children? What then? Don't I even get a good word?"

Her voice was soft with tenderness. "Daphne," I cried, "Is that what you want?"

"Want! Why—why . . . I'd give my life for it. You know Mollie is everything to me. And life can be so rich for her if—if—she doesn't make too many mistakes." She turned her moist, sad eyes away from me, letting her gaze trail off among the frost-bitten flower beds along the edge of the street.

Strange, I thought of the frost. Then, I glanced at her hair. And, in a moment of inspiration, it seemed as if scales had fallen from my eyes, and I saw the real Daphne—the one I'd always loved. She was repentant from unfulfilled dreams and sufferings. Beneath the glittering front she presented to the world, she was trying to help others, and find a little human sympathy for herself.

Only the fact that she was driving the car kept me from giving way to the mad desire to sweep her into my arms. But we were nearing the station. The yard was full of automobiles; noisy groups of laughing young people were honking their horns and chattering in their hilarity at the thought of wel-

coming Mollie home. The train whistled as it came around the bend in Smedley's field.

Daphne stood up in her roadster, her hands tensely clutching the windshield. She no longer tried to conceal the tears rolling down her cheeks; her heart giving way to long pent-up emotion was causing her tears to overflow freely, but she seemed more beautiful to me than she had ever done in her most glamorous moments. When she sprang from the car and ran toward the train, I was with her every step of the way. I was also by her side when, with a cry, she and Mollie rushed into each other's arms. Then, suddenly, I realized many curious eyes were staring at me.

**D**URING the week, Knowlton was so busy listening to and discussing Mollie Dangerfield's European trip there was hardly any other subject of interest. Even Daphne's announcement of Mollie's homecoming party was a mere detail belonging to the glamorous Mollie herself. No invitations were issued. Everyone was invited. Refreshments were to be served at the Sommer's home throughout the entire evening, with games and dancing to fill in between.

Mollie completely eclipsed her aunt. Rumors started quickly that she had met a wealthy young man while in Europe, and was planning to marry him.

I looked across at Tom Andrews sitting at his desk, and for once couldn't resist the temptation to rib him. "Well, how do you and Mollie stand by this time?" I asked.

Tom glanced up at me belligerently, but, seeing I was smiling, he did the same. "Well, there's nothing

particular between me and Mollie. She's going her way, and I'm going mine."

This sort of irritated me. "Oh, come now, lovers' quarrels shouldn't last forever," I suggested.

At this, he leveled off his gaze at me and replied. "Yours seems to have lasted forever."

I felt as if the breath had been knocked out of me. But I'd asked for it, so I had to take it easy. "Well, Tom, why shouldn't you profit by my mistakes?" His answer was a hard, challenging look.

Preparation for the party was made almost wholly by Daphne, with Tom's help. How tongues wagged! Mollie's going to marry the man she met on her trip. Tom and Daphne are surely not a bad match. Poor old Jim Bates has lost out again. Serves him right. But I had my friends, who, from the moment of Daphne's return, had hoped to see us make up. And Daphne had hers, who had always regretted the way she'd thrown me over.

I went to the party in a state of desperation, determined to give all my attention to Mollie and the younger girls, and never once notice Daphne, beyond granting her the recognition due a hostess.

**T**HE old Sommers house held so many memories, I found myself walking among ghosts. From the moment I entered the wide hall, with its polished, mahogany staircase and sliding doors leading into the dining room on the left, and the living room, with its glistening chandeliers and French mirrors on the right, I was conscious of acting a part. I had to throw myself into the gaiety of the occasion and for-

get, or I was sure I'd die. Fortunately for me, Mollie Dangerfield and the younger set were in an ideal mood to entertain a bachelor banker. After all, I was only thirty-two. Why shouldn't I seek the attention of girls in their twenties? I was still eligible for them. The thought struck me forcibly and gave me courage. I danced three times with Mollie—and I've forgotten how many times with the others, after they rolled up the rugs and set the tables and chairs in the corners. I escorted them by ones, twos, and threes, and in groups to the dining room, where the buffet refreshments were served in abundance.

I noticed Tom from time to time, but I didn't see him dance with Mollie. Rather, he hung around the dining room doing little chores for Daphne, who was supervising the refreshments. Later, they danced together, but I didn't look their way.

About eleven o'clock, a lull in my commitments enabled me to pause in the hall back of the stairway to admire an etching which had long been a favorite of mine. I'd always admired the Sommers taste for fine things, their sense of elegance without vulgarity, their ease and grace of expression. Bill Sommers and his wife came to America with something of the best British tradition behind them, and had transplanted in our town a quality which had become a standard for the rest of us.

The chatter and the music in the other rooms seemed to recede for a moment, and I became lost in abstraction. Suddenly, farther down the hall, half hidden in the shadows, I caught sight of Daphne's

graduation picture. I hurried to it. Inside the frame was the lock of her brown hair I'd placed there with my own hands. I was about to take it down from the wall when I discovered that Daphne herself was standing beside me. Our eyes met in troubled confusion.

In her pale blue evening gown, with her beautiful white hair curling around her face, and a single red rose corsage matching the natural glow of her cheeks, she appeared regal; yet her brown eyes smoldered with fire, and her fresh lips trembled with agitation.

"Jim," she said, in a sweet, tense voice. Her arm slipped through mine. "Jim, you haven't danced with me."

"May I have the honor now?" I responded quickly.

Without answering, she led me to the living room, where the player was just beginning a new Strauss waltz. Then she sank into my arms and we glided around the floor.

"Jim," she murmured after a long silence. I detected the quiver in her voice. "Why have you kept Mollie and Tom apart all evening?"

"Mollie and Tom! Why, have I?" The accusation amazed me.

"I've tried hard to get them together. I'm frantic. I counted on this party. Mollie's eating her heart out over Tom, and I know he loves her. But he's as stubborn as a mule. He won't get near her if anyone else's around. He accused her of being a flirt like—like me. That's why they broke up last spring, as you already know." Her voice faded into silence.

"What about the man she met in Europe?" I demanded.

MY words brought a half choking sob into her throat, and she seemed suddenly possessed with boundless energy. Tearing herself from my arms, she pulled me through a small side door into the study once occupied by her father. Halfway across the room she steadied herself against the back of a chair.

"Jim," she cried. "Why don't you kick me, beat me, kill me if you want, but don't stand there accusing me with your silence. I know what a fool I've been. I've died a thousand deaths." She stopped for breath. "If—if that little idiot of a niece of mine makes the same mistake I made, I'll never get over it."

"Daphne!" I whispered. In one swift stride I reached her, and crushed her to my heart. "Darling!"

She swayed, clinging to me as if afraid of falling. I could feel her tremble, as her heart pounded against mine. "Won't, won't you try again to love me?" I pleaded.

Her eyes passionately sought mine. "Love you? Love you?" she sobbed. "Whom do you think I've been loving all these miserable, moth-eaten years? Whom do you think my broken heart has been aching for? Oh, Jim!"

I drew her tighter to me. All the sorrow and anguish of a decade were wiped out in an instant. "My darling. My precious!"

She put her arms tightly around my neck, covering my lips with kisses. "Jim—Jim—my poor neglected sweetheart," she murmured through her tears. "Don't forgive me unless you want to. But love me. Love me forever. I'll make up for all those lost years. I'll be

the best wife a man ever had."

"I stopped her words with kisses. "Daphne, my angel! You've made up for it already. This one moment is worth all the waiting."

In our great happiness, we forgot the passing moments. The merry-making in the next room seemed far away. Presently, Daphne led me out to the small side porch where we'd spent many a happy hour together long ago. A cold little moon was riding the sky, gilding the valley with pale mellow light.

"Sweet, this is a September night," she whispered. "You know it starts getting cold up here in Knowlton toward the end of September."

"So what?" I asked happily, seeking the warmth of her lips.

"So the frost is glistening on the walk coming up the hill. Do you mind?"

"Daphne, you little witch," I chided. "What are you driving at?"

She cuddled closer, smoothing her hair with her beautiful fingers. "My hair's the color of the frost," she whispered. "But I hope you won't mind it. You know I warned you about it long ago."

"And I promised I'd adore it," I cried, pushing my lips passionately in its warm deep fragrance.

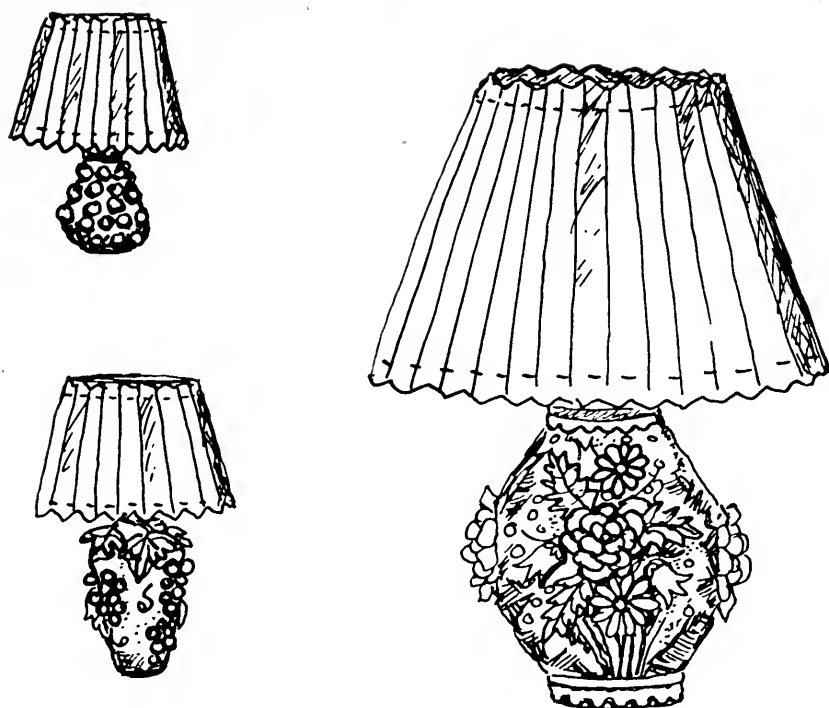
"Jim, we're still young," she insisted.

"We'll always be young as long as our love lasts," I vowed.

Through the window, we saw Tom and Mollie dancing together. By the expression on their faces, and the closeness of their embrace, we knew they'd found each other.

"Now, darling, everything is perfect," sighed Daphne, as our lips met again in the moonlight.





## A SIMPLE SHADE FOR AN ANTIQUE LAMP

*Rachel K. Laurgaard*

Illustrations by Elizabeth Williamson

**I**SN'T it a shame that the matching shade for the pretty old china lamp got broken years ago? The lush Victorian roses, violets, or apple blossoms on the base were repeated so gracefully on the top. But, alas, the shade has been gone these many years, and there is no use mourning over it now.

Yet, if you were to have the base electrified, and were to make a simple pleated shade, the old lamp could still be charming and useful on a bedside table or even in the parlor. So, why not take it down off the shelf, dust it off, and fit it to an inexpensive plain lamp shade of the proper shape to balance nicely with its pretty base?

Then, choose a strip of material in colors that blend with the china (sometimes plain colors are the most effective). The piece should be long enough to go once and a half times around the lower edge of the shade, and wide enough to cover it completely when hemmed at both top and bottom edges. Put a good stiff starch in the material, mark knife pleats at equal intervals, and press them in firmly. Then seam the ends together.

Now, run a piece of six-strand embroidery thread of the proper color about an inch below the upper edge, catching each inside pleat crease. Leave the thread ends long and loose, and slip this pleated skirt over the paper lamp shade. Draw up the threads tightly and knot them together. Adjust the pleats, and you have a crisp new shade that may not be so quaint as the lovely original, but will serve the purpose quite as well, and look nice, too.

# You Can Learn

## *O Is for Ouch and P Is for Paradox*

Katherine Kelly

AS I approached the row of pens we had made for turkey nests, hen number one thrust her neck out and hissed at me. Little shivers went up my spine. There was something about that hissing warning and the way the turkey hens thrust their heads out, low and slightly turned upward, that always reminded me of a snake. Even yet I shivered to touch them.

I remembered the first night when Tom brought them home. He released the turkey gobbler, and it immediately strutted off a short distance with its wings dragging on the ground, its tail spread out like a fan, and its red neck arched as if it owned the earth. Then Tom had handed the three hens to me. Their legs were tied together and I tried to hold them at arms length but they flapped their wings with such strength I nearly dropped them. As I lowered them to the ground, one turned and gave me a vicious peck. The blood spurted, and my arm turned blue instantly. Then and there I learned a proper respect for turkeys and never again did I try to handle them without my arms protected and good leather gloves on my hands.

This morning I pulled my gloves on more securely as I knelt in front of the first nest. I guarded my arm with my left hand as I quickly reached my right under the hen, grabbed both her legs and pulled her off the nest without disturbing the eggs. I threw her far enough

away so that I could regain my footing and guard her from returning to the nest. This time she tried only once, then, ruffling her feathers, she ran off to the feeding grounds with long ungainly strides. She wouldn't eat much, but she would get a drink and take her daily dust bath before she came back, so I began carefully turning each egg.

This part of turkey raising wasn't fun like gathering the eggs, but they told me it was necessary, and now in two more days the little turkeys would hatch! That would really be a thrill! So I braced myself and tackled hen number two. As I carefully lifted her from the eggs and threw her clear of the nest, she made such a commotion that hen number three left her nest of her own accord. That was a relief. Now to hurry and turn the eggs, then see that each hen got back on her own nest, and I would be through with turkeys for another day.

It was Saturday morning and I would have to hurry to get the family ready for the reunion Tom's family was having at the park in town.

As I entered the kitchen my "family" was standing by the kitchen window in their night clothes. Ernie was tapping on the glass with his fingers. Kathy was standing on tiptoe and clutching the window sill with her little fat hands in order to see out. Just as I shut the door I heard a loud thump on the glass, so loud I thought it must

have broken the window, and I turned in alarm.

"No, no, Ernie, you musn't do that, you'll break the glass!"

"It wasn't me, mama, it was the Gobble-Gobble, see."

**S**URE enough there was that pesky turkey gobbler right up on the front porch, strutting like a drum major and trying to peck the children right through the glass. It was bad enough that no place but my much coddled petunia bed was good enough for him to take his dust bath. I had resigned myself to no petunias, but this was too much.

I grabbed the broom on my way out and knocked him clear off the porch. As soon as he righted himself he started to strut and gobble in defiance. But this was one time I would be the master. I hit him again and again with the straw end of the broom until he dropped his feathers and ran for the yard in complete subjection.

Somehow I felt better, and the energy of righteous indignation helped me through all the morning tasks. By the time Tom brought the car around to the front door we were ready. I was really proud of Ernie's linen suit and Kathy's little beruffled dress. They were both yellow and my dress was yellow, too.

"You look pretty as a trio of butterflies," Tom said proudly, as we scrambled into the car.

With apparent unconcern, I put Kathy in the seat between us and carefully checked the back door to see that it was securely closed on Ernie. Then, to hide my pleasure at the compliment, I put on a wor-

ried look and said, "I hope nothing happens to the turkeys while we are gone."

"What could happen? They'll be all right," Tom said.

"Well, one of the hens might leave her nest or something."

"You know very well you have to pry them off their nests. Besides it wouldn't hurt if they did get off as hot as it is today."

"I guess you're right, but I just couldn't bear it if anything happened this close to hatching time."

**T**HE heat was distressing before we had finished the picnic lunch. Kathy refused to sit on my lap, and when I let her stand she kept trying to sit down on the grass in her pretty new dress. It should have been a comfort when it started to cloud up, but then I leaned close to Tom and whispered, "Do you think the turkeys will leave their nests if it rains?"

Tom just looked down at me and grinned. But Tom didn't know how peculiar turkeys could be. When a storm threatened they seemed to take leave of their senses and circled round and round, flying short distances and making all sorts of noises like some savage war dance. Would that urge be powerful enough to cause them to desert their eggs?

In the afternoon I didn't hear much of the talks about the family history, and it wasn't because of the thunder and lightning. As soon as the relatives began to leave, I was on my way, and I beat Tom to the car. When he teased me about not doing my usual visiting I couldn't see the joke.

We were halfway home when the storm hit us. It must have been a cloudburst! We couldn't see where we were going and had to stop by the side of the road.

Ernie danced up and down with delight, but Kathy clung close to me. Her eyes were big, and her little mouth quivered. It was fun to sit secure and protected in the car, like a glass cage, and watch the deluge of water and see the roadway itself become a swirling stream.

Suddenly the rain stopped and the sun came out with such brilliance that we forgot everything else but the glory of sunlight on that world of water. Finally, Tom stepped on the starter, and we all sighed as the car sputtered down the road.

AS we came over the hill which brought our farm into view, the canal above the valley seemed literally to rise from its banks and descend in a shining sheet over the whole area in front of us.

"Maybe the railroad track elevation will stop it," Tom said, under his breath, as we watched the progress of the flood in utter fascination.

Maybe the bank of the railroad track did turn the tide of the worst of it, but what about my turkeys? After what seemed like hours we splashed and slipped down the lane toward home. I felt like the end of the world had come and I had witnessed it.

Almost before the car skidded to

a stop I was out and splashing through the mud toward the yard, new shoes, yellow dress, and all!

The pens we had built for nests were washed halfway down the stackyard. The turkey hens were a sorry sight with their wet feathers clinging to them as they walked about the yard clucking hopefully. The eggs were scattered all over the place. In a sort of daze I started picking them up and wiping them on my yellow dress. Tom came out and picked up the nesting pens and set them up again over by the haystack. It was nice of him, but what good could that do? I watched him in speechless dejection. We would never pay off the mortgage by raising turkeys now!

The eggs I had picked up were still clutched close to me, and gradually my brain started working again. The eggs were warm! Could it be that the little turkeys were not dead? I dashed to the pen Tom had set up and hurriedly scooped out a nest in the wet hay and put the eggs in it. One of the turkey hens spied the eggs and cautiously approached the nest. My heart sank again, she was such a wet frump, she couldn't warm the eggs.

But she could and she did! So did the other two hens, as we gathered up the rest of the eggs. Furthermore, the wetting must have helped the eggs to hatch. Two days later we had fifty-six baby turkeys, the cutest little downy things in the world!

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The best dowry to advance the marriage of your child with one who will render her happy is that she have in her countenance sweetness and gentleness, in her speech wisdom, in her behavior modesty; and in her life virtue.

Woman's Exponent, November 15, 1890



## *Hobbies for Happiness*

At left, Nellie M. Clark, holding a china pitcher which she decorated; at right, Luella R. Adams, holding one of her water color paintings.

These two Relief Society women of Parowan, Utah, now in their "seventies," have found much pleasure in their hobbies which have developed into real accomplishments.

Sister Adams began painting with water colors at the age of seventy-five. Her paintings, which reveal much beauty in design and color harmony, were exhibited at the Relief Society spring fashion show. For many years Sister Adams "had a hunger for art work, but living in a small community and rearing a large family, she could not, until her later years, satisfy this longing." Now she enjoys her painting each day.

Sister Clark began piecing quilts before she was five years old, and has designed and made many articles of almost every type of needlework. She is an expert at flower making and has sold ninety baby quilts, many chair sets, and numerous rugs, aprons, and handkerchiefs through the Mormon Handicraft Shop. Last winter she joined a class in ceramics. "I have always been thrilled to see the ceramic articles in the shops," says Sister Clark, "so when the opportunity came to me I was glad to try my hand at the work—and I surely love it." Sister Clark is doing exquisite work and making use of the native clay found in the Parowan hills.

As Relief Society workers, both Sister Adams and Sister Clark have long records of varied service. Sister Adams became a visiting teacher at the age of twenty-two and has served in that capacity for forty-three years. She has been a ward president and ward counselor, and has taught the theology lessons in her ward for the past twenty-five years. Relief Society work began for Sister Clark when she was sixteen, and for thirty years she was a stake counselor, having served a previous apprenticeship as a ward counselor.

Hobbies bring happiness, these women have found, and their excellent work reveals a spirit of youthful enthusiasm as well as the harmonies of mature life.

# Kathleen Learns to Paint

Helen S. Martin

“**M**OMMY, I painted!” announced my breathless four-year-old as she bounced into the kitchen.

Seeing the paint covering her hands, shoes, and dress, I agreed. “Yes, Kathleen, I can see that you have been painting. Let’s go see your work”

Together we went outside. There stood her lovely little chair no longer white, instead it was a washed-out tile-red. Some blocks of the cement walk and parts of the steps were bold strokes of this same color.

Thinking that my silence gave approval, Kathleen joyfully explained, “You told Daddy that the steps needed painting—and I like red, and my chair was all scratchy.”

Ignoring the scene before me, I suggested, “Kathleen, most little girls and boys like to put their pictures on paper. Would you like to do that?”

Of course she was delighted and as we made preparations I remembered that the fault was not hers but mine, and her Daddy’s. He had been called away suddenly and had left his brushes, carefully soaking in paint remover, on a box where he could pick them up when he came back. It came to me with something of a shock that it had been many months since my small daughter had done any painting, except crayon coloring.

Kathleen and I tore off several strips of paper from a roll I was using to line the fruit shelves. These we tacked to the inside wall of the garage at just the right level for

small arms. I cut the sleeves out of one of her Daddy’s old shirts and put it on Kathleen, buttoning it down the back.

Together we mixed some calcimine with water and food coloring. We could have used show-card or tempera paints or water color re-fills, if there had been time to go to the store for supplies. We mixed the paints in old peanut butter jars and stood the jars on a box handy for the child’s hands. Kathleen spread newspapers at my direction on the floor under the painting space to catch the drippings.

With a few instructions on how to rub her brush against the side of the jar so that the color wouldn’t drip and spoil her picture, a suggestion that she keep each large brush in its own color, and a smile that said, “Have fun,” I left her to paint away while I finished the dishes. She sang as she swept the brush around in large circles. The bees buzzed in the flowers nearby, and I could hear her talking to them, as children do.

The child seemed so happy that it set me thinking. How often do we deny our children pleasures and experiences that are easily arranged? All children from two to six love the opportunity for creative self-expression offered by a paint brush and a few jars of paint. Here is one place where the child can work unhampered by what other people think that he should do. The small ones can paint their own ideas—their own pictures—their own moods.

So many children find it hard to express themselves in words, but give them a big brush and a large expanse of paper and they revel in the pleasure of putting their feelings on paper in bright colors. They don't care whether anyone else sees beauty in what they do, if it pleases them, that is enough.

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"**MOMMY!** Mommy," called Kathleen, "come and change my paper."

I tore off more strips of white wrapping paper and went out to tack them up. Before we took the finished sheets down, I said, "What lovely circles of red you made, honey."

I had learned by experience the fallacy of trying to "name" a picture for my tiny one, but I knew that she, as with all children, loved appreciation for her work. I hoped that she would tell me about her picture.

"Those round things are bee tracks," Kathleen said. "See, the bees go round and round and

round from the blue flowers to the yellow flowers and then they fly away." She pointed to patches of blue and yellow and then to a wide sweep of red that went off the edge of the paper.

"How strong your red strokes are. Now I'll write your story on the back of your picture. We'll put the date on it and you can make a K for Kathleen. Would you like to put this picture away with your want-to-keep things, and you can bring it out whenever you want to remember the story of the bees?"

"Oh, thank you, Mother. I want to keep this bee story."

Not forgetting the painted steps and chair, I suggested, as we took down the picture and put up the new paper, "Next time you want to paint, remember that Daddy uses his brushes and you use your brushes. If you ask Mommy she will put up paper like this again. We might even make some orange-crate chairs for you to cover with real paint like Daddy's—that is, if you remember to tell me about wanting to paint."

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## *The Black Stag of Dairy Fork*

Marvin Jones

Black as the pines that sough upon the dalles,  
 Hard as the craggy granite past the rim  
 Of timber, living where the cold impels  
 Its bitterness against the shattered limb,  
 The greatest stag of Dairy Fork looked down  
 The well of windless valleys, past the smoke  
 Of aspens' quivered gold, beyond the crown  
 Where maple ridges silvered into oak;  
 Looked past the hunter-mind, immersed in night,  
 Which iron-fingered clambered webs of air  
 To reach the rock-gray granite and the light  
 That pinned the stag's great heart upon a hair  
 Crossed in a prised glass . . . Who can tell  
 Who had the greater heart—who stood—who fell?

# Homemade Laundry Soap

Bernice Stookey Linford

## INGREDIENTS:

- 1 can powdered lye
- 5 lbs. fat
- 4½ quarts water

Makes 16 large or 32 small bars

Choose a container large enough so that the soap will not boil over and one that will not be affected by lye. A 5-gallon honey can from which the top has been removed and the edges hammered smooth is ideal. Never use aluminum unless discarded from use in cooking.

## DIRECTIONS:

Pour 1½ qts. cold water into the soap cooker. Add one can powdered lye. Stir with a hardwood stick until lye is dissolved. (Lye is so caustic it will dissolve soft wood, leaving splinters in the soap. An old broom handle or dowl bought at a hardware store is excellent for stirring). To the lye water add 5 pounds of rendered or unrendered fat; beef, mutton, deer, elk, horse, or a mixture. Cut the fat in ¾ or 1-inch pieces and cook for 30 minutes, stirring often. If you have no scales, a quart fruit jar filled with fat cut in ¾ or 1-inch pieces equals about one pound. After cooking 30 minutes, measure 3 quarts of warm water, add 1 quart, then add at intervals about 1 cup every ten minutes until remaining 2 quarts have been added during the next hour and a half period. When the soap has cooked for about 2 hours from the time it began to boil it should drop from the soap stick in a heavy sheet like honey and should thread like cake icing. When it forms this test it is done. Let cool overnight in the can, then shred on potato shredder or grind in food grinder so it will dissolve easily in water, or cut and dry in bars.

**BE VERY CAREFUL TO DESTROY LYE CANS AT ONCE** so no small child or animal can touch them. Little children have been made blind or severely burned by touching lye. During cooking soap must be watched constantly so heat can be regulated. It boils over very easily and will cause severe skin burns or destroy linoleum. Strong vinegar applied to skin or hands or linoleum, if soap should boil over, will partially counteract its effect.

If you use melted fat for soap, use 5 full pints. Cook, following directions for solid fat.

The fresher the fat the whiter and sweeter smelling the soap. Rancid fat makes brown, strong smelling soap, but it can be used satisfactorily for laundry and cleaning purposes.

Pork cracklings can be used for making soap, but they are more tissue than fat and are very valuable for food. Try adding a few to deer or elk steak when frying, to dressing when stuffing fowl or wild game, or add some to scalloped or fried potatoes. They are delicious added to cooked cabbage, beets, etc. One cupful added to carrot steamed pudding or to your raisin bread or oatmeal cookies or even to mincemeat will add a nutty flavor in addition to the fat.

If you use cracklings for soap it will require about 8 pounds, depending on how much of the fat has been removed while cooking the cracklings, instead of 5 pounds of unrendered suet. It may be necessary to add a little more water also.



# Teamwork Versus Slavery

Alice Whitson Norton

**F**AMILIES that work together, play together, and pray together, will stay together, is an old but decidedly true saying, because you will find families working together, playing together, and praying together are always so vitally interested in the same things that they feel no particular need of breaking away from the pleasant existence they live in for a trial of something else.

Mothers, in almost every instance, have a great deal to do with the program of living indulged in by the family circle, and it is the foresighted mother who teamworks with her family instead of slaving her life away for them, who provides the greatest amount of good for all concerned.

I'm thinking of two women who live on the same street whose mode of homemaking serves as a good example between teamwork and slavery. Mrs. Barker, mistress of a pretentious house, and known far and wide for her perfect housekeeping, is in reality little less than a slave to her entire family.

Religiously she goes over the entire house every morning with a vacuum cleaner and duster. A mud track on the floor would horrify her! Hence Tommy and Jane, the two youngest members of the family, never think of entering by the front door—oh, no! They are back door personalities, all the time.

Even father and big brother Johnny and sister Ellen, the wage earners of the group, are careful not to bring tracks into the house when

they return from work at night, and Betty and Buddy, the high school students, wouldn't think of bringing their friends into the living room. They are basement dwellers.

"But what is a recreation room for if not to keep careless youth out of the living room," says the tired mother, when for some unusual reason the youngsters express a desire to bring their friends into the living room.

Mrs. Barker does the cooking for her family, too, and the dishwashing. Oh, yes, she wouldn't want Ellen to soil her hands! The teenagers are too careless and the youngsters wholly unreliable. Therefore, the minute a meal is over, Mrs. Barker rushes the family off to various parts of the house while she washes, dries, and puts the dishes away.

Sometimes there is an argument from the family who insist on helping, but Mrs. Barker is firm. It's easier, she thinks, to keep things in place by looking after them herself.

**Y**ET, when the day is done, this tired, overworked woman, who slaves for her family and her house from dawn until dark, finds herself so tired physically and mentally that she is forced to retire early in order to perform the same duties again the next day. The house, to be sure, is lovely to look at, but there's no time for merrymaking, singing, or group reading in the Barker home. Mother runs it by rule and order. And while the house reflects perfect order it doesn't include laughter,

fun, and gaiety. Consequently, the family, after the evening meal, separate for the evening, each trying to find some way to entertain himself and, finally, slipping up the polished stairs to his immaculate bed with a feeling of incompleteness to the day's ending in both body and mind.

Yet just two blocks down the same street stands a far less pretentious house. In fact, the place was built before Cedar Street became a restricted district of ten-thousand-dollar homes, but it's there, and the Brown family inhabiting it are just an ordinary American family who have grown up on living a useful and happy life together.

Here we find teamwork instead of slavery, on open display. In the morning everybody rises at the same time. Each member of the family has a given task to perform in so many minutes. The tasks over, the family sits down to a good, hearty breakfast together, with sufficient time for family prayers and eating without hurry.

After the breadwinning members of the family have gone for the day, Mrs. Brown assigns her teen-age youngsters various things to do, she, herself helping and overseeing the whole.

Dusk finds this mother ready to

receive the returning workers with a smiling face and a grand dinner, where pleasant chatter forms a part of the meal, and laughter a tonic for the digestive powers.

When the meal is over, every member of the family makes a little trip to the kitchen with the soiled dishes he has used. Here again fun mingles with work. Straws are drawn to see who must wash the dishes, who dries, and who puts them away. The remainder of the family lingers around the table—and don't think this little task is laborious—not to the Browns. The dishwashing time is used for rehearsing a familiar hymn they anticipate singing at some festive occasion. Nor does the family disband when the kitchen is tidied up—oh, no, indeed!

The kitchen trio immediately joins the family circle and all proceed to the homey living room of the small house. The radio is turned on for a good musical broadcast or the family joins together in playing some game, singing, or reading, and before they disband for the night, father Brown selects some member of the family to read a chapter from the Book of Books or other scriptures, then the family kneels for a word of prayer.

Teamwork, even in prayer, proves helpful.

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## *Twilight Hour*

Josephine J. Harvey

This is the hour of purple glory  
 Before dusk enfolds the day.  
 When there is time for singing,  
 All but the little sounds are hushed,  
 Only the beacons light the way  
 For distant winging.

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

### RELIEF SOCIETY SOCIALS, BAZAARS, AND SINGING MOTHERS



Photograph submitted by Mima C. Hainsworth

### PORTLAND STAKE (OREGON), EUGENE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY WINS TABLE SETTING CONTEST, May 1950

Left to right: Mildred Wright and Miriam Lee, acting hostesses.

This table setting contest was conducted by one of the leading jewelry stores in Eugene, and several women's organizations participated. Vivian P. Cowley is president of Eugene Ward Relief Society, and Mildred Wright and Lavaun Holton were in charge of the Relief Society table.

Mima C. Hainsworth is president of Portland Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Erma M. Dixon

**EAST MILL CREEK STAKE (UTAH), WILFORD WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS  
1950**

Front row, seated, left to right: Secretary Ora H. Peterson; President Fay B. Slade; work director counselor Grace H. Kimball.

Erma M. Dixon is president of East Mill Creek Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Lucy T. Andersen

**NORTHERN STATES MISSION, SPRINGFIELD (ILLINOIS) BRANCH WORK MEETING AND SOCIAL, July 13, 1950**

Front row, seated, left to right: Henrietta Albright; Barbara Canady; Karen Bradley; Ethel Eglin; Marie Fehrholz; Fleta Himmelsbauch.

Second row, standing, left to right: Helen Brackett; Francis Canady; Eva Hart; Virginia Heil; work meeting leader Florence Heinen; President Mary S. Stewart; Second Counselor Florence Dale; Mabel Orme.

Back row, standing, left to right: First Counselor Johanna Meissner; Helen Mills; Eula Kelly.

This social celebrated the completion of the first "quilted" quilt made by this society. It was the first time most of the sisters had ever quilted. The finished quilt was presented to Lucy T. Andersen, President, Northern States Mission Relief Society, for use in the cottage at Carthage Jail.



Photograph submitted by Della H. Teeter

### DENVER STAKE, LARAMIE (WYOMING) WARD SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: Geneva Stevens; Helen Lewis; Second Counselor Rose Eads; Bernice Frost; Phyllis Leishman; President Pearl S. Black.

Back row, left to right: director Roma Jean Stock; Jacqueline Williams; Lois Rollins; Ida Mae Smith; Amy Willis; First Counselor Frieda Nottage; Margaret Williams; Chloe B. Peterson; Lucille Craven; Geniveve Bell; Valear Jensen; Pauline Brenting; organist Hortense Burton.

These women traveled more than one hundred twenty-five miles to sing at the stake conference. They also furnished a musical program once a week for four months on the radio in Laramie, as well as giving many fine musicals in their own ward.

Della H. Teeter is president of Denver Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Lucille H. Spencer

### NEBO STAKE (UTAH), PAYSON FIRST WARD SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: Daisy Francom; chorister Mary Wyler; accompanist Viva Allen; Allene Christensen; Ruth Miller; Ella Money; Tillie Haskell; Lucille Drollinger; Ricka Wyler, president of the chorus.

Back row, left to right: Vanetta Argyle; Flora Bissell; Jennie Elmer, President, Payson First Ward Relief Society; Charlotte King; Jennie Flanders; Eva Garner; Clea Crump; Hazel Gasser.

Lucille H. Spencer is president of Nebo Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Vida D. Brinton

**MARICOPA STAKE (ARIZONA) RELIEF SOCIETY LUNCHEON IN HONOR  
OF WARD AND STAKE OFFICERS AND FORMER STAKE RELIEF  
SOCIETY PRESIDENTS, May 11, 1950**

Front row, seated, left to right: Second Counselor Vivian Gardner; First Counselor Clara Robson; President Vida D. Brinton; former president Fanna Dana; Bertha Kleinman; May R. Driggs; former president Ethel Payne.

Back row, standing, left to right, stake board members: Nellie Merrill; Jessie Huber; Evalyn Bunker; Lucetta Wagstaff; Iona Leigh; Lillian Peterson; former president Clara Goodman; Ezell Bond; Jean Lesueur; Secretary Lola Turly; Beatrice Miller.

Especially honored on this occasion were Sister Bertha Kleinman, well-known and gifted poet, and Sister Ethel Payne, matron of the Arizona Temple.



Photograph submitted by Lola M. Shumway

**PHOENIX STAKE (ARIZONA), YAQUI INDIAN RELIEF SOCIETY QUILT-  
MAKING PROJECT, May 15, 1950**

Extreme left, seated at the table in the rear: Louisa Matus and Ruth Matus.  
Standing at the left, holding their babies, Ethel Hernandez and Eleanor Vacaneri.

Standing at the left, holding the quilt: Jessie Waters, and next to her, is her daughter Gertrude Osif, holding her little daughter.

Standing at the right, holding the quilt: Felipa Compoy and Lucille Hernandez.  
Standing at the extreme right: Enriqueta Leon.

Standing in the rear, stake board members: Jennie Engstrum; Hazel Nelson; Julia Butler; Lola M. Shumway, President, Phoenix Stake Relief Society.

Kneeling, in foreground, three girls who made the skirts they are wearing in Relief Society work meeting: Faye Hernandez; Lydia Altameran; Louisa Uriarti. Enriqueta Leon (standing at the extreme right) also made the skirt she is wearing.

Sister Shumway reports that the attendance at the meetings of this Relief Society varies from six to thirty women, with fifteen being the average attendance. The quilts shown in the photograph were finished and presented to the members of the society at the Mother's Day program, May 15, 1950.



Photograph submitted by Lileth Peck

#### LEHI STAKE (UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS FROM THE ORGANIZATION OF THE STAKE IN 1928 TO 1950

Front row, left to right: Mina Evans Webb, first president; Della Goates Fox, second president.

Back row, left to right: Lileth Peterson Peck, present president; Ethel Southwick Hunger, third president.

This photograph was taken to commemorate the centennial anniversary of the settlement of Lehi in 1850.



Photograph submitted by Amelia P. Gardner

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSION, LIVERMORE BRANCH BAZAAR  
April 22, 1950

Left to right: Ann Wardell; President Grace Hudson; Secretary-Treasurer Clifta Engberson; Laura Creager; First Counselor Della McLaughlin; Ora Lee Thompson.

This photograph shows only a part of the beautiful displays at this bazaar. Among the other booths included were cooked foods and a fish pond. There are only nine members in this branch, and yet the handicraft and other articles prepared for the bazaar were outstanding in beauty of design and quality of workmanship. Amelia P. Gardner, President, Northern California Mission Relief Society, reports: "These sisters are doing excellent work. They truly have the spirit of the gospel in all their meetings."



RECIPE FOR CORNED BEEF

*Christine Eaton*

- 10 lbs. brisket or rump
- ¼ cup warm water (for dissolving saltpeter)
- 4 qts. water
- ½ tsp. saltpeter
- 2 cups salt (not iodized)
- ¼ cup sugar
- 3 cloves garlic (if desired)
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1 tbsp. mixed spices

Dissolve saltpeter in ¼ cup warm water, add salt to cold water, mix with rest of ingredients, and place in a 3-gallon stone jar, add meat, cover with plate, and weight down with a stone. Leave in brine 21 days, turning meat occasionally.

Take out of brine and cover with cold water, boil slowly for about 3 or 4 hours, or until done. If unable to use this entire recipe at once, the extra beef may be sealed with broth in sterilized jars.



## “Poor Little Rosalee”

(Continued from page 741)

been willing, of course, but—” she faltered, and looked imploringly at Alta.

“It’s about all any of us can do to look after our own,” said Alta crisply, determined color flying in her cheeks. “Of course, in a case of emergency, it’s different, but we feel that your emergency is over, Rosalee.”

Rosalee said nothing. Her attention seemed withdrawn, as if her own thoughts demanded all of it.

Minerva said, “It’s too much for Alta to do your washing for you any longer, Rosalee. She has three girls in school, and they have so many things in the wash every week.”

From the bemused expression on her face, it was plain to see that Rosalee was only half listening.

“Don’t you think you could do your own washing now, and your ironing?” demanded Alta, abruptly.

The question startled Rosalee into answering.

“Why, I don’t know. Maybe I could. But of course, I never have done it, all by myself.”

“Then it’s about time you began,” suggested Alta.

“What we mean, dear, is that from now on, you’ll have to manage by yourself. We were glad to help you out when you needed us, but you don’t need us any longer.” Minerva leaned back in her chair with the air of one who had put the thing into a nutshell at last.

Rosalee sprang to her feet. Her heels tapped quickly to the door, where she paused, and faced them. “Really, I guess it has been hard on everyone. And I do appreciate all

you’ve done. But if it hadn’t been for Orvie, I just don’t know how I’d have stood it. He’s been so kind, and considerate. He’s taking me to dinner and a show tonight.” She glanced uncertainly toward the sand pile where the little boys were playing. “I guess we could take the boys with us.”

“Oh, no, go ahead. That’s all right,” began Alta, but Rosalee was already half way down the path, waving goodbye to her boys.

“Orvie!” exploded Minerva.

“After all the rest of us have done!”

“After what he said in the first place!”

Their indignation melted suddenly into weak laughter.

Presently, Minerva said, “It’s funny none of us noticed it. And, in a way, it will be the best thing for her. Best thing for Orvie, too. You know that it’s the first time in all his life he’s ever put himself out for anyone.”

When the heat of the following day had cooled into dusk, Alta and Minerva rested on their adjacent front porches. From Minerva’s basement came the sound of hammering. Herb was building her fruit shelves. Will Bowman could be seen nailing shingles onto Alta’s back porch. He had been at it ever since supper. And Mrs. Simpkins had phoned that her kitchen cabinets were being painted; goodness knows, they needed it. The two women rocked in companionable silence. Presently, Orvie and Rosalee drove slowly by in his car. The two little boys waved from the back seat.



## *Theology*—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

### Lesson 29—"The Apostolic Ministry"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, by Elder James E. Talmage, chapter 38.)

For Tuesday, February 6, 1951

Objective: To demonstrate that when authorized, and filled with the Holy Ghost, the servants of the Lord carry on his work as he did while upon earth.

#### *Matthias Ordained to the Apostleship*

**E**VEN the apostles who were called and ordained by Jesus (John 15:16) were not to start on their missions until they were "endued with power from on high." While they were waiting they met frequently in worship and prayer. Mary, the mother of the Lord, and other faithful women met with them. They knew that Jesus had been resurrected and that immediately after many other righteous ones had come out of their graves and appeared to many in Jerusalem. The universality of the resurrection was soon to become a prominent teaching of the apostles.

The first official act of the apostles was the filling of the vacancy in the council, occasioned by the death of Judas Iscariot. Peter, the presiding officer, presented the matter to a meeting of the Church. He urged that from those who had "compared with us all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among us, beginning from the baptism of John, unto that same day

that he was taken up from us, must one be ordained to be a witness with us of his resurrection." The apostles nominated two faithful, competent men, Joseph Barsabas and Matthias. After earnest prayer, they cast lots and Matthias was chosen. The lesson is easily seen. The authority was vested in the apostles and they discharged their responsibility in leading the Church. In filling the vacancy in the Council of Twelve, the apostles nominated, but the Church was given a voice before the installation became complete. The authority was exercised in love. The same order was followed a short time later when seven men were called for a special work; they were set apart by the laying on of the apostles' hands.

#### *The Bestowal of the Holy Ghost*

About nine days after the ascension of the Savior, the apostles were holding their usual devotion. It was at the time of the Pentecost, also known as the "Feast of Weeks" (Read Ex. 34:22; Deut. 16-10).

And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance (Acts 2:2-4).

It was the promised baptism by fire and the Holy Ghost. Soon a multitude gathered, attracted by the sound "as of a rushing mighty wind." The apostles then began to speak as the Holy Ghost gave them utterance. A great miracle was wrought. People were gathered there from many lands and yet they heard, every man in his own tongue.

In answer to a question as to whether the Holy Ghost was received by the apostles at or before Pentecost, a statement was published by the First Presidency of the Church on February 5, 1916, from which statement the following excerpts are taken:

The answer to this question depends upon what is meant by "receiving" the Holy Ghost.

If reference is made to the promise of Jesus to His Apostles about the endowment or gift of the Holy Ghost by the presence and ministration of the "personage of Spirit," called the Holy Ghost by revelation (D. & C. 130:22), then the answer is, it was not until the day of Pentecost that the promise was fulfilled. But the divine essence called the Spirit of God, or Holy Spirit, or Holy Ghost, by which God created or organized all things, and by which the prophets wrote and spoke, was bestowed in former ages, and inspired the apostles in their ministry long before the day of Pentecost. . . . We read that Jesus, after his resurrection, breathed upon his disciples and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." But we also read that He said, "Behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you: but

tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high" (John 20:22; Luke 24:40.) We read further: "For the Holy Ghost was not yet given; because that Jesus was not yet glorified" (John 7:39). Thus the promise was made; but the fulfilment came after, so that the Holy Ghost sent by Jesus from the Father did not come in person until the day of Pentecost, and the cloven tongues of fire were the sign of His coming (note 7, page 720 of the text).

Satan immediately began his work. Men began saying the apostles were drunk. Peter denied this charge vigorously and called attention to the time. It was only the third hour of the day and the Jews refrained from drinking until after the hour of the morning service in the synagogue. Peter continued to speak and delivered a great sermon in defense of the Christ. He also called attention to the lives the saints were leading. Selfishness had ceased among them. They had all things in common. The Holy Ghost had made of Peter a mighty man of faith in Jesus Christ. He quailed not now but boldly declared they had crucified the Lord. Read the first three chapters of Acts. Many were pricked in their hearts by the power of the Holy Ghost and cried out: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Peter's answer was direct and powerful: "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost" (Acts 2:37-38). About three thousand souls were added to the Church that day.

Not only did Peter speak with power, but he exercised the powers of his Priesthood in righteousness. To the lame beggar at the temple

gate, he said: "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk" (Acts 3:6). The man was healed and joined the apostles in the temple praising God.

At the conclusion of the day, the rulers of the Jews arrested Peter and John and put them in prison. But again the next day these two worthy men, when brought before the rulers, fearlessly told the assembled group that the rulers had crucified their Redeemer and Peter said unto them, speaking of Christ: "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:12). (See also B. of M., Mosiah 3:17.) The high priest and other rulers were learning, to their sorrow, that they had not destroyed the Savior's work by crucifying him. Peter and John defied their threats and continued to preach the word.

The Church grew rapidly in numbers and good works. Signs followed the believers. So great was their faith that people laid their sick on couches in the streets, "that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them" (Acts 5:15).

Again the apostles were arrested and thrown into the common prison. That night an angel opened the prison doors and bade them go to the temple and continue their preaching. They were so engaged the next morning when the Sanhedrin convened to try them. The officers sent to bring them from their cell reported: "The prison truly found we shut with all safety,

and the keepers standing without before the doors: but when we had opened, we found no man within."

Learning that the apostles were preaching near the temple, the officers went and brought them before the high priest and his associates. These rulers said:

Behold, ye have filled Jerusalem with your doctrine, and intend to bring this man's [Jesus] blood upon us. Then Peter and the other apostles answered and said, We ought to obey God rather than men. The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree. Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins. And we are his witnesses of these things; and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey him (Acts 5:28-32).

The chief priests, scribes, and elders were utterly confounded. They feared the people, but secretly counseled together as to how they might put the apostles to death. Gamaliel, a wise man, advised them to let the brethren alone. He counseled that "if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught: But if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God" (Acts 5:38-39). For the time the apostles were discharged, after they had been beaten. However, they continued their ministry both by preaching and by going from house to house. It is interesting to note that many priests were converted and joined the Church.

#### *Stephen the Martyr; His Vision of the Lord*

No one can read the brief account of the life of Stephen without great-

ly admiring him (Acts 6:5-15). He was chosen with six others to perform certain duties, among them to administer the church-community store. He was also fearless and able in teaching the gospel. He especially confounded some foreign Jews in a debate and they had him charged with blasphemy and heresy. When he was brought before the courts, suborned witnesses testified that they had "heard him speak blasphemous words against Moses, and against God." They also accused him of declaring that Jesus of Nazareth would some day destroy the temple and do away with the rites and ceremonies instituted by Moses. We may rest assured Stephen had told them the truth and that the law of Moses had been fulfilled in Christ. He did not speak in his own defense, but he spoke to his judges. (Read Acts 7:2-60.)

Stephen saw before he died the Savior standing on the right hand of the Father. His was the first recorded vision of the Savior after the ascension. Note the sublimity of his closing words: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," and "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." The writer of the Acts then adds: "And when he had said this, he fell asleep." It was a cruel martyrdom. He had no trial and, no doubt, his blood will be upon the heads of those who did the foul deed, although "the blood of Stephen the martyr proved to be rich and virile seed, from which sprang a great harvest of souls." Probably Saul's first real contact with the Christians personally was through disputations with Stephen.

### *Christ Manifests Himself to Saul of Tarsus, Later Known as Paul the Apostle*

One of the great missionaries of all times was the apostle Paul. He was a Jew and known early in life as Saul of Tarsus. Though a native of Tarsus, when he was fifteen he went to Jerusalem. He was a strict Pharisee. He was bitter against the Church of Christ and personally consented to the stoning of Stephen. Through his efforts many of the members were put in prison and many fled from their homes. He secured letters from the high priest authorizing him to arrest members of the Church at Damascus and bring them to Jerusalem for trial.

On this journey at noonday, there suddenly appeared a dazzling light which enveloped Saul's entire party. He heard a voice saying: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" To his question: "Who art thou, Lord?" the Lord responded: "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." Saul immediately recognized his position. He had been honestly mistaken. Now, truly repentant, he asked: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" That is the cry of a truly repentant soul. The Lord directed him to go to one of the faithful members in Damascus. He remained totally blind for three days. During that time, he neither ate nor drank. In the meantime, the Lord instructed Ananias, one of his faithful servants, to visit Saul and bless him that he might be healed. Ananias demurred and reminded the Lord that Saul was a bitter persecutor of the Church. The Lord replied: "Go thy way:

for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel: for I will shew him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." When Ananias laid his hands upon Saul, the latter's eyesight was restored. Here is another case where a truly penitent man was promised he would be filled with the Holy Ghost. Saul was baptized. He immediately commenced his great missionary labors by testifying in the synagogues that Jesus is the Son of God. (Read Acts 9:1-20.)

It was necessary for Barnabas, a trusted disciple at Jerusalem, to vouch for Saul's integrity before he was received into fellowship. He had been such an enemy to the Church that naturally the members were suspicious of him. He was later ordained to be an apostle under the hands of the apostles. Saul's name was later changed to Paul—the Latin rendering. He fully paid the debt of his early mistakes by becoming one of the Lord's great representatives—the apostle to the gentiles.

Paul was a Roman citizen and, when necessary, he claimed the rights and exemptions attaching to that honor. Of course, in this lesson we cannot follow this great apostle through all his ministry. He was a personal witness of the Lord Jesus. He says: ". . . while I prayed in the temple, I was in a trance; and saw him saying unto me, Make haste, and get thee quickly out of Jerusalem; for they will not receive thy testimony concerning me." (For the full conversation, see Acts 22:17-21.) Once after-

wards, while Paul was a prisoner in Rome, the Lord stood before him and said: ". . . Be of good cheer, Paul: for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome" (Acts 23:11). The personal testimony is more impressive. Paul saw the Lord and could so testify. He bore his testimony also to the Corinthian saints when he told them that the Savior had been seen of "above five hundred brethren" at one time. (Read I Cor. 15:3-9.)

#### *Close of the Apostolic Ministry— The Revelation Through John*

No definite date has been fixed when the last apostle chosen in Christ's dispensation ceased to minister unto the people. John, the Beloved, was evidently the last. Paul declares about thirty years after the ascension that the gospel had been carried to every nation. His words are: "Preached to every creature which is under heaven" (Col. 1:23, also verse 6). This probably means the world known to Paul. However, Eusebius, a writer of the fourth century, says: "Thus, then, under a celestial influence and cooperation, the doctrine of the Savior, like the rays of the sun, quickly irradiated the whole world." There is no doubt that, under the inspired apostles and those who assisted them, the message of the gospel was taken rapidly to the known world. Branches of the Church were organized in many of the cities and towns. Those ancient worthies were wonderful messengers for the risen Lord.

So far as the record shows, the last or final personal appearance in

that dispensation was to John on the Isle of Patmos. John had probably been banished "for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ" (Rev. 1:9). Sometimes critics mistakenly quote John 1:18 in proof of a false claim that man has not seen God:

For no man has seen God at any time in the flesh, except quickened by the Spirit of God. Neither can any natural man abide the presence of God, neither after the carnal mind (D. & C. 67:11-12.)

It is interesting and fortunate to note that John later on Patmos saw the Lord and gave a detailed description of him. (Read Rev. 1:10-20.) Jesus said: "... he that hath seen me hath seen the Father..." (John 14:9). In addition to the instances cited in this lesson, many cases may be cited from scripture wherein God was seen by man. No sinful man can see God. Good men, when filled with the Holy Ghost, can and may see him whenever he so wills it. Because there was a long period of apostasy

upon the earth and man had changed the pure gospel of Christ, is no reason that the Lord does not live. He does live, an actual corporeal being. He has been seen in this dispensation of the fulness of times.

### Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. Even though the apostles had been ordained by Jesus, what was necessary before they could commence their ministry?
2. How was the vacancy in the Council of Twelve filled?
3. Discuss the events which occurred on the day of Pentecost.
4. Relate the brief biography of Stephen.
5. Give an account of Paul's conversion and of his life in the ministry.

### References in the Gospels

- Matt. 5:34, 35; 21:42; 23:22; 24:4, 5, 10-13, 23-26; 27:25, 52, 53.  
 Luke 24:49, 52, 53.  
 John 13:18.  
 See also Acts 1:12-26; 2:1-46; 3:6; 4:1-37; 5:12-40; 6:1-15; 7:22-3.

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## *More Than Tolerance*

Caroline Eyring Miner

**WE** speak much of tolerance as if it were the great virtue, but it does not go far enough. Who wants to be tolerated, just put up with?

Jesus did not say "Tolerate your neighbor," but instead he said, "Love your neighbors." Each person wants to be loved and appreciated and enjoyed for what he is and for what he can do for his friends and his neighbors.

## Visiting Teacher Messages—Our Savior Speaks

Lesson 13—"Forgive, and Ye Shall Be Forgiven" (Luke 6:37).

Mary Grant Judd

For Tuesday, February 6, 1951

Objective: To define what constitutes true forgiveness and to point out why forgiveness has a two-fold aspect.

IT would appear that in no circumstances did the Christ show his divine superiority to mortal man more than in his ability to forgive. In his hour of great anguish he prayed for his persecutors, "Father forgive them; for they know not what they do."

It was the poet Alexander Pope who said, "To err is human, to forgive, divine." Perhaps it is because we are so human that we find it difficult to forgive as completely as our Savior would have us do. "Love your enemies," he counsels us, "bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you, That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven" (Matt. 5:44-45).

There may be instances where Jesus told us to forgive without adding that in like manner could we expect forgiveness, but the writer has been unable to discover any such passages. Consider these typical verses from the incomparable Sermon on the Mount. After praying, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," Christ gave this promise:

If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive

you: But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses (Matt. 6:14-15).

It is logical that the injunction to "forgive" was combined with the promise "and ye shall be forgiven," for "God's cleansing power cannot flow through an unforgiving heart." No one knows our own human frailties as well as we ourselves. It is in realizing our individual shortcomings that we become tolerant of the shortcomings of others. Our Savior ever tells us to take heed to ourselves, to be as conscious of the beam in our own eye as of the mote in our neighbor's.

A wise philosopher once said, "The remedy for wrongs is to forget them." There is no more damaging influence to our personalities than to fail to erase from our minds the memory of wrongs done to us by others. Sometimes in retaining a hurtful, resentful recollection from the past, we may even blot out some beautiful experiences of the present.

John Sutherland Bonnell points out:

There is not one of us who will not be hurt by life and by people. We all have legitimate grievances. We can all recall unkindnesses that we have not provoked, occasions when our good was



repaid by evil and our generosity by baseness. The important thing is not that these form a part of our experiences of life. What matters is what we do about them. If we treasure these things up in our memories, we do it at disastrous cost to ourselves.

All of which reminds one of the saying of President Grant, "It isn't the initial expense of the grudge

that matters, it's the upkeep that is so costly."

In conclusion, consider the loving counsel given by the apostle Paul to the Ephesians, "Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you" (Eph. 4:32).

## *Work Meeting*—The Art of Homemaking

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

### Lesson 5—Choosing Appropriate Floor Coverings

*Christine H. Robinson*

For Tuesday, February 13, 1951

A fundamental part of successful home decorating has to do with the selection of suitable floor coverings. As the foundation of a room, floors often set the pattern for the entire decorative scheme. Floor coverings help to determine the general spirit and personality of a room, they tie in its color scheme, and do much to help establish a suitable foundation upon which a room's furnishings can be harmoniously dramatized. The right floor covering can make a new house look homey, friendly, and gracious. Furthermore, well-chosen carpets can make an old home take on a new and refreshing appearance.

In general floor coverings may be classified into two main groups: *first*, hard-surfaced floor materials, which include brick, wood, cement, linoleum, plastic, cork, rubber, asphalt, or ceramic tile; *second*, soft floor coverings, which are rugs or

carpets, made of wool, cotton, rayon, nylon, fiber, or flax.

Hard-surfaced floor coverings are both practical and decorative. These floors are usually resistant to sun, grease, and water, and are easy to clean and maintain. Composition floors, consisting of linoleum, cork, plastic, rubber, and asphalt tile, are available in an increasing variety of unusual colors and designs. With a little imagination and ingenuity, many interesting effects can be achieved with this type of floor coverings. Linoleum, for example, can be laid with an infinite variety of decorative designs and insets. The various types of tile can be worked into many kinds of stylized blocks and patterns. Hard-surfaced floor coverings, when thoughtfully selected, make harmonious settings for modern, traditional, or contemporary type decorating.

Soft floor coverings, or those made of textiles, provide, of course, the more luxurious and glamorous materials for floor decorating.

Carpet weaving is one of man's oldest cultural attainments, dating far back into man's early history. We read of the extensive use of woven carpets in Biblical days. For example, it is said that the Queen of Sheba, to gain favor, laid rare rugs before King Solomon. But in those centuries rugs were only for the palaces of rich rulers and kings. Today, thanks to the power looms, the improved dyeing methods, new materials, and artistry in design, beautiful and durable colors and styles of carpeting are within the reach of the great majority of homes.

In the selection of suitable rugs and carpets, both size and type are essential factors to keep in mind. The size of a rug has an important bearing upon the over-all decorative effect of the room. Wall-to-wall carpeting creates a restful, unbroken line and makes a small room appear more spacious. If, however, a rug is preferred, it should extend to within six or twelve inches from the wall. An under-sized rug, more than any other single element, can tend to make a room look smaller and give it a "cut-up" appearance. If a rug is to be the central floor covering, it should be of sufficient size to cover the floor and not of a "postage stamp" size. Scatter rugs, however, can be used effectively on either hard-surfaced or solid color carpeted floors. These small rugs are used extensively in today's decorating, not only for functional purposes, but also to dramatize

points of interest in a room. Scatter rugs can be used to tie in a room's color scheme, to call attention to an interesting area of the room, to dramatize a specific piece of furniture or group setting, or to break up a large expanse of floor. When used with a furniture grouping, scatter rugs should be large enough to tie the group together, and should never be placed by themselves, as an "island on a sea of floor." In placing scatter rugs on the floor, one rule which should be remembered is to be sure they are set parallel to the walls and not obliquely or at distracting angles.

In choosing the type of carpet, be sure it expresses the general spirit or character of the room. For example, braided and rag rugs, with their rough textures and coloring, add charm and authenticity to informal type furnishings. These rugs look well in early American, provincial, and cottage type homes, or they may be used, for special effect, in breakfast rooms, bedrooms, or halls.

Looped, tufted, and shaggy cotton rugs come in a variety of interesting new types and colors. Now that texture is so important in decorating, these cotton rugs are both smart and in high style. They have the further advantage of easy launderability. With a family of young children, these rugs are particularly fine as they combine the luxurious beauty of delicate pastels or bright clear colors with the advantages of simple upkeep and care. Tufted cotton rugs look well in informal settings or modern type rooms.

Hooked rugs blend well with colonial and eighteenth century rooms. These rugs, due to their warm colors and patterns, create a friendly, cosy feeling. They are particularly effective when used as scatter rugs.

Broadloom carpeting is available in a variety of weaves and textures and goes well with modern, traditional, or contemporary decorating.

In choosing any rug type, inspect carefully the pile of the rug before you make a purchase. The more closely it is woven and the deeper the pile, the more service it will give. Also, be sure the pile is made of pre-dyed yarn so it will not fade in color. Look closely at the back to see if sizing has been used to give an impression of full body. Well-woven rugs do not need extra sizing.

With the wide variety of interesting floor coverings now available, the selection of the right color is particularly challenging. A well-known guide which many have followed is to select a floor covering a bit darker than the walls, which in turn are darker than the ceiling. Although this is always a safe and pleasing way to decorate, still many dramatic effects can be produced by violating this rule. For example, a striking effect can be achieved by having the floors dominate the room's color scheme. This can be accomplished by using very dark, very light, very bright, or bold patterns on the floor. If such a striking floor covering is used, everything else in the room should be subdued. When a patterned floor covering is used, plain-colored walls and solid-colored fabrics are best. If, on the other hand, a room has a plain-colored carpet, or other

floor covering, pattern can and should be introduced into the room in either wallpaper, upholstery, or draperies.

In any case, when selecting floor covering colors, harmonize the decorative effect by repeating the color of the carpeting or other floor covering in various applications throughout the room. For example, if the floors are green, a green slip-covered or upholstered sofa, together with a green lamp, and a picture which has green predominating, will add harmony and unity to a room.

In choosing colors for rugs and carpets, remember that light-colored and textured carpets show less traffic wear, lint, and dust. Furthermore, they are easily adapted to changes in room color schemes, they blend beautifully with either light or dark colored walls, and flatter today's furniture woods.

To summarize, your floor coverings are important. They should tie in and dramatize your room's furnishings, thus helping to create an attractive, harmonious, and livable home.

### *Discussion Points*

1. Discuss how to lengthen the life of your rugs and carpets by dependable cleaning methods. Why is it hard on scatter rugs to shake or beat them? How is it best to protect rugs from moths?
2. Give some practical hints on the care and protection of wood, linoleum, and asphalt and rubber tile floors.
3. Discuss the various uses of scatter rugs in the home.
4. Illustrate how floor coverings can be used to tie in a room's color scheme.
5. Why is it usually inadvisable to use patterned fabrics in the same room with patterned floor covering?

## Literature—The Literature of England

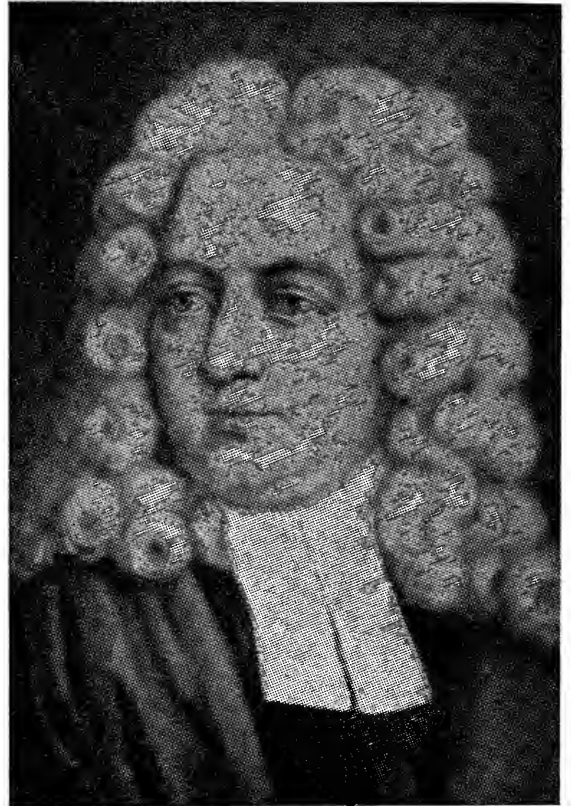
### Lesson 13—Jonathan Swift

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

For Tuesday, February 20, 1951

INASMUCH as all of us were once children, we know Jonathan Swift. Like other masterpieces, his *Gulliver's Travels* speaks compellingly to children even too young to read, as well as to the keenest, most mature minds. Yet it is an irony as real as Swift's own ironical existence that, for more than two hundred years, only the first of Gulliver's four voyages has been loved and kept alive, and almost solely by children. Rarely has the book in its entirety been recognized, outside the advanced classroom, for what it really is: perhaps the greatest, most powerful satire on the weaknesses of humanity ever written. Nor often is Swift acknowledged as the most powerful figure to be produced by the Neo-Classical Age in England, and one of the fiercest, most intense, yet one of the most tender men who ever lived and wrote.

As a vital preliminary to our brief study of Swift, we must at least sketch in rough outline the events of his life (review text, pp. 721-733, 741-752-3, 910-912). Born in Dublin in 1667, to a widowed, penniless mother who early left him with his wealthy uncle, Swift came to hate his dependence upon relatives. After being discharged from college for refusing to study logic, he became secretary to Sir William Temple, a retired English gentleman with literary and political interests. For more than a decade he chafed



JONATHAN SWIFT

under the realization that he was another's servant, and Sir William did not at all understand him. During this period, however, he learned much about the affairs of the world, and from his many hours in Temple's excellent library he derived his true education. Here he became tutor to Esther Johnson, a girl far younger than he, whom he loved devotedly until she died in 1728, although there is no positive proof that she ever became his wife. It was she and her older companion, Mrs. Dingley, who received from Swift the intimate, tender letters

which have come to be known as *Journal to Stella* (text, page 970), written from 1710 to 1713 while he, the most powerful man in England, was writing Tory political pamphlets in London.

Upon Sir William's death, Swift entered the priesthood of the Anglican Church as the surest path to political power. When, in 1704, he published *A Tale of a Tub* (text, page 915), a satire which pointed out the shallowness and bickering in contemporary religions, Queen Anne became angered. He was made Dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin; she vowed he would never become Bishop. When the Tories soon lost power, his political, as well as his religious future, were ruined.

Throughout his mature years he lived in Dublin, with frequent trips to London to seek a better situation. When, in 1724, England planned to take what he felt to be undue advantage of her Irish colony by authorizing an inferior coinage of money, Swift correctly surmised what was in the hearts of the Irish people and wrote the *Drapier Letters* against such a move, rousing the Irish to such fury that the English decided against issuing the coinage. Already, in 1720, Swift had suggested a universal boycott of English goods, so that no longer could she prosper on profits from Irishmen who, individually and as a nation, were often near starvation. Again he defended what he felt to be the rapacious exploitation of his countrymen when, in 1729, he published "*A Modest Proposal*" (text, page 961), a most perfect, savage satire on England's refusal to ac-

knowledge or bring to an end the human suffering in Ireland.

From his middle years Swift had been subject to dizziness. Increasingly he suffered physical and mental pain, and, in the last years of his life, he lost command of his faculties, both physical and mental. He died in 1745, and was buried in St. Patrick's beside his Stella. At last, in the words on his tombstone, he was where "savage indignation can no longer tear the heart."

One of Swift's first literary ventures was a poem which he submitted to John Dryden. Recognizing its poetic weaknesses, Dryden told him, "My dear cousin, you'll never be a poet." Therefore, he turned at once to perfecting his prose style, and came very near doing so, but in a manner directly opposed to the scholarly ornamentation, the balanced form, and the polished, elegant phrasing used by his friend Addison. He defined style simply as "proper words in proper places."

A successful preacher of homely, practical sermons, Swift advised his fellow ministers to avoid the "moving manner of preaching" meant to work on the passions, since such devices were used only by fanatical or enthusiastic sects; further, he said:

. . . a divine has nothing to say to the wisest congregation of any parish in this kingdom which he can not express in a manner to be understood by the meanest among them. Shun the quaint, terse, florid style, rounded into periods and cadences, commonly without either propriety or meaning.

His own prose exemplified how magnificently he practiced what he

preached. His pages are condensed, saturated with meaning. Each word, each phrase makes its vital contribution to the progress of the thought being presented. With no ornament or distracting obscurities, his lines are clear and packed with intense energy of intellectual power. His style is so excellent because it is bone and meat—never fat. Nor does the style call attention to itself; rather it is skillfully used as a tool with which his passionately sincere, brilliant mind thinks. As someone has said, "Swift used language to talk with, not to play with." Consider, for example, the concentration and smoothness of the following: "The author was then young, his invention at the height, and his reading fresh in his head." The same pithy exactness is observable in his "*Thoughts on Various Subjects*" (text, pp. 912-914).

Largely his skill in satire and irony has never been rivalled because of his genius at expressing the recoiled force of his idea in an allegory or symbol which, at first reading, might well appear extremely simple and familiar, even delightfully so. Upon a more thoughtful reading, however, when Swift's deeper intent becomes evident, it leaps and writhes from the page, twice as powerful because, on first acquaintance, it seemed harmless and plain. This device is constantly employed throughout his writings, and with telling effect. We see it delightfully used in "*A Meditation Upon a Broomstick*" (text, page 915), which is nothing more than a short allegory; it constantly appears in "*A Tale of a Tub*" (text, page 915) and in *Gulliver's Travels* (text, page 929).

Before we proceed further, we should define two words vital to the understanding of Swift's method and intent. *Satire* is the use of sarcasm, wit, laughter, irony, or ridicule to poke fun—sometimes extremely bitter fun—at human weakness, with the hope of exposing such weakness and thus improving the lot of mankind. *Irony* is the device of saying precisely the opposite of what actually is meant. If someone who has just been slapped rubs his cheek and says sweetly and slowly, "My, but you are kind," he has exemplified irony. Of the two devices Swift is the supreme master.

Swift not only excelled those of his day in use of words, but, in best stating and conforming to the principles of Neo-Classicism, he also rose above them. In 1697, his twenty-second year, he wrote the *Battle of the Books* to prove the classical authors superior to the moderns. The unifying belief throughout his life was that the "light of reason," or common sense, is always supreme. This being understood, we can see why he so violently distrusted his unreasoning fellow men, since they were led astray by their unreasoning passions in enthusiastic religious sects, in the hate and greed which Swift saw in the political and business realms, and in the sins of the flesh in society and personal life. Because, in science, there was still a strong mixture of hocus-pocus magic and charlatanry, he distrusted it, satirizing it vigorously in *Gulliver's* third voyage to Laputa, where speculative philosophers ponder how to build a house, beginning with the roof, while one sincere scientist has

been experimenting for eight years in an attempt to extract sunbeams from cucumbers. Such pedantry he heartily detested.

At first Swift believed in the ideal vision of the world as it could be if men would only allow themselves to be guided by reason rather than by passion. When, through the passing decades, he saw how brutish and cruel the real world is—how black and bottomless a gap separates it from the world it could be—even then Swift refused to admit that it must be so. In unrestrained bitterness he satirized the evils of his contemporary fellow men—in “A Modest Proposal” (text, page 961) and in Gulliver’s last voyage to the Land of the Houyhnhnms, where the “horse-sense” horses were clean, happy, co-operative, while Yahoo man was filthy, evil smelling, and ruled by his animal passions. Yet we must not classify Swift only as a hopeless misanthrope (mis anthrop), or hater of mankind. While in his later years he said, “I hate and detest that animal called man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth,” we must remember that he hated, not mankind itself, but the evil passions which man persistently allowed to rule him. When we read passages which, in their condemnation of man’s evils, seem unduly rash, and unnecessarily piercing or vulgar, we should also remember the *Journal to Stella* (text, pp. 970-973). Here he writes to “My Dears” in tones of complete understanding and affection. Here, too, we find such delightfully kittenish passages as the following, in which most gently he reproves Stella for not writing by

pretending that he himself has not written; thus he searches for her imagined letter in order to answer it:

And now let us come and see what this saucy letter of MD [My Dears] says. Come out, letter, come out from between the sheets, here it is underneath, and it won’t come out. Come out again, I say: so there. Here it is. What says Presto [Swift] to me, pray? says it. Come and let me answer for you to your ladies. Hold up your head then, like a good letter. There.

While his later wrath toward mankind became a tremendous condemnation, such a passage lends further insight and understanding to his statement to Pope that “All my love is toward individuals.”

For a closer view of the weaknesses of man which he sees fit to condemn, let us examine some of his specific works. “A Tale of a Tub,” his most condensed, longer work, is an allegory satirizing the various Christian sects, showing how skilled they had become at twisting the scriptures into saying what each sect found most pleasant and fashionable to believe at the moment: Upon his deathbed, the Father (Christ) leaves his Will (New Testament) to his sons: Peter (Catholic Church), Martin (Luther, the Church of England), and Jack (John Calvin, representing all Protestants). He gives each a plain coat (symbol of Christianity) which will never wear out, and which will change its shape as the body of the wearer changes. He cites his Will as instruction on how to wear the coat; then, telling them to “live together as brethren and friends,” he dies. How the brothers, particularly

the learned Peter, re-interpret, rationalize, and finally ignore the Will in their desire to wear upon their coats stylish shoulder-knots, lace, flame-colored linings, silver fringe, and embroidery, become in Swift's hands a merciless satire on what actually had occurred in the various sects. The digression on clothes (pp. 917-918) justly exemplifies Swift's brilliance at satirizing the human weaknesses.

In Part I of *Gulliver's Travels* (text, page 930 ff.), we first find the sober, realistic language of any sailor's journal, which reminds us that Swift originally planned the book as a satire on the huge boastings of contemporary seamen. In his description of the pygmy Lilliputians we feel the imaginative delight he must have enjoyed as he describes these tiny people, and the contrast between their size and that of a man. Soon, however, we begin to see their tiny size as the symbol of their petty, childish poutings and prejudices. Whereas Gulliver is benevolent and helpful, playfully punishing criminals by opening his mouth as if he were to bite off their heads and then freeing them, the arrogant, self-righteous king demands complete obedience from the "Man-mountain," seemingly never realizing that, ironically enough, Gulliver could exterminate them at will. He delightfully parodies royal titles by naming the King, among other names, Mully Ully Gue, and, when Gulliver escapes the plot of his jealous rivals to kill him with poisons, the King summons him to return—the King who (noted for his great kindness) will compromise merely by putting out Gulliver's

eyes. The King never doubts Gulliver's returning, since he tells him that if he does not come back, his high royal title of "Nardac" will be taken from him.

He satirizes the political parties of Lilliput by making one party wear low, one high heels, and those who are undecided wear one of each (page 945). Then he tells the petty differences which justified war (hardly different from causes of war in Europe): the "big-enders" break their eggs at the big end; their enemies break their eggs at the small end. He satirizes ambition of princes (947 ff.), jealousy of diplomats, and pride in nationalism and language (page 948), sloppy writing of court ladies, strange burial customs, laws, and criminal codes (pp. 950-951), and states his views on education (page 951). But, when we read that those believing in certain unpopular religions are barred from public office, we realize that he is satirizing actual conditions in England. Relieved at being spared such pettiness, he escapes from Lilliput to Blefuscu, and finally returns to "normality" and civilization.

Swift's ironically tilted "A Modest Proposal" is one of the most vicious satires ever penned. Because of the dire suffering in Ireland, Swift suggests, with straight face and in a most matter-of-fact manner, that year-old babies be sold to more fortunate rich people as a choice food, thus bringing in cash to the poor Irish parents, and, at the same time, limiting the population. After suggesting various ways in which to serve the tasty dish, he points out the many advantages of his plan,



then proves his own complete disinterestedness by pointing out that he can't make a penny: "My youngest child being nine years old, and my wife past child-bearing."

Thus Swift wrote as he lived. He feared no man and always met face to face the evil of hypocrisy, shallowness, and indifference to the rights of man, denouncing them with scathing words never equalled for power and penetration. Yet there was always in Swift something of a mystery, almost as if he were at war with himself as well as with his world. He is perhaps our greatest master of English prose, yet he never discussed the niceties of style. Bitterly he hated Ireland; yet he championed her cause and was loved by his fellow Irish. Wherever he detected pettiness or evil, either in a man or in an institution, he attacked with quivering ferocity; yet it always pained him intensely to see human suffering. When he wished it, his writings became filled

with the delightful imaginative play which has made *Gulliver's Travels* immortal; yet few lives have been so overwhelmed by loneliness, suffering, and disillusionment.

While such contradictions must remain unresolved, the greatness of the man and his works remains unchallenged. Always we must remember that we cannot escape the clean directness of his style, the bite and penetrating truth of his satire, and the sheer genius of his mind. For these we must be grateful, and value them for what they are.

#### Questions for Discussion

1. How did Jonathan Swift express his attitude toward Ireland? Toward England?
2. What is the *Journal to Stella*?
3. What style of writing and preaching did Swift practice and preach?
4. What is satire? Name some of the values and instructions which Swift satirized.
5. Why would Swift be horrified to know that *Gulliver's Travels* is almost always considered a book for children?

## *Social Science*—The Progress of Man

### Part I—The Lesson of History

#### Lesson 4—Ancient Political Despotisms

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

(Text: *The Progress of Man*, by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, chapter 8.)

For Tuesday, February 27, 1951

**Objective:** To show how nations of old rebelled against God, turned to wickedness and idolatry, and set up rulers with absolute power who might destroy all religious and political freedom and consider the individual of no worth.

*Records Kept from the Beginning*  
**T**HE only reliable source of information in relation to man before the flood is obtained through

the holy scriptures. Revelations in the Doctrine and Covenants and in the Pearl of Great Price confirm the story given in Genesis, in the Bible.

Moses wrote the account of creation in the book of Genesis. The Book of Moses in the Pearl of Great Price is a revelation containing the words of the Lord to Moses. This record gives a very clear account of the beginning.

It is reasonable to believe that Moses had before him records of earlier prophets when he did his writing. We have learned that records were kept from the beginning and were handed down from generation to generation. Abraham declared that the records of the fathers were preserved in his hands and it was his purpose to pass them on to his children after him. It is not known how long they were preserved and their contents known to men, but we do know, from what has come to us by revelation, that authentic records were kept and handed down by writers who were inspired of the Lord. It is from such writings that we obtain the reliable information of ancient times.

#### *The Lord's Covenant with Noah*

After the flood Noah landed, as history and tradition say, at Mount Ararat, and from there his posterity began to divide and take possession of the earth. From the words of the covenant which the Lord made with Noah, we learn that the Lord would have kept in close touch with the children of Noah, and that the inhabitants of the translated City of Enoch would have been kept in close touch with the righteous upon the earth, if those who were upon the earth had remained faithful. This mingling of the people of Enoch and the descendants

of Noah, however, had to be postponed until the days of Christ's second coming, because of the hardness of the hearts of the people and their unwillingness to embrace the truth.

In chapters 10 and 11 of Genesis we have a very brief account of the generations of the sons of Noah and their scattering over the face of the earth. These chapters cover a period of more than four centuries in approximately 1200 words. In this brief period of time families had grown into tribes, tribes into flourishing nations. The sad comment we have to make on this period is that notwithstanding the destruction of the antediluvian world, the lesson of obedience was not learned, and men began again to walk in ways of unrighteousness. There can be no question but that Noah and his sons were just as energetic after the flood in teaching their posterity the way of life as they were before that time. It was not long, however, before these teachings fell on ears that refused to hear, and the monuments existing of the great destruction by the flood were gazed upon by eyes that were blind to all things spiritual.

#### *The Confounding of Language*

Knowledge of the calamity which had overtaken the world was handed down by instruction and tradition so that the people of later generations were familiar with that important event. It was because of this that they determined to build a tower so high that the Lord could not again destroy them with a like cataclysm, for they would build until they virtually reached the heavens. Such was the feeling of these

peoples in their ignorance and rebellion. They had forgotten that the Lord had promised Noah that never again would he cause such a flood to cover the earth. The scriptures inform us that because of rebellion and wickedness the anger of the Lord was again kindled against mankind. The Almighty, therefore, decreed that he would confound the speech of the people and cause them to be scattered upon the earth.

It was at this time that Jared and his brother pleaded with the Lord to grant them the privilege of retaining their mother tongue, which, we have reason to believe, was the language of Adam. This language had come down, presumably and naturally with some changes, as we learn from the Book of Mormon, and was powerful in oral expression and also in its written form. These Jaredites, as they were called, were selected to make the journey across land and ocean to the Western World.

Other nations which gained the ascendancy and reached power in the early generations after the flood were the nations inhabiting the Tigris-Euphrates Valley and adjacent to the road from there to Palestine and Egypt. Egypt and Chaldea were some eight hundred miles apart in a straight line but the traveled distance between the two sections was much greater. Naturally it was in the more favored section where the earliest civilizations sprang into existence.

### *The Patriarchal Order of Government*

From the Book of Abraham in the Pearl of Great Price we learn

that "the first government of Egypt was established by Pharaoh, the eldest son of Egyptus, the daughter of Ham, and it was after the manner of the government of Ham, which was patriarchal" (Abraham 1:25). This account, of course, does not harmonize with the generally accepted views which are written in the popular histories of our time. The fact that it has come to us with the stamp of divine approval upon it, however, should be the deciding factor in favor of the authenticity of Abraham's account. We read further in the writings of Abraham:

Pharaoh, being a righteous man, established his kingdom and judged his people wisely and justly all his days, seeking earnestly to imitate that order established by the fathers in the first generations, in the days of the first patriarchal reign, even in the reign of Adam, and also Noah, his father, who blessed him with the blessings of the earth, and with the blessing of wisdom, but cursed him as pertaining to the Priesthood.

Now, Pharaoh, being of that lineage by which he could not have the right of Priesthood, notwithstanding the Pharaohs would fain claim it from Noah, through Ham, therefore my father was led away by their idolatry (Pearl of Great Price, Abraham 1:26-27).

From Abraham's account we discover that it was very soon after the flood when Egypt was settled. Evidently Egyptus and her family, and such as were willing to follow, went into northern Africa, a land which we may well believe was set apart by the hand of the Almighty for the descendants of Ham. Egypt was not the only nation, in those early times, which attempted to imitate the patriarchal order of government. We have seen in Abraham's

record that this was the order of government in the reign of Adam, and down to the time of Noah.

Naturally, that form of government would be perpetuated in large degree by all the tribes as they began to spread over the face of the earth. As men multiplied they organized first in the family group, then into tribes, and, eventually, into nations. The greater powers would naturally occupy the most favored spots. Stronger tribes would overcome the weaker and force them to join the national government, or else they would be subdued and treated as slaves, or placed under tribute. As the patriarchal order was handed down from father to son so, also, would the political authority be perpetuated with the same claims to authority. We know that in ancient times in Egypt, Assyria, Chaldea, Babylon, Persia, and among all the petty nations of the Mesopotamian Valley and Palestine, the monarch was succeeded by his posterity in hereditary right.

#### *Absolute and Despotic Rule Established*

The power of the ruler also became absolute so that the lives of the people over whom he ruled were strictly within his hands. He could make and unmake laws. His subjects were in duty bound to obey his every edict. They were without political freedom except as such privileges were granted them by the king. Under such conditions in lands of idolatry and wickedness life must have been filled with constant anxiety and fear. The history of these nations is filled with carnage and bloodshed, intrigue and

wickedness. The common people sank into abject misery and bondage. No person knew when he might be accused of some infraction of the law, or when the eye of the priest would be upon him, with the approval of the law, to make of him a sacrifice unto the gods. It was under conditions of this kind, that Abraham found it necessary to move from the land of his nativity and "obtain another place of residence," (Abraham 1:1) among the smaller nations and tribes of Canaan.

Without any doubt the Lord would have continued to bestow the blessings of the gospel and the power of the Priesthood upon all people, except those who were denied the Priesthood by lineage, if they had shown a willingness to continue in their allegiance to him. Under such conditions there would have been but one government, and that the government of God. Such a condition would have resulted in continued peace and happiness. It was because the people refused to hearken to Noah and the later prophets, and turned away to the worship of idols and the practice of all kinds of abominations and iniquity, that the Lord in his wisdom declared that he would call Abraham, a man faithful and obedient to every command, and make of him the head of a special, divinely favored nation.

Never at any time has the Almighty forsaken the people. Whenever the people have shown a willingness to serve him and abide in his covenants they have been divinely led and blessed. It has been but seldom in the history of man-

kind that any considerable portion of the people have been willing to walk in the statutes and judgments of the Lord. From the very beginning his children have been rebellious and unwilling to accept divine commands. Mankind in their selfishness and carnal mindedness have almost always felt that they could govern themselves better by following their own inclinations.

### *Origin of Idol Worship*

Notwithstanding this fact, yet they never have been able to get away from worship. They refused to worship the true and living God, whom they were taught to worship from the beginning, and to walk in the light of divine revelation. Instead, they chose for their worship the forces of nature and set up idols representing such forces because they had to have visible aids to guide them in their religious rites and ceremonies. Some authorities aver that the images themselves were worshiped as being the person or thing represented. So it was in the days of Abraham. Governments had lost touch with the heavens. The anger

of the Lord was kindled against them and he declared that he would call one who was faithful and make him mighty in posterity, conferring upon him the blessings of the Priesthood which right, through obedience, should continue in his seed after him unto the latest generations.

### *Thoughts for Discussion*

1. Explain the steps by which idol worship originated.
2. Show how, after the flood, absolute governments were reintroduced. Describe the despotic nature of such governments.
3. Indicate how both idol worship and despotic rule tended to deprive man of his free agency. Who was the real author of both practices?
4. Contrast the true form of the patriarchal order of government with that of the absolute monarchies which were substituted for it.
5. What were the opportunities of the individual under the one form and under the others?
6. Cite instances from scripture or ancient history to verify the statement: "Under such conditions in lands of idolatry and wickedness life must have been filled with constant anxiety and fear . . . . The common people sank into abject misery and bondage."

## *Music*—Fundamentals of Musicianship

CONDUCTING, SINGING, AND ACCOMPANYING

(For Music Department at Union Meeting)

### Lesson 5—Co-ordination of Available Forces and Techniques

*Florence J. Madsen*

(Textbook: *Fundamentals of Conducting*, by J. Spencer Cornwall.)

**Objective:** To acquire freedom and skill in unifying and expressing the message intended in words and music.

1. *The Available Music Forces*
  - (a) Music forces are potentially of two kinds—those within us and those from without.

- (1) The inner forces are those inherent in us and often in the music itself, such as: motion, accentuation, sound,

pitch, emotion, imagination, tone quality.

(2) The outer forces are: The congregation, chorus, conductor, and accompanist.

(b) These forces, when co-ordinated and combined, became a powerful means through which to express the message embraced in the words and music. It is of utmost importance, then, that they be given due recognition and prominence.

(c) The conductor and the accompanist, the *leading forces*, should, therefore, ever strive to acquire a wider knowledge and understanding of music and greater efficiency in the techniques of interpretation.

(d) Through powerful leadership in music we experience the real joy of singing, learn to better appreciate music, and to evaluate, through our sacred songs, the sterling truths and principles of the gospel.

## 2. Co-ordination of Techniques

(a) There are various allied subjects that will enlighten and prove helpful to the music leaders. One of these subjects is *literature*. The great thoughts of poets and prophets are conveyed to us through this medium. Many inspired verses have been set to music. We should, therefore, constantly be searching for these gems of thought in the various types of literature—books, magazines, periodicals, journals, and newspapers.

(1) Bring to the music department of the union meeting quotations, poems, and digests of articles relevant to the value and importance of music.

(2) Read and discuss one or two of these articles in each session. This will stimulate broader thinking, deeper appreciation, and wider research in music.

(3) Find the valuable information in music dictionaries, books about music, and magazines like *The Etude*. Such reading and research help to effect correct co-ordination of the techniques of literature in music. For instance, the rhyme and meter of poetry correlate with the rhythm and tempo of music.

## 3. Techniques of the Baton and Their Co-ordination

(a) The conductor should become aware of her indispensability and recognize her potential powers and needs as a conductor. She should utilize all available music forces, of which baton technique is one of the foremost.

(b) In the early part of the nineteenth century, the Golden Age of conducting, the baton was considered an instrument of necessity and an emblem of efficiency. Conducting with the baton even this early was already becoming a distinctive, traditional custom, and has remained so until the present time.

(c) Great conductors such as: Wagner, Litz, von Bulow, Stock, Niskisch, etc., were masters of baton technique, as are also many of the foremost conductors of the present day, such as: Toscanini, Monteux, Beecham, Rodzinski.

## 4. Reasons for Conducting with the Baton

(a) Conducting, as stated before, is performing; the conductor is a performer, as is the pianist or the violinist; he is not a "driver," but a leader, a unifier, a director, a stimulator.

(b) Directing with a baton makes for accuracy in indicating rhythms and tempos.

(1) The conductor's baton, because of its length, can be seen more readily and farther than can his arm and hand alone.

- (2) The baton draws the attention of the performers to a definite focal point; while the hand, with its spreading fingers, directs the attention to five focal points.
- (3) Attacks and releases are "pointed," definite, accurate, and refined, when the baton is used.
- (4) The conductor who uses a baton is less apt to lose herself in meaningless and disturbing gestures.
- (5) The baton enables the conductor to establish and follow definitely prescribed scientific patterns.
- (6) Proper use of the baton conduces to dignity, grace, and refinement.

With these, and many other facts in mind, it is earnestly hoped that the Relief Society conductors will learn the language and technique of the baton and apply them in their conducting.

### Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

- 1. Name ten musical forces indispensable to musical expression?
- 2. What is the importance of the baton?
- 3. Of what value is the singing of sacred songs?

---

### Autumn Fires

Marian Schroder Crothers

Gorgeously arrogant,  
 Beneath a windless, deep blue sky,  
 Autumnal trees burn  
 Like a vast, triumphant fire  
 Under a golden sun—  
 Nor yet remember  
 Cold, dark days  
 That bank the fire  
 Till only embers glow,  
 Tipped here and there by dusty flames.

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## The Great Balance Wheel

Sadie W. Adamson

MY friend was addressing an audience of high repute. Though some of her phrases were crude in form there could be no mistake in the meaning they conveyed. They were delivered with a naive kindness that was both touching and appealing. Straight to the heart they went and were embedded in the soul.

While listening to her, there came into my mind the words of the poet: "Kind words are sweet tones of the heart." Kind words linger in memory and live again in the soul. Even a kind rebuke will linger and bless because it is robbed of its sting.

The eye, ear, and soul are plastic receivers. I wonder if the tones of the great eternal harps are more pleasing than kind words. A small thing, we say, but is it? And how priceless?

Christ taught in the simplest way thus: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me" (Matt. 25:40).

The great balance wheel of all time is no other than kind words.

Kind words are lovely blossoms  
Imparting light and growth;  
May God in his infinite mercy  
Grant us both.

## Her Trousseau

Verda P. Bollschweiler

She has the gleam of starlight in her eyes,  
Her smile is tender, and her laugh is gay;  
How wonderful it is to help a daughter  
Prepare a trousseau for her wedding day.

I'm glad that she has chosen one  
Whom I'll be proud to call my son.



## *I Revel in Blue*

Lillian Hall Tanner

I revel in the blue of the Navy:  
The frost-blue of early skies,  
The lavender-blue of hyacinths,  
Steel-blue of a ship's disguise;

The powdery blue of delphiniums,  
Teal of a mallard's feather,  
The deep turquoise of Carmel's sea;  
Indian summer's smoke-blue weather;

And high on a shelf in my cupboard  
Rests a plate of willowware,  
The color of mother's shoulder shawl,  
When at twilight I rested there.

## *Cumulus Grande*

Ruth H. Chadwick

Giant tumbleweed balls  
Glistening in the sun;  
Sugar coated crystals  
All rolled up in one;  
Starch-white, furry marbles,  
Hugged by turquoise blue;  
Silent breezes push them  
Like snowballs heaped askew!

## *Winds, Blow Lightly*

Grace Barker Wilson

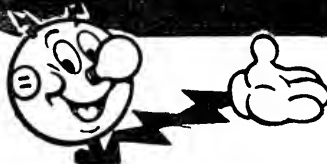
Oh, winds, blow lightly.  
My child is asleep,  
And will not awaken  
Though over him sweep  
Storm gales and thunder,  
His sleep is so deep.  
But, winds, blow lightly.

Oh, rains, fall softly,  
Though he will not hear  
Should you beat in torrents.  
And never a fear  
Would trouble his sleeping  
As darkness comes near.  
But, rains, fall softly.

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## From Near and Far

Please renew my subscription to *The Relief Society Magazine*. I live out of town about twenty-eight miles, and I am unable to attend the meetings of the Clifton-Morenci Branch Relief Society. The Magazine is a wonderful substitute. I enjoy every portion of it and appreciate the fine work all of you are doing to publish this work in behalf of the women of the Church.

—Mrs. Arthur Lee Wright  
Clifton, Arizona

My Grandmother (Mary Elizabeth Jensen Bingham) was born November 6, 1864, in Logan, Utah. *The Relief Society Magazine* has been in Grandma's house since the days when it was called *The Exponent*. She looks forward to its delivery, and reads it from cover to cover. She remembers the days when she would get the team and wagon, and gather up all the neighbors and take them to Relief Society meeting. Sometimes there were as many as sixteen women and children in the wagon at one time. She has held all the offices in the Relief Society organization, from secretary to president.

—Thelva Bell, Los Angeles, California

I have been in the hospital most of the past year, but always read our Magazine with my daughter who is working in the Relief Society. I am so thankful I had the opportunity of doing the same, nine years as counselor in our ward and nine years on the Cache Stake Relief Society Board. What a wonderful work it is. I like to keep in touch with our missionaries and send them our Magazine so that people in the mission field will have the opportunity of reading it.

—Mrs. Lettie B. H. Rich  
Logan, Utah

Under separate cover I am sending to you a little booklet which I have just published in appreciation of my late father, Ben E. Rich, which you may find of interest. My wife has been a subscriber to *The Relief Society Magazine* for many years, and I read it myself quite reg-

ularly . . . . My father spent twenty years of his life in the mission field, and he died at an early age of fifty-seven years. He knew more people perhaps in Utah and Idaho at the time of his death thirty-seven years ago than any other man. Most of your subscribers who have passed fifty years of age personally knew him. Over seven thousand missionaries served under him, and they all loved and admired him. Let me take this occasion to state that your Magazine is beautifully edited and arranged.

—Benjamin L. Rich  
Salt Lake City, Utah

In regard to the note in the Woman's Sphere department (July 1950) regarding Mrs. Abbie S. Young being the only living daughter-in-law of President Brigham Young, I wish to say that my neighbor, Mrs. Dora Williams Young, eighty-six years old, is also a daughter-in-law of Brigham Young, being a wife of Lorenzo Young, son of President Brigham Young.  
Ada M. Coppin, Salt Lake City, Utah

May I again express my appreciation for *The Relief Society Magazine*? I read each issue from cover to cover and enjoy each page so much, then in my leisure moments I re-read much of it. It is a joy and an inspiration to me.

—Mrs. John A. Gardner  
Santa Monica, California

Having lived most of my life in Montana, I particularly enjoy the feeling of the seasons and the appreciation of nature's beauty found in our high mountain country, which are so well conveyed in the poetry in *The Relief Society Magazine*.

—Elizabeth Waters, Portland Oregon

Please renew my subscription to this wonderful Magazine. I enjoy every issue and especially appreciate having it for my teen-age girls to read. They eagerly await its coming every month, and the first one to get it is indeed the lucky one.

—Mrs. Doris Coleman,  
Heyburn, Idaho

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VOL. 37 NO. 12

Lessons for March  
RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE ISSUE

DECEMBER 1950

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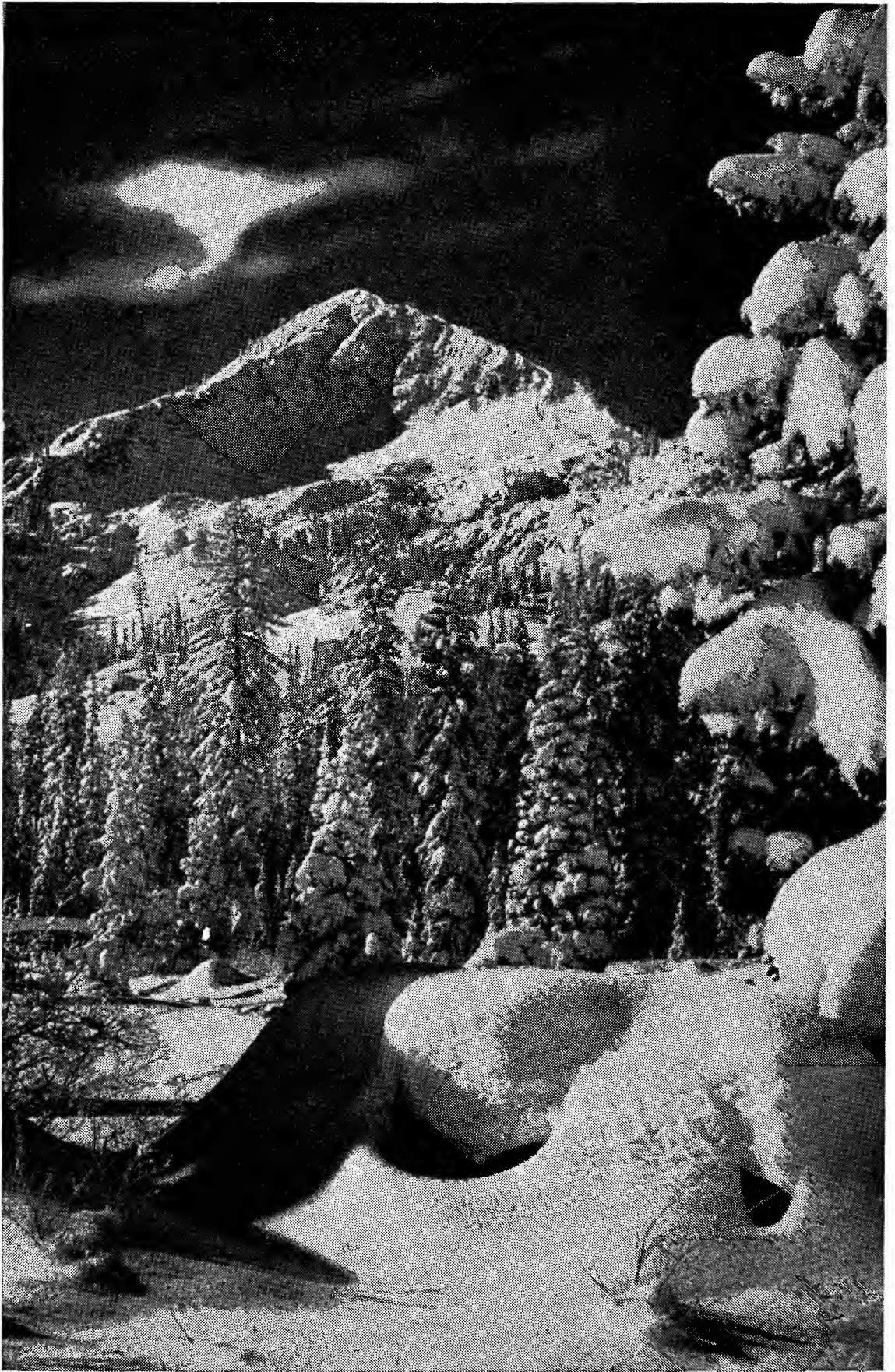
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## *Who Watched in Faith*

(Book of Mormon, III Nephi 1:5-21)

*Alice Morrey Bailey*

The Prophets' cryptic speech, and only faith  
Were theirs to span the vast and wordless sea  
Back to their father's land, the time-dimmed wraith  
Of Jordan and the blue of Galilee.  
And hidden from the far Jerusalem  
Were those whose lives were doomed at sunset's dark.  
While Joseph traced the road to Bethlehem,  
They watched in faith the day's descending arc.

And only signs to mark the Savior's birth  
Were promised testaments of their belief,  
Yet angel songs above Judean earth  
Were not more sweet with joy than their relief  
When glory shone through night, and, blazing high,  
A new star hung in Zarahemla's sky.

# Woman's Influence

President David O. McKay

Of the First Presidency

[Address delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 28, 1950]

**P**RESIDENT Spafford and counselors, brethren and sisters: I have but one word that will express the feelings of my heart on this occasion and that is "glorious." Truly we can say, as Peter declared when he and his associates were with the Savior on the Mount of Transfiguration, "It is good for us to be here." When Sister Spafford and Sister Sharp invited me to speak on this occasion, I readily accepted, yet have looked forward to this duty with a good deal of worry. Now I am thankful that it is my privilege to be in attendance. With you I have listened with much interest and profit to the inspiring addresses given by the sisters. We have all thrilled at the inspirational music from the Singing Mothers. Truly Sister Madsen has proved her superiority as a director, and yet I cannot but feel that the sublime expression which she has drawn from this group of lovely singers has been greatly aided by the fact that these mothers, sisters from twenty different stakes, have contributed to that expression because they themselves have music in their souls.

I realize as I stand before you that I am probably filled with partiality and am highly susceptible to the presence of a group of such noble women. I admit I am partial. Just to meet with seven thousand or more sisters in the Church, actuated by one high ideal, is in itself an inspiration; and as I stand

before you I am indeed very thankful that my training and experience through life have made me sympathetic with womankind. I owe that to my sainted mother and the experience in an ideal home with lovely sisters who contributed to the beauty of that home; and later, to the inspiration of a noble wife who has devoted her whole life to her home and her children. I acknowledge, too, the inspiration of the influence of circumspect, pure-minded women with whom I have associated in the Church. I have heard of women who have contributed in their lives to unpleasantness and discord, and who have chosen to revel in that which is low and vulgar, but I know nothing about that side of life and so, when I say that this gathering is glorious I mean it. Here we have assembled the purest and best. Someone said, "God could not be everywhere, and so he gave us mothers." Well, that is partially true. God can be and is everywhere present with his Spirit, but I agree that there is no one in life who can make us feel nearer heaven than can mother, a true mother.

It is these thoughts I think, and this training, which have prompted the theme that I should like to present to you at the closing of this great conference, and I should like to preface that theme by reading a paragraph or two from the instructions given to the Relief Society by the Prophet Joseph Smith. Said he

on April 28, 1842, when he faced the first group of members of the Relief Society:

I now turn the key in your behalf in the name of the Lord, and this Society shall rejoice, and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time henceforth; this is the beginning of better days to the poor and needy, who shall be made to rejoice and pour forth blessings on your heads.

When you go home, never give a cross or unkind word to your husbands, but let kindness, charity, and love crown your works henceforward.

If the men had been there, I am sure the Prophet would have said, "Don't go home and say cross, unkind words to your wife." That is what I say to you men who are here today.

Don't envy the finery and fleeting show of sinners, for they are in a miserable situation; but as far as you can, have mercy on them, for in a short time God will destroy them, if they will not repent and turn unto him.

Let your labors be mostly confined to those around you, in the circle of your own acquaintance, as far as knowledge is concerned, it may extend to all the world; but your administering should be confined to the circle of your immediate acquaintance, and more especially to the members of the Relief Society. Those ordained to preside over and lead you are authorized to appoint the different officers, as the circumstances shall require (*D.H.C.*, IV, page 607).

I commend to you the reading of the entire address as given on that occasion. That blessing and promise of the influence of the Relief Society indicates how highly the Church of Jesus Christ esteems womankind. The placing of women on that lofty pedestal is a far

cry from the time when she was bargained for as cattle and other chattels by her so-called superior companion, man. With the turning of that key came the promise that knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time henceforth, indicating the mighty influence to be wielded by this organization.

**A**NOTHER point: In emphasizing or referring to the duty and right of women to render aid to the sick, the Prophet said truthfully that none are "better qualified to give such service than our faithful and zealous sisters, whose hearts are full of faith, tenderness, sympathy, and compassion." Truly, "When pain and anguish wring the brow, a ministering angel thou."

One other point: The Prophet said as far as knowledge is concerned it may expand to all the world, and that is being rapidly realized. That thought is indicated graphically on your programs of this conference. There are stars, have you noticed, indicating where organizations of the Relief Society may be found in North and South America, Europe, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and on the isles of the sea, indicating how widespread is this organization in the comparatively short space of one century—a well-organized channel through which knowledge and intelligence may flow continually. How widespread this influence for good is, only a comparatively few realize.

They say that man is mighty,  
He governs land and sea;  
He wields a mighty scepter  
O'er lesser powers that be;

But a mightier power and stronger  
Man from his throne has hurled,  
And the hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the hand that rules the world.

(Wm. Ross Wallace)

What I am trying to point out and to emphasize on this glorious occasion is that the influence of the Relief Society is rapidly becoming world-wide; consequently, that influence carries with it great responsibilities. Do you remember reading what William George Jordan says about the influence of one individual?

Into the hands of every individual is given a marvelous power for good or for evil—the silent, unconscious, unseen influence of his life. This is simply the constant radiation of what a man really is, not what he pretends to be. . . . Man cannot escape for one moment from this radiation of his character, this constantly weakening or strengthening of others. He cannot evade the responsibility by saying it is an unconscious influence. He can select the qualities that he will permit to be radiated. He can cultivate sweetness, calmness, trust, generosity, truth, justice, loyalty, nobility—make them vitally active in his character—and by these qualities he will constantly affect the world.

Nor can the Relief Society escape, even if it would, the responsibility of its ever-increasing influence.

In the quotation that I have just read from the Prophet appears this excellent admonition: "Let your labors be mostly confined to those around you in the circle of your own acquaintance." As far as knowledge is concerned, that will go to the whole world, but your "administering should be confined to the circle of your immediate acquaintance, and more especially

to the members of the Relief Society." Too many overlook the immediate needs of those right around us and neglect our duties in our own homes.

In an excellent work entitled *The Simple Life*, by Charles Wagner, we find this thought emphasized in the following lines:

First, then, be of your own country, your own city, your own home, your own church, your own work-shop; then, if you can, set out from this to go beyond it. That is the plain and natural order, and a man must fortify himself with very bad reasons to arrive at reversing it.

Then he continues:

Strange infirmity, that keeps us from seeing our fellows at our very doors! People widely read and far-travelled are often not acquainted with their fellow-citizens, great or small. Their lives depend upon the cooperation of a multitude of beings whose lot remains to them quite indifferent. Not those to whom they owe their knowledge and culture, not their rulers, nor those who serve them and supply their needs, have ever attracted their attention. . . . To certain wives, their husbands are strangers, and conversely. There are parents who do not know their children: their development, their thoughts, the dangers they run, the hopes they cherish, are to them a closed book. Many children do not know their parents, have no suspicion of their difficulties and struggles, no conception of their aims. And I am not speaking of those piteously disordered homes where all the relations are false, but of honorable families. Only, all these people are greatly preoccupied: each has his outside interest that fills all his time. The distant duty—very attractive, I don't deny—claims them entirely, and they are not conscious of the duty near at hand. I fear they will have their trouble for their pains (pp. 62-63).

I emphasize this increasing power and influence of the Relief Society

and of womankind in general, having one purpose in mind: *That increased attention be given and more intensified efforts put forth to maintain and preserve the dignity of motherhood.* With all my heart I commend the message of Sister Spafford to perpetuate the truth that home is the true foundation upon which is built the structure of true, civilized Christian society.

**N**OW how may this be done? I said my theme was suggested by the training and experience I have had throughout my life with noble women. First then, sisters, continue to counteract by every means possible the false idea growing more and more prevalent that sexual relations before marriage may be indulged in with impunity. Our girls are the future mothers, and they should understand how far from the truth is the claim made now quite generally that there is no more sin in such indulgence than in kissing. I tell you there is. Such teachings emanate from the enemy of true happiness and are the teachings of Satan himself. Every virtuous young woman, who anticipates the true glory and responsibility of motherhood, senses the evil of such teachings and indulgences. So does every young man who honors fatherhood and has in his heart even a spark of chivalry for future mothers of men. In this principle of chastity in youth lies the basic foundation of happiness in the marriage relation.

Second, continue to apply your influence to give greater emphasis to the fundamental teaching that marriage is for the purpose of building a home and of rearing children.

That is the best channel through which love may be truly expressed. In this connection, I refer to a letter that appeared recently in the *Deseret News*. (By the way, may I interpolate a word regarding the *News*. I heard only today that some women, or their husbands, claim that the Sunday morning edition of the *Deseret News* is just the result of the business manager and his associates, and is not approved by the Authorities. You may be assured, sisters, and brethren, that the issuing of a Sunday morning edition of the *News* is approved not only by the managing editor, Elder Mark Petersen, but by the General Authorities of the Church.)

In the *Deseret News* the other night appeared an article written by an unwise, misguided young wife, which indicates a view of life that should never be entertained by a Latter-day Saint girl. She tells how happy she is. She has been married five years. She and her husband are "crazy" about each other. They ski and skate and dance and drive nice places to dinner and go to the symphony and good movies and lectures, and they are having a good time, buying a little home that is beautifully decorated and furnished. She has a good job that pays her well, and he has a job. This girl writes: "Actually, we don't want a family and that is that. We both feel that children would be a kind of foreign element in this little world that is so perfect and so all our own."

I apologize even for reading it to you sisters, but I do commend the writer in the *News* who told her this, among other things:

You may go against Nature for a while when you are young and think you are getting away with it, but all the while she is exacting her fees. The wives who live for themselves and their husbands alone nearly always lose out. They lose their beauty, their alertness, their interest in life. Their faces are so often empty and vacuous, even if pretty. Believe it or not, they very often lose their husbands, who, unconsciously grow to miss the things that Nature knows a woman should be giving to her husband.

On the other hand, those who sacrifice and suffer a bit develop the beauty that expression gives to faces, the beauty of responsiveness, of a deep, inner joy that makes even a plain woman attractive—the amazing beauty of fulfillment. And that love you are so anxious to preserve—you haven't the least idea what an enormous quantity of it there is. It grows bigger and stronger and more everlasting with every baby a happily married wife gives to her husband.

Wifehood is glorious, but motherhood is sublime. There are those who can't be blessed with motherhood, but those who can and who take the attitude of this girl are not a credit to their sex.

Third, sisters, apply your influence to have more religion in your homes. Every Latter-day Saint home should have evidences therein of the family membership. A successful man once wrote:

My father came into my house soon after I was married and looked around. I showed him into every room, and then in his rough way he said to me, "Yes, it is very nice, but nobody will know walking through here whether you belong to God or to the devil." I went through and looked at the rooms again, and I thought he is quite right

There is a lesson. Children growing up should come in contact with things religious. I ask you now,

have you in your home the Church works, ready at hand so that the children going to Sunday School, Primary, Mutual Improvement, and so on, can turn to them when they need them? Have you a religious verse in the bedroom of the boys, or a saying of the Savior? I wonder if you have a good painting of the Savior hanging up over the bed of your boy. Little things like these give to home a religious atmosphere. Patrick Henry wisely emphasized the need of religion when he wrote:

I have now disposed of all my property to my children. There is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had that and I had not given them one cent, they would be rich. If they have not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor.

**O**UR children hunger for true religion, and there is no better place to instill it into their hearts than in the home. As Sister Spafford has already said, threatening clouds of another armed conflict are gathering continuously upon the horizon of the civilized world. Already our boys are being drafted to meet a recognized and sudden enemy. Let us not shirk or shut our eyes to the enemies who will desecrate our homes while the armed conflict is being waged, and after. Some of these are mentioned by Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, writing of the evil effects of war upon young people:

It is fundamental that in periods of great national stress, such as we have just experienced, human nature reacts to the tempo of the times. There is the spirit of war-time abandon, for example, with

its last-fling philosophy which provided justification for less resolute wills to violate the conventions of society. Lessons in school became secondary; girls sacrificed virtue on a false shrine of patriotism; arrests for prostitution increased 375%; disorderly conduct, 357%; drunkenness and driving while intoxicated 174% among girls under eighteen in the war-time years. To those who are not grounded in fundamentals, established values disappeared, and an attitude of impermanence superseded individual responsibility. Conflicts between liberty and license manifested themselves in wrong-doing. Personal responsibility in too many homes has become archaic and old-fashioned.

In the departure of our boys for the front, labor is going to be scarce. Wages will be high, and mothers are going to be induced to leave their children in order to earn money. Some wives may be compelled to do so, whose cowardly husbands have left them and who give no support for the children, the responsibility for whose support and training these derelicts should assume. To such mothers the State can well afford to render assistance so that they will not have to leave their homes. A man who will bring children into the world and then leave their support and rearing to the mother alone is a dastard. But others, whose husbands are working, and where older children may help to support, should keep homes intact, and give their children the loving care of mothers. In the words of former President Herbert Hoover:

After we have determined every scientific fact, after we have erected every public safeguard, after we have constructed every edifice for education or training or hospitalization or play, yet all these things are but a tie to the physical, moral, and spiritual gifts which

motherhood gives and home confers. None of these things carries that affection, that devotion of soul which is the great endowment from mothers.

God bless the great world-wide Relief Society organization! May its benign, ever-increasing influence be effective in convincing mankind, and particularly members of the Church of Jesus Christ, that:

The best security for civilization is the dwelling, and that upon properly appointed and becoming dwellings depends more than anything else the improvement of mankind. Such dwellings are the nursery of all domestic virtues, and without a becoming home the exercise of those virtues is impossible.

Sisters, my heart is full of gratitude to you and blessing that you may continue to exercise the great world-wide influence that the Prophet has blessed you to exercise, and may the exercise of that influence be felt in your own neighborhood. May your daughters so live that their children may say to them, as you and I can say of our mothers, that:

The noblest thought my soul can claim,  
The noblest words my tongue can frame,  
Unworthy are to praise the name  
More precious than all other.  
An infant when her love first came,  
A man, I find it still the same,  
Reverently I breathe her name,  
The blessed name of Mother.

I pray God's blessings to rest upon each of you as you go back to your homes, upon your daughters and your sons, and particularly upon your sons, if they are abroad now fighting for their country, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

# President David O. McKay Named President of the Council of the Twelve

*Elder Mark E. Petersen*

Member of the Council of the Twelve

**W**HEN President David O. McKay stands before an audience, everyone present sits up with expectancy. They know they are about to hear from a master teacher. And as he teaches, he reaches into the innermost recesses of the hearts of his hearers, deeply impressing them.

He teaches with love, kindness, and great understanding. His doctrine is clear and authoritative. His sincerity is beyond all question; his meaning is clear, and there is poetry in his teachings, and humor, and pathos. There is much of artistry, too, for he paints pictures with words, using illustrative stories with marked effect. Whether in the pulpit, in the homes of the saints, in his office, or while walking down the street, he is always a master teacher.

When he sits in council with his brethren, President McKay is an inspired adviser. His long experience in the Church provides an invaluable background. His devotion to the Lord merits the inspiration of the Spirit. He is wise and just, considerate and merciful. In him the Golden Rule is a working principle. One side of a question is not enough. All phases must be known to permit wise and fair consideration. He is fearless in defense of right. To the repentant sinner



PRESIDENT DAVID O. MCKAY

he is kind and forgiving, but there is no compromise with sin itself.

As an executive in the highest ranking group in the Church, he does his work in a pattern of efficiency. Full days and hours mean nothing to him. From his boyhood he has worked hard and long. He likes it. This was a by-product of his farm life at Huntsville, Utah.

Then, too, he is a man of exceptional vision. Forward looking always, he plans for the future. His grasp of the mission of the Church



is all-inclusive. He gives it detailed attention. His interest reaches into every activity of the Church. Its progress means growth for the kingdom of God on earth, to which he gives undivided allegiance.

His consideration for President George Albert Smith, whose counselor he is, and for President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., his associate in the counselorship, is remarkable, and demonstrates true greatness in the man. He contributes continuously to the spirit of unity which characterizes the First Presidency. His attitude toward the Twelve is like that of Peter or Paul of old. The modern Twelve are grateful for him.

As a husband and father, he has surrounded himself with a true Latter-day Saint family. If every husband showed his wife the kindness and consideration extended by President McKay to his life's com-

panion, there would be no need for sorrow in any wife's heart. If every father provided for his children the high type of companionship and example given by President McKay to his family, the world would not fear for the rising generation.

Such is the man who became President of the Council of the Twelve Apostles at the last general conference of the Church. President McKay came into this position because of his great worthiness and through his rank as the senior apostle in the Church, following President George Albert Smith.

His appointment meets with the universal satisfaction of the authorities and membership of the Church. All welcome it with gratitude. Everywhere his people revere him for, like his file leader President Smith, he too, is an "apostle of love."

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## *Peace, as on the Hills*

Dorothy J. Roberts

I long for heart as was the shepherd's heart who, guarding  
The small gray mounds that were his sleeping flock,  
Lay still, his back against a sheltering rock,  
And received the sudden glory of the song.

Peace, as on the hills, was in his breast,  
Ready for the angel voice, to pour  
The glad, white message, the celestial score  
Into the vessel fashioned by his faith.

I long for heart so pure it need not search  
And comb the continents of earth for light.  
I long for thought, so quiet that the night  
Would part again with carol and with star.

# Elder Joseph Fielding Smith Appointed Acting President of the Council of the Twelve Apostles

*Henry A. Smith*

Member, *Deseret News* Editorial Staff, and Counselor in Pioneer Stake Presidency



ELDER JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH

**C**ARRYING on in the tradition of his forebears who, before him, were high in the leadership of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Elder Joseph Fielding Smith was set apart October 5, 1950, as acting president of the Council of the Twelve. He had been sustained to this position by the general conference five days earlier.

This new assignment came to Elder Smith by reason of his seniority among the apostles. He was set apart to this position in the Salt

Lake Temple by his immediate senior, President David O. McKay, Second Counselor in the First Presidency, who was also sustained and set apart as the President of the Council of the Twelve.

Thus new responsibility came to Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, who for forty years, has been one of the Council of the Twelve. These years have been filled with responsibility and new assignments. They have earned him a reputation among his associates for industry and leadership.

Recognized as an outstanding authority on Church doctrine and history, his pen and voice have been prolific and loud in expounding the principles of the gospel. Elder Smith's life-long campaign for truth and uncompromising fight against sin give him the outward appearance of severity which hides the true man, tender in his feelings toward his fellow men; sympathetic, and possessed of a great capacity for love and compassion. This is a side of Elder Smith that is most revealed to those who know him best—who have earned his confidence and respect. Thus knowing him they delight in his association and companionship.

His large devoted family are a tribute to Elder Smith in the lives

they live and the service they give to the Church. There have been eleven sons and daughters. One son, Lewis, was a victim of an African plane crash during World War II. All five of his sons, including Lewis, have filled missions for the Church. All eleven children have been faithful and devoted to the Church; all have been in the Salt Lake Temple.

No son ever had a more ardent supporter in his athletic career than Milton "Mitt" Smith, now a University of Utah football star. Elder Smith has an interest also in baseball. As chairman of the board of trustees of Brigham Young University, he is today one of the spearheads in the current Church-wide fund drive for the school's new fieldhouse.

Elder Smith was born in Salt Lake City, July 19, 1876. His father was President Joseph F. Smith, who in 1901 became the sixth president of the Church. His mother was Julina Lambson Smith. His grandfather was Patriarch Hyrum Smith, the martyred brother of the Prophet Joseph Smith. He was carefully trained for a long life of service to the Church by a noble father and loving, kindly mother, who reared him in a true Latter-day Saint home where the highest virtues prevailed.

Prepared early for such service, Elder Smith has held many prominent positions in the Church in addition to the apostleship to which he was ordained in April 1910. He is at present Church Historian and Recorder, beginning a career in the Church historian's office as a clerk in 1901, following his return from the British Mission. He is presi-

dent of the Genealogical Society of the Church, to which position he was named in 1934. His service with this society dates back to his appointment as secretary and director in 1907.

Elder Smith has served as a counselor and then as president of the Salt Lake Temple, and since 1917 he has been a member of the Church Board of Education.

This listing can of necessity give but a few of the many assignments that have been his in the forty years since he became a General Authority. He has traveled widely throughout the Church in his service as an apostle.

In the spring of 1939, he, accompanied by his wife, went to Europe to tour the various missions and meet in conference with the mission presidents and consider problems pertaining to missionary work. While there touring the West German Mission the Nazi forces invaded Poland, thus bringing on the great struggle, worldwide, commencing in 1939. This necessitated the evacuation of our missionaries who were serving in Europe. This took several weeks. Acting on orders from the First Presidency, Elder Smith successfully and safely, with the help of mission presidents, got the entire group, comprising 697 missionaries, back on American soil.

His appointment as acting President of the Council of the Twelve, brings to a busy, capable man, additional responsibilities which will receive the same energetic, efficient direction that has characterized his every effort as one of the General Authorities of the Church.

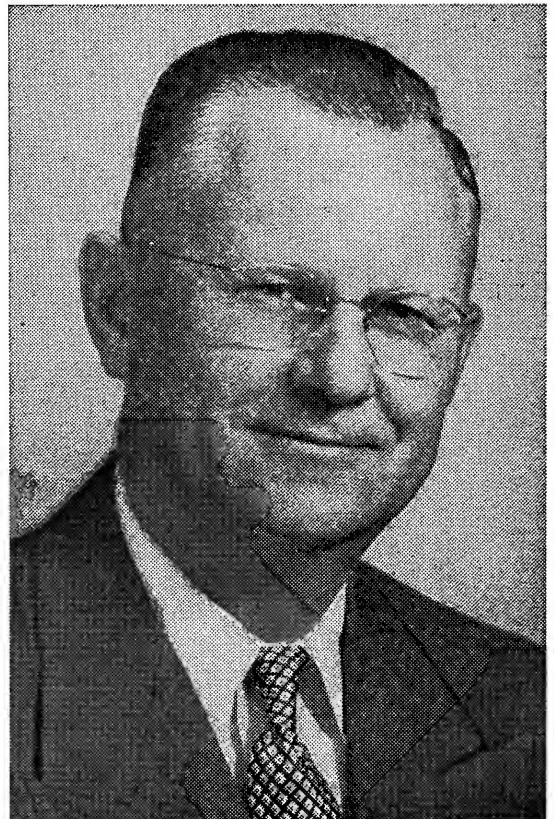
# Delbert Leon Stapley, Sixty-Seventh Apostle

Camilla Eyring Kimball

**“B**UT seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.” Elder Delbert L. Stapley, newly appointed member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, signified his willingness to follow this admonition when he declared: “This call to the Council is the *first* call of my life, and all my personal interests are now of only secondary importance and consideration.”

It was on December 11, 1896 in Mesa, Arizona, that the boy Delbert was born, and here he received his early training in school and Church activity. Following the filling of a mission in the Southern States, under Elder Charles A. Callis, he enlisted in the Marine Corps to serve his country in World War I. As president and general manager of the O. S. Stapley Company, founded by his father, he has been eminently successful in the business world. His civic activities have brought him the respect of the citizens of Maricopa County and the State of Arizona.

Years of consistent and faithful Church service and outstanding leadership ability are requisites to the successful performance of this high calling to the apostleship. Seventeen years as superintendent of the Maricopa Stake Young Men’s Mutual Improvement Association, and thirty years of active service in various Boy Scout positions from



DELBERT L. STAPLEY

scout leader to national representative, qualify him to now become a Church-wide leader of youth. On February 27, 1930, he was chosen as counselor in the newly created Phoenix Stake presidency, and in December 1947 he was sustained as the stake president. Enthusiasm, efficiency, and faithful attention to detail have made his leadership outstanding.

“I deeply appreciate my good wife for the attitude she took when this call came, and I know that in this work if it were not for the good women the men could not succeed

in these high callings." This quotation from Elder Stapley's first message from the Tabernacle pulpit indicates his high regard for his wife, Ethel Davis Stapley, to whom he was sealed in the Salt Lake Temple January 14, 1918, the ceremony being performed by President George Albert Smith, then a member of the Council of the Twelve. They have two daughters, Berdine and Phyllis, a son Orley S., and four beloved grandchildren.

Leaving their lovely new home in Arizona and the many life-long friends as well as relatives, to make

a new home in Salt Lake City, will not be done without heartache, but people of their caliber are not looking for the easy road, but always for the opportunity for greater service. They will look forward, not backward.

At fifty-three years of age, Elder Stapley brings into the councils of the General Authorities of the Church, a strength of character, a breadth of vision, and a background of experience and accomplishment that will be of great worth to these councils and to the members of the Church throughout the world.

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## *The Child and the Tree*

Katherine F. Larsen

Here rises the fir,  
Tall, mysterious,  
Redolent of forest  
And the legendary time;  
Frosted with tinsel,  
Glass bells and balls,  
Shimmering strands and flashing baubles,  
Many-hued as a rainbow . . .  
Here, on the green, spreading, spice-sweet branches  
Hang tenuous dreams  
In the bright, bold colors of childhood.

The young child gazes, chin-tipped;  
He is all eyes  
Into which the colors repeat and repeat  
Back into his pliant mind  
The mark and mold of enchantment.  
He does not yet think, he can only feel  
What Christmas is . . .  
And meanings seep through trinkets, indistinct,  
Irrelevant as tinsel to ice,  
As colored glass to fire.

Thus, through the medium of the fairy-tale tree,  
Tricked out with baubles,  
Pricked with lights,  
And tantalizingly pranked with sweets,  
Here to his child's mind,  
Reflected and refracted from the myriad facets,  
Must glow  
The wholeness and the mystery of love.

# Helen Woodruff Anderson Appointed to General Board of Relief Society

*Mary Grant Judd*

Member, Relief Society General Board

ON September 26, 1950, Helen Woodruff Anderson was appointed a member of the general board of Relief Society, and was sustained in her new position at the October semi-annual conference of the Church.

Characterized by unusual executive ability, Sister Anderson has made many outstanding contributions to the work of Relief Society. Her earliest experience was gained under the direction of Sister Amy Brown Lyman, when she worked in the general Relief Society offices in charge of employment. She next served for several years as a visiting teacher, then as a member of the stake board in charge of social science, a stake counselor, and, finally, at the time of her call to the general board, she was serving as Relief Society president of Big Cottonwood Stake. She also served with marked success as assistant to Sister Ella P. Bennion, chairman of the Relief Society presidents' department of the Jordan Valley Welfare Region.

There can be no doubt that the women of Big Cottonwood Stake will be loath to part with their president, for she has many outstanding characteristics which have endeared her to them. She possesses true humility, never holding herself aloof from those with whom she as-



HELEN W. ANDERSON

sociates. On occasion she exhibits a sparkling sense of humor.

In reviewing a successful life, such as Helen Woodruff Anderson's, it is always revealing to trace influences which have contributed to that success. First of all must be mentioned that she comes of a line of valiant pioneers. Helen's paternal grandfather, President Wilford Woodruff, was known for his great faith and humility. In fact, in the early days of the Church, he was given the significant title of "Wilford, the Faithful." Helen's father, Abraham O. Woodruff, fol-

lowing in the footsteps of his noble parent, was a valiant champion of righteousness. He was one of the youngest men ever chosen to be an apostle in our day. Her mother was Helen Winters, a descendant also of faithful and devoted pioneer forebears.

These young parents had fine testimonies of the gospel and a desire to live its principles. However, before they had had the opportunity of directing the lives of their children to any appreciable extent, a great tragedy took both of the parents from their little ones. While on a Church assignment in the City of Mexico, they both died with the dread disease of small pox.

Anna Rosenkilde, head nurse for many years of the Primary Children's Hospital, cared for them during the several years when their kindly grandmother, Sister Emma S. Woodruff, made them a part of her household.

Following the death of their grandmother, the children were welcomed into the home of their aunt and uncle, President and Sister Heber J. Grant. There can be little doubt that the precepts and example of that kindly home had a marked influence on the character development and ideals of Helen W. Anderson.

In May 1925, she married Alex P. Anderson, a former missionary in the New Zealand Mission, and bishop of the Waterloo Ward for thirteen years. The Andersons have one son and four daughters: a married daughter, Bonnie A. Dimmitt; Barbara, who is teaching school; Woodruff ("Woodie"), a student at the University of Utah; and Judith and Lynda, in grade school.

The Anderson home is one of beauty, comfort, and refinement, where spirituality is combined with unusual friendliness.

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## *Dear Santa: Now We Have a Daughter*

*Lael W. Hill*

Give to David boxing gloves, a bag to punch around—  
 Our David would be champion of the ring.  
 To Danny, give a hammer and a hundred nails to pound,  
 And he will build a boat like anything.

But Lizabeth—oh, Lizabeth shall have a golden chain,  
 A fairy doll, a little silver spoon;  
 The boys will thrill to he-man toys and tools of earthy plane,  
 But Lizabeth—give Lizabeth the moon.

# The Annual General Relief Society Conference

September 27 and 28, 1950

*Counselor Marianne C. Sharp*  
Chairman, Conference Committee

THE largest attendance on record characterized the annual general Relief Society conference held on Wednesday and Thursday, September 27 and 28, 1950. President Belle S. Spafford presided at all the sessions and all members of the general board were in attendance. The three sessions held in the Assembly Hall for stake and mission officers and board members, and the general session in the Tabernacle were filled to capacity by faithful and devoted Relief Society officers and members. At the roll call held in the Officers Meeting on Thursday morning, every stake in the Church was represented. The mission Relief Society presidents were not in attendance at the conference, but district and branch officers of many missions in the United States were present.

The meetings on Wednesday consisted of presentations of the education courses. The congregational singing was led by Sister Florence J. Madsen, with Beverly B. Glauser at the organ for all the music in the Assembly Hall. Two vocal numbers, a lovely duet, "The Lord's Prayer," by B. Cecil Gates was sung by Annette Richardson Dinwoodey and Virginia Freeze Barker, and heartfelt rendering of

"My Redeemer Lives," also by B. Cecil Gates, was sung by Emma Lucy Gates Bowen, Annette Richardson Dinwoodey, and Virginia Freeze Barker.

Following the afternoon session, five departmental meetings were held simultaneously from 2:15 to 3:15: secretaries, Indian relations, *Relief Society Magazine*, music, and work meeting. From 3:15 to 6:00 demonstrations were given, under the direction of the work meeting committee, on Welfare sewing, remodeling, children's clothing, quilting, and other homemaking skills, including suggestive items for bazaars. These demonstrations were largely attended.

Wednesday night the annual reception for stake and mission officers and board members was held in the Lafayette Ballroom, Hotel Utah. For this occasion, the beautiful music was furnished by Geraldine Jacobs Wilkinson, Betty McFarlane, and Margery Glade, violinists, with Marguerite Burnhope Kirkham at the piano.

On Thursday morning at the Officers Meeting an inspiring solo, "How Beautiful Upon the Mountains," by Harker, was sung by Blanche M. Christensen, and a beautiful piano and organ duet "Concerto No. 2, Second Move-



ment," by Rachmaninoff, was played by Erma and Gloria Steffensen.

The general session held Thursday afternoon included addresses by President David O. McKay and President Belle S. Spafford. The spirit of that wonderful meeting

was enhanced by the singing of over five hundred Singing Mothers from the Salt Lake stakes and the Cache Region, including stakes of Cache County, Utah, and four Idaho stakes, under the direction of Sister Florence J. Madsen, with Elder Frank W. Asper at the organ.

The talk "For After Much Tribulation Come the Blessings" by President Belle S. Spafford, delivered at the Thursday afternoon session in the Tabernacle, has been published in the November 1950 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. A digest of certain features of the conference is presented in the following pages of this issue of the *Magazine*. President McKay's address is the first article of this issue. Because of the limitation of space some addresses will be published in later issues, as follows:

The addresses by Bishop LeGrand Richards and Elder Archibald F. Bennett will appear in the February issue; and President Amy Brown Lyman's address, "Highlights of the Past," will be published in the March 1951 issue of the *Magazine*.

Copies of the panel discussion of the literature department, "From the Text to Our Lives," led by Sister Leone O. Jacobs; the talk on "The Art of Homemaking," by Christine H. Robinson, delivered in the work meeting department; the address, "Why and How to Sell *The Relief Society Magazine*," by Elder O. Preston Robinson, together with a copy of the *Magazine* chart he used, and the skit "To Sell or Not to Sell," written by Orrel G. Bateman, have been sent to the stakes in mimeograph form.

Following is a schedule of the meetings:

DEPARTMENTAL MEETINGS—Wednesday, September 27, 1950

Morning—10-12 Noon—Assembly Hall

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp, Conducting

Theology ..... Ethel C. Smith, Chairman

Visiting Teaching ..... Mary G. Judd, Chairman

Literature ..... Leone O. Jacobs, Chairman

Afternoon—1:30-2:00—Assembly Hall

Counselor Velma N. Simonsen, Conducting

Social Science ..... Edith S. Elliott, Chairman

—2:15-3:15

Indian Relations ..... Counselor Velma N. Simonsen,  
Conducting

Secretaries ..... General Secretary--Treasurer

Margaret C. Pickering, Conducting

*Relief Society Magazine* ..... Counselor Marianne C. Sharp,  
Conducting

Music ..... Mary J. Wilson, Conducting

Work Meeting ..... Josie B. Bay, Conducting

—3:15-6:00

Work Meeting Demonstration ..... General Supervision,  
Big Cottonwood Stake

Thursday, September 28, 1950

Officers Meeting—Assembly Hall

President Belle S. Spafford, Conducting

Morning—10-12 Noon

General Session—Tabernacle

President Belle S. Spafford, Conducting

Afternoon—2:00-4:00

## DEPARTMENTAL MEETING

MORNING SESSION—SEPTEMBER 27, 1950

*Gaining Knowledge and Intelligence*

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

MY beloved sisters, I pray that the spirit of the Lord may be with me for the few minutes that I shall speak this morning and that I may have an interest in your faith and prayers.

We are now living in the midst of eternity, and we are enjoying those blessings to which we were entitled because of our faithfulness in the spirit world. We are told that if we are true and faithful in this mortal existence, if we keep this our second estate, that we will have glory added upon our heads forever and ever. Modern revelation tells us that the glory of God is intelligence, and that as God is now, man may become.

Wherefore everyone of us should heed these words of the Lord found in Section 131 of the Doctrine and Covenants which say:

Whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection. And if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come.

Sisters, what do these words mean to us—mothers in Zion and officers in the Relief Society? Do they mean that those of us who may have had the opportunity of earning a college degree have thereby gained the advantage in the world to come, have earned sufficient knowledge and intelligence? Not

as I read the scriptures. For if that were the case, then the Lord would have the learned men of the world as his chosen prophets.

There were many erudite scholars upon this land and in the world when the Lord gave that first glorious vision to that untutored lad of fourteen, Joseph Smith. You will remember that a few years later when the Prophet was translating the Book of Mormon, that Martin Harris was allowed to take a copy of part of the characters and the translation and show them to a learned man, Professor Anthon. You will recall the conclusion of that. In foretelling this incident in the Book of Mormon, it says, "Then shall the Lord God say unto him [meaning Joseph Smith]: The learned shall not read them for they have rejected them, and I am able to do my own work; wherefore thou shalt read the words which I shall give unto thee" (II Nephi 27:20).

You will recall that "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty," wherefore I would conclude that a so-called "higher" education is not necessary for the gaining of knowledge and intelligence.

But if we are to travel the path of eternal progression we must be ever seeking and gaining knowledge and intelligence, for the Prophet Joseph said, "A man is saved no faster than he gets knowledge,"

and the Lord declares, "It is impossible for a man to be saved in ignorance."

Since, then, knowledge and intelligence are the doorway into eternal life, how zealous we here today should be as Relief Society officers to see that we are ever gaining knowledge and intelligence. All the free time at our disposal is not too much to devote to diligent study for our greatest possible advancement. Then, how careful we should be that we do not fritter away our time in unfruitful pursuits, but that we devote our time to study, thereby to gain knowledge and intelligence.

And how difficult it is as mothers for us to study. Not for us the ivory tower nor the secluded cloister. We must study while our family's affairs proceed normally, with one interruption to care for a child, and another one to stir the pot on the fire, and a third one to answer the doorbell or telephone. Then how necessary it is that we should choose the right things when we study. And what should we study? In section 88 of the Doctrine and Covenants, the Lord gives us a list of some things which we should teach one another. It says:

And I give unto you a commandment that you shall teach one another the doctrine of the kingdom. Teach ye diligently and my grace shall attend you, that you may be instructed more perfectly in theory, in principle, in doctrine, in the law of the gospel, in all things that pertain unto the kingdom of God, that are expedient for you to understand; of things both in heaven and in the earth, and under the earth; things which have been, things which are, things which must shortly come to pass; things which are at home, things which are abroad; the wars and the perplexities of

the nations, and the judgments which are on the land; and a knowledge also of countries and of kingdoms.

**SISTERS**, do you see how closely the subject matter which we are studying in Relief Society parallels, in part, the words of the Lord as to what we should study? How grateful we should be as Relief Society members to have the opportunity to study these lessons which are approved by the brethren. And what a responsibility is ours, those of us who are here in this building this morning, to see that we are overseeing and encouraging and exhorting the sisters to teach them diligently one to another.

But sisters, all the diligent study in the world is not sufficient for us to gain knowledge and intelligence, for we are told not only to gain it through *diligence*, but also through *obedience*. Obedience to what? Obedience to the commandments of God, and we will gain knowledge and intelligence in this way which can be gained in no other way. All the studying of academic learning in the world, and even the studying of righteous principles, won't give us the advantage unless we are obedient. As Paul said, "And though . . . I understand . . . all knowledge . . . and have not charity, I am nothing" (I Cor. 13:2).

And what are the commandments of God? Nearly two thousand years ago this same question was put to the Savior, who answered:

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself (Matt. 22:37-39).

By obedience to these commandments, sisters, we will gain knowledge and intelligence.

Brigham Young said, "To practice the gospel requires time, faith, the heart's affections, and a great deal of labor." Sisters, are you not gaining knowledge and intelligence through your labors in clothing the naked, preparing food for the hungry, nursing the sick, comforting the sorrowing, and pouring balm on the disconsolate heart? Is that not your great work in this Relief Society? Does not Relief Society then give you the opportunity, both through diligence and obedience, to earn knowledge and intelligence? The Lord knew the kind of organization which was needed upon this earth to perfect his daughters. And what a responsibility is ours to see that every Latter-day Saint woman will be given this opportunity of gaining knowledge and intelligence. And the Lord is never in our debt.

As we work diligently for the good of our sisters, as we labor for the good of ourselves, he pours forth saving knowledge and intelligence on our heads.

Sisters, I would like to bear my testimony to the work of Relief Society. There is nothing except the work which we do in our own homes which will bring us the blessings we may gain through our devotion and laboring mightily for Relief Society. And it is my prayer that each one of us here will realize the two-fold objectives in Relief Society which will give us knowledge and intelligence, and that each one here will go home with a determination to see that the lessons in Relief Society are taught diligently, and to see that all sisters are given the opportunity to labor mightily for the Lord and for our own saving knowledge and intelligence. And this I pray.

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## Digest—*The Culmination of Our Theology Course*

Ethel C. Smith

Chairman, Theology Committee

AS we enter the concluding year of the course "The Life and Ministry of the Savior" we want to express our appreciation for the privilege of using as our text the book *Jesus the Christ* which is a part of the priceless legacy left us by Elder James E. Talmage.

We want to acknowledge the fine work of Elder Don B. Colton in adapting the text for our use as Relief Society lessons. We are grateful to him for the sweet spirit of co-operation and love for the

work which he has shown at all times in performing this service.

We appreciate the work done by you stake theology leaders and by the class leaders in the various wards of your stakes in preparing, presenting, and applying these lessons. To those of you who are new in the theology department this year, may we suggest that you study the preceding lessons and the complete text to help you catch the spirit of the course and to get the necessary background for the com-

ing lessons. We urge that you encourage new ward class leaders to do this also.

The objective of this course can be beautifully and briefly stated here in words spoken by President George F. Richards:

I would like, if possible, for us to become better acquainted with our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ and his life's work, that, knowing him better, we might love him more, and loving him more,

serve him better; and thereby obtain eternal life, God's greatest gift to man.

As this year's lessons culminate our course, so the testimony period is a culmination of the theology day each month. We should like to have every member of every theology class experience the joy that comes from participation in this important part of the theology program.

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### Digest—*The Theology Lesson as It Affects Testimony*

Leone G. Layton

**P**RESIDENT J. Reuben Clark, Jr. stated the teaching purpose of the auxiliary organizations of the Church as follows:

The sole ultimate aim and purpose of the auxiliary organizations of the Church is to plant and make grow in every member of the Church a testimony of the divinity of the Christ and of the gospel, of the divinity of the mission of Joseph Smith and of the Church, and to bring the people to order their lives in accordance with the laws and principles of the restored gospel and of the Priesthood.

We feel a special responsibility in the theology department in that on our day comes the testimony period. The theology class leader has opportunity through her preparation and presentation of lesson material to create an atmosphere conducive to the bearing of testimony, and to arouse in the sisters a desire to express their appreciation to their Heavenly Father for the blessings they enjoy.

Some of our younger sisters who have been reared in the Church feel that because they have never had any unusual spiritual experiences,

they have no testimony worthy of expression.

In her presentation of lesson material the class leader can help them see testimony in its true light. She can place emphasis upon the principles which govern its growth.

President Joseph F. Smith relates the instance of one of his sons who, on being called on a mission, expressed doubt as to how strong a testimony he could bear. President Smith replied in effect, "You believe in being honest and virtuous and in doing good to all men, do you not?"

"Why, yes."

"Well, this is part of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Bear testimony, my son, to what you do believe and know, and other gospel truths will unfold to strengthen your testimony."

I remember a simple question asked by a visiting teacher message leader in connection with a lesson. "What would your life be without the gospel? Have you ever thought?" That question has been

the means of strengthening my testimony through the years because it caused me to think deeply.

Our lessons can be simple stories of the life and ministry of our Savior, leaving us with the pleasant feeling of having heard them once again, or they can, through your direction and guidance, bring us to a knowledge of the meaning of that

life and ministry every day of our lives.

The teacher who prepares her lesson to meet that responsibility will be eager to finish her lesson on time so that she may share in the fine spiritual experience of testimony with her sisters.

That we may arise to our opportunities as Relief Society class leaders is my prayer.

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### Digest—*My Testimony*

Viola B. Parkinson

Ensign Stake

“THE Lord requires humility, but not ignorance” was the remark that President Joseph F. Smith made upon one occasion when speaking of a testimony and its use.

How my testimony has been strengthened by this course of study, “The Life and Ministry of the Savior,” is the particular subject about which I have been asked to speak. I think it has been strengthened in at least four ways. First, by diligent study and earnest prayer that I might know for myself that Jesus is the Christ, the Savior of mankind. Second, by striving to share that which I know and feel with others. Third, by encouraging a free exchange of ideas and thoughts, and by listening to the testimonies of other women. Fourth, by seeing the fruits of our labors, in my own intellectual and spiritual growth and in the intellectual and spiritual growth of our women throughout the stake.

Speaking of the first, study and prayer, I love Jesus more today, because I know more about him and

his plan of salvation. Humility has entered my soul as ignorance has fled.

Coming to the second point, my testimony has been strengthened by striving to share that which I know and feel with others. Every true teacher must help others to follow the Christ.

Third, I have often been amazed, how, after long and careful hours of study, and kneeling and asking my Father in heaven to enlighten my mind and soul, that upon going to class and visiting around in the wards and listening to the discussions and the testimonies of our sisters, they could so strengthen me in my understanding and in my testimony. It has taught me humility and the beauty of the doctrine “Ye must help one another.”

And now the fruits of our labors, point number four, because faith without works is dead. The vital question is, “Has my life been changed by this course of study? Have the lives of my leaders and their class members been touched, been motivated?” I believe that this

study of the Master and his teachings has changed the pattern of many lives. Praying, studying, sharing, applying. This has been the challenge of the theology lessons to me. A deep and sure testimony that

Jesus is the Christ, and that the gospel which he gave is the way to exaltation and eternal life, has been my reward. I pray that this testimony may always abide with me and with all of you.

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Digest—*“Lo, I Am With You Always”*

Mary G. Judd

Chairman, Visiting Teachers Committee

FOR the third consecutive year, the general board is placing in the hands of a vast army of visiting teachers—over 40,000 in all—messages consisting of admonitions and other significant statements of our Savior. The object of delivering specific messages in the home is primarily for the good of those visited. But none of us can give inspiration to others without receiving inspiration ourselves. Christ’s promise, “Lo, I am with you always,” suggests that, in our efforts, he will sustain us with his power. Yet this promise, like all others he made, cannot be fully realized unless we comprehend that Christ was indeed divine. It is about this particular phase of spiritual development that I wish to speak.

All of us should ever keep in mind the vitality of the question asked by our Lord himself, “What think ye of Christ? whose son is he?” We should be able to answer with conviction, even as Peter did, “Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.”

It is not enough for visiting teachers to carry the words of the Savior into the homes, but they should carry within their hearts a testimony of his divinity.

If the Savior is divine, then it follows that he must be perfect. One cannot find a flaw in the Galilean. He had wisdom which no other individual on earth ever possessed, in fact, he impresses us as already having the wisdom which other men must strive to attain. His power was far beyond anything earthly, for he controlled the forces of nature, even those of life and death. “What manner of man is this,” his disciples asked, “that even the winds and the sea obey him!”

While every other historical character grows dimmer with time, our Savior grows more distinct. President Heber J. Grant expressed his feeling about this characteristic in these words:

The oftener I read of His life and labors the greater are the joy, the peace, the happiness, the satisfaction that fill my soul. There is ever a new charm comes to me in contemplating His words and the plan of life and salvation which He taught to men during His life upon the earth.

After the completion of this year’s outlined messages, the women of our Church, through their visiting teachers, will have been given twenty-four direct quotations of the Savior. Stake leaders, advise

your visiting teachers to encourage the women visited to keep on living closer and closer to the Master by searching out and making their own other sayings of his.

With the sure knowledge of the divinity of Christ in our hearts,

with a determination to become more familiar with his words and live his teachings to the best of our ability, we may rest assured that he will be with us always, "even unto the end of the world."

And that this may be, I pray.

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## *Concluding Statement—Literature Panel Discussion*

Leone O. Jacobs

Chairman, Literature Committee

**I**N summing up the literature panel discussion, I think we have arrived at a few important conclusions. First, we agree that the great literature of the past is immensely valuable to us today, that there is safety in studying it, because it has stood the test of time. We agree that this literature is not old-fashioned, except in minor detail, because the truths portrayed therein are ageless, and so apply equally well to us. We have brought out the fact that the teacher should fit the material to her particular group, and that it is her responsibility to make this material carry over into their lives. We have

pointed out some specific applications which might be made from the various lessons. And finally, we have recommended that mothers encourage the reading aloud of great literature in the family group.

Great books are not paper and ink and cloth, they are persons. They are a company of immortals who have weathered the centuries and are now marching toward eternity. They invite us to walk a little way with them. They open their hearts to us. They lift our horizons.

And from the Doctrine and Covenants we quote:

Study and learn, and become acquainted with all good books.

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## *Eternal Values*

Counselor Velma N. Simonsen

**A**T the last April conference of the Church, President David O. McKay made this statement, "Next to the bestowal of life itself, the right to direct that life is God's greatest gift to man."

We here today are possessed of these two greatest of all gifts which God can bestow upon man, life and the right to make that life what we choose.

The use we make of any gift determines its value to us. We may be given a precious book, one with an elegant binding, containing the world's greatest wisdom within its printed pages. If we put that book away, and fail to ever bring it out to admire its beauty or to partake of the wisdom of its contents, it is of no more value to us than an empty scratch pad.



The value of the gift of life and the gift of free agency lies in our use of them to gain happiness and joy here, and eternal life and exaltation hereafter.

As a general rule, we are anxious to put the gift of choice to good use, we are anxious to improve our conditions, and to improve our minds, anxious to strengthen our will to do good and to overcome evil. But the great difficulty with us is that we know so poorly how to evaluate what is good and what is bad for us. It is easy for us to accept the gospel in principle, but to live those principles every day of our lives is more difficult. You hear people declare with great sincerity that they know the gospel is true, but they are reluctant to forego pleasures in order to give service in the Church.

I remember when I was a young girl, my mother, desiring to divide with her children some of the treasures and keepsakes she had collected over a period of years, called us children together and told us we might each choose one thing from the treasures she had spread on the table. After looking them over carefully, one of the children said, "Oh, it is so hard to know what will be best in the long run. If I take a figurine it may get broken, and I would be sorry that I had not taken a piece of linen or tapestry. Or I might take the cloth and it would get soiled or ruined, and I would wish I had taken the figurine." Then mother counselled, "That is what all life is, the making of choices, and if I could give you the one gift I would most desire to give you today, it would be the gift of a true sense of values, the ability

to always choose that which would bring you lasting and eternal happiness."

The power is not given us to bestow such a gift upon our children nor upon those whom we love and direct. Each must develop his own gift, but it is within our power and it is our responsibility as parents and as teachers to guide those who are under our direction to the source of all wisdom, our Heavenly Father, and to instill into them the necessity for seeking him in all things. The Lord has given us this promise:

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering.

We too often forget that promise, or we fail to realize that it was given to all mankind as well as to the Prophet Joseph Smith who put it to a practical test. We cannot be overdiligent in our teachings in stressing this promise, for through faith we can develop the power to be selective, the ability to choose the wheat from the chaff.

**WE** are bombarded on every side by advertisements trying to make vice and sin and wrongdoing glamorous and desirable. These advertisements and outside influences sometimes make worldly pleasures, popularity, a good time, and material gains such as power, or fame, or wealth, sound so enticing that we choose these things of small value which, at the most, only satisfy our immediate selfish desires instead of choosing service in the kingdom of God, which brings last-

ing joy and develops spiritual strength and guides us into eternal life. We must build up within ourselves and in those whom we teach such a strong desire for righteousness, that it will counteract these advertisements and the influences that would make us sell our birth-right cheaply.

Too often there is a tendency for people, when they are successful and prosperous and the good things of life are theirs, to feel so adequate within themselves that they do not sense the need of spiritual guidance.

Then, too, in our struggle to meet the material needs of our lives, or the desire to give to our children the good things of this earth which the Lord has created for our enjoyment, we often forget to maintain that balance with spirituality which is of such vital importance to complete our joy.

The Lord recognized our weakness when he said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, ye are little children, and ye have not as yet understood how great blessings the Father hath in his own hands and prepared for you."

One of the great blessings he has prepared for us is the Relief Society organization. This he has prepared especially for the women of the Church and for all women who will avail themselves of its blessings. But the record of membership and attendance at Relief Society meetings shows that our sisters are not availing themselves of this great blessing. They are letting the things of passing value substitute for the things of eternal worth. How many of you presidents have had the experience of asking a sister to accept some position in your Re-

lief Society organization only to be told that she cannot do it for her club meets on that day? Listen to the words of our prophets concerning this:

The divinely inspired origin [of Relief Society] brings with it a corresponding responsibility, in consecration to service, and in the loftiest loyalty to the Priesthood of God and to one another. The members should permit neither hostile nor competitive interests of any kind to detract from the duties and obligations, the privileges and honors, the opportunities and achievements of membership in this great society.

The prime, almost the exclusive allegiance of every member of this great group, runs in this field to their fellow members and to the organization. Members should permit no other affiliation either to interrupt or to interfere with the work of this Society. They should give to Relief Society service precedence over all social and other clubs and societies of similar kinds. We urge this because in the work of the Relief Society are intellectual, cultural, and spiritual values found in no other organization and sufficient for all general needs of its members.

We urge all the sisters to take these things to heart, and to co-operate in continuing the Relief Society in its position of the greatest and most efficient woman's organization in the world.

Nearly every narrative report coming from the wards says, "Membership and attendance are our big problems." They are big problems, and what are we doing about them? Sisters, there is a way to reach every heart. Study and pray that you may find that way.

Our Relief Society lessons are planned to help us find the real values of life. They are planned also to give practical help in applying our faith to works. They should be presented to our sisters with the

idea of not only giving them facts and information, but with the idea of influencing their lives, of helping them to meet life with faith,

helping them to choose righteousness, causing them to say within themselves, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

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## DEPARTMENTAL MEETING

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 27, 1950

### Digest—*Introducing the New Social Science Course*

Edith S. Elliott

Chairman, Social Science Committee

IT is a great responsibility to be a member of a group assigned to choose a new course of lessons in Relief Society. We could have heaven on earth, but man seems to be his own worst enemy and, because of that, it seemed that we should go back into the experiences of history to see the mistakes that have been made, and see if we can't go on from there and try to do better. Through ancient times as we cast our eyes back over the panorama of history, we find that there has been one great war after another from the beginning of time. If Satan can keep us stirred up with intolerance one towards another, there can be no peace anywhere in the world.

The textbook for the course is *The Progress of Man* by Joseph Fielding Smith. In reading through it you can't help but feel the in-

spiration and the scholarly ability that Brother Smith has had in writing the book. From the preface for the introduction of the textbook, I would like to read one quote from the section in the book that was authored by Brother Archibald Bennett:

In this momentous day of transition, when old standards of morals and government are being ruthlessly discarded and multitudes clamor for change, for the new and the untried . . . things of worth are too often spurned simply because they are old and tried.

We must have the spirit of brotherly love and understanding, and from the beginning of time our Heavenly Father has kept that voice crying repentance in the wilderness. We hope that the social science lessons will show that the only road to peace is righteous living.

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## INDIAN RELATIONS DEPARTMENT

### Digest—*The Accomplishments of Our Lamanite Sisters*

Golden R. Buchanan

Co-ordinator of Indian Affairs

AS I approach this subject I do so most humbly. I hope I can tell you a little of the great strides

that have been made. You in the field have done the work, you have seen the growth and development,

you have tasted of the fruits of the actual work.

Where once ignorance, indolence, and "I don't care, nobody else does," reigned supreme, now the rays of the gospel of love are beginning to push back the cover of darkness of 1800 years, and the deprived daughters of Lehi are beginning to "awaken and arise."

Is it any wonder the look of amazement and unbelief written upon their faces as you sisters go among them with your love and kindness. A white woman in the humble home of an Indian, teaching her a better way of life—teaching her the gospel, and teaching her how to cook, sew, mend her clothes, and care for her family; teaching the gospel of love!

I have broken the records down into headings:

### *Stake Accomplishments*

Sister M— always welcomes them into her home; fixes meals for them and shows them her home and the modern conveniences she has. She feels she has done much to raise the standards of these sisters in this way as she invites the women to help her while she is preparing the meal. Sister M— tells me that some weeks she entertains from twelve to twenty people. At the same time, Brother M— takes this opportunity to explain the gospel to the men.

### *Physical Accomplishments*

Recently I was in the home where they have grown a fairly good garden of their own and the sixty-five-year-old Indian mother brought for me to see pint bottles of corn, string beans, little carrots, plums, etc., and with her face beaming with pride as she wiped the bottles with a white cloth, she said; "They teach me how to do it."

### *Welfare*

We have succeeded in getting some of the younger women to work for Welfare credit instead of getting things for nothing. They cleaned the windows at the Welfare building and have done housework for the aged and sick of the white people.

### *Spiritual Accomplishments*

The opening and closing prayers were offered by the Lamanite sisters. I was thrilled by their short but sincere prayers. Each sister in her prayer thanked her Heavenly Father for the meeting and asked that we would be able to continue to hold these meetings.

### *Testimony*

I cannot help expressing my thankfulness to God for sending out his missionaries and fellow workers from this Church. The missionaries came to my home when the things of life seemed to be against me. My life was full of miseries, troubles, heartaches, and my health was bad and some of my loved ones were continually in trouble. There was no hope for good health and a happy home life. So it seemed. There seemed nothing I could do but cry it out every day.

One day I got to thinking of all the troubles, miseries, and they seemed to be piling up higher each day. I sat on my bed crying, with tears rolling down my face, I cried a prayer, "Oh, Heavenly Father, thou knowest all my troubles, help me find good health and happiness. Show me, Dear Lord, the way to bring up my children. Help my husband. Why, oh why are we so unhappy? Dear Lord, I beg of thee for help."

I know the Lord answered that prayer because when the missionaries came they brought with them a feeling of wonderful brotherly and sisterly love, they brought with them wonderful teachings of the Book of Mormon. . . .

I believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God. I believe the Angel Moroni did reveal to Joseph Smith secrets of God. Amos 3:7 says: "Surely the Lord God will do nothing but he revealeth his secrets unto his servants the prophets." I have so much to be

thankful for. I thank God for this gospel. I thank God for the dear missionaries who never gave up and came to help us find faith in God. I thank God for all the dear people who became my friends in this Church. I thank God for my family and my home. God be

with you all and bless you. This testimony I give in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

God bless you for your unselfishness, for your willingness to serve the Lord in behalf of your Lamanite sisters.

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## OFFICERS MEETING

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 28, 1950

### Digest—*Report and Official Instructions*

General President Belle S. Spafford

ONCE again it becomes my duty and pleasure to present to you a brief report of the status of Relief Society. Most of the information is drawn from the 1949 annual report of the society. We trust that as you study it you will compare the record of your own stake with that made by the society as a whole, and where you find your stake below Church-wide averages that you will put forth special effort to build it up. As a whole, the achievements of the Society for 1949 are highly creditable and should bring a deep sense of satisfaction to all who have contributed toward them.

#### *Organizations and Reorganizations*

We are happy to report that at the close of 1949 there were 2,838 ward and branch Relief Societies, an increase of 190 over the previous year. Eight new stakes have been created since January 1949, making a total of 180; two missions, the Central Pacific and the Czechoslovakian, have been discontinued since that date, making a total of forty-two mission organizations at the present time.

#### *Missions*

There has been a gratifying growth of Relief Society in both the United States missions and the foreign missions. Our sisters in the foreign missions are enthusiastic over Relief Society work and are showing progress in accomplishment.

Evidence of the love of our European sisters for Relief Society and their desire to support programs initiated by the general board came to us once again last week when we received from the sisters of the Danish Mission a large and exquisite Royal Copenhagen vase and an unusually beautiful figurine, a gift for the proposed Relief Society Building. We sincerely thank the Danish Mission Relief Society sisters.

#### *Membership*

The Society made a substantial increase of 6,224 in membership during 1949, giving us a total of 121,910 members. However, our increase in membership was not commensurate with the increase of number of Latter-day Saint families. Membership in Relief Society

is of such vital importance to Latter-day Saint women as to justify sustained membership effort.

### *Average Attendance*

Average attendance at regular meetings for the general membership showed an increase over 1948 of 4.83 per cent. This is consistent improvement. However, there is in some instances a wide range of average attendance among stakes, even stakes in the same locality. Presidents, please especially note your average attendance and where it is below the Church-wide average of 32.5%, or where it shows a decline, look into the cause and try to improve the situation.

### *Visiting Teaching*

Visiting teaching also increased during 1949. The sisters made a total of 1,714,229 visits, an increase over 1948 of 121,795. This increase was not as great as that made during some of the years since the close of World War II.

Frequently letters are received at the office explaining that certain wards have maintained for a number of months 100% visiting teaching records. Then, for some valid reason, such as roads being closed due to snow, visits cannot be made for a month. We are asked if the ward may still regard itself as having 100% visiting. The general board does not set requirements for 100% visiting. Our goal, as you all know, is to have every Latter-day Saint family visited once each month. We recognize this is not always possible. We judge your success by your improvement from year to year, taking into account always conditions over which you

have no control. But whether or not extenuating circumstances are to be taken into account in considering visiting teaching 100% in a ward, must be determined by those who set this goal.

### *Educational Program*

Relief Society is providing rich educational opportunities for its members. During 1947 there were approximately 10,000 sisters diligently engaged in teaching the courses of study. From expressions received from many parts of the Church, we are confident that Relief Society members are gaining well-rounded development in the gospel in the fields of theology, literature, social science, and homemaking. It is expected that every course of study will find application in the lives of the Relief Society members, influencing their beliefs, attitudes, viewpoint, and conduct.

We have recently completed a course in "Latter-day Saint Political Thought." It is expected that out of this course of study would come an increased awareness of our responsibility to exercise our voting franchise. Let us exercise it and exercise it intelligently.

### *Work Meeting*

Intensive efforts have been put forth to strengthen the work meeting program and they have in large measure been fruitful. There is evidence of better planning of the meeting, and greater discrimination in the selection of activities for the program of the day. The work meeting is assuming its proper position as a training center for mem-

bers in the varied aspects of homemaking. Yet, the total of 187,383 articles sewed in Relief Society meetings during 1949 attests the fact that this basic homemaking skill continues to play a major role in the work meeting as it should do.

We are pleased with the good materials and high standard of workmanship shown in the articles offered for sale at Relief Society bazaars. I remind you that a primary purpose of the bazaar is to provide a motive for intensified efforts in developing and promoting the creative arts of our sisters in training them in the production of beautiful and useful articles. The raising of funds should not be the only consideration. We discourage a practice, which is spreading, of soliciting funds or articles to be sold at bazaars from sisters living outside the geographic boundaries of the ward holding the bazaar. A woman does all that should be asked of her in this respect when she contributes to activities conducted by the society of which she is a member. However, we see no objection to publicizing a bazaar outside the ward boundaries.

Occasionally a lecturer is invited to a Relief Society work meeting to instruct the members on some special subject of interest. The instruction given to class leaders in the *Handbook*, page 94, with regard to teachings not in conformity with Latter-day Saint viewpoints, ideals, and teachings, applies here also. In this connection, I refer you to the editorial in the *Deseret News*, "Church Section," Wednesday, July 5, 1950, titled "Teach the Facts."

### Welfare

Relief Society continues to lend its full support to the Church Welfare program. During 1949 it contributed 260,787 hours service on Church Welfare projects other than sewing at Relief Society meetings.

### Family Hour Program

The Family Hour program is beginning to take hold in many of the stakes, for which we are grateful. Follow the suggestions made at your stake Relief Society conventions, and, bearing in mind the promise made in 1915 by the First Presidency to those who observe this hour, go steadily forward.

### Indian Relations

We are enthusiastic over your success with the Lamanite sisters. Make sure you keep a record of the work with the Indian groups. In wards where Indian sisters attend regular Relief Society meetings, their records should be kept as would those of any other members. However, some statement concerning them might well be made in the narrative section of the report. If they are an organized group meeting separately, keep a separate record. You need not buy a regular ward record book, a notebook should suffice. Include date of meeting and an attendance roll, also a brief report of activities and accomplishments. At the end of the year or the season, whichever is more practicable, this record should be submitted to the stake Relief Society secretary and kept with the other records of the society.

If the Indian sisters are organized as a Relief Society, count the stake board visits the same as you would count any stake board visit to a regularly organized Relief So-

ciety. No matter how many visits you may make, record the number in the stake record book. Then explain the reason for the large number of visits in the narrative section of the annual report. If the Indian sisters are not organized as a Relief Society, your visits would be regarded as the fulfillment of your special assignment and would not be recorded.

Officers have wondered if the Indian sisters are to be expected to pay dues or if the ward or mission branch should pay dues for them. Where the Indian sisters are not members of a regular Relief Society organization, they are not expected to pay dues, even though they may be meeting under the direction of the Relief Society president in preparation for organization. When they become members of an organized Relief Society, the payment of dues becomes a consideration, since dues are a part of the obligation of membership. We realize, however, that in all probability it would be unwise to expect payment of dues from the Lamanite sisters

immediately upon enrollment or for some time thereafter. Conditions and degrees of understanding among them vary to such an extent that the general board must leave the decision to the stakes as to when annual dues should be required. We feel there is much value to be gained by the Indian sisters, the same as by any other sisters when they feel that they are meeting all of the obligations of membership.

We are, therefore, looking to the stake boards to prepare the Indians in this matter as in any other step in their advancement. Until such time as the Indian sisters pay dues for themselves, the organization need not submit dues for them.

The work of Relief Society is so important to the women of the Church and to the Church itself, that it seems imperative that officers understand the direction we are moving and the recommended and approved methods of conducting the work. May the Lord continue to bless your efforts, I sincerely pray.

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## *Our Sisters in the Pacific Mission*

Elva T. Cowley

Former Relief Society President, Pacific Mission

**I**T is with humility that I stand before you this morning to reflect for a few moments upon my associations with the Relief Society sisters in the Pacific Mission.

In 1938, I went to New Zealand with my husband, Matthew Cowley, where he presided over that mission for nearly eight years. Later, I accompanied him in the ca-

capacity of Relief Society president of the Pacific Mission on his tour of Australia, Tasmania, Tonga, Samoa, Fiji, Hawaii, and New Zealand. We were not able to secure transportation to Tahiti. Last summer I toured the Japanese Mission, and then I stood on the land of China to witness the opening of that vast country for missionary work.



I know many of you have wondered just what the women in the Pacific Islands are like who claim relationship to you as sisters in the gospel. Yes, most of them have darker skins than yours, most of their traditions and habits of living are different than yours, few of them have worldly wealth and possessions, but as for their faith, for their nobility and beauty of soul and spirit, as for their charity, their kindness of heart, as for their love of God, and their understanding of the scriptures, and as for their reverence for the Priesthood, they cannot be surpassed. I have never heard one of them criticise an Authority of the Church.

They follow the admonition of the Lord to Adam and Eve "to multiply and replenish the earth." Children are their riches, and their joy. If a couple cannot have children, they go to the Priesthood for blessings. I have seen marvelous miracles through their great faith.

The women are the burden bearers. They bear the children, take care of their homes, work in the kumera patches, the rice paddies, the shearing shed, they gather the bananas and the cocoa beans.

To the very best of their ability they carry out the weekly Relief Society program of the Church. Those who take *The Relief Society Magazine* consider it a treasure, and every member in the family

reads it. When we told these sisters about the Relief Society Building campaign here in Zion, they were more than anxious to contribute. When the sisters in Samoa handed me over \$700 to bring here, it almost hurt me to take it, because I could see that they needed so many things for themselves.

They are not all perfect, far from it, but if one or the other takes a cup of tea, or a cup of coffee, you don't hear them rationalize, and they don't try to change the interpretation of the Word of Wisdom to suit themselves. No, but they will confess they are weak and that they're not living up to the principles of the gospel, and pray that they may do better. Can we be proud to claim relationship to them as sisters in the gospel? I think so.

I bear you my testimony that I know that God lives. I know that Joseph Smith was an instrument in his hands, and I know that this Relief Society was a divinely inspired organization. God grant that we as Relief Society women, as mothers in this Church, may have greater love, greater tolerance and understanding for our fellow men. God grant that we may use our efforts and our franchise to help to bring about the unity of nations and peace upon this earth, I humbly pray.

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## Digest—*Our Sisters in the European Mission*

Leona B. Sonne

Former Relief Society President, European Mission

**T**HIS is a great opportunity and a privilege for me. In the fall of 1946 when we arrived in Europe,

the aftermath of war could be seen and felt everywhere. War wreckage lay scattered. Rubble and debris

were piled high on the streets. Homes were crowded; old women, mothers, and their children would be seen on the streets with their little hand-drawn wagons gathering greens to be cooked for their dinners. They would pick up pieces of wood, for fuel was scarce. People were hungry. People were cold.

It was not easy to revive the former interest in Church work, for the seven years of war had changed the living standards and habits of the people. Women had been drawn from their homes to do the work of men. Children too young to work were frequently left at home to care for themselves and to await the return of father and mother. I need not tell you that many of the Relief Society organizations had ceased to function. Many families had moved to other localities and their names were not on record.

However, as soon as the missionaries began to arrive from Zion, a new impetus took hold of the Church members. Gradually branches were reopened, and the outlined program introduced. Bedding was very scarce. Quilting soon became a project in most of the missions, but the sisters first had to be trained in the art of quilting. Many said it couldn't be done, but it was amazing to see the joy with which they showed us the quilts which they had made. In Denmark the missionaries pioneered and promoted this project. Knitting and needlework have always engaged the women in the European countries. It required considerable persuasion, however, to induce our sisters to knit for others besides their own family. War had left them with more or less of a dislike of other

nations. I speak for thousands when I express thanks to the Relief Society in Zion for the large shipments of rugs, quilts, layettes, and bundles of clothing which arrived at the European ports at a moment when they were most needed.

In order to arrive at some idea of the needs, a questionnaire was sent out to the branches. When these questionnaires were returned, it was found that most of the families needed children's clothing, boys' suits, underwear, and stockings. To meet the requirements of sizes, much remodeling was necessary. Sweaters had to be unraveled and converted into stockings. Eight thousand hours were spent in the West German Mission in ripping over garments which could not be used as they were.

In the branches wherever I went, I found the sisters anxious to learn more about the restored gospel. They read the lessons eagerly as soon as translations could be made or outlines furnished. I want to say here that the Relief Society board were wonderful in sending the lessons early enough so that they could be translated so the sisters could start their lessons in October, just as the sisters here at home are doing.

I testify that this is a great part of the work of Latter-day Saints, that through the inspiration of the Prophet Joseph Smith the Relief Society was organized, and we all know that no ward or branch is strong unless it has a strong Relief Society. I pray that the Lord will continue to bless these wonderful women and bless our presidency and board for the wonderful inspiration that they have given to the sisters in Europe.



Courtesy, The Deseret News

GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY, SEPTEMBER 1950

Front row, left to right: Nellie W. Neal; Ethel C. Smith; Aleine M. Young; First Counselor Marianne C. Sharp; President Belle S. Spafford; Second Counselor Velma N. Simonsen; Secretary-Treasurer Margaret C. Pickering; Mildred B. Eyring; Alta J. Vance; Josie B. Bay.  
 Back row, left to right: Florence J. Madsen; Leone G. Layton; Christine H. Robinson; Anna B. Hart; Edith S. Elliott; Alberta H. Christensen; Mary G. Judd; Lillie C. Adams; Achsa E. Payman; Evon W. Peterson; Leone O. Jacobs; Louise W. Madsen; Blanche B. Stoddard.

## GENERAL SESSION

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 28, 1950

*The Spiritual Power of Music*

Florence Jepperson Madsen

**E**LDER Mark Petersen said to one group in the Church: "Your job is to interpret spirituality in terms of the restored gospel of Jesus Christ." This statement may well be applied to all organizations of our Church, including our own Relief Society, for there is a crying need for spirituality in the world today.

The pages of history reveal that where music has been allowed to function in its purity, spirituality has followed. History also shows that in many instances where it has seemed necessary to increase spirituality among the people, music has been employed.

In the Book of Mormon we read: "Men are that they might have joy." Joy is one of the highest spiritual experiences known to man; and music is fundamentally an expression of joy.

Note these words spoken by the Lord himself, when he challenged Job:

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth . . . . When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?

And again these words from the Doctrine and Covenants:

And it shall come to pass that the righteous shall be gathered out from among all nations, and shall come to Zion, singing with songs of everlasting joy (D. & C. 45:71).

In a revelation given through the Prophet Joseph Smith to Emma Smith, the Lord directed her as follows:

And it shall be given thee, also, to make a selection of sacred hymns, as it shall be given thee, which is pleasing unto me, to be had in my church. For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart; yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads (D. & C. 25:11-12).

Since prayer is one of the greatest of all spiritual powers, and since the song of the righteous is a prayer, we must conclude that music is a spiritual force and, therefore, has a definite place in the home, the Church, and the community.

Music generates courage, unity, and strength. This was experienced by our pioneers in their long trek across the plains. The hymn "Come, Come, Ye Saints" was especially written to give them needed cheer, help, and support to continue their journey westward.

The songs and hymns sung by our great Tabernacle choir and the selections played on our famous Tabernacle organ in the regular Sunday morning broadcasts, enter homes throughout the Nation as faithful missionaries, and leave the gospel message of truth and spiritual uplift.

Spirituality and culture are also taken into the homes by the sisters who participate in the Singing

Mothers choruses. The joy and inspiration derived from singing together is reflected in the home and the community as a refining influence and becomes an invaluable and far-reaching power for good.

The other fine musical organizations within the Church and those throughout the world are also making their contribution to the spiritual well-being of humanity.

In a letter written by the apostle Paul to the Colossians we read:

Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord (Colossians 3:16).

In the singing of congregational hymns we are afforded the oppor-

tunity for self-expression, a means whereby we may affirm our religious convictions.

As long as we can appreciate beautiful flowers and radiant sunsets, the laughter of children, and inspiring music, we may know that spirituality is still alive within us.

These lines are from an unknown author:

Servant and master am I:  
 Servant of those dead, and  
 Master of those living.  
 Through my spirit immortals speak the  
 message that makes  
 The world weep, and laugh, and wonder,  
 and worship . . . .  
 For I am the instrument of God.  
 I am music.

May we become more and more aware of the spiritual power of music, I pray.

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## *"Unto the Least of These"*

General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering

**T**HE title of this talk is taken from Matthew 25:

Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me (Matt. 25:35-40).

During the 108 years of Relief Society's existence, compassionate service—the tender, love-inspired ministrations which women, by their very natures, are peculiarly fitted to perform, has been an integral part of its program. Emphasis has been placed on various aspects of this service over the years according to the needs of the times. Up until the time the Welfare Plan was inaugurated, Relief Society continued to directly supply some of the temporal needs of the saints under the direction of the bishops. During the last decade, however, Relief Society's efforts have been transferred from directly supplying temporary needs to assisting in producing Welfare assignments and to more extensively ministering to the

spiritual hungers of women. All this is a testimony to me of the divine origin of this organization—that it is set up to serve how, when, and where it is most needed.

It does not do much good to talk about such big things as “humanity,” “democracy,” and the “brotherhood of man” unless we can bring them down and apply them to our next door neighbor, as that is where international amity and the brotherhood of man begin. The Prophet Joseph said at one of the early meetings: “Let your labors be confined mostly to those around you in your own circle.”

While Relief Society officially records only those visits and services authorized by the president, it is about these services “over and above the call of duty” that I speak specifically.

There are in every neighborhood many aged, sick, lonely, or disturbed people who lack for no temporal needs, but they need friendly interest, assurance, peace of mind. No one is better fitted to minister to their needs than friendly, faithful Latter-day Saint neighbors. President Spafford has referred to compassionate service as the “heartbeat of Relief Society—the kind word, the ray of hope, the warm handclasp.” It is the constant stimulation of this heartbeat through sincerity and frequency of application that increases the circulation of hope, cheer, brotherly love, and faith in God in the world today, and produces a warm, peaceful glow in the souls of men in exact proportion to the amount of stimulation applied.

What about the aged women in your neighborhood — some who

don't see too well, who would appreciate a cheerful visit, an hour of reading or letter writing, or being escorted to Church or to an entertainment? What about the homebound for whom you might run an errand or do some shopping? What about the mother in your neighborhood whose son is called to war and who is depressed, or the young wife whose husband has entered military service and she is confused and upset about the future; or the newcomer who feels strange and lonely, one of our own converts from a foreign land having difficulty with our language and customs, and needs them interpreted?

What about the chronically ill to whom a smiling face and a fresh viewpoint would give new hope; a child confined to bed for a long period, to whom a cookie, or some simple dessert would bring happiness; what about staying occasionally with the children of a neighbor who seldom gets out because she cannot afford a baby sitter? There are endless opportunities all around us to demonstrate sisterly love if we but open our eyes to them.

Compassionate service benefits and blesses both the one who performs it and the one who receives it. In these times, there is great need for an acceleration of our compassionate services, not only as a means of encouraging and aiding our neighbors, but to increase our faith and quell our own fears, so that in following the example of our Savior we shall be strengthened and can say with David of old, “What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.”

That we may do this is my prayer.



Hal Rumel

SNOW ON THE PEAKS AT ALTA, UTAH

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*Silences*

*LaVerne J. Stallings*

I have known a purple silence  
Hung with sunset fires  
Resting far beyond a canyon's ledge.  
I have languished in the cool, green silence  
Where a ferny wood  
Grows beside a tranquil water's edge.  
Danger treks have lured me on  
Through sunswept desert lands,  
With tawny, golden silence over all;  
And I have pressed my face upon  
A crystal windowpane  
To watch the silver-silent rains that fall.  
Quietudes of gray slow-moving  
On a sea's new dawn  
Have stirred me from the stilling deeps of night;  
But now I come to a high Norn world  
Where softly gleaming snows  
Cover all the silences in white.

# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, December 1 and December 15, 1890

## "FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS"

**CHRISTMAS IS COMING:** That Christmas is coming is everywhere apparent in the donning of the holiday attire by merchants and shop-keepers. C. R. Savage at the Art Gallery, the genial friend of the widow and the orphan, and the children and old folks and every body in general, is well supplied with every thing in the art line. His windows are always dressed in an attractive style at such times and no pains are spared in catering to the public taste in the way of art and literature. . . . Above everything else let us all remember on this day of days the poor, the sick, the lonely and bereaved ones, the widow and the fatherless and carry with us everywhere, and scatter at home and abroad not only temporal gifts suited to our means, but the good will and charity that seasons good cheer. The love that surpasses all other love and makes us like unto Him whose advent we celebrate.—Editorial

**SOLITUDE AND ITS ADVANTAGES:** "The law of compensation governs earth." Even one's disadvantages may result in her favor. No condition of life has been more lamented than loneliness, and yet loneliness has advantages which cannot be gainsayed. Chiefest among these the opportunity which it gives for the accumulation of force. All work depends upon the expenditure of energy and that energy in some occult way grows from processes of life. Happy lives have no history. The heart thrown back on itself sings the enduring song.—The Nightingale

### CHRISTMAS BELLS

Dear are the sounds of the Christmas chimes  
In the land of the ivied towers,  
And they welcome the dearest of festival times  
In this Western world of ours!  
Bright on the holly and mistletoe bough,  
The English firelight falls,  
And bright are the wreathed evergreens now  
That gladden our own home walls.  
And hark! the first sweet note that tells  
The welcome of the Christmas bells.  
—Selected

**STORING GRAIN:** A new method of storing grain is being introduced, which is as remarkable as the invention of ensilage pits for storage of fodder. Steel tanks are filled with the grain, and by a suction pump the air is partly exhausted, and a quantity of carbonic acid gas is admitted. The valves being closed, the grain is expected to remain for years without decay, and not liable to be injured by weevils, so destructive in the vast elevators where grain is now stored.—Selected.

### COURTING SUNSHINE

Dear and true and patient one,  
Well thy task is being done.  
Yet continue, be unmoved,  
Be thy course of heav'n approved,  
As thy life thus far hath been,  
Chaste and meek and free from sin.  
—L. L. G. Richards





# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

**B**ECAUSE of "a great love for the memory and efforts put forth by the pioneers of Grantsville," President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. has had their adobe schoolhouse, built in 1861, restored and reconditioned. As a boy President Clark attended the school, and his father taught in it. The low tuition was paid partly in kind. President Clark presented the building to Grantsville Stake during the town's centennial celebration. In the deed he requested that the building be used as a meeting place for women's civic and religious organizations.

**A**T the General Federation of Women's Clubs Triennial Convention in Boston (May 29 - June 2, 1950) Dorothy D. (Mrs. Hiram Cole) Houghton, was elected president of the organization, which was represented by delegates from many nations. Mrs. Houghton succeeds Dorothea (Mrs. J. L. Blair) Buck, under whose leadership during the last triennium great progress has been made.

**T**HE staff of Georgia Neese Clark, United States Treasurer, consists entirely of men. Her very low expense account on an early political assignment, and the economy and money sense she continued to show are largely responsible for her climb to success.

**R**ECENTLY off the press is a small illustrated volume of cheerful verse, *Brim With Joy*, by Frances Carter Yost, a contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine* and other Church and Western periodicals. The wholesome philosophy of these poems and happy expression point to the joy to be derived from home, family, gardening, and related activities.

**M**R.S. MAMIE PETERS CALL'S brief novel, *Lady Laura*, is a lively story of a Welsh immigrant girl with a beautiful singing voice, who finds herself, not by design, in a Mormon pioneer train on its way to "The Valley." Touches of humor and authentic detail of pioneer life add to the interest.

**C**LARA L. JARVIS of Utah has been elected first vice-president of the National Order of Women Legislators.

**A** thirty-one year old California girl, Florence Chadwick, swam the English Channel from Cap Griz Nez, France, to Dover, England, on August 8th, in thirteen hours and twenty-three minutes. This record bettered that of the former woman champion, Gertrude Ederle (1926), by one hour and sixteen minutes.



## *The 121st Semi-Annual Conference*

AS each great general conference of the Church passes into history, it is the general consensus of opinion of the Church membership that the conference just concluded is always the best. This feeling was expressed generally following the conference held on September 29, 30, and October 1, 1950.

The Tabernacle was filled to overflowing at each session and, in addition, the Assembly Hall and Barratt Hall were thronged by those who were enabled there to view the proceedings by television. It has been estimated that there are at least 20,000 television sets in the area covered by KSL-TV, with a very great coverage by KSL radio station and other stations in Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Oregon, and Utah.

Truly the word of the Lord covers a greater area each year, as the voice of warning goes to the inhabitants of the earth: "For verily the voice of the Lord is unto all men, and there is none to escape; and there is no eye that shall not see, neither ear that shall not hear, neither heart that shall not be penetrated."

A cry of repentance was heard at each session, directed not only to non-Church members but, particularly, to all members of the Church. Frequently there were exhortations to set in order the homes of the Latter-day Saints. The congregation of saints was also

urged to pray night and morning for the descendants of Father Lehi, that this great work of the Lord, of preaching and converting them, may be realized and hastened.

Of special interest was the appointment of Delbert L. Stapley, President of Phoenix Stake, to the Council of the Twelve to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of President George F. Richards. President David O. McKay was sustained President of the Quorum of the Twelve and a member of the First Presidency, with Joseph Fielding Smith as acting head of the Quorum.

Many tributes were paid to President Richards by fellow members of the Twelve and other leaders who characterized his life as that of a truly great son of God.

The saints were blessed by the presence of President George Albert Smith at all the sessions. This beloved leader throughout his life has preached the first and second great commandments, and exemplified them in his own living. His admonitions to love one's neighbor as oneself come with telling force from his lips.

Out of the books shall all be judged. The messages of the prophets and servants of God of this day are written for all to read, and wise is that person who heeds the call of repentance and orders his life in conformity to eternal truth.

—M. C. S.

## *Ethel C. Smith Released as General Board Member*

IT is with keen regret that the general board on Wednesday, October 4, 1950, acted upon and voted the release of Ethel G. Smith as a member of the general board.

During the three years which Sister Smith has served on the board, she has given devoted and careful attention to those duties which have been assigned to her. Her labors as chairman of the theology committee have always been characterized by a thoroughness and exactness to detail which have been praiseworthy. She has filled all other assignments given her with equal fidelity and ability.

Sister Ethel Smith leaves the board with the warm affection of all the board members and with the hope that her health may improve when the arduous duties performed by general board members are no longer required of her. With her great love for Relief Society, she will continue to serve Relief Society as her health and circumstances permit.

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## *Where Shepherds Knelt*

Margery S. Stewart

Let me go back and kneel there  
Before the cave this night,  
And see upon the stable straw  
The glory and the light.  
For there are many paths that lead  
To goals I cannot see,  
But his is still the only path  
Of peace and purity.  
Let my heart kneel where shepherds knelt,  
Let my mind be as still  
As all their minds were, listening  
To angels on the hill.  
And in the darkness crowding round,  
In a world gone blind and mad,  
Let heart and mind hold once again,  
The glory earth once had.

# Ring in Your Christmas Cards

Clara Laster

AS the old year rings in the Christmas season, nearly everyone, regardless of age, receives a score of greeting cards. Although many may be displayed with pride, because of the number others are quickly tossed into scrap baskets.

During last year's Christmas season I had the privilege of entering a number of homes. It was a delight to see how my neighbors had used their cards to help carry out the gay season in decorations. One woman pinned her cards to the living-room drapes. Picture her windows with curtains of greeting cards!

In another home, there was a streamer of ribbon hanging from each picture. To these streamers, greeting cards were pinned. As I stood looking at the dangling cards, my eyes quickly found the one I had sent. It gave me a moment of happiness, to know that my card was appreciated enough to be used as a decoration.

There are a number of ways to use these tokens of remembrance to good advantage. In our home we used them to decorate our tree. My daughter took tape and fastened a corner of the card to a tinsel-draped limb. The remaining cards were placed under the glass of a low table.

We never throw away our greeting cards. Our old ones, received the year before, are used to add color and delight to Christmas packages. We cut out the pictures and paste them on pasteboard, similar to that placed in the shirts at the laundry. After pasting our pictures on the pasteboard, we cut them out again. Then we bend a small part of the picture under and paste it on bright-colored packages. With the use of crepe paper, we make lovely Christmas scenes.



We use our old cards in other ways also. If my young daughter is having a party, we use cut-outs from greeting cards on the nut cups. Once we used them for a jig-saw puzzle, thus tying an old game in with the Christmas season. At still another time, my daughter took jar lids and pasted cut-out scenes from cards on them, then placed them back into the rims which she painted different colors. These went to the children of the neighborhood who used them for pictures to hang on the walls.

Oh, there are many possibilities for using greeting cards, old and new. They can be given to children in hospitals. Even small children in your own neighborhood might enjoy them during the long cold days of winter. The point is, do not throw them away. The good will in which they were sent deserves to be passed along.

A pile of Christmas cards, paste, scissors, tape, and a stapler, puts you well on the way to becoming original in the art of decorating. No matter who you are or where you live, you can make the season truly one of good will toward friends, if you remember to ring in those Christmas cards this year.

## *Old Year*

Grace Sayre

The last day of the year has found the clock,  
The last faint ember on the hearth burns low,  
December, pausing, opens up the door;  
He dreads to go.

But as he turns, a jubilant peal of bells  
Rings gaily out, beginning the New Year.  
But old December, weary, goes his way,  
He doesn't even hear!

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

## *Communications*

Clarence Edwin Flynn

A tear speaks every language,  
However strange the land,  
The customs, or the people,  
So does a kindly hand.

A frown speaks any language,  
By any name or style,  
Without interpretation;  
So also does a smile.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

## *What Is Tomorrow?*

Maude O. Cook

It is a bud unblown,  
A song unsung, a road  
No feet have trod, that winds  
Toward a vast unknown.

It is all yesterdays,  
And all todays in one,  
The balance sheet of time  
That brooks no more delays.

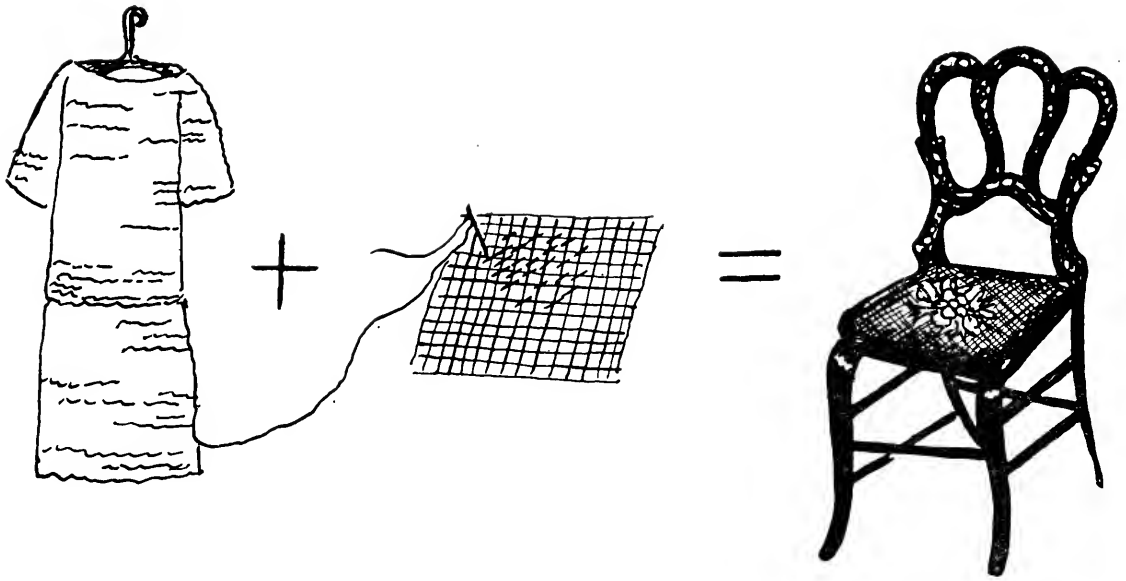
It is a dream fulfilled,  
The essence of a life,  
The fragrance that remains  
When roses are distilled.



MARY ANN BRINGHURST  
of Tyhee, Idaho, and One of  
Her Star Quilts

## QUILTING IS HER HOBBY

At the age of eighty-four, Mary Ann Bringhurst is still making quilts. Last year she purchased an electric sewing machine in order to do her work more quickly and with less effort. A former resident of Toquerville, Utah, Mrs. Bringhurst is the mother of six sons and six daughters. She has fifty-five grandchildren. It is her desire to make enough star quilts for all her children, grandchildren, and also for many of her friends. She has already completed more than one hundred star quilts and countless "nine-patch" quilts.



## Used Yarn for Needlepoint Gifts

Rachel K. Laugaard

Illustration by Elizabeth Williamson

**T**HERE is more yarn than you think in those old sweaters and knit suits. And, if you are a needlepoint addict, you will make good use of it!

Unravel the garment, and wind the yarn into loose hanks. Rinse these hanks in cool water to smooth out the kinks, and hang them over a towel rack to dry.

If the yarn is finer than ordinary tapestry wool, use two or more strands in your needle. Stitching diagonally across the canvas, dovetailing each row with the next, will make a firm, evenly padded back of basket weaving, increasing the wearing qualities of the piece and making it easier to block.

One two-piece, plum-colored knit suit yielded enough yarn for six fifteen-inch square dining-room chairs—and it was necessary to use three strands in the needle!

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### *Old Age*

Abbie R. Madsen

Yes, life and I have traveled far  
 Very congenially;  
 I told her I would not grow old,  
 Told her quite definitely.

Just when it was age took my hand,  
 I never could decide;  
 Yet for some very pleasant years  
 We've walked on side by side.

### *Poetry*

Evelyn Wooster Viner

It is the time for me to bake,  
 And I must bring to spice my cake  
 A little rhythm—beat—beat—beat,  
 To rhyme it with the oven's heat.

Sweet odors rise—my poetry—  
 That wafts me out on a spicy sea—  
 So while such homely tasks are done  
 The metrical thread is lightly spun.



## *Theology*—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

### Lesson 30—"Ministry of the Resurrected Christ on the Western Hemisphere"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, by Elder James E. Talmage, chapter 39.)

For Tuesday, March 6, 1951

Objective: To convince the careful student that the Lord blesses people wherever they serve him. The Church, with all its blessings, was organized among the people of the Western Continent.

**F**OR this lesson we go with the Lord to the American continent where he visited his "other sheep," as he said he would. (Read John 10:16.) Latter-day Saints who have read the Book of Mormon know the history of the ancient inhabitants of America. It should be briefly reviewed in class. The descendants of Lehi had grown to be a mighty people. Though greatly divided and many of them sinful, faith in a Redeemer continued among part of the people. Mighty prophets had foretold of his birth and works in the land of Jerusalem.

#### *The Lord's Death Signalized by Great Calamities on the American Continent*

Samuel, a Lamanite prophet of great faith and ability, prophesied of the signs that would mark the birth of Christ. A new star would appear and there would be two days and a night devoid of darkness. All of these signs were given at the time of the birth of Jesus. Samuel told also of the destruction and

great changes which would occur at the time Jesus would be crucified. (Read Helaman 14:14-27.) During the thirty-three years of the Savior's life on earth, many among the Nephites:

... began to forget those signs and wonders which they had heard, and began to be less and less astonished at a sign or a wonder from heaven, inasmuch that they began to be hard in their hearts, and blind in their minds, and began to disbelieve all which they had heard and seen (3 Nephi 2:1).

During the first week in April, according to our calendar, of the thirty-fourth year after the signs of the birth of Jesus had been given, there arose a great storm on this continent. The face of the land was completely changed by the elevations and depressions of the earth's surface. Cities were destroyed by earthquakes, fires, and floods. The holocaust lasted for three hours; thick darkness enveloped the whole land for a period of almost three days. The time corresponded closely to the time the

body of Jesus lay in the tomb. In their agony, the people who survived the holocaust cried out: "O that we had repented before this great and terrible day." (Read 3 Nephi 8:5-25.)

The destruction had come because of the wickedness of the people. In the thick, impenetrable darkness a voice was heard: "Wo, wo, wo unto this people." The voice continued:

Behold, I am Jesus Christ the Son of God. I created the heavens and the earth, and all things that in them are. I was with the Father from the beginning. I am in the Father, and the Father in me; and in me hath the Father glorified his name (3 Nephi 9:15.)

The wailing ceased; the peace of the Lord was upon the people. The Redeemer then explained to them that the law of Moses had been fulfilled in him and that sacrifices of burnt flesh would no longer be required. These words must have reached the very souls of the repentant:

Behold, for such I have laid down my life, and have taken it up again; therefore repent, and come unto me ye ends of the earth, and be saved (3 Nephi 9:22).

Then for a period of time lamentations were hushed and the people were in "hopeful anticipation of the salvation which had been offered." Amid all their sorrow and losses, hope came back. The darkness lifted.

Jesus had been resurrected. Also many of the righteous dead who had lived upon the Western Continent rose from their graves and appeared as resurrected beings.

### *First Visitation of Jesus Christ to the Nephites*

While his voice had been heard, there was no personal appearance to the Nephites for about six weeks after the events just recorded. At that time, the people were gathered in the land called Bountiful. Naturally, they were humble and anxious for further word from the Messiah. While thus congregated they heard a sound as of a voice from above; but they did not understand until a third time the voice was heard. This time the voice said: "Behold my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, in whom I have glorified my name—hear ye him" (3 Nephi 11:7). Then the people saw a man, dressed in a white robe, descend and stand among them. Said he:

Behold, I am Jesus Christ, whom the prophets testified shall come into the world; And behold, I am the light and the life of the world; and I have drunk out of that bitter cup which the Father hath given me, and have glorified the Father in taking upon me the sins of the world, in the which I have suffered the will of the Father in all things from the beginning.

The people fell on their faces, but the Lord directed them to arise and come forth. He had them feel the prints of the nails in his hands and feet and thrust their hands into his side which had been pierced with the spear. This was no apparition, but the actual corporeal Christ. No wonder they cried out: "Hosanna! Blessed be the name of the Most High God!" And they fell down and worshiped him.



The Lord gave Nephi and eleven others authority to baptize the people after his departure. The class members should read 3 Nephi 11:23-28. It is earnestly recommended that during the course the entire book of 3 Nephi be read and studied. Twelve disciples were chosen to lead the Church. They were warned particularly against contention. Jesus then made a wonderful summary of the doctrine of the gospel:

Behold, verily, verily, I say unto you, I will declare unto you my doctrine. And this is my doctrine, and it is the doctrine which the Father hath given unto me; and I bear record of the Father, and the Father beareth record of me, and the Holy Ghost beareth record, of the Father and me, and I bear record that the Father commandeth all men, everywhere, to repent and believe in me. And whoso believeth in me, and is baptized, the same shall be saved; and they are they who shall inherit the kingdom of God. And whoso believeth not in me, and is not baptized, shall be damned (3 Nephi 11:31-34).

The Lord then gave to the multitude a discourse almost the same as the Sermon on the Mount which he had given to the Jews. The most significant changes are due to the events which had intervened between the two discourses. Other changes may be attributed to unauthorized deletions by men. (See 1 Nephi 13:26.) On the mount he referred to the approaching fulfillment of the Mosaic law; in the land Bountiful the fulfillment was complete. The Beatitudes are even more beautiful. The Lord's prayer and all of the other sublime truths of that greatest of all sermons were recorded by Nephi and preserved for the blessing of this generation.

During this visit, Jesus explained that he had not told the Jews of the existence of the Nephites. He had referred to them only as the "other sheep." His Father had not at any time commanded him that he should further refer to them nor ". . . to the other tribes of the house of Israel, whom the Father hath led away out of the land" (3 Nephi 15:15). He was to give all the people of the world a chance and the Holy Ghost would direct his authorized servants to go to the gentiles, so that all who would hear and obey his word would be numbered in the house of Israel. He further stated that he would show himself "unto the lost tribes of Israel, for they are not lost unto the Father, for he knoweth whither he hath taken them" (3 Nephi 17:4).

He assured them during that first day that he would come again on the morrow, and they were to go into their homes and ponder upon the things which he had said and prepare their minds for the morrow. Then he directed them to bring all of their sick, lame, blind, and deaf and those who were crippled; when this was done he healed every one of them. Nephi says:

No tongue can speak, neither can there be written by any man, neither can the hearts of men conceive so great and marvelous things as we both saw and heard Jesus speak; and no one can conceive of the joy which filled our souls at the time we heard him pray for us unto the Father (3 Nephi 17:17).

The joy of the Savior was so full that he wept. His solicitude for little children is stated in 3 Nephi 17:22-24.

Jesus had the people sit down. He sent for bread and wine and blessed first the bread. He gave it unto the disciples and then had them pass it to the multitude. There were about twenty-five hundred present, consisting of men, women, and children. The same procedure was followed in administering the wine. The bread was given as a sacred emblem of his body and the wine in token of his blood that had been shed for mankind. His instructions to them concerning the sacrament have been practically repeated to us in this day. While it was to be given only to those who were worthy, those who were unworthy were not to be cast out if they would repent and be baptized. His instructions concerning prayer should be read (3 Nephi 18:19-23). The Lord then conferred special authority on the twelve disciples with power to confer the Holy Ghost on all repentant believers who were baptized. When he had finished the day's work, he ascended into heaven.

#### *Christ's Second Visitation to the Nephites*

Working through the night, messengers had notified great multitudes that Jesus would come on the morrow. So great was the number of people that assembled that the disciples divided them into twelve separate groups. They went down to the water's edge and Nephi first was baptized; then he baptized the eleven other disciples. When they came out of the water "they were filled with the Holy Ghost, and with fire." (Read 3 Nephi 19:10-13 and also note 3 on page 744 of text.)

As noted above, when Jesus appeared the second time, ministering angels came with him. He instructed his chosen disciples and the multitude to kneel in prayer "and they prayed unto Jesus, calling him their Lord and their God." Jesus separated himself by a little space and in humble attitude prayed to his Father. When he returned to them his disciples were still fervently praying. A second and third time Jesus retired and prayed unto the Father.

While the multitude understood the meaning of his prayer the scriptures state that "tongue cannot speak the words which he prayed, neither can be written by man the words which he prayed." (Read 3 Nephi 19:16-34.) The Lord rejoiced exceedingly because of the faith of the people. He administered the sacrament again, although the people had not provided bread or wine. He spoke to the people at length about Israel of whom they were a part. He told them that their descendants would dwindle in unbelief. However, he held out the promise that Israel would be gathered and finally come back to the true God. The gentiles would first become a great nation on the Western Continent.

#### *Christ's Visitation to His Chosen Twelve Among the Nephites*

The twelve disciples were faithful in their ministry after the Lord departed and the Church prospered in the land. There was some contention as to the name of the Church and Jesus appeared unto the disciples after they had prayed and fasted. He asked of them:

“What will ye that I shall give unto you?” They answered:

Lord, we will that thou wouldst tell us the name whereby we shall call this church; for there are disputations among the people concerning this matter.

The class members should read the Lord's reply. (Read 3 Nephi 27:4-12.) It should be a great satisfaction to members of the Church that it bears the name of its head—Jesus Christ.

During his visit to the twelve disciples, the Savior took occasion to repeat many of the things he had expounded before the multitude. He told them to keep a record of his teachings, and explained that records are kept in heaven. How much we owe to those who made a record of his divine directions!

### *The Three Nephites*

In appreciation of the faith and devotion of those twelve good men, the Lord spoke unto each one of them, asking: “What is it that ye desire of me, after that I am gone to the Father?” (See 3 Nephi 28:1-12.) Nine of them requested that they might continue in their ministry until they had reached a goodly age and then go to the Lord in his kingdom. He promised them that after they were seventy and two years old that they would come and find rest in the Lord's kingdom. He then turned to the other three:

And he said unto them:

Behold, I know your thoughts, and ye have desired the thing which John, my beloved, who was with me in my minis-

try, before that I was lifted up by the Jews, desired of me. Therefore, more blessed are ye, for ye shall never taste of death; but ye shall live to behold all things of the Father unto the children of men, even until all things shall be fulfilled according to the will of the Father, when I shall come in my glory with the powers of heaven. And ye shall never endure the pains of death; but when I shall come in my glory ye shall be changed in the twinkling of an eye from mortality to immortality; and then shall ye be blessed in the kingdom of my Father (3 Nephi 28:6-8).

A change was wrought in the bodies of these three and they are in the flesh now, working somewhere in the cause of their Master. They ministered among the people for three hundred years and possibly longer and then, because of persecution and the wickedness of the people, they were withdrawn and thereafter manifested themselves only to a righteous few. Mormon and Moroni both were ministered to by them.

### *Growth of the Church Followed by the Apostasy of the Nephite Nation*

The history of the people in the land of Nephi for about one hundred seventy years is extremely interesting. The Church of Jesus Christ has within it the inherent power to make its members completely happy. Speaking to the people in the land of Nephi, the prophet Nephi said:

And surely there could not be a happier people among all the people who had been created by the hand of God. (Read 4 Nephi 1:15-16.)

The gospel works if we will let it work.

### Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. What remarkable prophecies were made by Samuel, the Lamanite prophet? Tell of their fulfillment.
2. Describe the events which occurred on the Western Continent at the time of the crucifixion of the Savior.
3. What ordinance of the gospel was introduced by Jesus when he visited the

Nephites? Tell how it was done.

4. How many visits were made by the Savior to the Nephites? Tell what instructions were given during each visit.

### References in the Gospels

Matt. 3:17; 5; 6; 7; 19:28; 27:52, 53.  
 Mark 1:11; 16:15, 16.  
 Luke 9:35; 22:30.  
 John 10:16; 12:48.

## Visiting Teacher Messages—Our Savior Speaks

Lesson 14—"A New Commandment I Give Unto You, That Ye Love One Another; As I Have Loved You, That Ye Also Love One Another"  
 (John 13:34).

Mary Grant Judd

For Tuesday, March 6, 1951

Objective: To show the all-inclusiveness of the pattern of love which Christ gives us to follow.

**I**N what sense, we might enquire, was the injunction of Christ to his disciples to love one another a new commandment? Certainly the world had known love before. The love of parent for child, the love of friend for friend, are as old as mankind. As early as the time of the children of Israel, the Lord, speaking through their leader Moses, had admonished them, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" (Lev. 19:18), and again, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might" (Deut. 6:5).

It was in his concept of love and its all-inclusiveness that the Christ went far beyond anything that had been previously taught. Where earlier teachers had sought to regulate the lives of their followers with innumerable rules and exactions,

the Divine Master seemed to say: I will show you a more simple way. If you but love, you will unconsciously fulfill the whole law. His plan was to purify our hearts and then to leave love to direct our footsteps. He gave us the rule of the second mile. "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain" (Matt. 5:41). "And him that taketh away thy cloke forbid not to take thy coat also" (Luke 6:29).

The apostle Paul, an ardent advocate of the Savior's teachings, in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians has given us an inspired definition of what constitutes real love. What a set-back to egotism, pride, and self-righteousness his words convey. Are you an eloquent speaker with knowledge of worldly things? he asks. Do you have faith

to perform miracles? Are you a philanthropist? Would you give your life for your religious convictions? Love (the pure love of Christ) so Paul declares, is greater than any of these. Love is patient, kind, and humble. Love is generous, courteous, and happy in the success of others.

In this world of change, and sometimes of disillusionment, one verity remains, for "love never faileth."

Let us carefully consider this divine attribute of the Savior and his admonition, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

## *Work Meeting*—The Art of Homemaking

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

### Lesson 6—Choosing and Arranging Furniture

*Christine H. Robinson*

For Tuesday, March 13, 1951

COMFORT, livability, and a feeling of hospitality in a home, to a large measure, depend upon the choice and arrangement of furniture. In choosing furniture, family needs, individuality, good taste, and the architectural characteristics of the room should be given careful consideration. These guides, if faithfully followed, will lead the homemaker to select individual pieces which harmonize with one another, fit properly into the room's decorative scheme, and give the home an individuality and character of its own.

The furnishing of a livable home does not necessarily require the expenditure of large sums of money. Thoughtful planning and ingenuity in the use and alteration, if necessary, of those items of furniture already in the home, together with the addition of perhaps a few carefully selected new pieces, is often all that is required to give a home a "new furnished look." Far

too frequently purchases of furniture are made because of a salesman's pressure or because the argument is given that it is in high style, or is being bought by Mrs. So and So. This is of course a serious mistake in buying. Before any purchase is made, the home and the family's specific needs should be studied carefully. Only furniture which fills the needs of the family and fits the decorative scheme of the home should be purchased. Often it will be found that an old chest or table which is already in the home can be sanded down, the ornamentation removed, and painted or lacquered to add a new note of color and interest.

If new pieces of furniture are needed, they should be bought preferably one at a time. The policy of buying less than is needed, rather than over-buying is not only safer and more economical, but will be more fun and will extend the re-

juvenation of the home over a longer period of time.

In the purchase of new furniture it is well to keep the following guides in mind:

*First*, if a home is to be well-decorated, the scale or size of the furniture is important. Large, oversized furniture is not appropriate in a small room. It will give the room a small cramped feeling. On the other hand, small, spindly pieces look out of place in a large room. In selecting furniture, remember that most pieces look smaller in the store than they will look in a home.

*Second*, in the selection of new furniture, it is generally wise to choose individual pieces rather than suites. This applies particularly to the purchase of sofas and chairs. A living room will have more character and perform its function better if the sofa and chairs are chosen individually in the style and size which fit best the particular decorating scheme. This does not mean that twin sets of tables, chairs, and lamps should not be used. These identical pieces can be used effectively in decorating. If twin furniture items are used in the home, they should be used as twins, emphasizing their sameness. Twin chairs should have the same upholstery and should be used in the same furniture grouping. Twin lamps should be placed on identical tables.

*Third*, mix furniture woods and styles wisely. Different colored woods and various periods and styles of furniture can be used in the same room. In fact, the well-decorated contemporary home often

combines various periods of furniture as long as harmony, scale, and the family's individual needs and preferences are used as guides. This modern freedom from period authenticity enables the homemaker, as never before, to express her individuality and good taste. However, in mixing woods and styles of furniture, the elements of formality or informality should be constantly kept in mind. For example, formal type French furniture would not fit in with informal Early American styles. On the other hand, country style French Provincial, Early American, and simple Modern can be effectively combined to create a friendly hospitable room.

Furniture can be arranged for comfortable living and for sociable hospitality if four simple guides are followed.

*First*, arrange furniture for the family's maximum comfort and convenience. Modern decoration stresses placing furniture so as to utilize to best advantage all room space, corners, windows, and other areas for convenient living. No longer is furniture lined up against the walls in soldier-like fashion, but is arranged in groupings throughout the room to give proper consideration to the family's needs for conversation, relaxation, reading, enjoyment of music, radio, and television. A room will be neither attractive nor inviting to social conversation if seating facilities are scattered around it with no evidence of planned grouping. To invite pleasant sociability, make sure to have at least one furniture group where four or more people can engage in easy conversation without moving heavy chairs.

Second, every well-decorated room must have a focal point or center of interest. Otherwise, the room is confusing and unimpressive. Good room decoration begins at a focal point which is sufficiently dramatic to attract attention. A small room will have only one important furniture grouping which will of itself be the center point of interest. A larger room may have two or more groupings, but one should always dominate in color, line, and design. A room's strongest color accent should be concentrated at this point of interest.

Possible centers of interest in a room, around which can be built a furniture grouping are a fireplace, a bay or picture window, or even a substantial wall area. A wall area may be made a center of interest through a sofa and chair grouping, together with an appropriate mirror or a well-chosen picture or pictures.

Third, balance, formal or informal, is one of the most important elements in furniture arrangement. To be properly balanced, a room, when viewed from any angle, must give a feeling of stability and unity.

Formal, or even balance, is defined as "equal shapes equally distant from a center." This can be created in a furniture grouping by using identical chairs, tables, lamps, and the like. Formal balance gives a room a dignified, quiet, steady feeling. Most rooms look best if at least two walls have this type of treatment.

Informal, or uneven balance, is the arrangement of unequal shapes at varied distances from a center.

This can be achieved by placing two chairs, a table and a lamp opposite a sofa. Informal balance is more lively and, when done well, has more interest.

To make a room interesting and attractive, a combination of both types of balance should be used. Too much even balance produces a feeling of monotony. Too much uneven balance may create a feeling of restlessness and confusion.

In arranging furniture for proper balance, be sure important pieces such as sofas, desks, radios, beds, pianos, and chests are placed parallel to the wall and not cater-cornered. Large furniture pieces placed at diagonal angles tend to make a circle out of a room. Such an arrangement is confusing and makes a room look smaller.

Fourth, in arranging furniture, natural traffic lanes should be provided for. Ample space should be allowed for doors to open and for people to get from one place to another in the room. Sufficient space should be left around each grouping to give a feeling of roominess. Furthermore, every space in the room does not have to be filled. Modern decorating stresses spaciousness and suggests that a room have a little less furniture than it needs rather than too much.

To repeat, the selection and arrangement of furniture is of paramount importance in attractive and comfortable home decorating. The homemaker who follows a plan based upon the fundamentals described in this lesson can do much to make sure that her home is furnished with the maximum good taste and economy.

### Discussion Points

1. Discuss the advantages of buying individual pieces rather than suites of furniture.
2. Have members of the class present examples of old furniture pieces which have been made over and rejuvenated.

3. Illustrate with magazine picture cutouts each of the three basic guides of furniture selection.
4. Illustrate in the same way three basic guides of furniture arrangement.
5. Illustrate how the scale drawing of a room can be used to help in furniture arrangement.

## Literature—The Literature of England

### Lesson 14—Alexander Pope

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

For Tuesday, March 20, 1951



A Perry Picture

#### ALEXANDER POPE

**I**N the history of English literature few reputations have fluctuated more widely than Alexander Pope's. From the age of twenty-five he was regarded by his own age as the Prince of English Poets, yet before

his death in 1744 he engaged, and was engaged in more literary and personal controversy than any other English writer. During most of the two hundred years since his death his personal weaknesses have been blown so large as to obscure the considerable merits of both the man and his writings, yet next to Shakespeare he is probably quoted more than any other Englishman. Too often his stunted, misshapen body has had pictured as its counterpart a misshapen mind, aptly summarized by his enemies in the phrase, "the wicked wasp of Twickenham" (Twickenham, his estate on the Thames).

Far too many critics and guardians of our literary heritage have yielded to the temptation to perpetuate this nineteenth-century emphasis on Pope, without themselves going to his works and evaluating them on their merits. Granting that in his later satires Pope was personally spiteful, he was many other things as well. Here as always, two wrongs do not make a right, and to deny his achievements by overemphasizing his shortcomings is to deny one



of his most famous lines, which admittedly Pope did not practice,

To err is human, to forgive, divine.

In poetry, as in life, we find that which we seek. Admitting his weaknesses, let us then search for compensating virtues which, in his own specialized area of literature, have never been rivalled, and which justify our mature attention.

It is ironical, and not a little grim, that in 1688, the year of Pope's birth, the pro-Catholic King Charles II was forced from the throne by a bloodless revolution and replaced by William and Mary, whose eminent recommendation was their Protestant religious beliefs. Because Pope's father was a Catholic, he was taxed twice as much in his wholesale drapery business as were other Englishmen, while young Alexander, along with all other Catholic youths, was barred from the universities as well as from all participation in politics. While in maturity Pope was never a devout Catholic, his devotion to his staunch Catholic mother was one of the driving forces of his life. Never did his family religion add to his popularity.

When Pope was born, both his parents were past forty-five years of age. From birth he had been small, sickly, and sensitive. A severe illness in his twelfth year so impaired his health that he was rarely free from physical pain during his life. Scarcely more than four feet high, stooped, twisted with pain, Pope did not particularly appeal to the eye; instead, it was his luminous eyes that appealed, and his beautiful voice and sparkling wit. Physically

handicapped as he was, he relied on his skillful conversation and his considerable social graces to draw hosts of friends to him.

When he wrote, "Envy must own, I live among the great," he referred not only to the most famous artists, writers, and musicians, but to dukes, duchesses, counts, and ministers who felt honored to be asked to Twickenham, a gathering place for the great which was immortalized by those who enjoyed themselves there. Thus is dispelled the myth that a satirist must first of all be bitter and mean in his personal life. Friends can never be bought, and, with the exception of Addison, if Pope's enemies had even begun to approach the prominence and permanent achievement attained by his friends, we might then be more willing to blame than to praise.

Outwardly little happened in Pope's life. Born in London, he was tutored, but largely self-educated, at home. At the retirement of his father the family moved to nearby Cheswick. Not long after his father's death he and his mother established themselves at Twickenham, which he made famous not only for its hospitality but also for its beautiful formal gardens. Pope spent extended visits with his distinguished friends, even as he entertained them in turn. While he enjoyed a life-long friendship with a neighbor, Miss Martha Blount, he never married.

In the realms of the mind, however, it was different. Soon after recovering from his great illness at age twelve, Pope dedicated his life to achieving fame and fortune

through poetry. He was industrious in his self-training, and by the time he was seventeen he was accepted as a prodigy among the most brilliant of the coffee-house wits. At twenty-three he published "Essay on Criticism" (text, page 975), the first of three poems which established his literary reputation. In 1712, the following year, he wrote "The Rape of the Lock" (text, page 983), his most whimsically delightful work. This was soon followed by "Windsor Forest," which, like his earlier works, was favorably received.

Soon he announced his plan to translate Homer's *Iliad* into heroic couplets and sell copies by subscription to wealthy patrons of culture. During the next nine years he worked on translations of Homer. So closely had he fulfilled the desires of his contemporaries that from these translations he became independently wealthy, the first English poet to become self-sustaining; of this fact Pope was always most proud. In 1728 appeared his "Dunciad," a brilliant satire on dullness in letters and scholarship, in which he attacks fellow-writers for their emptiness and pride.

Then followed several satires, including the autobiographical "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot" (text, page 1004), in which he justifies his use of satire. "Essay on Man" (text, page 995), his most profound, and one of his most-quoted works, appeared in 1733-4.

The Neo-Classical Age was at its height during the productive years of Pope. Reason, nature, classicism, and correctness were the

guiding principles of the cultivated classes; we find them all throughout Pope's work, but particularly emphasized in his "Essay on Criticism" (text, page 975), written at the beginning of his career to state the literary techniques and goals which he believed should be emulated.

While the ideas herein are not original, Pope has combined them into a fresh pattern and into finished, pointed heroic couplets which first brought him fame as a great technician in English poetry. In these qualities he has never been exceeded. Always Pope was searching for precisely the proper word to express the exact shade of meaning he wished to convey; that he was eminently successful is to be seen in such well-known lines as the following, which have the direct penetration, the sharp brilliance which is Pope's trade mark:

A little learning is a dangerous thing;  
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:  
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the  
 brain,  
 And drinking largely sobers us again.  
 (II:215-218, text, page 978)

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,  
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well  
 expressed.  
 (II:297-298, text, page 979)

Words are like leaves; and where they  
 most abound,  
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely  
 found.  
 (II:309-311, text, page 979)

But true expression, like the unchanging  
 sun,  
 Clears and improves whate'er it shines  
 upon,  
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.  
 (II:315-317, text, page 979)

Regard not then if wit be old or new,  
But blame the false, and value still the  
true.

(II:406-407, text, page 981)

We think our fathers fools, so wise we  
grow;  
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.

(II:438-439, text, page 981)

Be thou the first true merit to defend,  
His praise is lost, who stays till all com-  
mend.

(II:474-475, text, page 982)

Good-nature and good-sense must ever  
join;  
To err is human, to forgive, divine.

(II:524-525, text, page 982)

All seems infected that the infected spy,  
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.

(II:558-559, text, page 983)

The couplets quoted below might well have been written for those who find the couplet dull. How skillfully he has done what he suggests: Let the sound of the words echo the sense. Here again we must remember that the couplets should not be read by a metronome nor in a sing-song manner. Instead, the speed, the volume, the timbre of voice should be varied as the sense demands. What could be more langorous than the second line of this couplet? It demands a slow, emphasized reading:

A needless Alexandrine ends the song.  
That, like a wounded snake, drags its  
slow length along.

(II:356-357, text, page 980)

Note how exactly "sound echoes sense" in the following:

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently  
blows,  
And the smooth stream in smoother num-  
bers flows;

But when loud surges lash the sounding  
shore,

The hoarse, rough verse should like the  
torrent roar:

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight  
to throw,

The line too labors, and the words move  
slow;

(II:366-371, text, page 980)

In lines 189-200, amid Pope's usual condensed brilliance, we find a cleanness and an elevated tone which presents Pope at his best. According to Samuel Johnson, whose critical insight is often to be trusted, lines 225-232 comprise one of the best similes in the language.

The theme of this poem is to achieve correctness by following nature, or the ancient writers, since "Nature and Homer [are] the same." Thus he states his own critical standards, which he followed so successfully as to please a most critical, classical-loving England.

Of basic importance to students of the eighteenth century is "The Essay on Man" (text, page 995), a patchwork of philosophic doctrines characteristic of his age. Of the many brilliant statements of the beliefs of his day the following are examples:

All are but parts of one stupendous whole  
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

(I:267-268, text, page 999)

One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

(I:294, text, page 999)

Know then thyself, presume not God to  
scan,

The proper study of mankind is man.

(II:1-2, text, page 999)

[Man] . . . the Glory, jest, and riddle of  
the world!

(II:18, text, page 999)

Yet it also contains the familiar

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:  
Man never is, but always to be blest. . .  
(I:95-96, text, page 996)

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As to be hated needs but to be seen;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then, pity, then embrace.  
(V:217-220, text, page 1002)

The progressive pattern of the poem's reasoning is difficult if not impossible to follow, but many of the passages are brilliantly stated, nonetheless.

The "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," from Pope's first statement to his servant

Shut, shut the door, good John! (fatigued,  
I said),  
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm  
dead . . .  
(text, page 1005)

to the end, is intensely autobiographical. Plagued by would-be writers, he is

Seized and tied down to judge, how  
wretched I!  
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.  
(33-34, text, page 1005)

Resentful that he is bothered by fools and dunces who must be told that they have no talent, he reassures the good writer, since

A lash like mine no honest man shall  
dread.  
(303, text, page 1010)

While herein he names names, and hurls insults, and is superior, we can also see his satirical brilliance, his courage, his wit, and above all his conviction that the

high standards of the literary craft must be upheld and never allowed to be trampled underfoot by those who cannot see what they do.

Most enjoyable of all Pope's poems, and the highest triumph of his imagination, is "The Rape of the Lock" (text, page 983). Its form has been labeled "mock-epic," yet rather than mock the great epical style which Pope coveted, and realized that he did not possess, this poem might well be an affectionate tribute to the method of Homer and Virgil. It does, however, mock the light frivolities of "high society" in pictures and words that yield a pure, untrammelled delight. The poem is based on an actual happening, in which Lord Petre, without her permission, cut off a lock of Miss Arabella Fermor's hair. The two families quarreled over the incident, and Pope wrote the poem to humor them into a reconciliation. The sylphs are nothing less than charming in their playful seriousness, while Pope's skill at making Belinda's dressing table into an altar, the mock seriousness of the game of cards, the final triumphant stealing of the lock, and his final reconciliation of Belinda by pointing out that her lock is gone, yes, but only to have become immortal—all show ability with words and with organization of the whole. Reading aloud select portions of this work should prove to be a pleasant experience for everyone concerned.

In his weakness, as in his strength, Pope is the accurate, sensitive representative of the age in which he lived. In a day when society was proud. Pope was exceedingly so.

Just as the heart of Neo-Classicism was to be found in reason, nature, and correctness, so these qualities dominated Pope's writing. To a public which distrusted sentiment and enthusiasm, Pope preached in his intellectualized poetry, and satirized the pettiness of his society. He attacked viciously and personally his literary and political enemies, sometimes almost entirely unprovoked, but more often only after a period of years, during which as many as fifty blasts were leveled against him and his religion, his personal deformity, his lack of scholastic background, his love of fame, and his touchiness. Pope defended himself magnificently, the brilliance of his replies vanquishing and transcending all personal opposition, and finally attaining the higher level

of defending literary excellence against cheapness and dullness. Pope was not a great man in his personal life. But, as a craftsman in English poetry, he remains the consummate artist. For power over language, for skill in manipulating the metrical line to fit his needs, for music and wit and brilliance and finish, Pope remains supreme.

### Questions for Discussion

1. Why did Pope's religion make his life more difficult?
2. Why is it important that we know of Pope's many illustrious and sincere friends?
3. Can we see any justifications in Pope's satires?
4. What is the great source of enjoyment in "The Rape of the Lock"?
5. Discuss principles of Neo-Classicism in Pope's writings (See text, page 741).

## *Social Science*—The Progress of Man

### Part I—The Lesson of History

#### Lesson 5—Nations Which Rose and Fell

*Elder Archibald F. Bennett*

Text, *The Progress of Man*, by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, chapters 3; 9; 11: pp. 144-147).

For Tuesday, March 27, 1951

Objective: To demonstrate that every nation of the past which forsook God and his righteous principles brought war and bloodshed and misery, degradation and death upon its people, and went down in failure or to utter destruction.

#### *Mental Degeneracy and Savagery Through Wickedness*

**I**T was not until man rebelled and rejected the word of God that he fell into mental degeneracy, and lost the power to converse in written language. Man was intelligent in the beginning, and understood many

fundamental truths, but when he refused to receive divine guidance, the Spirit of the Lord withdrew, and then he was left alone and became a savage, for the light in him was turned to darkness. Tubal-cain was an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron long before the flood.

Yet, as late as the middle of the nineteenth century, when Speke, Grant, Livingstone, and others explored the wilds of Africa, they found the descendants of Cain living in savagery in the depths of the stone age. Columbus, in 1492, found the stone age flourishing in all its glory here in America. Likewise, our Utah pioneers, in 1847, discovered similar conditions among the natives in the valleys of these mountains.

Shall we argue from this that the poor, benighted savage of Africa, and the equally uncultured Indian of America, were slower in their development than the people in Europe and Asia? If we do, our conclusion will be hastily and unwisely reached, without an investigation of all the facts to be considered. The stone age, the copper age, the age of iron, and the age of culture and refinement run in parallel directions at one and the same time, but the age of knowledge and inspiration preceded all.

### *The Rise and Fall of Nations*

Nations have risen to great power and dominion, only to fall into decay and be superseded by other nations. So it has been from the beginning. Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, Greece, and Rome each had its day of greatness, culture, and might, but their glory has departed forever. In some respects, also, much of the culture and knowledge of the arts and sciences perished with them, and cannot be duplicated in this great age of wonderful advancement.

The oldest civilizations, according to our historians, were founded in

Egypt and Mesopotamia. The credit given by many historians to the great antiquity of these civilizations cannot be maintained. It was about 2100 B.C. that the Lord called Abraham out of Chaldea. His descendants, after their emancipation and their settlement in Canaan, dwelt in that land with varying conditions of national success and failure, freedom and bondage, until the year 70 A.D., when Jerusalem was destroyed by the Romans and the remaining Jews were scattered over the whole earth.

It was not long after the dispersion of the Jews that Rome, the last of the great nations of old, also fell into decay. Rome, in the days of our Lord, ruled the greater part of the known world. It was a pagan empire maintaining the worship of many gods. It was the nation "from afar" and of "fierce countenance" spoken of by Moses, which was to bring final punishment upon the Jews before their national existence should come to an end. Rome, like the nations which went before, sank into the depths of sin and depraved wickedness which brought about her political end.

All this reminds us of the words of Byron, so aptly expressed:

There is the Moral of all human tales;  
 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past.  
 First Freedom, and then Glory—when  
     that fails,  
 Wealth, vice, corruption—barbarism at  
     last.  
 And History, with all her volumes vast,  
 Hath but one page.  
*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV*

### *The Favored People of Jared*

Here in America, thousands of years ago, there flourished a civiliza-

tion equal, if not superior, to that which could be found in Egypt or Asia at that time. This ancient people developed the arts and was especially skilled in agriculture to a marked degree. (See Book of Mormon, Ether 10:22-28.)

Nevertheless this people forsook the Lord. They turned from the covenants they had made with him. Contentions arose, bloody conflicts followed, until they were entirely destroyed. There are in parts of the United States and in other places on this continent some mute evidences of their former glory.

Shortly after the flood the Lord called a small colony of people and commanded them to take their journey into the wilderness away from all other people. This occurred at the time of the confounding of languages and the building of the Tower of Babel. The Lord directed them in their journeyings, declaring that he would lead them to a land choice above all other lands. These people later became known as the people of Jared. The prophet-leader of this people is unnamed in the record, but is spoken of as "the brother of Jared." We have been informed that the Prophet Joseph Smith on one occasion said his name was Mahonri Moriancumer, but in the Book of Mormon he is known as the brother of Jared. This prophet cried unto the Lord in mighty prayer and was answered.

The Lord gave this group special commandments to serve him. They had the plan of salvation and were made acquainted with the history of mankind from the beginning. They were promised that through their willingness to obey the Lord they should become as great as any

other people on the earth. The land assigned to them as an inheritance was choice above all other lands, but the God of that land, who is Jesus Christ, required that the inhabitants, during all time, should serve him. If they would deny him and his power, and turn to evil, when the cup of their iniquity would be full they would be destroyed.

The Lord made himself known by personal visitation to their first prophet who was authorized to write a great and most wonderful revelation—the history of man and his destiny from the beginning to the end of time.

The people of Jared were made acquainted with the power of the Lord and the way of salvation. They arrived in the promised land in humility. When they arrived the question of government came up before them in the natural course of events. They had been taught in the traditions and customs of the people in the land from whence they came. It was natural, therefore, that they desired to perpetuate the form of government which they had understood before their great journey was undertaken. The story of the beginning of their government is given in the following words:

And it came to pass that the people desired of them that they should anoint one of their sons to be a king over them.

And now behold, this was grievous unto them. And the brother of Jared said unto them: Surely this thing leadeth into captivity.

But Jared said unto his brother: Suffer them that they may have a king. And therefore he said unto them: Choose ye out from among our sons a king, even whom ye will (Book of Mormon, Ether 6:22-24).

In this manner their political government began and also their captivity, according to the prediction of the brother of Jared. There were times of occasional repentance with accompanying peace and happiness which brought prosperity. When the people began to prosper they forgot the Lord, which is the custom common among all peoples, for it seems that this is a part of human nature. When sore trouble comes upon them, and they are afflicted, then they humble themselves. It has been so from the beginning. Even today we will not profit by the experiences of those who have gone before in matters of this kind.

Following the course of all nations which had gone before them, the Jaredites continued in their practice of evil until about six hundred years before the birth of Christ. During their history they had developed into a mighty people. They had been greatly blessed by the Lord. The principles of the gospel were taught among them, and the power of the Priesthood had been given to them, but they turned to serving Satan and fell into such grievous sins that they were utterly destroyed.

### *The Great Nephite Nation*

Six hundred years before the birth of Christ another civilization supplanted that one previously mentioned which was destroyed about that time. This second civilization flourished about one thousand years. The people multiplied and spread over the face of the entire continent. They were highly cultured, and when they hearkened to the voice of their prophets and kept the com-

mandments of the Lord, they prospered.

The promise had been made from the beginning of the Nephite nation that after Christ should rise from the dead, he would pay a visit to the people on this hemisphere. After his resurrection the Lord fulfilled this promise. Following the appearance of the Savior, for a period of two hundred years, the Church of Jesus Christ ruled, and the people lived, as did the people of the city of Enoch, the law of consecration. The historian says of this people during this time:

And it came to pass that there was no contention among all the people, in all the land; but there were mighty miracles wrought among the disciples of Jesus . . .

And it came to pass that there was no contention in the land, because of the love of God which did dwell in the hearts of the people.

And there were no envyings, nor strifes, nor tumults, nor whoredoms, nor lyings, nor murders, nor any manner of lasciviousness; and surely there could not be a happier people among all the people who had been created by the hand of God.

There were no robbers, nor murderers, neither were there Lamanites, nor any manner of -ites; but they were in one, the children of Christ, and heirs to the kingdom of God.

And how blessed were they! For the Lord did bless them in all their doings; yea, even they were blessed and prospered until an hundred and ten years had passed away; and the first generation from Christ had passed away, and there was no contention in all the land (Book of Mormon, 4 Nephi 13-18).

### *Their Blighted Remnant Today*

For two hundred years the descendants of Lehi lived as one united people. Then the break came and a portion of the people took upon them the name of Lamanites.



In course of time all of the people became very corrupt. Their rebellion was willful. They turned away from the truth and the teachings of their Savior with the full knowledge of their iniquitous course. They had reached the stage when they loved wickedness and Satan more than God. The Nephites, who remained true to the cause of Christ longer than their brethren who called themselves Lamanites, eventually became even more wicked than the first dissenters from the kingdom of God.

Because the people had filled the cup of their iniquity, the promised destruction came upon them. War and bloodshed continued until some time early in the fifth century of the Christian era, when the Nephites were utterly destroyed.

From that time forth the Lamanites divided into bands and tribes and fought among themselves. When America was discovered intellectual night prevailed through all the land. The people were wandering aimlessly, groping in the darkness of ignorance which they had brought upon themselves. The Lord in his tender mercy has promised that the full radiance of the noonday sun shall again shine upon these benighted peoples, when they have been sufficiently chastised and are ready to return unto him.

### *Progression and Degeneration Both in Operation*

The fact that there has been a stone age, a copper age, or any other age or degree of development in the civilization of the world, does not prove that there has been a constant

and steady advancement in knowledge and skill from the beginning, whenever that may have been. The evidence in history is sufficiently abundant to show that even where enlightenment has prevailed and men have refused to continue in the light, degenerating influences have set in, and the age of brass, copper, or stone, are just as likely to follow the age of progress and development as to precede it.

### *Thoughts for Discussion*

1. There are two viewpoints in historical writing which are in sharp opposition. One is that man has gradually and slowly but constantly evolved from prehistoric and ignorant cave man to his present high state of civilization. The other is that the first man was highly intelligent with a perfect system of patriarchal government, but through wickedness came degradation and savagery, and that progression and decline are both constantly in operation.

Trace the story of each of the following nations to see which viewpoint is true: a. Egypt; b. Assyria; c. Babylonia; d. Persia; e. Greece; f. Rome; g. Spain; h. the Jaredites; i. the Nephites.

2. Can you discern evidences of progression and of degeneracy in the nations of today?

3. Explain and justify if you can the poet Byron's conclusion: "History, with all her volumes vast, Hath but one page."

4. Comment on this statement: "Man was intelligent in the beginning, and understood many fundamental truths, but when he refused to receive divine guidance the Spirit of the Lord withdrew, and then he was left alone and became a savage, for the light in him was turned to darkness."

### *References for Pictures of Ancient American Ruins*

FARNSWORTH, DEWEY AND EDITH, *The Americas Before Columbus*.

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# Music—Fundamentals of Musicianship

## CONDUCTING, SINGING, AND ACCOMPANYING

(For Music Department at Union Meeting)

Textbook: *Fundamentals of Conducting*, by J. Spencer Cornwall.

### Lesson 6—The Singing Mothers Chorus—Its Purposes and Activities

Florence J. Madsen

**Objective:** To afford our sisters the opportunity and joy of singing together and of increasing their knowledge and appreciation of music.

1. *The Purposes of the Singing Mothers Chorus*
  - (a) To afford an added cultural and spiritual outlet for the members of Relief Society.
  - (b) To give opportunity for vocal expression.
  - (c) To offer training in the fundamentals of music.
  - (d) To increase appreciation for music.
  - (e) To experience the joy of singing together.
2. *Discovering Musical Talent*
  - (a) Search in your ward for the musical talent that should be affiliated with the Relief Society chorus.
  - (b) Observe the congregation as you conduct and find those who appear to be singing well and invite them to the chorus.
  - (c) Invite young mothers and the new ward members who are musically inclined to participate. It will help them to get acquainted.
3. *Arranging and Conducting Rehearsals*
  - (a) Have a definite time and place for rehearsals.
  - (b) Practice, if possible, in a place where there are two rooms with pianos.
  - (c) Allow time for part rehearsals. This will make the time spent more profitable. This necessitates having two accompanists, unless the conductor can play.
- (d) Rehearse the first and second sopranos together, or the second sopranos and altos. This makes the second soprano an outer part and the melody easier to hear.
- (e) Conduct the rehearsal with dispatch; do not waste time.
- (f) Outline the program to be followed in rehearsal.
4. *Seating Arrangement of the Chorus*

Arrange the permanent seating of the chorus members after you have become acquainted with their voices.

  - (a) First sopranos on the left.
  - (b) Second sopranos in the center.
  - (c) Altos on the right of the conductor.
  - (d) Seat members, if possible, according to height.
  - (e) Place the louder voices of each part towards the back of the chorus.
  - (f) Place the softer voices in the front rows.
  - (g) Seat those who have had little experience in singing, or who have difficulty in sustaining a part, in the center of their group.
5. *Preliminary Singing Exercises*
  - (a) Singing groups need the individual voices blended into a unified tone quality. This is accomplished by singing easy vocal exercises together.

- (b) Continue practicing the hum without muscular restrictions.
- (c) Practice singing O then alternate with the other vowels using M and L as consonants.
- (d) Tone quality should, as much as possible, remain constant, regardless of changing pitches and vowels.
- (e) Resonance and roundness of tone quality should be present in the small vowel sounds in such words as: *has, shall, at, let, get, met, lit, mit, writ, be, we, thee*. Extend this list and practice regularly.
- (f) Mellow the singing of *er, ir, ur, ear*, in words; for example: *better, bird, burn, yearn*, etc.

6. *Choosing and Rehearsing Song Material*

- (a) Choose songs for your group that are suitable in range and not too difficult. Occasionally, present material that offers greater challenge.
- (b) Select songs appropriate to the occasion.
- (c) Choose with care material as to text and music value.
- (d) Bring to the class several copies of a choral number for analysis, discussion, and practice.
- (e) Use the baton and its patterns; make of conducting a meaningful art.
- (f) Study thoroughly the texts of songs.

7. *Planning Appearances for the Chorus*

The chorus is more attractive when seen in the conventional white blouse and dark skirt.

- (a) Arrange definite dates throughout the year for appearances.
  - (1) Singing in conferences.
  - (2) Giving concerts.
  - (3) Presenting a cantata or another musical work.
  - (4) Providing musical numbers for pageants and tableaux.
- (b) Choose a subject from the scriptures or from the works of the



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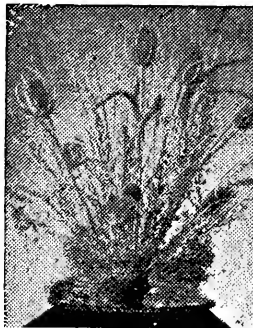
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poets to be given by a competent reader and with music which correlates with the subject. Use choruses, solos, duets, organ, and strings, and present as a concert. This makes an interesting and inspiring program.

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### *Questions and Suggestions for Discussion*

1. Of what value is a Singing Mothers Chorus?
2. How may the tone quality of a chorus be improved?
  - (a) Discuss the necessary techniques required.
3. How should the chorus be seated:
  - (a) As to parts?
  - (b) As to types of voice?
  - (c) As to height?

## *Count Not The Years*

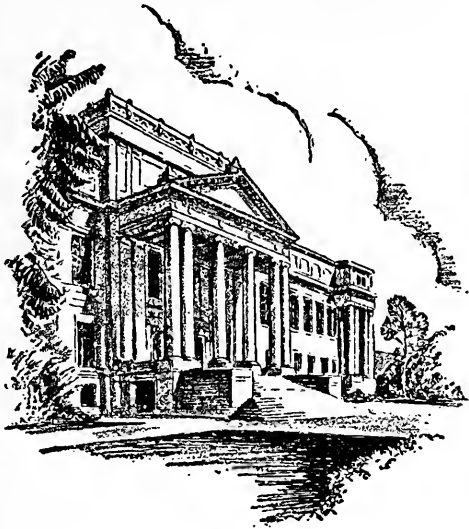
C. Frank Steele

Count not the years of life  
Though here they may be brief—  
She would be pained by tears,  
Our unrestrained grief.

Think rather of the joys  
That came to her each day;  
The memory of her smile—  
That does not pass away.

Forget her fleeting years,  
Erase the reckoning;  
Did we not have her love  
Making our own hearts sing?

Count not the years of life,  
With eternity to share;  
Open the gates some dawn  
And you will find her there.



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## From Near and Far

My *Magazine* for October was in the mail box this morning, and when I saw November on the cover, I knew I had better drop everything else and renew my subscription, for I surely would be lonely away out here without my little *Magazine*. I also receive *The Improvement Era*, a gift from the elder who baptized me, October 20, 1949, Elder Roy R. Silver. I thank the Lord that we have young men like him to help the lost ones find peace in their souls.

—Mrs. Richard Franklin  
Columbia, Kentucky

I have been taking the *Magazine* for several years and have always depended upon the representative to take the order. Now I live in a place where there is no Relief Society. I do hope I am not too late to get the November number. I should really be lost without the stories, poems, and advice the *Magazine* contains each month. Thank you so much for publishing it.

—Mrs. Ruby Whitlock  
Lark, Utah

I wish to tell you how much I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*. My dear sister, who is a shut-in, like myself, most of the time, sends it to me every year.

—Grace A. Manning  
Los Angeles, California

There is no limit to the scope and variety of material you give us to further our education and to enrich our lives. In addition to the faith-promoting messages from our Church leaders and the well-planned lessons, there are such interesting articles as the ones on the pottery and china of the world (by Rachel K. Laurgaard, February, March, June, August, and October, 1950). I enjoy the stories about people of our own ideals and heritage.

—Arlene A. Walsh  
Bloomington, Indiana

There have been so many wonderful stories in your *Magazine* that were the turning point for me and my everyday problems

—Ruth Christensen  
Richfield, Utah

I love poetry, but all too often the poems do not bring to life the thing which the lines recite. Not so with the poem "October" (by Eva Willes Wangsgaard, frontispiece poem, October 1950). She must have seen the colors in Sardine Canyon—at least it's a lovely picture of Utah's riot of color—such a feast to live in our memory.

—Laura R. Merrill  
Logan, Utah

My whole family, even my husband, love *The Relief Society Magazine*. We are anxious for each issue to come. We keep the *Magazine* where anyone coming into our home can pick it up and look at it, as we are so proud of our *Magazine*.

—Lucille Ashton  
Prineville, Oregon

The *Magazine* grows steadily better and is a constant challenge to us to develop our talents. I wish you continued success in this great work.

—Lucille Waters Mattson,  
Rigby, Idaho

I like the *Magazine* for its good reading, and have taken it continuously since it was first published in 1914. I can't keep house without it and it is worth much more than the price charged.

—Delilah Fugal,  
Pleasant Grove, Utah

I thoroughly enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*. It bridges the span of miles separating us from the center stakes of Zion.

—Mrs. Mary Wilding,  
San Luis Potosi, Mexico

Until I came on my mission I thought *The Relief Society Magazine* was strictly for ladies, but I must say I look forward to receiving it each month. You are to be complimented on the amount of good literature it contains.

—Elder Myron Bowen,  
Wood Lake, California

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Reference: **THE PROGRESS OF MAN**

by Joseph Fielding Smith

(Temporarily out of print. New edition coming.)

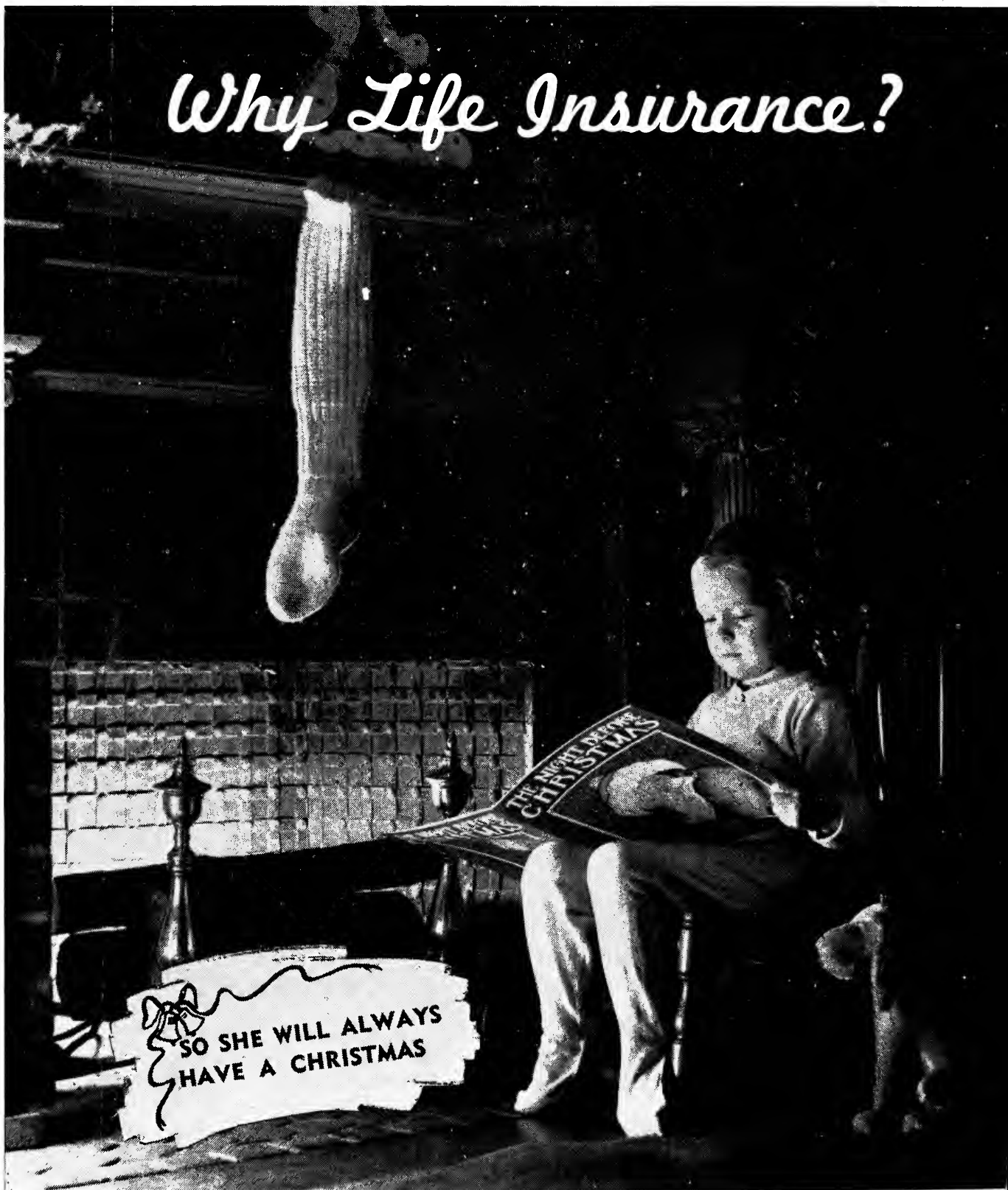
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